



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

By W. E. CULE.

CHAPTER I.—MR JAMES BARROWS TAKES A DAY OFF.

**I**F Our Lady of Destiny may be said to take a special delight in anything, it is certain that she must find peculiar pleasure in a dramatic situation. Yet so trifling are the incidents with which she deals that it sometimes seems as though the most momentous crises in life are brought about by nothing more than a cast of the dice. She takes the cup and throws: she glances at the numbers as they stand. Sometimes they represent a situation entirely to her taste, and she leaves them upon the board. Then her subjects must play out their parts according to the powers that are in them.

One spring morning Mr James Barrows, of Welding, had a trifling disappointment. He was an obscure gentleman of middle age and of small independent means, and he lived his life in a small country town some hour's journey from London. His dwelling was a modest semi-detached villa, with a long, narrow garden, to which he gave the greater part of his time and interest. It was in connection with this garden that his trifling disappointment came about.

He had ordered certain supplies from a prominent seedsman in the Reading district, and had expected them on this particular morning. The first post, however, had brought word to the effect that the parcel had been delayed, and would probably be delivered to-morrow. Mr Barrows was inclined to be methodical in his arrangements, and he had set aside this day for dealing with the new supplies. Consequently his dispositions were put out of gear, and he was left without any special employment for the morning. This was his disappointment.

After breakfast he walked aimlessly out to the garden. A low wall divided it from the next-door premises, and on the other side of this wall he saw his neighbour, Hadfield. Hadfield saw him at the same time.

'Good-morning,' he said pleasantly.

'Good-morning,' answered Mr Barrows. 'I am rather put out to-day. The things I've ordered from Stoughton's haven't been sent. They won't come until to-morrow.'

Hadfield was no gardener; but he expressed his sympathy, looking over the wall to do so. He was an ordinary young fellow, of a large build and a pleasant face. To this day he cannot tell what were the things Mr Barrows referred to; but he has a vague impression that they were bulbs.

'That's hard lines,' he said. 'But I suppose a day won't make much difference—will it?'

'Difference? Oh no,' answered the elder man thoughtfully. 'But I had arranged to attend to them to-day; that's all.'

Hadfield smiled. The methodical ways of his neighbour often amused him. Then he made the suggestion which was to have such unlooked-for results.

'Well,' he said, 'since you can't do that, why not take a day off? Why not run up to town, for a change?'

Mr Barrows, leisurely in all things, began to consider the suggestion. While he was doing so Hadfield was joined by his wife, a fair, clear-eyed, and clear-complexioned little woman, to whom ten months of married life had brought nothing but contentment and goodwill. She came to the wall, and greeted Mr Barrows with a smile and a question.

'What!' she said; 'gardening already?'

Her husband was the first to answer. 'No,' he said. 'There is no gardening this morning. I have just been advising Mr Barrows to take a day off, and run up to town.'

'Ah,' said Mrs Hadfield, with a sigh, 'wouldn't that be delightful! Are you going?'

Mr Barrows, smiling, said that he had not yet decided, but that he felt rather inclined



to go. For a few minutes they stood discussing the suggestion lightly, and his inclination became manifestly stronger. Then Hadfield, looking at his watch, declared that he must be off if he intended to get to the office that day, and the conference broke up.

Mr Hadfield and his wife went in, and some five minutes later the former was on his way to the offices of the Welding Local Board, where he occupied a comfortable if not exhilarating position.

Mr Barrows walked the length of his garden to see that all was in order, and then returned to his house to look for a time-table. He had decided at last that he would adopt his neighbour's suggestion. He was not at all eager in the matter, but he had remembered that he might use the opportunity of a run to town by making a call on a trifling matter of business. An idle holiday had no attraction for him; but this fact gave it some appearance of usefulness. Some nine or ten years ago he had written a book, which had chanced to suit the moment, and had brought him in a small sum of money. He had not heard from the publisher for a couple of years now; and, though disinclined to write, had often thought of calling to inquire after the latest fortunes of his venture. He would call to-day.

The time-table showed that he could get a train in less than an hour's time, so he changed his dress, informed his solitary housekeeper, and made all necessary preparations. A little later he was making his way to the station.

There was an enjoyable brightness and sweetness in the air of the little town on this spring morning. As he passed down the High Street he exchanged greetings with one or two of the principal tradesmen, who had come out to breathe the freshness from their own doorsteps. Having been a resident for so many years, Mr Barrows was quite a familiar figure in the town.

When he reached the station he found that an empty compartment was available, and secured it. A morning paper, read in the leisurely manner which marked all Mr Barrows' movements, occupied the hour of the journey. On his arrival in town he went direct to Paternoster Square, and visited a publisher's office. There he sent in his card to Mr MacArthur, and after a brief period of waiting was conducted to that gentleman's room.

Mr MacArthur was portly and pleasant. 'Ah, Mr Barrows,' he said, 'how do you do? Have you just come up?' For his visitor's air and attire spoke clearly of the country.

'Yes,' answered Mr Barrows.

'Then I suppose it must be business. What can I do for you?'

'It is really nothing of importance,' explained the visitor. 'But I thought I would call and

inquire about my little book. I wondered whether—whether you would be thinking of a new edition, or anything of that kind.'

The publisher considered for a moment. He had almost forgotten the book in question, but he did not say so. He touched a bell, which brought a clerk to the door. 'Let me have a copy of Mr James Barrows' book,' he said; and during the interval of waiting he found safer ground for talk in the state of the weather and the prospects of a fine summer.

In a few moments the book was brought in. Mr MacArthur handled it reflectively—a small, modest-looking volume, in a gray binding.

'Ah!' he said, 'here it is: *Prince Adrian of Zell*. You wrote it just after the Prince's death, and it owed its sale to the interest taken at that time in Styrian politics. This is the second edition. You wrote a fresh chapter on the Styrian situation at my request—did you not?'

Mr Barrows intimated that this was so. The publisher nodded.

'Well,' he said, 'I cannot say that I had thought of a new edition. In fact, the second edition did not go off completely. With such a book as this, you know—a kind of political biography, I suppose we may call it—everything depends upon outside circumstances. It owed its sale, in fact, to the unrest in Styria; but things there appear to be quieting down of late. From what I have noticed in the papers, I fancy that they have a strong man at the head of affairs. And if things quiet down, of course there will be no call for work of this kind.'

He closed the book, as if to emphasise his decision. Then he made a further remark out of a freshened memory.

'By the way, if I am not mistaken, it was said that you dealt with the poor Prince rather severely?'

'It certainly was said,' agreed Mr Barrows, smiling; 'but I did not treat him more harshly than he deserved.'

'Ah! I suppose that would have been difficult—for one who knew him so well. A man who made such confusion of his place and opportunities did not deserve gentle handling. But there, he is dead long ago, and forgotten. What is the saying: "*Nihil nisi*"—?'

Mr Barrows promptly completed the sentence. The publisher rose, laying the book aside as he did so.

'Just so,' he said. 'Let him rest. Well, if anything should turn up, Mr Barrows, of course I should communicate with you. But at present, as I have said, I do not see much likelihood. Good-morning.'

He held out his hand, and walked to the door with his visitor. But when Mr Barrows had gone he returned to the table, and took up the book once more, turning the leaves thoughtfully. He

remembered quite clearly, now, that the writer's treatment of Prince Adrian was not only severe, but almost savage in its bitterness; and he could not quite reconcile this with the appearance and manner of Mr Barrows himself. The man from Welding was mild, refined, and courteous; but he had treated another man's failure in an absolutely merciless spirit. Then the publisher remembered that Mr Barrows had once been closely connected with the Prince—had been his secretary, or something of the kind. It occurred to him that this might supply a clue.

'He was probably disappointed,' he thought, 'and perhaps they quarrelled. A man you have disappointed is hardly the best man to write your biography. Yes, I suppose the secret lies just there.' And with that he dismissed the matter from his mind.

In the meantime Mr Barrows had left the building. At the outer doors he paused, apparently to consider the results of the interview. Curiously enough, his expression did not at all suggest a disappointed author. It might have been one of relief rather than disappointment.

'I think,' he said half aloud as he stood for a moment on the doorstep, 'I may consider that incident closed. There will be no need to think of it again.'

Then he passed out, and in a few minutes was one of the multitude in a main thoroughfare. He went aimlessly, for he had no particular object in view, and no limit in the matter of time. His thoughts, however, were not with what he saw, but rather with the conversation which had taken place.

'Dead long ago, and forgotten,' he reflected, dwelling on MacArthur's parting words. 'And if a man is forgotten, it is only natural that his history should cease to be called for. Dead long ago—yet it is only ten or twelve years—and forgotten.'

He came to a pause at the corner of a street where there was a ceaseless thunder of traffic and sound of hurrying footsteps. He was now somewhere in the Hatton Gardens neighbourhood, and for a few minutes his way was blocked. As he stood there waiting, an idle, gray-clad figure stranded upon the kerb, an omnibus came up and stopped just before him.

It seemed to be almost an invitation. He surveyed it absently, smiling at the curious combination of primary colours. Then he noticed a name on the panels, exactly on a level with his eyes. It was the name of a district which contains one of the largest London cemeteries.

Mr Barrows was sometimes inclined to be whimsical. He was also inclined to be impulsive. The idea that came to him now was of a decidedly whimsical character. 'It is evident,' he thought, 'that I am invited to go out there—perhaps to look at the place where the Prince rests. I have nothing to do, and I have time

enough. Why should I not accept this invitation and go?'

Apparently there was no reason why he should not go. The omnibus commenced to move on. Smiling at something in his own resolve, Mr Barrows caught the rail and stepped on to the footboard.

#### CHAPTER II.—A MORNING OF CURIOUS ADVENTURE.

**T**HE great iron gates which divided the field of the dead from the world of the living were standing wide in the noonday sunshine when Mr Barrows reached them. Within he saw one or two attendants at work upon the grounds; and just as he approached the entrance two other persons issued from it. They were evidently mourners. One was a woman of mature age, heavily veiled; and the other appeared to be her daughter. Mr Barrows glanced at them with a species of sympathetic curiosity at first; but the character of his glance changed immediately, and became intent. It was a better view of the younger woman's face that caused the change, for she chanced to look up.

The meeting was only momentary, for they had walked on; but it was sufficient to impress Mr Barrows strongly. It seemed to him that the face of the girl was strikingly attractive. Moreover, the cast of features was a peculiar one, and gave him a curious impression of remembrance and recognition. Yet this impression faded, as such impressions often do, in the space of a minute.

'What curious fancies we get,' he thought, 'when we go out among strangers after a long period of home quiet! One's senses are all on the alert, as it were, and snatch many false and foolish impressions. I could have declared at that moment that I had met that girl before.'

He turned once to look after the couple, but they had already disappeared. Then, still musing upon this curious coincidence of a morning's walk, he passed on into the grounds. But although the second impression had been thrust away, the first remained with him. The girl had been exceedingly attractive, and for a man of steady middle-age there are few more interesting things in this world than a young and beautiful face. At this period, however, mere perfection of feature is not all that is looked for. There is a demand for a higher and more satisfying beauty—that of mind and heart; and it was the suggestion of this that had appealed to him in the brief glance which he had caught. The stranger might have been from twenty-two to twenty-five years of age, for there was a certain firmness in her features which he had noticed almost unconsciously; but, unless he was mistaken, she had developed in more directions than one.

Yet Mr Barrows was a man of various moods, and presently he remembered the purpose of his visit to this place. With the remembrance came a return of his earlier humour. He walked on through the quiet pathways, looking idly to right and left, pausing now and again to examine with greater care one or other of the many monuments which stood near his path. He seemed to be looking for a name which he should recognise.

His search, however, was fruitless, and after a time he came to a stand. Then he saw an attendant some little distance off, busily engaged in cutting the grass on a space of yet undisturbed ground. Mr Barrows looked at his watch, and glanced in that direction.

'Perhaps he will be able to direct me,' he said half aloud. 'Yet I am afraid that it is scarcely worth while to ask him. When a man is quite forgotten, even his grave may be hard to find.'

Still smiling curiously, he returned his watch to its place; but he had now decided to pursue his inquiries, so he left the path and went over towards the man he had seen.

He went in his own leisurely way, halting frequently to look at some inscription or to examine some piece of able carving. It was thus that another person, who had entered the grounds some time after him, was enabled to arrive at the same destination a little before him.

This was a younger man, one who had not numbered many more than half the years that had been placed to Mr Barrows' account. He was tall and sturdy, and he was dressed as a gentleman, while he moved with a certain air of assurance. He went direct to the attendant, and addressed him.

Mr Barrows stopped when he saw that he was forestalled, and turned to examine a gorgeous monument which had lately been erected to the memory of a late alderman of the city of London. He was some ten yards distant from the others, and they did not heed him. In the stillness of the place every word came to him clearly.

'Well,' said the new-comer abruptly, 'any news to-day?'

Mr Barrows gave a perceptible start. Still standing before the glory of the departed alderman, he yet turned slightly, so that he might get a view of the speaker's face.

Impressions are not to be measured by time. The man with the scythe did not answer the question at once, but paused to take a comfortable leaning position upon the shaft of his implement. Yet in that brief period Mr Barrows learned a great deal.

It was the accent of the speaker that had first startled him; and he saw in a moment that his hearing had not played him false. The young

man had a countenance of a peculiar cast. It was not a cast peculiar to a family—a family likeness—but it was suggestive of a national type; and if Mr Barrows was not mistaken—if his senses were not again too much on the alert—the face was of a national type with which he had once been familiar. He waited with interest, looking intently at the name of the dead alderman.

'They've been here, sir,' said the man with the scythe, 'and they haven't gone half-an-hour. You might almost have met them at the gate.'

The visitor gave an exclamation of disgust; but the attendant went on:

'They were over there for quite a time. I got talkin' to them, and—and it's all right.'

'You got what I wanted?' cried the young man.

'I did, sir. They live at No. 19 Franklyn Terrace, and it's not ten minutes' walk from the gates.'

'Ah!' said the visitor; 'No. 19 Franklyn Terrace. Ten minutes from the gates.'

He uttered the words slowly, as though to impress them upon his memory; and Mr Barrows, still intent, noticed something more in his speech than the peculiar accent which had first attracted his attention. It was a note of triumph, so distinct as to be unmistakable, so pronounced as to be almost evil. And suddenly Mr Barrows, who, as I have said before, was a creature of whims and moods, took a certain dislike to this person.

'That was what you wanted to know, sir—wasn't it?' asked the attendant suggestively.

'Thank you, yes,' answered the other. 'That was what I wanted to know.'

Something passed silently from one to the other. The attendant touched his cap.

'Thank you, sir,' he said. 'Good-mornin', sir.'

The young man returned the 'Good-morning' with a careless nod. Then he turned to make his way back to the path.

He was thus obliged to pass Mr Barrows, who took this opportunity of obtaining a better view of his features. It was apparently a casual glance that passed between them; and what the young man saw was a simply dressed, middle-aged person, with quiet, reflective eyes, a mild, somewhat absent expression, and a closely trimmed beard sprinkled with gray. What Mr Barrows saw was what he had expected to see, after what he had already seen and heard: the face of a strongly built young fellow, with triumph distinct in it—a triumph that appeared to emphasise some unpleasant characteristics which had been there before.

'Certainly an unpleasant person to have a quarrel with,' he thought, turning an absent glance once more upon the tomb of the alderman. 'One of the people it is best to know at a distance. Now, I wonder why he is following

up those women; for I am positive that the talk was all about those women I met at the gates. It may be a love affair; but his face did not look much like love. And the most curious part of it is that they are both Lusians. There is no mistaking the type or the accent.'

He seemed to be impressed for the time, for there was a gravity and a perplexity in his face. It was some little while, indeed, before he was able to throw off his unaccustomed soberness and return to the matter of his own business.

'Things seem to be happening to-day,' he thought. 'But, after all, it can be nothing to me. If the Prince were alive—well, if the Prince were alive he might be interested. But he is dead, and I have come here to look at his grave.'

With that he moved on to where the attendant was still leaning upon his scythe, watching the departing figure of his late interviewer. He turned to examine Mr Barrows with idle interest.

'Good-morning,' said Mr Barrows pleasantly.

'Mornin', sir,' answered the man briefly.

'Do you happen to know,' said Mr Barrows, 'whether there are any princes buried about here?'

He put the question with a smile, as if it contained an element of the ridiculous. The man gaped in utter surprise; then, observing the smile, he scented a jest.

'Not that I know of,' he answered, thawing. 'This is not the kind of place they would bury princes in.'

'Not even foreign princes?' asked Mr Barrows. 'It was a foreign prince that I was thinking of.'

Suddenly a new interest dawned in the man's eyes. He looked his questioner over very carefully.

'No, sir,' he said; 'I don't know of any foreign princes buried here. Anyhow, I never heard of one. But it's a queer thing you should come and ask just now.'

'Why?' asked Mr Barrows.

'Why? Why, because there was a foreign gentleman buried here a couple of months back, and his wife and daughter have been comin' here ever since. And if I'm any judge at all, they're the real nobility, even if it is a foreign kind. But that's not the queerest part of it, either.'

The man was superficially surly; but, like

many others who are surly on the surface, he could be loquacious. He was also in a good mood, as a result of the tip he had so recently earned.

'Indeed!' said Mr Barrows, with a show of surprise. 'Then what else is there?'

'It's just this, sir. You noticed the gentleman who was here just now? Well, if I'm not mistaken, he's a foreigner too; and, unless I'm very much out, he's as good class as the other lot. He knows those others, and he wanted me to find out where they lived.'

Mr Barrows was already aware of that. He turned the current by a question:

'Indeed! So he is a foreigner too? Do you know his name?'

'No, sir, I don't. But the other party's name—why, it's to be seen plain enough over the grave. And that's just over there.'

He pointed towards a piece of ground where Mr Barrows could see a number of newly raised mounds. 'If you walk over you'll see it,' he said. 'It's on a little wooden cross, painted in white letters.'

Mr Barrows stood and considered. He had only recently decided that this affair was none of his business; but the additional circumstances had naturally aroused his curiosity.

'Thank you,' he said. 'I'll go over. Good-morning.'

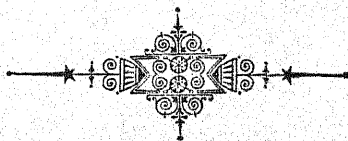
'Good-mornin', sir.'

Mr Barrows moved away in the direction which had been indicated. Perhaps he had a wish to discover the name of the young woman whose face had pleased him so well. And all this was the outcome of his trifling disappointment in the early morning.

In a few minutes he reached the spot which the communicative attendant had pointed out to him; and there he saw one mound which had a small wooden cross at its head, either as a merely temporary erection or as the modest effort of poverty. He approached it from the back, and was obliged to walk round to the other side before he could see the inscription.

As the man had said, it was plainly lettered in white paint. It took him but an instant to read it.

It must have been at that instant that Our Lady of Destiny tilted the cup and threw the numbers upon the board. Perhaps she smiled at the result as something after her own heart. 'Let them stand thus,' she said, 'and let them play out their parts.'





## IN A TROPICAL HARBOUR.



It is my great good fortune to live on the shore of one of the finest tropical harbours in the world, that of Kingston, Jamaica, situated nearly five thousand miles away from grimy London, among 'an archipelago of sunlit isles.' This harbour is of vast extent, being at least twelve miles long by three miles wide. A long strip of sand and coral-reef, crowned with a fringe of coco-nut palms, forms a breakwater along its southern side. Cross over this strip, and you are at the ocean's edge, strewn here and there with the wreckage of goodly ships torn asunder by the fury of some tropical cyclone. The placid, treacherous Caribbean stretches out, intensely blue, like a floor of glass, as far as the eye can reach, with long-backed breakers falling in cata-racts of foam on the coral sands, and seeming for all the world like the keyboard of some mighty organ. Presently, perhaps, the south-east trade-wind springs up and furrows the glassy ocean into little white-capped waves, which happily relieve the monotony of blue sky and blue sea. The palms, rustling in the breeze, make a murmuring music sweeter than anything else on earth, except the same melody among the graceful *flus* pines on the seaboard of eastern tropical islands like Mauritius and Réunion.

The northern shore is guarded by a chain of giant peaks called the Blue Mountains. Well do these mountains deserve the name, for all day long, under the white-hot glare of the tropical sun, they reflect the gorgeous azure of sea and sky. A plain, covered with the luxuriant vegetation of cane-fields and banana-groves, stretches from the foothills of these mountains to the harbour's edge. One tastes the full joy of life in such a land. However, man does not live by scenery alone. Robert Louis Stevenson talked good sense when he said the average reader cannot stand more than two minutes of description at a dose.

My harbour is a paradise for the sportsman as well as for the lover of the beautiful. Nowhere can you find a better place for yachting. Except in one or two of the hottest months of the year, a fairly stiff sea-breeze blows every day. Luckily I am the owner of a small sloop-rigged yacht: not an ambitious sort of craft, it is true, but excellently adapted for exploring every nook and cranny of the harbour. Those luckless wretches who have never tasted the delights of sailing in the tropics do not know what it is to live. To skim before the trade-wind with mainsail and spinnaker full, and a lather of foam round the bows, is more exhilarating than champagne; and if only we are leaving a rival yacht astern our cup of happiness runs over. The harbour is

alive with small craft of all sorts and conditions, from stately liners and sinister-looking warships to tiny turtle-schooners and the humble 'dug-outs' in which the negro fishermen perform surprising and daring feats of seamanship. As the nose of the yacht cleaves through the waves, the fish, with which the harbour teems, become scared, and sometimes jump out of the water in shoals, turning with a silvery gleam in the sunlight and flopping back again, perhaps into the maw of a hungry barracoota. That brigand of the ocean is a long, thin fish, armed with rows of cruel, sharp teeth, and more savage than a pike. Frequently it grows to the length of a man, and it is dreaded by the bather in tropical waters far more than a shark or a crocodile. The fear seems superfluous, however, for a barracoota will not attack a man if it can possibly get away from him; but if one were driven into a corner, it might turn at bay and fight viciously. I have known cases, too, where fishermen have had to fight hard to protect themselves from a barracoota landed in their boat; but it could hardly dismember a man, like a shark or alligator, though it might bite off a finger or nip a piece of flesh out of a vital part.

It is commonly supposed that swimming in tropical waters is dangerous; but the supposition is quite erroneous. There are plenty of sharks, barracootas, crocodiles, and other marine monsters of evil reputation in the harbour; but they are far more afraid of the swimmer than the swimmer is of them. Hundreds of people, principally negro boys, bathe in the harbour every day, and yet there is not a single fatality on record. Most of the inhabitants of Kingston will tell you it is absolutely suicidal to go into the water. They have never been in it themselves; but they are full of horrific shark-legends. When you ask them to mention an authentic case of a man being bitten, they cannot do so; the memory of the oldest inhabitant does not include one such catastrophe. I can claim to be no mean authority on the subject, since it has been my habit for over a year to go for a swim once or twice a day. Quite recently a friend and I were in the harbour for three hours and a half, swimming five miles at a stretch—a fairly easy task in these warm and placid waters. During most of the time we were a long way from the shore, but no man-eating monster troubled us. Once, it is true, we had a little scare. We were swimming along quietly about a quarter of a mile from land, through emerald water so beautifully transparent that we could plainly see multitudes of rainbow-tinted fish flitting to and fro many yards away and many fathoms below the surface. Presently a large shoal of mullet, gorgeously striped with blue, brown, and silver, darted in

front of us and vanished like a streak of lightning, leaving in their place a barracoota fully six feet in length. He was not scared by our approach, but stuck to his guns and eyed us with a threatening curiosity. Six feet of horror lying motionless athwart our path, a few feet below the surface, was too much for our nerves, and with a shout of 'Shore!' and a wild splashing that ought to have scared anything with fins, we left the barracoota master of the field. Probably it had been hunting for a breakfast off the mullet, and was as surprised as we were when we took their place, as we must have seemed strange creatures. Most likely the barracoota darted away just as we did, and in far greater terror. In calmer moments, after the shock of the encounter is over, we think of these things; but at the time they do not occur to us.

When the late Mr James Anthony Froude honoured this island with a visit, he wrote: 'Of the sharks with which the harbour used to swarm we saw none. "Port Royal Jack" and his kindred are said to have disappeared, driven or frightened out by the screws of the steamers; but it is not a place which I should choose for a swim. Nor did the nigger boys seem as anxious as I had seen them in other spots to dive for sixpences under the ship's side.' Mr Froude was misinformed. There are plenty of sharks still. I have seen dozens of them, and once assisted in the capture of an enormous brute nearly twenty feet long, which it took the whole of a steamer's crew to lug on deck. I remember, on another occasion, trying to sleep one night in a tiny cockle-shell of a rowing-boat tied up to a buoy at the harbour-mouth. The heavy ocean swell rocked the boat so violently that it was impossible to do more than doze fitfully. All night long three big sharks swam round and round the tiny craft in narrow circles, splashing the water into a livid, phosphorescent glow decidedly uncanny under the circumstances. The steamers Mr Froude referred to only use a small portion of the harbour, yet in that portion sharks are most numerous. They browse around for the refuse from the cook's galley. As for 'Port Royal Tom,' who was supposed to eat three or four sailors every morning for breakfast in the good old days, he is merely a marine 'Mrs Harris.' 'There ain't no sich a person,' and never was. Sailors are all arrant sharkophobists—if I may be allowed to coin a necessary word. Jack Shark is their legendary enemy, and they blacken his reputation far more than he deserves. They see him from the deck of their ship, and think that if they fall overboard they will be gobbled up in a brace of shakes. As a matter of fact, the shark, scared to death, would dart away like lightning, and not stop swimming until he had covered two or three miles. There is a similar legend about the beautiful harbour of Nassau, in the Bahamas, which is said to be

guarded by a shark over fifteen feet in length, known as 'The Harbour-Master.' Sir William Robinson, G.C.M.G., formerly Governor of the Bahamas, remarked in a recent lecture before the Royal Colonial Institute: 'I do not think that any one who has been upset on the bar has ever reached the shore alive, and it cannot be distant more than two hundred yards.' Now, as a matter of fact, I know a negro who used to bathe at that very spot every day. 'The Harbour-Master' never troubled him, and he says it is a myth.

While on the subject of sharks, I may mention a curious capture in Kingston harbour some little time ago. Perhaps the reader has heard, and disbelieved, the story that baby-sharks take refuge down their mother's throat at the approach of danger. It is perfectly true. An immense shark was caught lately by the marines of His Majesty's Guardship *Urgent* at Port Royal. It was so big that the most stalwart seaman aboard could have passed through its mouth without touching the teeth. This may sound like an old salt's yarn, but it is the absolute truth. I do not want to stagger the reader's credulity, yet it is also a fact that no less than forty-nine young ones, all alive and kicking, were found in the mother's stomach.

This is an age of whitewashing. All the bad characters in history are being canonised by degrees, and the demons of our ancestors are recognised as merely piebald. It is time somebody stood up for the shark. He is really not the man-eating ruffian he is painted, but a quiet, harmless, timorous creature only too glad to live and let live. He is far more sinned against than sinning, for the average sailor will torture him atrociously whenever he gets the chance. A friend tells me that in Savanna-la-Mer harbour, in Jamaica, he once saw a small pig in the water surrounded by half-a-dozen sharks. They kept swimming up to him only to dart away in terror when he kicked his little legs about. He swam to shore without being bitten. Take another case within my knowledge. The steamship *Speke Hall* foundered in May 1885 in the Arabian Sea. Only the second officer was saved. He drifted about for three days on a plank, with many sharks around him, until he was rescued by a passing steamer. Personally, therefore, I would never give up the supreme delights of swimming in the tropics for fear of sharks.

There is plenty to see, when we go yachting, besides sharks. Sometimes a shoal of clumsy, pig-eyed dolphins flit swiftly by, bouncing about like indiarubber balls. Huge pelicans, powerful on the wing even in the stiffest gale, soar a few score feet above the waves, keeping their weather-eye lifting until some luckless fish come near the surface, and then darting down and transfixing them with their huge beaks. The pelican never misses its aim; it notices a fish, perhaps, from a

height of two hundred feet, and comes down as swiftly and surely as an arrow to the mark. Equally good fishermen are the graceful frigate-birds, whose flight is the true poetry of motion; and the more commonplace gulls, gluttonous little wretches, flock in myriads whenever there is a chance of a good feed.

To the Englishman who loves his country, the harbour is dear by reason of its glorious association with bygone days when the 'bow of Ulysses' was indeed strung taut. Valiant old Benbow, 'true pattern of English courage,' was brought here to die of his wounds after the disastrous sea-fight off Santa Martha. On a brighter day the gallant Rodney sailed in triumph up the harbour with half of France's greatest fleet, captured at 'England's Salamis.' Nelson, when a captain, commanded one of the forts defending Port Royal, dreaming his dreams and waiting for his chance. To this day three nameless graves are shown as those of his 'three wives.' The evidence is not good enough to hang a dog upon, and we may hope he was no worse than the average sailor before he met Lady Hamilton.

The old forts which preserved the harbour in those stormy days are crumbling to ruins, their walls dismantled and moss-grown, their rusty guns lying amidst tangled masses of tropical vegetation. Fort Augusta is the chief of these ancient defences, and is still used as a powder-magazine. No place on earth has a more ghastly

record. It is a military Golgotha. Now that outcries are being made against War Office methods, it is interesting to recall the most criminal piece of mismanagement in the annals of the British army. The fort is built upon a malarial mangrove-swamp. There were many healthy sites which might have been used; but the solitary, fatal spot was chosen out of sheer perversity. Regiment after regiment went there—to die. Tradition says that of one battalion only two men survived. There is no place round the fort where horses can trot a hundred yards; but the sapient War Office of one of the Georges actually sent out a regiment of Hussars, who perished like the rest. Fort Augusta has slain more men than the bloodiest battle in history. Thank God! it is now garrisoned only by a small guard of negro soldiers, who are constantly relieved. Modern batteries in healthy locations replace the ruined forts.

Rich in romance, distinguished for its beauty even amidst West Indian scenery, and prodigal of pleasure to the sportsman, the harbour is my constant delight. It is pleasant to sail along with a fair wind and a cloudless sky; pleasanter still to drift beneath the rich glory of the tropic moon with a banjo aboard; but pleasantest of all to beat home in the teeth of a tearing squall, with the spray flying to the burgee and the boat half-full of water. That brings out the grit in a man.

## CLIPPED WINGS.

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### CHAPTER XXV.—BITTER-SWEET.

**T**HE remaining weeks of her stay in England proved a busy time for Lucie, who had returned to Queen's Gate, where Honoria was already actively engaged in preparations for her wedding, which had been fixed to take place early in October.

It was a most agreeable surprise to Lucie to find the attitude of aggrieved toleration wherewith Honoria had been accustomed to regard her changed to one of amiable cordiality. For Lucie's share in the unexpected restoration of her uncle's property, and Honoria's assurance that she alone possessed Mr Ruddenheim's affections, combined with the knowledge that very shortly the troublesome Colonial cousin would set forth on the return journey to her far-away home, had all had a felicitous effect in mollifying Honoria.

For the first time in her existence Honoria was too busy to be discontented; consequently Honoria was happy.

Mr Ruddenheim had deferred to her unquestionably good taste respecting the complete

redecorating of the Bayswater mansion, which was in progress against the advent of its new mistress. So from morning till night Miss Seton-Lorimer had not an idle moment. The hours which were not passed in choosing tints and in deciding upon the selection and disposition of furniture were spent in driving from one place of business to another. For the trousseau of a maiden with Honoria's aspirations was a matter demanding and receiving much personal attention from the heads of even exclusive establishments.

Every bride is a heroine to her sex; and Honoria gloried in the position. Even her appearance improved under the influence of wholesome excitement. Her skin became clearer; her expression lost its stereotyped suavity, and became almost natural. She was so nice to her *fiancé* that Lucie actually began to imagine that it was really the man Honoria was in love with, not the married state.

To Mr Lorimer's regret, both Lucie and Lieutenant Tresscott had resolutely refused to accept the thousand pounds, although Lucie gratified her

uncle by allowing him to refund the four hundred pounds she had lost—money that Lucie at once remitted to her father in repayment of the second sum for that amount which, immediately on hearing of her loss, he had cabled to her. With the remainder of her father's allowance she revelled among the tempting wares of the shops, whose goods impressed her Colonial-bred mind as being so amazingly cheap.

It was a vast gratification to Lucie to anticipate returning to her family laden with tangible signs of her affection and thought for them. She purchased handsome materials and good laces for her mother, dainty frocks and hats and lingerie for Kitty. There were gifts for her father also, though to think of articles that would suit his taste was a harder task than buying any amount of fal-lals and frippery for her mother and sister; for in the little issues of life Mr Peter Lorimer's nature inclined to the captious, and he had a way of receiving affection's tributes in a spirit that was more critical than grateful.

'Why, you might as well buy a trousseau when you're at it,' Honoria remarked, seeing the lavish way Lucie bought pretty frocks suitable for the Southern summer to which she was going. But though Lucie laughed off the matter, she had flushed hotly at Honoria's jest, for in her secret heart she knew she was preparing for her marriage with David Straight.

As time progressed, the vow that, as a matter of conscience, she had taken, never dreaming of the untoward influence it would exercise on her future, had begun to press more and more heavily upon her heart. Ofttimes in the hurry-scurry of her last weeks in town she forgot it for a little; then the memory of her rash pledge came back with a rush, blighting her pleasure.

The Admiralty, graciously condescending to accede to Tresscott's request, had reappointed him to the Australian station; and his passage was already secured by a quick steamer direct to Auckland, that was due to sail on the 14th of September. Lucie's berth in the same ship had been taken early; and Tresscott, now happy in the prospect of a long voyage in her company, was with his father spending the end of his leave at a shooting-box in Scotland. Letters in his scrawling handwriting, and offerings of game packed in fragrant heather—game that the Queen's Gate servants objected to because it entailed labour in plucking and dressing—arrived frequently to remind Lucie that, although Tresscott's body might be in the Highlands, his heart was in London.

A dress-length of Macleod tartan—the clan to which a Tresscott grandmother had belonged—had come to Lucie with the Commander's love; and, surveying herself in the extremely smart travelling-costume whereinto Fredoline had graciously consented to fashion it, Lucie wept secret

tears to think that, the voyage once ended, her future travelling must be done with David Straight.

She bitterly regretted not having confided in Tommy her intention of marrying Straight; but unless he led up to the subject, it was a difficult one for a maiden to broach.

'Perhaps David may have changed. He may not any longer wish me.' She tried hard to cherish the idea that therein might lie an easy way out of her difficulties, though common-sense assured her that it was a forlorn hope. Straight had gained a seat in the New Zealand Parliament now, and life as the wife of a member of the House of Representatives might have been tolerable if only— Lucie sighed to think of the difference Tresscott's chancing to get leave had wrought in her life-scheme.

September came, and the day of Lucie's departure drew near. Honoria had professed herself woefully disappointed that her cousin could not delay another fortnight to act as one of her bridesmaids; but the chance of a direct steamer to Auckland had presented itself, and was not to be missed.

Mr Ruddenheim, touched by Lucie's reticence regarding his spasmodic attraction toward herself, had insisted on presenting her with a replica of the gifts intended for the bridesmaids, as a mark of his esteem. It was a bangle bearing a design of two hearts—the one with the monogram H.S.L., the other with P.R.—pierced by an arrow and surmounted by a true-lovers'-knot in diamonds; but if Lucie's keen sense of the ridiculous lent a tinge of humour to the situation, she concealed it, and thanked the donor with becoming grace.

The night before Lucie sailed, Honoria, for once setting aside her own inclinations, gave a little dinner-party to those friends with whom Lucie's visit had been more immediately connected.

The Commander was there, fresh from his shooting exploits, regretful about the near parting with his son, but full of an as yet embryonic scheme for spending the succeeding winter in the South Seas. Aunt Sarah, looking neater and nicer than ever, wore a soft gray satin, trimmed with some old lace whose value inspired respect even in Honoria. Mr Muter, who arrived inconveniently early, brought Lucie as a parting gift a copy of his manual on zoophytes. She was pleased to see that he wore a new well-fitting evening-suit, and that white silk socks, of which he seemed inordinately proud, adorned his ankles.

Mr and Mrs Denman were expected; but Mrs Denman, who arrived twenty-five minutes late, apologised for her husband's absence by saying that at the last moment he had been prevented from coming.

'Found his dress-clothes ruined by moths, and



blamed *me* for it. Me! as if I had anything to do with the matter,' she told Lucie confidentially. 'Now, isn't that Man all over?'

At dessert Mr Seton-Lorimer—who dearly loved any occasion that demanded an oration—rising from his chair, formally presented Lucie with a costly pearl necklace clasped with a diamond rose, at the same time proposing the future prosperity of his niece in terms of such warm affection that only the sympathetic pressure of Tommy's hand, which had reassuringly grasped hers under cover of the tablecloth, prevented Lucie from breaking down altogether.

Tresscott's share in the recovery of his stolen property Mr Seton-Lorimer acknowledged by the bestowal of as handsome a set of nautical instruments as money could buy, a purchase in whose selection he had wisely secured the secret connivance of the Commander.

'Nice little girl,' remarked Mr Ruddenheim when the ladies had adjourned to the drawing-room. 'Pity she has to go back to that God-forsaken place. I suppose she'll be marrying shortly.'

'Will she?' Tommy said interrogatively, wondering whether Mr Ruddenheim spoke from knowledge or merely indulged in prophecy.

'Yes. Going to marry some fellow she met out there. Why, didn't you know? She told me so herself,' he added, perceiving that his information held a surprise, and not a pleasant one, for Tresscott. 'But, I say, she told me in confidence. So perhaps you'd better not mention it. I can depend on you?'

'Yes. You can depend on me,' Tommy answered, never doubting that it was Challoner to whom Lucie had referred, and feeling sorely wounded at the lack of confidence shown in him both by his friend and by the girl he loved.

Thus it came about that during the early days of the voyage Tresscott's manner was oddly constrained. But Lucie was not at ease either. Their intercourse had lost its spontaneity and its brightness. The memory of Ruddenheim's revelation haunted Tommy, as the recollection of her resolve shadowed Lucie, and both were wretched.

Many a time Tresscott would have put his future to the test, but that an indefinable something in Lucie's manner taught him that any attempt to put their relations on a more tender footing could only end in a rebuff; and Lucie, uncertain of her power to resist should Tommy plead for himself, carefully avoided giving him an opportunity of speaking. She busied herself with the children of ailing mothers, played chess with the invalids, and tried hard to school her faltering soul to patience.

Meanwhile the days slipped by. Through calm and storm the *Ruatapu* had steadily ploughed her way southwards, and the voyage neared its

end. It was their last night at sea: the morrow would find them at Auckland. A day later Tresscott would journey south to join his new ship, which was stationed at Wellington. The night was wet and stormy. Lucie—trying hard to persuade herself that she was glad she had succeeded in adhering to her determination to give Tommy no chance of acquainting her with the state of his feelings—was in the saloon joining half-heartedly in a hilarious game of cards with the younger members of the company.

There is a note in a man's voice that no true woman ever refuses to obey. So when Tresscott, suddenly appearing by her side, said in a tone of quiet authority, 'Lucie, come on deck at once; I wish you,' Lucie, who would have resisted any amount of entreaty, rose without a protest, and, handing her cards to a substitute, followed her master.

'But it is so wet,' she said, drawing back at sight of the rain-lashed promenade. Tommy's sole answer was to dash into the deserted deck writing-room and requisition a tartan-lined wrap that lay on a couch.

'There!' he said, drawing the cloak round her shoulders, and its hood over her head. 'Now come.'

A splash of spray caught them as he guided her across the intervening strip of wet planks to the shelter of the roofed seat at the end of the deck-house.

For a space they were silent. In the music-room beneath some one was singing 'Soldiers of the Queen.' All around was the rush of wind and rain, the surge of the great waters of the Pacific.

Lucie waited, impatient yet reluctant, to hear Tresscott's first words.

'Lucie, I wish you had put more confidence in me.'

'But there was nothing I could tell,' she answered, weakly taking refuge in subterfuge.

Nothing to tell! Tresscott's heart leaped at the words. 'Then it wasn't true?' he cried, turning quickly. 'Why, Lucie, I must be an ass—I thought you had promised to marry Challoner.'

'Challoner? Oh, no, no!'

'Funny I should have believed that.' Immediately Tommy's face was aglow with delight at this unexpected demolition of his bugbear. 'But Vic did ask you, didn't he? Was it at the island?'

'No. He wrote a few days later.'

'And you told him, dear—?' The tender inflection in Tommy's voice made her heart throb.

'And I told him I could never marry a man I did not respect. But,' she continued quickly, fearful lest Tommy might imagine her free, 'you ought to know there's somebody else'—

'Somebody you love?'

'Oh no! Somebody I ought to marry.'

'Who is he?' Tommy asked bluntly.

'You've met him: David Straight.'

'But you used to dislike Straight.'

'Oh, yes, yes! I did—I do. But—oh, Tommy!—I was so foolish, and I didn't really know you then.' Lucie never quite knew how it came that the confession of her vow was sobbed out on Tommy's damp shoulder.

Long afterwards anything moist touching Lucie's cheek brought vividly back the surroundings and emotions of that night: her feeling of mingled rapture and regret, the motion of the ship, the sound of wailing waters, the keen breath of the ozone, the sense of aloofness from all the world, as the frail ship buffeted her way through the angry waves.

All around them lay darkness and silence. The one light visible from the shelter burned dimly behind its rain-lashed encasement. Sometimes a sailor in oilskins crossed the disc of light and vanished. Only a distant strain of music at times reminded them that they were not alone.

Hearing Lucie's disclosure, Tresscott tried in vain to argue her out of remaining constant to her resolve; but she felt it a point of conscience, a religious duty. Her wings had grown strong now, strong enough to bear her forward even against adverse winds; and his pleading failed to alter her decision, though, to Tresscott's joy, she made no secret that her love was his.

'Of course, David may not wish to marry me now. I've been away nearly nine months. Oh

Tommy! don't you think he is sure to have seen somebody he likes better?'

But Tommy took counsel with his own heart, and it gave him the unsatisfactory assurance that, having loved Lucie, Straight could not possibly descend to another.

'Let us say our good-byes here, if they must be good-byes,' Tommy pleaded. So, oblivious of the lapse of time, they lingered on in the seclusion of the shelter.

Eight bells in little shivering chimes smote the moist air.

'Lights burning bright, and all's well,' sang the watch.

Through the surge of the sea the cry arose in wailing crescendo. To Lucie it sounded like a summons from another world—a call to return from those forbidden fields of elysium whereto the knowledge of mutual love had transported them, back to the everyday world, to that matter-of-fact sphere where duty rules as with a rod of iron.

The precious feeling of isolation had fled. They were no longer alone. The alert figure of the officer hastening to take his watch on the bridge passed the end of the shelter and ascended the step-ladder. A gang of men muffled in oilskins trooped past, grumbling as they went.

'Twelve o'clock!' Lucie exclaimed in alarm.

'Surely it can't possibly be midnight? Every one must be in bed long ago.'

'At any rate these stolen hours are our own, Lucie,' Tresscott replied, tenderly replacing the hood that had fallen back from her head. 'Your future may belong to some one else; but even he cannot rob us of to-night.'

## CHINESE CUSTOMS.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces, Hong-Kong, Author of *How to be Happy though Married*, Mr Thomas Atkins, &c.



CHINA is the problem of the twentieth century. Whatever that great country becomes and whatever the European Powers do with it will influence more than anything else the destiny of the world. Five hundred millions of most intelligent, patient people, who can live upon nothing, and who have no objection to die: what can they not do? The worst of it is that no one understands China or what she is going to do next. It is, like a woman, a conundrum: we shall never guess her, but we shall never, never give her up. To one coming for the first time to China everything seems to be upside-down; but it is not really so. The Chinese can give as good reasons for their manners and customs as can Britishers for theirs; and things that seem to us most absurd in China when first we see them are afterwards discovered

to be most reasonable. John Chinaman, with his placid, patient smile, and eyes that see apparently round corners, is by no means so great a fool as he looks.

As, then, China is so out of the common, and a country about which we shall hear much in the future, perhaps it may interest readers if I note down a few of the first impressions which I had on coming out here to Hong-Kong as Chaplain to the Forces. When I hear Mr Thomas Atkins talking contemptuously of 'them Chinese,' I tell him that 'them Chinese' were a highly civilised, deeply philosophical people when we were painted savages, and that they have probably forgotten more than we ever knew.

To us China is a veritable topsy-turvydom; but of course England seems the same to the Chinese. Their compass points to the south, ours

to the north. The bow of their junks is like the stern of our vessels, and the junks seem to sail backwards. In Western lands a pillow is a bag of feathers to support the head; in China a pillow is a support for the neck—either a small stool of bamboo, a block of wood, or more commonly a brick. What corresponds to his Christian name comes after a Chinaman's surname; with us it is the other way. The Chinese put on hats when saluting; we take them off. They laugh on receiving bad news, to deceive evil spirits. Long nails on the hands in China are a sign of respectability; in England, of untidiness. The place of honour at a Chinese feast is at the left hand of the host. A Chinaman rides with his heels instead of his toes in the stirrups. He keeps out of step when walking with others. The Chinese read their books backward, and write in an opposite way to what we do. With them the mourning colour is white; with us it is black. At a fashionable dinner, with them soup is the last course; with us it is the first. Chinese women wear trousers, and the men frequently gowns. A Chinaman pays a physician to keep himself and his family well; we pay when we turn ill. When he meets acquaintances he shakes his own hand and not theirs as we do.

The Chinese seem to have no nerves, and never fuss like Anglo-Saxons. Exercise for its own sake seems to them madness. Even the children play very quietly, and the babies remain perfectly tranquil tied on the backs of mothers who are at work. A Cantonese asked a servant about a foreign lady whom he had seen playing tennis: 'How much is she paid for rushing about like that?' On being told 'Nothing,' he would not believe it.

The conservatism of the Chinese was first observed by me on the steamer in which I crossed the Pacific. The 'boy' who attended me at dinner always wanted to bring exactly the same food as that which I ordered the first day, and seemed to think I should have no change. A cook used to break and throw away an egg before making a certain pudding because the first egg happened to be a bad one when he was shown how to make that pudding.

That riches are a burden is felt when travelling in China. Even the Mexican dollar is heavy, and when you get for one of these from eight hundred to a thousand brass pieces of money called *cash*, with holes in the centre and tied on strings, it may be imagined what an amount of 'filthy lucre' you must bring with you for even a short tour. And the lucre is filthy; it cannot be handled without contamination. The losses on silver coins are great; those belonging to one part of the country will not be accepted at all in another, or only at a heavy discount. The inexperienced traveller loses both when he buys them and when he sells them. As

for the strings of *cash*, their value changes every day and in every place.

A man will sell his house and land and all that he has in order to provide a suitable funeral for a parent. Filial piety requires that he should mourn three years, and during this time he frequently spends whole nights at the grave. According to Chinese teaching, 'selfish attachment to wife and children' may be unfilial conduct, and a typical instance of the contrary is given. A man with one child said to his wife, 'We are so poor that we cannot support mother; why not bury the child? We may have another; but if mother should die, we cannot obtain her again.' His wife dared not oppose him, and accordingly a hole was dug, when a vase full of money, and bearing an inscription stating that Heaven bestowed this reward on a filial son, was found.

The Chinese are a most economical people. This struck me when I was staying in the north of the country. There the people will eat horse, mule, donkey, or any animal, and they will eat all of the animal, and even when it has died of disease. The smallest children are sent out to gather fuel. You will see boys up in trees beating off leaves as if they were fruit, and not a straw is allowed to lie idle on the ground. Scotch thrift is nothing compared to Chinese economy. In ordinary houses a dim light which costs almost nothing will be placed in a hole in a dividing wall so as to light two apartments. An old woman who was hobbling along painfully was asked where she was going to. She was going to the home of a relative, so as to die in a place near to the family graveyard, and thus avoid the expense of coffin-bearers for so long a distance.

A Chinaman is never in a hurry; but the amount of cheerful labour which he does is astonishing. He will take his time to it, however, and he is as inaccurate about time as he is about everything else. It is necessary when travelling to ascertain, when the distance is given in miles (*li*), whether the miles are 'large' or not! The method of reckoning is frequently based, not on distance, but on the difficulty of getting over the ground. Ask a Chinaman how many families there are in his native village, and he will answer, 'A few hundred,' 'Several hundred,' or 'Not a few.' As for a Chinese census, all that can be said of it is what was said of the Supreme Court of the United States: that it has 'the last guess at the case.'

Chinese who make a 'practice of virtue' often keep an account in which they charge themselves with every bad act they can remember, and credit themselves with every good one. The balance between the two shows their standing at any particular time in the account-books of the Chinese Rhadamanthus. Among the acts by which merit may be accumulated is the purchase

of live birds and fish that they may be restored to their native elements. It is easier to stand on the brink of a river, watch a fisherman lower his net, pay for his catch, and throw it back into the river than to look into the cases of needy men and women and give them judicious help. Besides, the fish are done with, while this is not always the case with human recipients of charity. A medical missionary was asked by a native gentleman to cure a blind beggar. It was a case of cataract, and an operation restored sight. Then the missionary was waited upon by the same gentleman, and told that, as he had destroyed the only means by which the blind man could get a living—that is, by begging—it was the duty of the missionary to make it up to him by taking him into his employment as a gatekeeper!

On their wedding-day brides, who are nearly always very young, are 'chaffed' unmercifully. When they come to their new home they are subjected to the same sort of criticism expressed aloud to their face as a newly bought horse. In some places it is allowable for any one to turn back the curtains of her sedan-chair and stare at a bride, or even to throw handfuls of hayseed or chaff upon her carefully oiled hair.

The theory of responsibility as understood in China seems to us Westerners to be unjust, but from another point of view to have something to recommend it. In the year 1873 'a Chinaman was accused of having broken open the grave of a relative of the Imperial family in order to rob the coffin of certain gold, silver, and jade ornaments which had been buried in it. The entire family of the criminal—consisting of four generations, from a man more than ninety years of age to a female infant only a few months old—was exterminated.' The fact, however, that No. 1, or the headman, in any position is responsible for every act of his subordinates is a great help to European employers. There is a tradition of a head-compradore in a bank, who was called to account because the 'boy' had allowed a mosquito to insinuate itself within the mosquito-net of the bank manager.

Instead of saying 'How do you do?' when one Chinese acquaintance meets another he asks, 'Have you eaten your rice?' If the inter-

rogated person has done this he answers, 'Yes. I beg your pardon.' He begs pardon for having anticipated his acquaintance at breakfast or dinner.

A South Sea Islander said of his race, 'As soon as we open our mouth a lie is born;' and the Chinese acknowledge without shame the same of themselves. It may be true amongst Western nations that 'the affairs of life hinge upon confidence;' but this is not true in the East, and least of all in China. Here in China they hinge upon suspicion. There are few Chinese who attach any importance to keeping an engagement. Most of them are like the man who, being accused of having broken his promise, replied that it was of no consequence, as he could make another just as good. The Chinese say that one should never refuse a request in an abrupt manner; on the contrary, he should grant it in form, although with no intention to do so in substance. 'Put him off till to-morrow, and then until another to-morrow. Thus you comfort his heart.'

It is considered good manners in China to speak contemptuously of whatever belongs to the speaker and in terms of praise of whatever relates to the person addressed. The polite Chinese will refer to his wife as his 'dull thorn,' or in some similar elegant figure of speech, while the rustic alludes to the companion of his joys and sorrows as his 'stinking woman.' They will speak of your honourable wife, your honourable house, honourable horse, dog, and so on.

No civilised nation is so superstitious and credulous as the Chinese. On the two days of the month set apart for that purpose, the fox, the weasel, the hedgehog, the snake, and the rat are worshipped. These are styled in printed placards 'Their Excellencies.' Of China it might be said, as Gibbon remarked of Rome, that to the common people all religions are equally true, to the philosopher all are equally false, and to the magistrate all are equally useful. Of the Emperor of China, as of the Roman Emperor, it might be affirmed that he is 'at once a high-priest, an atheist, and a god!' This is what has come of Confucianism, mixed with polytheism and pantheism.

## OPAL-FIELDS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.



UPERSTITIOUS associations and evil reputation have hitherto prevented a full appreciation of the iridescent splendour of the opal; but now the exquisite vari-coloured stone, flashing with living fire, ranks

as the jewel representing the various emotions of the human heart.

The probable opal district extends from latitude twenty-two degrees to thirty-two degrees south, and longitude one hundred and forty-one degrees to one hundred and forty-six degrees east; but the best-known parts are situated across the far-famed Darling River in New South Wales, and between the Bulloo and Paroo Rivers in Queensland. Westward, out on Cooper's Creek,



the country is reported to be very wealthy; but, as only a few of the most adventurous prospectors have ever been there, the probabilities are that Nature will guard her treasures until some inventive genius discovers how to go and take them.

The town of White Cliffs is the centre of the New South Wales fields; and from it, I believe, nearly all the opal in the world is supplied. The town is a marvellous combination of galvanised iron erections and tents. The former comprise the drinking-saloons, the latter the abode of successful miners; but the greater part of the population has only the brilliant constellations of the Southern Hemisphere for a roof.

The opal is found in parallel seams at various recognised depths from the surface to forty feet; but the best is obtained on the fifteen feet-strata, and consequently that level is more exploited than any other. The land is pegged out and held much as gold claims are, forty feet square being allowed to each man. The first operation is to sink a hole about six feet deep; then, if no opal has been met with, a rough windlass is erected, and the work of excavation is continued until a seam of opal is cut through or 'bottom' (generally the forty-feet level) is reached. If no paying opal has been struck—opal of every colour and shade abounds everywhere, but that which has not the living fire of green or gold is considered valueless—the miner drives a tunnel along one of the levels in search of the elusive gem or sinks a shaft elsewhere. However, the miners are reluctant to leave the shafts of their own sinking; for, as they say, 'one stroke of the pick may lay bare a seam of "pin-fire" opal or break in two a rich band of "orange."' These two varieties of the gem are readily sold to buyers on the field at prices ranging from fifteen to thirty pounds per ounce.

When I first visited White Cliffs I had a vague idea that opal was a blue stone; but I knew nothing whatever of its nature or value, or the method of finding it. Having had previous experience on goldfields, I knew how to secure my claim, and eventually pegged out one adjoining that of a tall, lanky Australian, who said his name was 'Copt' Dan, because he could always find that substance but had never yet 'struck' a 'pot' or rich find of opal. I laboured manfully at my hole, as Dan called it, and by the close of the first day had excavated three feet. On the second day I sent my pick crashing through a substance which rang like glass, and instinctively I knew that I had 'struck it' in a double sense. Carefully I worked round the stuff, and at length uncovered a layer of deep-blue shining stones, which extended away into the side of my shaft. The sun was directly overhead, and the temperature about one hundred and forty degrees; but I did not feel the heat,

for here was fortune within my grasp. I picked out slab after slab of the glistening stones, and burrowed along horizontally. There seemed to be no end of the seam, and soon I had filled my bucket.

I noticed that the stones had passed through a series of changes in hue, a brilliant pink now taking the place of the former deep-blue colour. However, I did not notice that I was also undermining the ground, and only realised that all was not right when the walls fell in and almost buried me. Luckily Dan heard my shout, ran over, and at length dug me out.

'How did you git under thet?' he asked in surprise, as I wiped the earth from my eyes and ears.

Filled with gratitude because of my rescue, I replied, 'Dan, I believe there are tons of opal in there. I have filled my bucket, and was digging for more when the ground collapsed.'

'Ye filled a bucket?' he gasped.

'Yes.'

'An' is't there now?'

'I suppose so.'

'Then let me at it,' cried Dan, jumping down into the hole. Plying his shovel vigorously, in an incredibly short time he threw the earth from the shaft and grasped the bucket. Then the air was filled with true Australian bush-poetry.

When he had exhausted himself I inquired the reason for his powerful language; but the look he gave me in reply instantly sent the temperature in my neighbourhood down to zero.

'My colonial!' he at length got out. 'A bucketful! Tons o' it! An'—an' I digged it up. My oath, if ye weren't sich a durned new chum I'd make ye eat it.'

'Why, Dan, what's wrong?' I inquired anxiously.

'Wrong!' he repeated scornfully. 'It's only potch, an' not worth a drink, the whole durned lot.'

'But'—

'Come along,' said he, 'an' I'll show ye tons in my shaft, an' ye can hev' it all fur the takin' away.'

To say that I was surprised would be like saying that a temperature of one hundred and forty degrees is warm: it is—exceptionally so. When I saw the glistening walls of Dan's shaft scintillating with colour right down to the forty-feet level on which he was working I felt anything but pleased.

I soon resumed my labours, and continued hard at work for several days. Occasionally I cut through seams of opal matrix carrying stones of beautiful red tints and sometimes of a peculiar blend of almost every colour. For all these Dan had but one contemptuous name, 'potch,' which is the miner's term for inferior opal;

and after hearing his verdict I would go on again sinking the shaft, my hopes sinking correspondingly.

One day Dan came over to my shaft in a fever of excitement; and, sliding down my windlass-rope, he soon stood beside me.

'Does yer know the nigger's claim?' he asked abruptly when he touched the bottom.

'Yes,' I answered. 'It's three claims above you and me. What about it?'

'Well,' said Dan, 'he's fairly struck it, an' a pot too'—

'Of potch?' I inquired. 'There is plenty of that here.'

'No, durn ye! no; but fiery an' green flashy stuff, worth twenty pun' an ounce; an' it's comin' down this way somewheres.'

'Well, good luck to the poor beggar,' I said. 'If it comes our way we'll have a chance of striking something better than potch or copi!'

'Yes; but don't ye see it'll maybe not come that way, an' then we wouldn't stan' a ghost o' a show unless ye did the trick.'

'What trick, Dan?'

'Why, can't ye git down Black George's shaft w' some o' them instruments o' yourn, an' find out where it goes; an' then me an' you would go mates, an' peg out the ground, an' go down after it like a 'guana after a snake.'

'Will he let us down his shaft?' I inquired.

'Ye jes' bet he will. Come on.'

Feeling complimented at Dan's evident faith in my abilities, I ascended with him; and, taking from my tent a small spirit-level and my tried and trusty compass, I followed him up the hill to where Black George was toiling at his windlass.

'Good-day, George,' cried Dan.

'Good-day,' answered George.

'We hears ye has struck it,' said Dan.

'Ye hears too much, den,' replied the dusky one. 'I'se only got some stones as good as colours when de blessed t'ing cuts out again.'

'Cuts out, does it?' roared Dan. 'Nigger, ye're lyin'. I seed ye stakin' off the day. Where does it go, anyway?'

'Ah, now, Dan,' said the nigger, with a chuckle, 'how does I know? It goes somewheres—by golly! it do; but jes' ye come down an' see my shaft.'

We at once accepted the invitation, and followed him down the rope; then, after lighting our candles, we crawled into his drive. Our progress was difficult, the drive being irregular and resembling in many respects the burrow of an animal. Dan struggled to find suitable words to express his opinion of George's unmethodical handiwork; but his attempts ceased suddenly, for the drive came to an end at a wall of flashing gems. They sparkled and shone in the candle-light—a mass of translucent stones, blazing with the vivid fire of diamonds, rubies, and

emeralds. I was speechless with astonishment, for it was the grandest display of gems in their natural state I had ever seen. The seam carrying them, however, suddenly dipped at an acute angle, and near the bottom of the wall disappeared entirely.

'Never mind, George,' said Dan as he viewed the apparently "cut-out" seam; 'ye've got enough opal on the surface thare to keep ye slingin' bad beer all yer life.—Can ye make anythin' outen it?' he continued, addressing me.

'Oh yes,' I replied, trying the level. 'It is evidently running south from here, and will probably outcrop farther down the hill.'

I knew that much from the fact that George had struck the lode at the thirty-feet level, while Dan farther down the hill, and directly in the line of reef, had already sunk forty feet and found no trace. The angle of the dip showed clearly that the opal was still far under the workings of our claims; but I knew that, obeying its natural laws, the lode would turn when it encountered original country, and run up again like the letter V at the same angle.

'It should be near the surface at our lowest boundary peg,' I continued, making a mental calculation.

'Yer don't say so!' cried Dan in surprise.

'Oh yes, I do,' I answered. 'I do not know much about opal as yet; but I have studied geology a little bit.'

'An' does "Gology" tell ye thet?'

'It does.'

'Then I'll shout for "Gology" whenever I sees him.'

'Better let us see if it is correct first,' I said; and, taking careful bearings, we ascended George's shaft, and, followed by the wondering nigger, proceeded down the hill.

'About here,' I said at length. 'The seam should not be far off here; but of course it will have turned to potch by this time.'

'Wait till we sees,' said Dan, smashing energetically at the ground with his pick. 'Lor! what was that?' he cried as a crashing sound followed his first stroke.

'Golly!' ejaculated George. 'Let me try, Dan;' and, throwing himself on the ground, he tore at it with his gouge, or small hand-pick.

Breathlessly we watched him as with deft hands he threw the earth aside, and in a few minutes there was laid bare a layer of opal that caused Dan to give vent to some tall words from sheer excitement. The opal was hidden by the white crust of matrix which surrounded it, and might have been mistaken for more of the hateful potch but for the piece that Dan's pick had shattered. The broken edges dispelled that idea, for quivering flashes of green and gold shot through its facets, and the stone actually seemed to be endowed with life.

We looked at each other. The find was just

inside my claim, and what it was worth could as yet only be guessed at.

'Men,' I said, 'the probabilities are that this formation extends farther over towards the west, so'— But my audience were gone. They had heard enough; and in ten minutes both Dan and George had pegged out new claims in the direct line of the seam, thus abandoning their old claims for the chances that might be in the new. They were right, however; and in half-an-hour the ground was pegged out for miles around.

The great curse on the opal-fields is the drinking proclivities of the men; and although flour and other necessities may sometimes be unprocurable in the dry seasons, liquor, such as it is, can always be had; and—to those who care to take it under the circumstances—it is to be had gratis. These strange circumstances are to be explained thus: when a miner strikes a 'pot' he at once sells all that he can readily uncover, and then rushes into the nearest saloon, flings the buyer's cheque on the bar, and 'shouts' or calls for drinks for all comers. The news quickly spreads, and soon every man knows that 'Scottie' has struck it, and that free drinks are dispensed at the 'Union-Jack' saloon.

On the opal-fields there are no labour disputes; every man works for himself. Of course it is desirable to have a comrade to assist at the windlass, and many strange partnerships are formed for that purpose.

The day's work begins about half-past eight, and is continued more or less industriously until half-past eleven. At that time the man at the windlass boils the billy, and then hauls up his perspiring mate from the candle-lit gloom of the workings to the light of day. After this meal work is resumed until four o'clock; but at that hour the opal-seeker must cease his daily toil, or he will be forcibly assisted to do so by his indignant neighbours. The next hour is devoted to fancy cooking, and at five o'clock the men dine on the various results.

Saturdays and Sundays are given over to sports, washing, and drinking. Sometimes these days are also taken advantage of to prospect new ground; but as no one has yet been able to tell from surface indications what is the formation underneath, the miner invariably tosses up a penny and determines from its fall where next he will try his luck.

It is curious how the various races of humanity on the fields make certain lines of trade peculiarly their own. The Chinese are well represented among the storekeepers. The camel-drivers are all Afghans; but the bullock-drivers are—well, one has only to listen for a moment to their poetical mode of expression to know that they are true sons of Britannia's Southern Empire. The saloon-owners are generally English or Scotch; the lucky man is usually an Irishman;

and the buyers are all either Germans or Jews. The latter retire from business after having gone a few trips from Sydney or Melbourne to White Cliffs; and, judging from that fact and their well-known characteristics, it is evident that they at least 'do' well.

I have travelled far and have staked my claim on every goldfield of any note; but White Cliffs is the only place that I know where a man of no experience may be reasonably confident of at least earning a good living. There are few men on the opal-fields who do not average five pounds per week, and the chance is—for the man who stays long enough—that he will one day make his fortune.

White Cliffs, although situated in New South Wales, is much more accessible from Adelaide than from Sydney, and is best reached by rail from the South Australian capital to the famous Great Barrier town of Broken Hill, thence by mail-coach one hundred and eighty miles to the opal-fields. From the other capitals, the route is by rail to Cobar, five hundred miles west from Sydney; from Cobar the coach crosses the desert to the Darling River at Wilcannia; and thence another coach runs three times weekly over the remaining seventy miles to the fields. The whole country is of opal formation, and only awaits the advent of the intrepid and systematic fortune-seeker to yield its treasure to his hand.

#### THE SKYLARK.

The skylark in the morning

Sings a song of hope and trust;

He asks not for God's bounty:

He knows that come it must.

And the listener's heart is turned to Heaven,

His faith raised from the dust.

He sings again at noontide

A song of love and joy,

An endless throbbing melody

With naught of earth's alloy;

And the listener's heart is purified

Of earthly thoughts that cloy.

But the skylark in the evening

Sings a song of peace and rest;

And of all these glorious harmonies

This surely is the best,

For the listener's heart is quieted

And turned from earthly quest.

Thus morning, noon, and evening

Sings the bright bird of light;

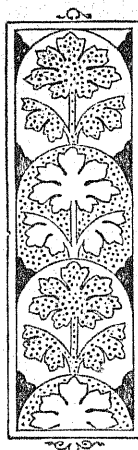
While listeners, pausing in their work,

Grow trustful of Heaven's might,

Till they too sing in sunshine,

And find peace in the night.

P. P. J.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE LAST OF HER RACE.

By NORMAN MACLEAN.

I saw the nursery windows  
Wide open to the air;  
But the faces of the children,  
They were no longer there.

LONGFELLOW.



HE lived in a little town by the sea, far from the mountains she loved and the fair glen where in the days long gone her ancestors had marshalled their men and led them to forays and battles. In the winter the little town was sombre and quiet, and she liked it then because she could dream her dreams in peace; but in summer steamers flooded the place with noisy cheap-trippers that to her seemed visitors from an unknown world—a world of vulgar turmoil and ceaseless activity—and she hated the little town then. Nor was it easy for her to leave it, for she was very poor—this faded old lady, dressed in the garments of an earlier century, at the sight of whom the smart trippers stared and laughed. She was proud, too, as she was poor, for the blood of many chiefs and of a far-off race of island kings ran in her veins, and of them all she was now the last.

Her house, in a sheltered loop of the bay, had a few straggling trees about it. She loved these trees, for they reminded her of the wooded slopes of her childhood's home, and of the pathway down which her father would come in the evening, with his gillies behind him leading the hairy ponies that carried the stags. She can see him yet as he was then—though he is dead these threescore years and more—with his noble bearing, his towering height, his loose Highland dress that showed his sinewy limbs, and in his bonnet the eagle-feather which only the chief wore. She can still feel the pride which she felt when, perched high on his shoulder, he carried her to the door one evening as he returned home from the hills, and the children ran shouting to meet him. She hears these shouts now in her dreams.

Her father was the last of the chiefs. There  
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were others after him, but in them the chief had disappeared in the landlord. There are those even now who call themselves chiefs, but are only lairds; he was a chief! When he went from home, even when the nineteenth century was well out of its teens, his tail of servants walked after him and his bard before him. Sir Walter came north to his keep beside Loch Oich, and found in him the prototype of Fergus Mac-Ivor, Vich Ian Vohr, chief of Glennaquoich, in whose personality he portrayed the strength and weakness, the overweening pride and kindness, the chivalry and the dignity, of the last of the chiefs. Sir Walter saw the devotion the chief inspired in his people, and that devotion he depicted in Evan MacCombich, who, when Fergus was condemned at Carlisle, offered to fetch six men from Glennaquoich to die for their chief, of which he himself would be the first. When the court laughed, Evan, looking sternly round, said, 'If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing because a poor man such as me thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of the Hielandman nor the honour of a gentleman.' The devotion of his clan to Fergus which is made so vivid in *Waverley* is only the devotion which Sir Walter saw in the glens westward from Loch Oich inspired by the chief, of whom he wrote: 'Warm-hearted, generous, friendly, he is beloved by those who know him. . . . To me he is a treasure.' But evil days befell the chief, 'who was born a hundred years too late,' as his friend of Abbotsford declared. He had wasted his substance attempting to revive the ancient glory of his family, and on his death it was found impossible for his son to reign in his place. So the glens passed to others, and now the old lady who lived in the little house in the loop of the bay was the last of them all.

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JULY 12, 1902.



She, the last of Siol 'ic Alastair, was very lonely, as those always are who live beyond the fourscore years and survive all their kindred—unless they have wealth, which she had not. Those who lived in the large houses at the outskirts of the town knew her as the last of a great race who once on a time had made the throne of the United Kingdom rock; but she did not care to know them! They were not of her world. Almost her only friend was the minister of the poor little chapel that stood in a mean street, in which the gospel was still preached in the language of the Gael to a rapidly diminishing congregation. As long as she could she said her '*Adsum*' every Sunday when the gray, bent, old minister ascended his pulpit and faced the little company that assembled there to worship in a manner which, to the smart congregations of the suburbs, savoured of the Covenanting days. The wail of the old tunes, the plaintive chanting, the emotional richness of the language she loved, made the dingy, cobwebby chapel a place of delight to her. She seemed again to hear the women singing their songs far away among the hills at milking-time; she seemed to feel the breeze laden with the scent of the heather coming over the moors, and hear the roar of the waters as the floods swept down the rough-flowing river; the mildewed walls of the decaying chapel faded away, and the vulgar little town melted into mist, and she stood again in that fairyland of youth 'where the wind blows over seven glens and seven bens and seven mountain moors.'

It was only to the minister that she spoke of the ancient days. He was an attentive listener, who had himself known better days, and who through many misfortunes, and many follies perhaps, had at last come to this—that he was glad to minister in that little chapel for a pittance that kept him from want. His own troubles had made him tender, and the memory of his own follies saved him from harsh judgments on the folly of others. To him the proud old lady could speak, knowing she would be understood. Many a day did he turn to her house to give her the comfort of having some one to speak to. The house was small and mean; the furniture was massive, and in these little rooms it looked like a prince strayed among the denizens of the slums; decay had fallen on much of it. The paper hung in patches on the walls; chairs stood some on three castors, some on two; but there were priceless relics: pieces of old silver, dusty faded pictures, things which many men would pay a ransom for. There was a leather-covered chair in which she always sat near the fire; from a little window in the gable by its side she could see a glint of the sea and of the wooded ridge beyond, and because of these she loved that seat best. When the minister sat on the other side of the fire, and the ancient serving-woman brought out the old silver teapot that had been used so long in the

old castle which now stands magnificent even in its decay on its solitary rock, and she poured out a cup for her friend and herself, then she could speak—speak of the old days, and of the old home, till the little room seemed as if it resounded with the shouts of 'Creag an Fhithich! Creag an Fhithich!' (the war-cry of the Macdonells) as the clansmen rushed with claymores on their foes in the days of long ago.

She was never tired speaking of her father. She pictured him so vividly that her listener could see the chief with his hounds going forth to the hunt, and note the droop of the eagle-feather in his bonnet. Proudly she would tell how, accompanied by twelve men of his clan, he went to Edinburgh, and with his brother the Colonel—that Colonel who, assisted by his sergeant, had shut the great gate of Hougomont against the French, thereby saving the place; and after receiving the prize as the bravest man at Waterloo from the Iron Duke, handed it to the sergeant—broke through the guards and welcomed George IV. to Scotland on his landing. He felt it his duty that he, the representative of the ancient race of kings that ruled the isles of the west, should be the first to welcome the king who came to pay a visit to a kingdom that had not seen its king for over two hundred years. It was only the courtesy due from one potentate to another! If the poor, benighted Edinburgh bailies could not see it in his light, why then he and his twelve good men could burst through any cordon that could be drawn round any pier in Leith. If the hide-bound authorities of Dundee could not see his point of view, Sir Walter did, and it was he who acted as colonel of the kilted bodyguard thus provided for the king, and swore them in. But Sir Walter, who could read the secrets of all men's hearts, knew the mind of a chief.

Sometimes the daughter of the chief would speak of more trifling incidents. With a smile she told how the chief, having crossed the loch in his new barge and spent the day on the hills, found, when returning across the loch in the evening, a packman hid in the prow of the boat. When half-way across, the chief stepped up to the prow and lifted the pedlar by his belt and dropped him gently into the loch. It was, he thought, fit punishment for the low-bred seller of needles who presumed to cross his loch in the company of Mac 'ic Alastair. But the pedlar had the better of it; he made a declaration that a pocket-book containing a hundred pounds fell out of his coat-pocket when he was thrown into the water, and, an action being threatened against the chief, he had to pay. The pedlar took a farm with the money, and his children's children are there still, while the ancient seat of the chief is a *larach* (a desolate ruin). Of these things would she speak while the darkness was creeping over the little town and the lamplighter went up the

dingy street to light the lamps; but though looking from her gable window as he passed, she saw, not him, but the pathway of the moon on her father's locks, far, far away among the hills.

But an unlooked-for day came when the old minister, feeling sad at heart, went to see the little old lady, for a great blow had fallen on her. A book had been written by one whose name the minister had never heard before, which proved that one of the chiefs of that old family had acted the spy. The book was called *Sykle the Sly*; and the old man, feeling it boded ill to his patron, bought and read it. At least he tried to read it through; but it was a dreary book. From curious spelling of words and curious dotting of letters, it showed that the grand-uncle of the old lady had, while serving King James, written letters to the Government of King George telling them the secrets of the particular kind of toddy poor Prince Charlie drank, and of the quarrels he carried on with and about the Walkinshaw, and other such important things. The book made a great sensation. The minister was at a dinner shortly after it was published, and when a young lady began to speak enthusiastically of the chivalry of the chiefs who went out to fight for a cause which they knew in their hearts to be lost, a youth with an empty face shrugged his shoulders and murmured, 'Sykle the Sly.' At the sound the words died on the lips of her who spoke of Highland chivalry, and half the company shrugged their shoulders. The memory of that scene was keen with the minister when he turned towards his patron's house, feeling that he could not stay longer away.

She sat in her old place by the little window in the gable; but the furrows were deeper on her face, and her figure seemed shrunken. The folds of her homespun—she clung tenaciously to the homespun—lay about her wasted limbs more loosely than ever before. Her deep-set eyes had a look of dumb pain in them. In silence he sat down in his accustomed chair.

Without any beating about the bush, she began at once on the subject he dreaded. Had he seen the book? What did he think? If he could have said that he did not believe the book without telling a falsehood, that's what he would have said. But though he believed in the authenticity of Ossian, yet he could not believe in the probity of the chief who wrote as *Sykle the Sly*. His hesitation and his restraint showed her what he thought. 'Oh! it is a sad blow to my family,' she cried, while the tears glistened on her cheeks and her voice broke. The book lay on a case at the side of the room, and she started up to get it. In her excitement she forgot that her foot was twisted with rheumatism, and that she could not walk without a crutch. After one slip she gave a scream, and clutched the table to save herself from falling. The minister jumped to her

side and offered his arm. No, she would not take it. Her family always fended for themselves. Let him bring her the crutch. He brought it, and she hobbled over, got the book, and returned to her seat. The little scene broke the restraint that had fallen on the two friends, and they sat more at their ease while she turned over the pages of *Sykle the Sly*—the pages which proved one of the chiefs of her race a mercenary tale-bearer and a traitor.

Her fingers trembled so much as she turned the leaves that it looked as if she could not find what she wanted. At last she found it, and read with a voice tremulous with scorn the words in which the writer disclaimed any delicacy he might have had in publishing the book because his hero died unmarried and childless, and the present representatives of an honoured family were not his descendants. Sir Walter would not have written that apology; he knew the hearts of the Highlanders. She was not a descendant. No; but was he not one of the chiefs, her father's uncle, and if his honour was smirched was not the honour of the whole family smirched? But even suppose it true, were there not things for the sake of which the pitiful thing might have been left in its grave? Why did this man—'the man with the muck-rake,' she scornfully called him—gloat over the miserable treachery of one weakling while he was silent regarding the heroism of those others of her race who in their devotion to their rightful king set themselves to attempt the impossible? Why did he not tell of the little band, two thousand strong, that marshalled in the gray morning by Loch Oich, of whom six hundred were of her race, and threw down the gauge of battle to three kingdoms, and who shed their blood from Prestonpans to Culloden fighting for a cause that was long lost? Did he know of her great-grandfather, who, a lad of twenty, commanded his clan and died on the streets of Falkirk, begging that mercy might be shown to the man who unwittingly killed him? And there was her cousin, Keppoch, who, when the enemy came down on the doomed Highland army—an army that faced their foe hungry, shivering with cold, and the snow driving in their faces, deprived even of their night's sleep by that futile march to Nairn—and when the centre of their army had rushed to its destruction, pled with his men to charge, and, on their sullenly refusing, advanced alone with claymore and dagger to attack the foe, crying, 'My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me?' and so died. Was not that a fitter theme for a great writer's pen? If for the sake of these he would not keep silent, might he not think of those others who stood by their Prince when a ragged fugitive, with a hunted look in his eyes, and with no comfort save the *uisge-beatha*, which was to him warmth, food, shelter, and forgetfulness—what wonder he learned to drink it!—and when

their own houses were burning, and fire and sword had swept through the glens, yet had no thought but how to save him, guiding him from hill to hill and from cave to cave until he passed to return no more: for their sake might he not have passed over this in silence? Even though this one fell from the high renown of the others, perhaps something might be said for him. He had never drawn the sword for his Prince; he languished in prison while his brother led his men to the charge at Falkirk; he had not known the chivalry and loyalty born of conflict. The degradation of a prison broke his spirit; the poverty and hunger of an exile broke his honour. He wanted bread. Were not men in those days governed by corruption? Did not the men who made the laws have their hands open at their backs to receive the price of their votes? Sir Robert Walpole has declared that Shippen the Jacobite was the only man whose price he could not name. Who can judge the man who, broken in spirit and destitute, stooped to their level?

However, no words could cover the wound made by that book in her pride of race. Again and again, as often as the old minister went to see her, she would return to it. Men would now only remember the shadow cast by one of her race and not the glory of the others, she would moan. As a man came often to be remembered only by one incident on which some one laid hold and placed

on record in a vivid way, so her race would hereafter be remembered only by this one thing which a master of his craft had set forth in a manner which held it up to all men, that they numbered among them a Sykle the Sly. All the rest would be as if it were not. As often as she spoke of it she ended by saying, 'It is a sad, sad blow to my family.' Many a night she would waken up as from an evil dream, and lie until the dawn with wide-open eyes alone with the thought that she was the last of her race—she, a desolate, lonely old woman—and that she was leaving behind her a name tarnished and dishonoured, with none to redeem it. When she lay dying a few months later she said bitterly, 'If the man with the muck-rake had only waited till I was dead!'

When she died there was none to bring her home—the ruined castle on the rock was always home to her—and lay her beside her father in the old vault beside the loch. At her funeral no pipers played their coronach before her coffin, and no throng of clansmen followed after. She was laid by those she knew not in a corner of the graveyard of the little town in which she had lived so long, and there the green-sward was drawn over the head of the last of a great race. And the old vault beside the loch will never again open its iron portals to receive a son or a daughter of Siol 'ic Alastair.

## PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

### CHAPTER III.—THE STORY OF PRINCE ADRIAN.

**I**T was late in the evening when Mr Barrows returned to Welding. On reaching home he took his tea, and then went out to the garden. There, looking over the low wall, he called Hadfield.

The call was heard, and Hadfield appeared.

'Ah, Mr Barrows!' he said, 'so you went up to town? Did you have a good day?'

'Yes, thank you,' was the answer. 'But will you come over here? I want to have a chat with you.'

Hadfield obeyed at once. Such requests were not at all infrequent, and the visits were generally pleasant. He mounted the wall, and dropped on the other side.

'It's growing chilly out here,' said Mr Barrows, 'and it will soon be dark. Let us go into my room.'

He led the way through the house to the room which he was accustomed to call his own. It was a front room, looking out upon the street, and he had furnished it as a lonely man's library and sitting-room. It was well furnished with bookshelves, for Mr Barrows was something of a reader and a bookman. There was also a com-

fortable writing-table, a small but careful selection of pictures, and a couple of easy-chairs which were none the worse for having seen wear. Last, but not least, there was a smokers' cabinet, which was always well supplied.

'Just make yourself comfortable,' said the owner of this den hospitably. 'Take a cigar and choose a chair.'

Hadfield complied in silence. The young man from the Local Board Offices was not particularly quick of perception; but he had an idea that something had happened. When he was settled he prepared to listen, and by that time Mr Barrows was ready to speak.

'To-day,' he began, 'I have had a rather curious adventure. Have you any acquaintance with Styrian politics?'

'Styrian politics?' cried Hadfield. 'I cannot say that I have. Of course, I sometimes read the newspaper reports; but that does not amount to much.'

He was naturally surprised at such a sudden plunge into an entirely new topic. Mr Barrows did not seem to notice it at first.

'Then perhaps you have never heard of Prince Adrian of Zell?' he asked thoughtfully.

Hadfield fancied he had, at some time or other. Then Mr Barrows explained.

'You are surprised at my mentioning such a subject as this, I see. But, as it happens, my little adventure to-day has a very close connection with this out-of-the-way subject.'

'Say just what you want to say,' put in Hadfield quickly. 'I am listening. Go straight on.'

'Well,' said Mr Barrows, 'I will. Now, in the matter of Styrian politics you have, no doubt, a hazy idea that the term implies political chaos. We have already heard of trouble and unrest over there, and unrest sometimes so serious that it has threatened the stability of the whole empire—the Styrian Empire I mean, of course. And probably you have noticed the cause of that unrest?'

'The dissatisfaction in Lusia?' asked Hadfield doubtfully.

'Exactly. All the trouble comes from Lusia. Lusia once had an independent existence as a kingdom, but it was incorporated with Styria some fifty years ago. There was naturally some friction afterwards, and the friction increased, chiefly through tactless government. There has been one armed rebellion, which failed; and there have been various finely arranged conspiracies, which also have failed. There are secret societies in Lusia to this day, having separation from the empire as their one object of existence; but, as perhaps you have noticed lately, things are gradually settling down, thanks largely to the tact of the present Chancellor, Quinzell. The last really dangerous conspiracy took place about twenty years ago. It was a very clever affair, and well engineered; and its managers drew into their ranks a very near connection of the Emperor himself. This person was the young half-brother of the first Empress, Theresa, and he was called Prince Adrian of Zell. Zell, I may say, is a small principality in south-east Lusia.'

Mr Barrows spoke carefully, without any particular animation; yet Hadfield began to be interested.

'The conspirators,' continued Mr Barrows, 'thought Prince Adrian likely to be useful. As for the young fellow himself, perhaps he was simply foolish, and no doubt he had been filled with raw ideas of Lusian liberty and independence, which he would see the folly of if he were alive to-day, with the recent and present developments before him. The worst of it was, however—or, perhaps, the best of it—that he was not the creature to make a conspirator at all. He lacked a simple necessity, physical courage; and he lacked moral courage also. Naturally, he proved a failure, and after first betraying the faith of the Emperor, who had regarded him as a brother, he deserted the cause he had been induced to support. The plot was discovered at the last moment. There was a choice for him: two

chances to make a best end to a bad case. He might have faced the consequences and accepted the punishment, or he might have ended, voluntarily, a career which he had ruined. As I have said, however, he was a coward, not only physically but morally; so each course was impossible for him. He did the worst thing, therefore. He left his friends in the lurch, fled the country, and escaped to France. One person went with him: James Barrows.'

There was a pause. 'You?' echoed Hadfield, astounded.

'Yes,' answered Mr Barrows. 'I, his secretary and his only companion.'

Mr Barrows was amused by his neighbour's surprise. 'Don't look like that,' he said. 'It was a simple affair enough. The Styrians, like the Poles and Russians, are remarkable linguists, and take a pleasure in "getting languages." There is scarcely a family of any note in Styria or Lusia which hasn't an English tutor or governess; and when I say that I had gone out to Graaden, the capital, as tutor in one such household, you will begin to see light. Friends in good places brought about the connection with Prince Adrian, who fancied that he required a secretary; and so I became possessed of an office which was both easy and, in its way, distinguished.'

'Well, upon my word!' muttered Hadfield; and he surveyed his quiet neighbour with an entirely new interest.

'Perhaps I was no better than Prince Adrian himself,' said Mr Barrows, 'or I might have persuaded him to something better. It is hard, however, to persuade a coward to put himself in danger; and, at all events, I went with him. We went to France and crossed to England, and then, for quite a number of years, tramped the world together in a curious kind of companionship. After that again, finding that this world had no need of him, and no place for him, Prince Adrian decided to leave it. You may have heard, possibly, that he died obscurely, and was buried in a nameless grave. I was with him to the end, and saw the last of a failure which was complete enough to be pitiful. After that, having had a certain sum of money left me, I came down here, weary enough, I must say, both of princes and of politics. One of the first things I did then was to write the Prince's story. It is here.'

Mr Barrows rose, and took from a drawer in his table a small volume bound in gray. He passed it over to Hadfield. 'You will take this home with you,' he said, 'and look through it. I am afraid I treated my unlucky companion rather severely; but when I was writing of him I lost all patience with such a bungler. Just think, Hadfield, of what he fooled away!'

'It certainly was bad,' agreed Hadfield.



'Bad? Bad is no word for it. But there! let us be done with Prince Adrian. It is only necessary to say of him that his name was never afterwards mentioned in the Emperor's presence. Ferdinand of Styria has a very strict code of honour. If the Prince had died neatly he might have forgiven him; what he could not forgive was his preference for life before honour. He could not bear the thought of a coward in the imperial circle.

'But now to the story. Many of the conspirators suffered; a few somehow escaped notice, and one of these was a friend of the Prince, Count Mathias Hamar. He was a young noble of large estates, with a young wife and one little daughter, so he had everything to lose. It was entirely the Prince who had drawn him into the affair. I remember that quite clearly. Finding that the storm had passed over him, he retired from political matters and attended to his own lands; but, fearing to rouse against himself the enmity of the surviving plotters, he failed to withdraw entirely from their cause. He allowed his name to remain on the roll of their society.

'That was a serious mistake. As the years passed, his child became a very beautiful woman, and it happened that one of her suitors was the only son of a powerful neighbour, Count Brode. This man, the Count, was in favour at Graaden, being an able creature enough; but his nature will not bear description. He had all the bad points of the Lusian aristocracy, and none of the good ones; while his son, it seems, was only behind him in the matter of brains. This son's fondness for Hamar's daughter was a great opportunity, in the father's eyes, for a concentration of wealth, and therefore of power. The girl, however, being a fine girl, would have none of him, and the natural results took place. Remember, we are speaking now of Lusian.

'The Brodes left no stone unturned to gain their ends, and among other stones they moved was the secret of Hamar's share in the old conspiracy, and the fact of his present connection with the revolutionists. That was a good weapon, and they used it. One day they presented their ultimatum. Hamar was a fine fellow, and showed them the door; but in a few hours he was on his way to England with his wife and daughter. Their escape was narrow, for before he reached this side of the Channel the bolt had fallen. Had he stayed he would have found a Styrian prison as strong and enduring as he well knew it to be, and his helpless women would have been at their enemy's mercy.

'Then,' continued Mr Barrows calmly, 'the Brodes played one more card. They succeeded in obtaining a promise from the Court that if Hamar's daughter married Count Philip her father's forfeited lands might be restored to her

husband. With this promise the young man tracked the fugitives to London; and in the meantime things had been going entirely in his favour. Hamar was a man of no stamina, and his health had given way. Very shortly after coming over he died, and was buried in one of the London cemeteries. So when Count Philip was following up their traces, the Countess and her daughter were left in the great city almost resourceless and quite unprotected.'

Mr Barrows paused. Something in his manner told Hadfield that the crisis of his story was now near.

'It is just here,' he went on presently, 'that I come in. This morning, while in town, I was led to visit one of the cemeteries. The first thing I saw there was a face whose type was Lusian—the face of Hamar's daughter. Directly after, I saw another Lusian face—that of Philip Brode. Losing all trace of the Hamars, he had yet discovered that the father was dead; and then he had set about making inquiries in the cemeteries. One of his spies had found out the place of burial, and the rest was simple. This morning he had hunted the women down, and fancied that they were already at his mercy.

'I knew neither face, of course, and was blind to suggestion; but a moment later I came upon a newly erected cross, with the name of Mathias Hamar upon it. Then I began to suspect.'

He then gave the details of his visit to the cemetery for the purpose of seeing Prince Adrian's resting-place, and the curious combination of circumstances which had roused his curiosity. 'But,' he continued, 'what was I to do? I might guess what had happened to the Hamars, and the expression of Brode's face told me that there was evil in the wind. I felt that I had not been sent there for nothing, and that I ought to, at the very least, make some inquiries. It was quite in vain that I told myself that Prince Adrian was dead, and that his business was none of mine. I was obliged to remember that I had been his companion for many years, and this connection seemed to demand my interference. What was I to do? What would you have done in my place?'

Mr Barrows rose from his chair. The question was spoken in an animated tone, and he was evidently moved. He scanned Hadfield's face with a certain eagerness.

Hadfield, however, was too much bewildered to find a ready answer. He had not grasped the situation clearly, for the rapid development of the story had taken him by surprise.

'I—I don't know,' he said. 'What did you do?'

'Well,' said Mr Barrows, 'perhaps I did a very foolish thing, considering that I had sworn years ago to have no more connection with Styria or

her people. I stepped into what was none of my business. I went to the place where the Hamars lived, and saw them. Even to the Countess I was quite a stranger, for she had been with her child in Lusitania while her husband was with Prince Adrian at the capital. These women were glad, however—you may imagine how glad they were—to see any one who had known Mathias. They told me the story I have just related to you, and I was then able to understand the whole meaning of the scene in the cemetery.

'It is often the case that it is easier to go into an affair than to retire from it. My curiosity had taken me into this business, and as soon as the story was told I saw that I must remain. Here were two women alone in a foreign capital, absolutely at the mercy of a man who carried his disposition in his face, possessed of wealth, and therefore of power, and likely to stop at nothing that would help him to his ends; and one of these women was a beautiful girl, relying upon a mother who seemed broken both in strength and spirit. I do not know what another and a wiser man would have done in my place, Hadfield; but I did what I thought I was bound to do. I decided that I would keep that girl out of the ruffian's clutches if I possibly could!'

'Well done!' said Hadfield shortly. 'Go on.'

'The first thing, of course, must be to get them away. There was only one place that I could think of as secure—Welding; and I thought I knew two people in Welding who would make the exiles welcome. I thought, Hadfield, of yourself and your little wife.'

He looked at his neighbour questioningly, but with a smile in the look. Hadfield stood up, took the cigar from his lips, and answered solemnly:

'You did quite right.'

'Thank you,' said Mr Barrows. 'I felt sure of that. It only remains to tell you, now, that they must come down at once, before Brode

begins his work. Can you receive them to-morrow evening?'

'I believe we are always ready,' replied Hadfield. 'Consider it settled.'

He had been stirred to a high pitch of interest and excitement. Half-unconsciously he extended his hand. After a silent grip Barrows said:

'Now, I mustn't keep you longer, because you will wish to explain everything to your wife. But you had better take this book with you, in case you get half-an-hour to spare later. It will help you to get into the atmosphere of this business.'

Hadfield picked up the little gray book, and the two men returned through the garden. Night had come during their conversation, and darkness had fallen. Hadfield crossed to his own side of the wall.

'I'll speak to my wife,' he said, 'and let you know in ten minutes. Will you wait out here, or will you come in?'

'Oh,' answered Mr Barrows, 'I'll wait out here.'

So Hadfield went in to tell his story. In less than ten minutes he was back at the wall, to say that all was clear. There would be a welcome for the strangers whenever they might come, and the sooner the better.

'Thank you,' said Mr Barrows; 'and thank your wife for me. Good-night!'

'Good-night!'

That was the last word. Mr Barrows went in, and Hadfield returned to discuss this extraordinary occurrence with his wife.

Later on he spent a little time in reading his neighbour's book. It was the story of a failure, told by one who had seen it intimately, but without pity or sympathy. He was able, after the story he had heard, to understand the attitude of Mr Barrows towards his former master; but he was not quite able to sympathise with it. As he told his wife afterwards, the perusal of the volume left a somewhat unpleasant taste in the mouth.

## THE LATEST AMERICAN COLONY.



THE sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States, which has recently taken place, is of interest to Englishmen for the reason that these islands, though a Danish possession, have long been English in speech and sentiment. It is a curious fact that the natives (even the negroes) still consider themselves Englishmen, although the islands have only been in the possession of Great Britain for a few short periods: in 1667-71, 1801, and 1807-15.

The group formerly called the Danish West Indies is composed of the islands of St Thomas, St Croix, and St John, besides a number of small islets of little consequence, and for the most part uninhabited. St Thomas is the most important of the islands from a commercial or strategic standpoint, although the island of St Croix is more populous and agriculturally richer.

St Thomas contains only one town, which was christened Charlotte Amalie, in honour of the Queen of Denmark; but the new designation has

never 'taken,' and the town is always known by the same name as the island, the other name being confined to official documents, geographies, and maps. Its position is unique for the purpose of trade or the establishment of a naval or coaling station. Apart from its splendid natural harbour—which is surrounded by high hills, is completely landlocked, and affords ample accommodation for the largest vessels—it is the keystone of the arch formed by the chain of the West Indian Islands, as a glance at the map will show, and is also the nearest island of any importance to Europe. Owing to this combination, it is most conveniently situated for a general entrepôt or distributing-point of European commerce throughout the West Indies, and formerly occupied that position in the commercial world. In former days the capacious harbour was full of vessels waiting to be chartered for the sugar-crop, though all the sugar shipped was the produce of neighbouring islands. The harbour was also the rendezvous in the West Indies of the various European lines of steamers trading to that part of the world. Now all these have abandoned it except the German line (the Hamburg-American Steam-Packet Company), which has its headquarters and coaling-station there; and some of its vessels are nearly always in the harbour. The company has a large trade with the West Indies and the adjoining mainland, and its influence has helped to bolster up the decaying fortunes of the island. It is noticeable that the German line always avoids British possessions. On the other hand, the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company removed its headquarters to Barbadoes, which has no harbour but only an open roadstead, is not so near to Britain, and does not occupy so central a position in the group, being indeed rather isolated; but then, Barbadoes has the advantage of being a British colony. It claims, in fact, to be the oldest and most intensely loyal of all our colonies.

For many years previous to the removal of the steamship centres to other islands, St Thomas had been steadily declining. It suffered, in common with the rest of the West Indies, from the depression which has overtaken the archipelago ever since the emancipation of the slaves, and the decline became more intensified when Continental nations created a bounty on sugar, thus severely handicapping the staple industry of the islands. The general introduction of steam and telegraphic communication also acted most injuriously, by depriving the island of the relative importance it formerly held as a trading centre; since, with increased facilities of communication, the other seaports found it more advantageous to import direct from Europe.

St Thomas lies directly in the track of steamers from Britain to the Isthmus of Panamá, an importance which will be greatly enhanced should either the Panamá or the Nicaragua Canal ever be

completed. It is, perhaps, owing to this circumstance, as well as to the fact that it also lies in the direct track of steamers bound from the Atlantic ports of the United States to South America, that Uncle Sam has recently become alive to the advantages of securing this island, the strategic and commercial importance of which is universally recognised. However, this is not the first occasion that the United States Government has made a bid for the purchase of the Danish West Indies. In the year 1867 negotiations were nearly completed for the purchase; but they ultimately fell through.

The inhabitants of the islands are very cosmopolitan in character, the English language predominating, although in the palmy days of St Thomas, Spanish was even more necessary than English from a commercial standpoint, the town serving as an entrepôt of trade for the neighbouring islands of Porto Rico, San Domingo, and Cuba, as well as the various countries of the Spanish Main, such as Venezuela and Colombia. Here may be parenthetically mentioned the mistaken idea somewhat prevalent that the designation 'Spanish Main' refers to the seas in these latitudes. Even the poet Longfellow fell into this error, for he speaks of an ancient mariner 'who had sailed the Spanish Main.' After the Spaniards discovered America, they made their first settlements in the West Indian Islands; and when at a later date they commenced to colonise the mainland they called it (to distinguish it from their insular possessions) *Tierra Firme*; and the English settlers called it the Spanish Main—that is, the mainland—a name which it still retains.

In the prosperous days of St Thomas, nearly half a century ago, it was the custom for merchants in all parts of the West Indies to place their orders there. In the town were many large stores, stocked with merchandise of the most valuable kinds from all parts of the world, where one could place an order for goods worth ten thousand pounds, and they would scarcely be missed by the vender; indeed, such an order was looked on as a very ordinary transaction. Cases of Manchester goods, bales of French and Italian silks, and costly Spanish wines were to be found there, as well as flour and hams from the United States, and hats from Ecuador. These latter are not made in Panamá, which is only the port of shipment; and they are not to be confounded with the articles of straw frequently sold in English shops as 'genuine Panamá.' A good Panamá hat costs more than a suit of clothes, and will last a lifetime. It may be rolled up and put in the pocket, being as pliable as silk, and can be washed like linen. They are made by hand from a very fine species of fibre, and the finer kinds sometimes take months of labour to produce. We have seen these costly hats in St Thomas

pressed together in bales like ordinary Manchester goods.

Alas! St Thomas can now only reflect on its past glory, for the trade of the island has sunk into comparative insignificance. It is no longer a wholesale centre of any importance, though some trade is still done with San Domingo and St Croix, and also with Porto Rico; but it is uncertain how the annexation of the island to the United States will affect this commerce. The people of St Thomas used to look with great affection on the Porto Ricans, who were their best customers, and whose beautiful island was a favourite holiday resort of the inhabitants of the quondam Danish colony, for Porto Rico is quite near, and its mountains are plainly visible from St Thomas. During the American civil war the waning fortunes of the island were benefited to some extent by the diversion of trade caused by blockade-running, which became a regular business, though it never was a great centre for this hazardous form of commerce like Nassau (in the Bahamas) or the Bermudas. The decline of its trade has been most noticeable, however, since the conclusion of the civil war in 1865.

The population of the island is about thirty thousand, nearly one-half of which is in the town of St Thomas; it was formerly more numerous, and is mainly black or coloured. Spanish influence is still evident in the general architecture of the houses, and also to a certain extent in the habits of the people. The natives of St Thomas, who have emigrated to a great extent owing to the decline of its prosperity, are to be found all over the West Indies and adjoining countries on the mainland. The blacks are noted for their energy, like those of Barbadoes; and all, black and white, are noted linguists. There are few who cannot speak two or three languages, and many speak four or five fluently. Although St Thomas was for centuries a Danish possession, a new arrival might be totally unaware of the fact, as far as any external evidence goes, were it not for the Danish flag flying over the little fort and the names of the streets in Danish, which is the official language, though its use is almost entirely confined to a few Government officials. The language which one hears in the shops and in the streets is English.

There are no industries in St Thomas, except those connected with the shipping and transit trade, though a little bay-rum is manufactured, which finds a ready sale for toilet purposes in the United States. There were formerly numerous sugar plantations on the island, as is attested by the ruins of many stone windmills. There is no permanent water-supply on the island, for the brooks, which are roaring torrents after heavy rains, are entirely devoid of water during the long dry season. It is said that springs at one time were numerous, but after a severe earth-

quake they disappeared, presumably owing to a dislocation of the subterranean strata of rocks. At the present time the inhabitants are dependent for their supply of water on large cisterns attached to nearly every house, which catch and store up the water that falls abundantly during the rainy season.

During the time of the buccaneers St Thomas was their favourite resort, and there is still pointed out an old stone tower known as Black Beard's Castle, so called from a famous buccaneer who bore that nickname, derived from his long flowing beard, which he wore in plaits, for he was a great dandy. He must also have been a great favourite with the ladies, for he enjoyed a plurality of wives, like his namesake the fabulous Bluebeard.

The year 1867 was calamitous for the Danish West Indies, as the colony was then visited by a cyclone of exceptional severity, and also by an epidemic of cholera—a combination of disasters which caused much destruction and loss of life, principally among the shipping, for there is no harbour which is secure against a West Indian cyclone. The houses of the well-to-do classes, specially built to withstand cyclones, suffered comparatively little damage; but the frail wooden houses of the negroes, with their contents, were scattered to the four winds of heaven. The writer was in St Thomas during that time; but his walk through the negro suburb after the disaster was an experience too painful to describe. The trees were completely stripped of their foliage, and presented a strange sight in these islands of perpetual verdure, reminding one rather of an English winter than of a climate where the summer is eternal. Yet—such is the vigour of nature in these latitudes—in a few weeks, one might almost say in a few days, the trees had regained their verdure, and showed scarcely a sign of the catastrophe which had overtaken them, except that some had been uprooted and overturned. Slight shocks of earthquakes also are frequent—too frequent, in fact, to attract much notice; but destructive ones are happily rare. However, one occurred in the same year as the cyclone and epidemic just mentioned; and, like many occurrences of that kind, it was accompanied by an immense tidal wave, which swept over the lower part of the town, after completely swamping the shipping in the harbour. The destruction would have been much greater had it not been for the narrow entrance to the harbour, which broke the force of the wave and caused it to spread out like a fan.

The neighbouring island of St Croix—notwithstanding the spelling, pronounced in the Spanish fashion, Santa Cruz—unlike St Thomas, is mainly an agricultural island, and was formerly cultivated like a garden, though it also has shared the general depression which has overtaken the West Indies.



We have before us as we write a copy of the *Royal Danish-American Gazette*, published in St Croix on 5th October 1791. It is printed entirely in English, and contains the latest news from Europe, the most important being the decrees of the French National Assembly and the intimation that the French monarch was practically under arrest. It also states that the news had already been received in Guadeloupe, and had caused great consternation in that French West Indian colony, where a petty revolution had taken place; the soldiers had joined the mob, and the planters and gentlemen of property in the island had assembled and marched against them sword in hand. Some of the advertisements in this sheet are curious enough. For example, after announcing the sale of some pipes of Madeira wine, a few barrels of herrings, rye-flour, vinegar, snuff, tea, &c., the following notice appears: 'On Wednesday the 12th inst., at eleven o'clock, will be sold at public sale, at the English Tavern,

the following negroes—namely, Maria, a good seamstress and darning, with her child Richard; Johanna, a seamstress; Marian, a washer, with her child Feronie; and Jennet, a baker and seller.'

To those who think of trying their fortunes in these latest colonies of the United States we should say we consider the chances of success somewhat doubtful. Porto Rico, in the immediate vicinity of St Thomas, is much more prosperous, and affords more scope both for business and agriculture; it has also a cooler climate in the mountainous districts. The language of the latter colony is of course Spanish; but in Ponce, on the southern coast, the outlet of the richest agricultural district, are many English and American residents, sufficient at the time of our visit to support a small church, where the service was conducted in English. This was prior to the American annexation; English-speaking residents have presumably increased since then.

## CLIPPED WINGS.

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### CHAPTER XXVI.—JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS' MEETINGS.



LITTLE apart from the expectant passengers clustered forward on the promenade deck, Lucie and Tresscott stood silently watching the appearance of each familiar landmark.

The Great Barrier lay far behind them, and the *Ruatapu* was threading her way through the islets dotting the Hauraki Gulf. The storm had passed, and the sun shone radiantly upon the vivid greens of the semi-tropical spring.

A little later they had rounded the North Head, and Auckland Wharf, with its groups of waiting friends, was in view. The emotions rising in Lucie's softened heart at the sight of her home-land had dimmed her vision, and it was Tresscott's sharp eyes that first distinguished her people.

'Straight is there; I see him,' said Tommy, picking out the tall figure of his rival. 'Your father and mother are there too, and Kitty. Yes—and Kitty is holding up the Angel. It's just as well we said good-bye last night, Lucie,' he added with unwonted bitterness; 'there wouldn't be much chance of a word now.'

'Oh, *don't*, Tommy!' Lucie protested feebly, gulping down a lump in her throat, for the presence of Straight only served to reveal the futility of the cherished hope that he had forgotten her.

As the *Ruatapu* drew near it seemed to Lucie as though all save herself were unchanged. How peaceful and home-like the town looked after the irritating bustle of London and the rest-

less turmoil of the ocean! Standing on the identical spot whence they had waved farewell, Mr and Mrs Lorimer and Kitty waved a welcome; but now their faces were suffused with smiles. The tears were in Lucie's eyes, not in theirs.

Straight's appearance, Lucie could not help remarking, was remarkably improved. He wore a high collar, and his hair was becomingly cropped. Apart from these needed emendations, his parliamentary position appeared to have given him an assurance of bearing sadly lacking before.

During her absence Lucie's family had gained new beauty in her sight. The affectionate pride in her mother's eyes, the warmth of her usually laconic father's welcome, touched her keenly. And Kitty! She had never before realised how pretty and sparkling Kitty was. Returning from sojourning in a land where every face was strange, the delight of meeting known faces thrilled the wayfarer's heart.

'If the Lieutenant does not sail till to-morrow morning, he must come right back with us now, and stop over the night,' said the ever-hospitable Mrs Lorimer. 'No—no,' in reply to an attempted refusal from Tommy, who had no desire to witness the triumph of his rival. 'You must come. We won't take a denial.—Will we, pa?'

Mr Lorimer having seconded his wife's invitation by summarily rejecting any further protest, Tresscott speedily found himself perched up beside Straight in a high dogcart, already on the

way to Pipimutu. Mr Lorimer, who was detained in town by business, had promised to see the luggage through the Customs, and send it on to Ingarangi in the care of the outdoor man, who was waiting in readiness with a cart. Kitty was driving her mother and sister home in the buggy.

After a parting that has lasted months, such a diversity of thoughts seek utterance that at the first interview conversation usually flounders among a medley of topics.

'And you are quite strong again, mother? I was so anxious when I heard you were ill,' Lucie said, with a loving pressure of Mrs Lorimer's plump hand. 'And how well father is looking, and how nice!'

'Oh Lucie! pa was so pleased when you wrote to say you would like a photograph of him. I don't know when I saw him so proud; not since you were born, I do believe. He went that very day your letter came, and got taken. What a nice new way that is you do your hair!' Mrs Lorimer branched off, in kindly criticism of her elder daughter. 'You must teach Kitty to do hers like that. And what a terrible time you had with those impostors, Lucie! I declare, when we got your letter telling us about it I was so upset I couldn't sleep in my bed at nights. And pa, he was for cabling to you to come home at once. But what a position for a young girl in a strange land! And the man's paralysed now, and there is no hope of his ever recovering. Well, well!'

They had reached the outskirts of the town, and were driving along a retired road, before Lucie, who was eagerly enjoying the well-remembered surroundings and thirstily drinking in long draughts of the familiar exhilarating air, noticed that Kitty's tell-tale face revealed a warring mixture of expressions.

'How smart David Straight looks to-day!' Lucie remarked, unconsciously touching upon the subject of her sister's confusion. And Kitty, meeting her eyes, blushed furiously.

'Weren't you surprised when you heard our news?' she asked diffidently.

'About the marriage, you know,' assisted Mrs Lorimer. 'We were sure you'd be surprised.'

'Surprised? I should say so,' agreed Lucie. 'But her niece marrying the lawyer and claiming possession of the house and everything served Miss Santhem right, for the property was really left by Millie's father—wasn't it? So it must have been hers all the time.'

'Oh, but Millie Santhem's marriage is fiddler's news,' Kitty interposed quickly. 'Didn't you get our letters last mail with our special news, and a list of things we wanted you to buy?'

'No; the mail was ten days overdue when we sailed. Broken a shaft or something; we signalled her in the Channel. I'm sorry I did not get the list in time; but I've got lots of nice things for

you in my boxes. What was the news?' she asked, seeing Mrs Lorimer and Kitty exchange conscious glances.

'Then you don't know that Kitty and David Straight are going to be married? Yes,' Mrs Lorimer beamed and nodded her best bonnet in triumphant confirmation of her announcement. 'They made it up all of a sudden. You know you never cared for David yourself, Lucie,' Mrs Lorimer broke off to say with motherly solicitude. 'And when Kitty agreed, David wanted to have the marriage right off. Though, as I told him, he needn't be afraid of Kitty jilting him. But Kitty wouldn't hear of having it till you came home.'

The sudden illumination of Lucie's face left Kitty, who was breathlessly watching her reception of the information, no doubt as to the cordiality of her sister's congratulations as, with a fervour that rendered the driving somewhat erratic, Lucie bent forward and embraced her, saying, 'Oh Kitty, I am so glad—so glad!'

The road they traversed was the well-worn highway leading from Auckland to Pipimutu; but with the falling of the burden that for many weeks Lucie's slender shoulders had been bent under, it had suddenly become transfigured. A radiance overspread the sky; never had foliage seemed so luxuriant, never air so fragrant as that perfumed by the blossoming sweet-brier that wreathed the hedges.

'The English wild-roses are scentless,' unconsciously Lucie murmured her thought aloud. 'Oh Kitty, I am so glad!—you can't guess how glad.'

'Then you really aren't vexed, my dear?' inquired Mrs Lorimer, with well-intentioned but blundering solicitude. 'I was saying to pa only this morning that even if you did feel a wee bit slighted it would only be natural.'

'Slighted? Oh, no, no! There is nothing else that could possibly have happened that would have pleased me nearly so much,' Lucie replied with conviction. Her eyes had strayed to the distance where she could see the dogcart crossing the paddock towards where the bungalow, amid a blaze of azaleas and gorgeous velvet-petalled pelargoniums, nestled at the foot of the Maori *pahi*.

Alighting from the buggy, Mrs Lorimer hurried off to the kitchen to hasten the preparations for lunch; Kitty hastened to the stables to assure her lover of Lucie's unreserved good wishes; and Lucie was free to seek Tresscott, who, actuated by a desire not to interfere with what he believed to be Straight's prerogative, was strolling alone on the lawn, viewing with unseeing eyes the glorious medley of blossoms—roses, wallflowers, ixias, pansies, Cape jasmine, iris, anemones, bride gladioli, sweet-peas, gaillardias, eschscholtzias, forget-me-nots, yellow broom, and Michaelmas daisies—that, encouraged to rebellion by a generous

climate, had loosed the galling bonds of conventionality, and, taking no heed of times and seasons, were all blooming together this balmy late October day.

Standing near where the gnarled branches of the great wistaria that entwined the veranda posts had burst into a fringe of fragrant lilac tassels, Tresscott sought to relieve the monotonous melancholy of his soul by watching the efforts of the indefatigable white duck to teach deportment to a brand-new brood of fluffy yellow ducklings, and did not hear Lucie's approach.

'Tommy,' she panted, rendered breathless by the rapid throbbing of her heart—'Tommy'—and Tresscott turned to see her face aglow with ecstasy.

'Lucie, what is it? Tell me,' he urged, eager

to learn what glad tidings had wrought the enchantment; but a sudden bashfulness possessed Lucie, and words forsook her. She stood before him tongue-tied, her cheeks aflame, her gray eyes downcast, her breath coming in little gasps.

'What is it, dear? What has happened?' he asked gently.

'Kitty'—

'Yes, yes, dear. Kitty?'

'Oh Tommy, Kitty is going to marry David!'

'Kitty—going—to marry—Straight!' cried Tresscott exultantly. 'Then, Lucie—then—?' Whereupon the white duck, actuated by a sense of delicacy exceptional in one of her race, promptly hustled her fledgelings out of sight and hearing under the deodar.

THE END.

## RAPID TELEGRAPHY.



THIS is the age of inventions—of inventions which a score of years ago seemed outside the realms of possibility. Marconi has demonstrated the utility of wireless telegraphy; Edison has, among other things, given us the phonograph; the indomitable Santos Dumont has partially surmounted the difficulties of aerial navigation; Tesla has created many marvels; and Röntgen, by means of his rays, has revolutionised the operations of the surgeon. Other men in other directions have added materially to the wonders of the twentieth century.

Among these must be included a young Australian journalist named Donald Murray, who has been engaged at the General Post-Office in St Martin's-le-Grand for some time, justifying to the satisfaction of the chief officials the possibilities of an invention which he has perfected for attaining a high speed in telegraphy. When Mr Murray's machine is brought into general use, as it undoubtedly will be, in our telegraphic service, a great benefit will be conferred on the public, inasmuch as it will expedite business, and help materially in preventing those delays in transmission which every now and again are causes of complaint against our telegraph department.

It was while pursuing his avocation as a journalist in Australia that Mr Murray, a few years ago, came to the conclusion that telegraphy, as dotted and dashed out by the Morse instrument, was a slow process, and might be improved on. The average speed of a skilled Morse operator is twenty-five words a minute. The ingenuity of Mr Murray has increased this to at least one hundred and thirty words; and working quadruplex the speed is increased to four hundred words, as against the highest with the Morse, which is set down at eighty words per minute.

The inventor with implicit belief in the possibilities of his invention has plenty of grit in him. This is not the prerogative of any one nationality, strong though it may be in the British race. Marconi has said that apparent failure only made him strive the more, Edison has worked against enormous odds, and Santos Dumont in the face of what seemed the most crushing defeats has never once let his enthusiasm wane for an instant. Mr Murray, in the same way, surmounted difficulties enough at the outset to make even a strong man weary of his task. Having made his machine, having satisfied himself that it was capable of performing all that he anticipated, his next difficulty was to induce other people to adopt it. The telegraph authorities in Australia would not have it. No doubt, they said, it was a very good thing, and would accomplish all that was claimed for it; but they were content to continue on the old lines. Then it was that Mr Murray packed his machine and took it to America. It was some time even in that go-ahead country before the young inventor secured a trial of his machine, which fulfilled all his expectations; and the proof of his success is the fact that at the present time his high-speed machines are established in the New York postal telegraph offices, and are giving every satisfaction. The tests were severe. Between Chicago and New York and Boston and New York a speed of over one hundred words a minute was attained. On a line three hundred and eighty-four miles long the rate was increased to one hundred and twenty-five words, and in subsequent tests it rose to one hundred and thirty words per minute.

Four main instruments are brought into use, two for transmitting and two for receiving the despatches. There is a special alphabet, consisting of eighty-four characters, including capitals, small letters, and figures. In the despatching-office is a

transmitting perforator and a modified automatic Wheatstone. At the other end of the wire is a receiving perforator and an automatic typewriting attachment. The despatch, instead of being punched by hand as in the case of the Wheatstone, is perforated by an instrument not unlike the usual typewriter, though much more compact. This is so constructed that as the tape is run through the machine, the striking of each key makes the proper combination of perforations in each half-inch of character-space allowed. On the transmitting and receiving tapes the different characters appear as small circular perforations. In each half-inch division one letter or numeral is dotted; and it is the arrangement of these dots, their position, and the space between, that determine the letter or numeral. As soon as the message has been punched it is torn off and inserted in the modified automatic Wheatstone transmitter, which performs the functions of an ordinary telegraphic key. The tape is fed by means of an electrical pendulum motor, driving a small star-wheel which engages the central line

of perforations and draws the tape through the machine. While the transmitting instrument is worked by hand, the receiving perforator is actuated by electrical energy, and accurately reproduces the perforations and spaces of the transmitting tape. The automatic transference of these perforated characters to a printing-machine, in order that they may appear in page form in Roman characters, is done by means of a typewriter, the key-levers of which are operated by a combination of five transverse-locking combs and a set of vertically oscillating levers.

The adaptability of Mr Murray's machine for getting through the mass of daily work, especially when there is a glut of messages, has been fully demonstrated. The inventor does not claim that any great saving of labour is effected, but that there is an immense saving of wire. So far the tests of this long-distance and high-speed page-printing telegraph invention has been in every way satisfactory, and its adoption at the postal-telegraph offices may be looked upon as practically settled.

## TWICE BALKED.



SOME ten to fifteen years ago the Republic of Argentina was making very rapid strides in growth and prosperity. The country was then enjoying a temporary boom, which promised to bring that great country almost on a parallel with that greatest of republics farther north. Everywhere railways were being constructed or extended. Foreign capital, principally British, had been poured into the provinces of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, and Cordoba, and the country fairly swarmed with engineers, contractors, and navvies, until apparently, and I believe actually, the native element was in a minority as compared with the hosts of Englishmen, Italians, and men of other nationalities who were working at the making of a roadway for the iron horse, the first essential towards progress in a young country.

At that time I was under contract with the Octavia, Novita, and Buenos Ayres Railway Company as engineer of the construction between the towns of Octavia and Novita. These towns were then of very little importance; but to-day they are flourishing, having increased in size and importance at an almost incredible rate, owing chiefly to the railway and the vast wheat-fields it taps, which produce great quantities of grain for the European market. However, virgin prairie or 'camp' then lay for hundreds of leagues on both sides of the railway, and it might almost be said that the natives hardly knew the face of a white man until we disturbed their isolation and the indolent life they had led. I gained some

very valuable experience of railway work during the construction, and also—which was perhaps not quite so valuable—a knowledge of the ways and character of the native, or *gaucho*.

I camped with my staff not far from the point of rails in the district known locally by the name of Padre Muerto. I chose this site for our camp on account of a small *laguna*, or lake, which afforded good duck-shooting. The camp-grass also was of fair quality, so that our horses had a chance of picking up a bit after having just passed through a long tract of salt-country. The earthwork contractor had pitched his camp—which included a gang of about two hundred Italians—some two miles farther ahead.

With so many men on the job, the 'grub' question was, of course, an all-important one. Arrangements were made, as usual, with the *estanciero* through whose camp we were laying the rails to supply us with the butcher-meat we required, and several *gauchos* were employed by Don Manuel Rojas, the *estanciero*, to slaughter the animals and deliver the beef to the contractor's gang. The *gaucho* in charge was one of the most ruffianly specimens of his kind I have come across, and that is saying a good deal.

In the ordinary course of events I had no occasion to come in contact with this brutish native. It so happened, however, that I was travelling between two stations in the brake-van of a material-train, which was stopped to pick up the butcher's gang. Now, we made a point of never allowing these men to travel in the van, as it was the only part of the train in



which the engineers and assistants could travel with any degree of comfort. On this occasion, as usual, the natives were given a 'flat' or open truck on which to travel along with the newly killed beef. There seemed to be some delay about getting the gang on board; and, as we were all in a hurry to get back to camp, I stepped out to ascertain the cause of the delay. On reaching the platform I was confronted by Ignacio, the afore-mentioned ruffian, who pushed past me muttering something to the effect that he wouldn't travel *como un perro* ('like a dog'), and swaggered into the van.

As it was the duty of the guard to turn out the intruder, I did not pay much attention to his growling; and just then the guard, on seeing me looking along the train, gave the signal to the driver, and we went ahead.

When the guard swung himself on to the foot-board I saw from his face that he had a grievance; and he no sooner got on board than he informed me, with many exclamations in mingled Spanish and Italian, that this *bruto* Ignacio refused to travel except in the van. 'The worst of it is,' added the guard in a low voice, '*el canallo* would put a knife into me as soon as look at me.'

I felt bound to back up the guard, who had been instructed repeatedly not to allow *gauchos* into the van; so I went along with him, and in as diplomatic a way as possible told Ignacio that the van was reserved for the engineers.

'*Si, señor!*' was all the reply vouchsafed to me by the native, and that in a tone of voice which was in itself an insult.

'Stop the train,' I said, turning to the guard.

The train was brought up with a jerk as the driver caught sight of our signal.

'Get down!' I commanded the *gaucha*.

'*No me bajo*' ('I will not get down'), he replied.

Although feeling very irate, I kept my temper as best I could. It didn't suit me to have a row with this blackguard, so I turned over in my mind how to get the better of him. I remembered that some five kilometres ahead there was a loop-line or siding for shunting purposes, and a brilliant idea at once suggested itself.

'All right,' I said to Ignacio; 'but of course you will have to take the consequences.'

I then took the guard aside and gave him certain instructions. A grin of satisfaction spread across that individual's face as he went along to the engine-driver to explain matters.

Accompanied by my assistant I betook myself to the front platform of the van, where we were presently joined by the guard, and the train once more proceeded.

The *gaucha* was now left in solitary possession of the van, the door of which, at the end of the train, was closed but not locked. The guard now inserted the key as quietly as possible, and locked the door of the van.

On nearing the siding the train was slowed down sufficiently to allow the fireman to run ahead and change the points, and the train rolled into the siding. We now passed from the platform of the van to the truck directly in front of it; and at a favourable moment, when the train had reached the middle of the siding, the coupling-chain between the truck and the van was cast off, a signal given to the driver, and we forged ahead, leaving friend Ignacio and the van in solitary grandeur, ten kilometres from the next station and several leagues from any *estancio*.

The train was well clear of the siding before the native rushed out of the van; and it was with unmitigated satisfaction that we saw his furious gesticulations when he comprehended the trick played upon him. His companions in charge of the beef were hugely tickled at the situation, and I gathered from this that Ignacio was by no means a favourite with his own men.

At the next station we wired down the line giving instructions for the van to be brought on by the next day's train. On arriving at our camp I related the occurrence to the fellows there, who of course enjoyed the joke played off upon the wily *gaucha*. Then, for the time being, I forgot all about the incident.

Now for the sequel. During several weeks thereafter my attention was fully occupied with the work on hand. Then a report was given in by one of the engine-drivers to the effect that a fencing-post had been found lying across the line at kilometre one hundred and fifty; but the cow-catcher fortunately cleared the line. The post, I thought, must have slipped off the load brought out the previous day. Two days later, however, another report was handed in, stating that a steel sleeper had been found lying across the track a short distance from the spot where the post had been found. On this occasion the driver was keeping a smart lookout ahead, and he spotted the obstruction in time to stop the train. Thinking it was high time to make a move to prevent a serious derailment, I held a council of war, in which several *capataces* and train-guards took part. One of these men told me that there was a *pulperia*, or drinking-booth, about a league distant from that point of the line, and situated on the camp of Don Manuel Rojas.

These *pulperias*, which are plentifully distributed about the country, are known to be the rendezvous of all the *gauchos* in the district. The natives meet there on a Sunday or feast-day to run races, play the game of *taba*, gamble, and get drunk on the vilest of liquor. At these meetings half the murders done in the country are committed by the *gauchos*, who, when in their cups, are perhaps the most dangerously vindictive and unscrupulous blackguards in existence. As every *gaucha* carries a knife and knows how to use it on the slightest provocation, it is no wonder that stabbing cases are as common in these places as pocket-picking

is in London. I very naturally connected the attempts to wreck our trains with the habitués of this gambling hell, and resolved to pay a visit to Don Manuel Rojas, who was known to be a very decent sort, and enlist his influence in order to prevent a recurrence of the outrage.

On the following day I rode over to Don Manuel's *estancia*, La Estella. I found that gentleman taking life with his customary ease. I was received with great courtesy, and presently lay on a deck-chair alongside my host, while a good-looking *china* (pronounced 'cheena'—that is, half-breed) girl served the inevitable *maté*. Cigarettes were in full blast before I ventured to inform Don Manuel of the object of my visit; and his indignation on hearing my complaint was undoubtedly genuine. He vowed in sufficiently strong language that he would put a stop to such practices in his neighbourhood. '*Me extraño*' ('It surprises me'), he exclaimed, 'that such a thing should have happened on my camp. As you know, Don Carlos,' he continued, 'I am *juez* [judge] of this district, and, *carrumba!* if I can lay hands on the animal who has done this, he will pay dearly for it. *Pero mire*, Don Carlos,' he continued, 'did you not have some disagreement with my *capataz* Ignacio the other day?'

'Ah! *si*,' I replied, remembering the occurrence; 'but surely one of your own men would not dare to do such a thing?'

'But Ignacio doesn't work for me any longer,' replied Don Manuel. 'You see, he told a long story about not being allowed by you to travel in the train, and I said that if he couldn't work amicably with the *Ingleses* he had better find work elsewhere.'

'Oho!' I said. 'Ignacio, no doubt, wants his revenge, does he?' Then I laughingly told Don Manuel how we served him.

'*Qué rico!*' ('How rich!') he cried after listening to the story of how Ignacio was cast adrift. '*Bien hecho!*' ('Well done!') '*amigo* Carlos.' '*Muy bien*' ('Very well'), he went on as his face again became hard, 'I shall soon fix the matter. On Sunday next there will be races at the *pulperia*. You must meet me there at, say, four o'clock in the afternoon, and never fear but that I will *arreglar este* Ignacio.'

I promised to do as he suggested, and after many assurances of goodwill and so on, I was permitted to take my departure.

As a result of the arrangement, on the following Sunday afternoon I cantered over to the *pulperia* shortly after four o'clock, fully expecting to find Don Manuel there. As I neared the mud-hut which did duty as storehouse and bar, I saw that the usual motley crew were disporting themselves about the premises. The racing was evidently over. Perhaps twenty horses were tethered to the *palenque*, while their owners were amusing themselves, some by playing *taba*, and others were lying stretched in the shade of a solitary tree, smoking

the inevitable cigarette while they watched the players. I fully expected to hear the usual uproar proceeding from the drinking-shop as I rode up; but just then there must have been an unusual lull, which I concluded was due to the presence of Don Manuel. However, to make sure, I rode up to the nearest *gaucho* and asked, 'Is Don Manuel in the *pulperia*?'

'*Si, señor gringo*' (contemptuous name applied to foreigners), the native replied, with a drunken swagger.

His insolent manner, I suppose, more than his reply, called forth a derisive laugh from the crowd. The players had suspended their game as I approached, and they were evidently in a mood to be amused by trifles.

Supposing that Don Manuel Rojas must be in the *pulperia*, I tethered my horse, and, paying no attention to the facetious remarks of the natives, walked over to the house. I discovered afterwards that the owner of the *pulperia* was also called Don Manuel; so the *gaucho* I had questioned probably believed that my query referred to him.

On pushing open the door of the hut a roar of laughter greeted me, followed by a dead silence as the occupants of the room saw I had entered. Only when my eyes became accustomed to the smoke-laden atmosphere could I distinguish the crowd of ruffianly faces. A moment later I saw the bloodshot eyes of Ignacio blazing into mine; he had evidently been drinking hard. In fact, the whole crew were in more or less advanced stages of intoxication. Evidently Rojas had not arrived.

'*Carrumba, señores! Hablar del diablo*' ('Speak of the devil'), were the first words to break the silence. Ignacio spoke, and his Spanish version of the well-known proverb was evidently connected with my appearance.

I must confess that I began to wish myself anywhere else; but I also knew that I must put a good face on the situation, and hoped that the timely arrival of Don Manuel Rojas would terminate the unpleasantness of my position.

'Hullo, Ignacio!' I said, nodding towards him as I walked up to the bar, and in a loud voice asked the tender if Don Manuel Rojas had not arrived.

'No, *señor*,' was the reply.

'Ah! then I shall wait for him, as he promised to meet me here at four o'clock.'

I noticed that some of the *gauchos* looked less glaringly insolent after they heard my question; but my enemy Ignacio was either too drunk to hear, or, if he heard, too enraged to heed. I ordered a drink, and as it was being served kept an eye on the movements of the drunken beast, who evidently meant mischief. I saw his hand loosen in its sheath the silver-handled *facon*, or long double-edged knife, with which he was armed. Then I put my fingers into my right-hand waistcoat pocket, where I carried a derringer pistol, the two barrels loaded with the usual heavy ball-

cartridges. I thanked my stars that I had taken the precaution to put the small but effective weapon there before starting. However, Ignacio evidently had no intention of attacking me without having duly enjoyed the situation.

'Señores!' he cried oratorically, 'this is the same *gringo*, of whom I have just told you, who left me planted in middle camp, on foot, five leagues from my house. 'Si, señores!' he continued, with a drunken and diabolical oath; 'so you can imagine with what pleasure I shall shake hands with him.'

As he spoke he advanced a grimy paw as though to clasp mine.

I saw his ruse, however. A vision of my severed hand lying on the floor warned me to grip the butt of my derringer.

'You refuse me your hand, you — *gringo*!' he yelled. '*Yo le enseñare*' ('I'll teach you'), he panted as he drew his *facon*.

I confess that I am not a man of iron nerve, and must say that I felt as if growing white and cold when I realised it would be necessary to shoot the brute before me to prevent that foot-long burnished steel knife being inserted in my body with deadly effect. I resolved, however, with a calmness which I had not thought myself capable, that I would use my pistol only as a last resort. What I feared most was that the native would throw his knife, a practice in which these men are so clever that they can hit any desired spot at five or six paces with unerring aim and most deadly effect.

I can see the picture quite clearly even now. The slanting rays of the sun fell in bars and patches on the whitewashed wall on my right, as it was prevented from blazing in at the window in one unbroken square by the crowd of *gauchos* who had left their tamer sports to witness the *matanza* of a *gringo*.

The *gaucho* Ignacio, with murder in his heart and in his bloodshot eyes, stood in the middle of the room, his finger feeling the point of the knife, the silver handle gripped by his sinewy right hand. The onlookers had withdrawn to the sides of the room and out of the line of fire in case I should prove to be armed; and I am safe in saying that the same lust for blood which encourages the torturing and final slaughter of a helpless bull in the ring was in the heart of each. They were on the tiptoe of expectation, and no doubt already pictured me lying bleeding on the floor.

The strain on my eyes was now becoming painful with watching my would-be murderer's every action, and I felt my nerves would soon fail me if the tension they were undergoing were not relaxed. But there was one more drop required to fill the cup of enjoyment which Ignacio was bent on drinking to the dregs, one more dig of malice to administer before sending home that final and deadly thrust.

'Ho! ho!' he cried maliciously; 'you wonder who it is that is trying to smash up your — engines? Well, well! this is going to be better sport than derailing trains.'

He balanced the knife in his hand as if to throw it; but his jaw dropped as I covered him with my derringer, and —

There was a movement amongst those blocking the doorway, and the jingle of a spurred heel.

'*Alto!*' ('Halt!')

The one harsh word burst into the strained silence with an incredible shock. Every eye in the room was flashed in the direction whence it came. There stood the commanding figure of Don Manuel Rojas, his hand, holding his *revenue*, or short whip, pointing in our direction.

'Seize that man,' he commanded, indicating Ignacio, as two soldiers pushed their way into the room.

A moment later I had the satisfaction of seeing Ignacio led out by the hardly less ruffian-looking soldiers, while I gulped down the glass of cognac which still stood on the counter.

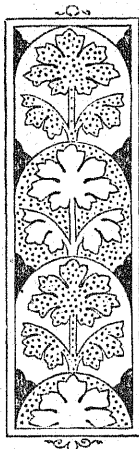
Luckily Don Manuel had overheard the words in which Ignacio confessed himself to be the perpetrator of the attempts to wreck our trains, and subsequently a local paper announced that the *gaucho* had been condemned to undergo five years' imprisonment, which I sincerely hope may have had a salutary effect on his revengeful disposition.

#### SUMMER IN THE HEBRIDES.

HALF October, all September,  
Half of August: you remember  
What a time for you and me,  
Sailing on the Hebrid sea;  
Sailing on from isle to isle,  
Threading strait and narrow kyle,  
Spying o'er the open main  
Severed summits link again;  
Pleased to watch the waters sleep  
Round Iona, green and deep;  
Pleased to watch the waters roar,  
Lashed on Seavaig's iron shore.

Pleasant summer scenes like these,  
Bowers of the Hesperides,  
On the sense return again  
Through the fog and London rain.  
Dearest, were it well that we,  
Hand in hand, light-heartedly,  
Running to a prosperous gale,  
Round the west should ever sail?  
Pushing our adventurous bark  
Far from 'Ronin's mountains dark';  
Far beyond the racing seas  
That vex the Outer Hebrides;  
Far beyond the frown and smile  
Of St Kilda's changeful isle;  
Till on our astonished eyes  
Strange new Hebrides arise.

J. E. M.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### MRS HUGH MILLER'S JOURNAL.

EDITED BY HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

PART IV.—CONCLUSION.

(Continued from page 464, Part 55, *Chambers's Journal*.)

**T**HE great grief of our early married life and residence in Cromarty was the loss of our darling child. She was a delight and wonder to Hugh above all wonders. Her little smiles and caresses sent him always away to his daily toil with a lighter heart. When he took smallpox, I, of course, slept on a couch in his room and was with him night and day; but the great privation was that he could not see her. We ventured when he was mending to open the room door and let him look at her across the entrance lobby, and to allow her to stretch out her little arms to him. Her own illness began soon after. It was a very tedious one connected with teething, and lasting nine or ten months. All our mutual recreations and many of my employments, including a school for fisher-lads, which I had taught for some years at eight every evening, had to be given up. In the spring of 1839 I had a close nursing of several weeks. Then there was a marked amendment. One lovely evening in April I went out for the first time that spring to breathe the air of the hill. When I returned I found the child, then seventeen months old, in the nurse's arms at the attic window, from which she used to greet her papa when he came up the street. She had been planting a little garden in the window-sill of polyanthus, primroses, and other spring flowers. When she saw me she pushed them away with the plaintive "Awa, awa," she used to utter, and laid her head on my breast. The next time she looked up it was to push my head backwards with her little hand, while a startled, inquiring, almost terrible look came into her lovely eyes. All the time she lay dying—three days and three nights—her father was prostrate in the dust before God in an agony of tears. Whether he performed his daily bank duties, or any part of them, I

do not remember; but such a personification of David the king at a like mournful time it is impossible to imagine. All the strong man was bowed down. He wept; he mourned; he fasted; he prayed. He entreated God for her life. Yet when she was taken away a calm and implicit submission to the Divine will succeeded, although still his eyes were fountains of tears. Never again in the course of his life was he thus affected. He was an affectionate father, and some of his children were at times near death; but he never again lost thus the calmness and dignity, the natural equipoise as it were, of his manhood. He made the little headstone for his darling child himself. It was the last time he ever put chisel on stone.

'We buried it,' wrote Hugh Miller in his autobiography, 'beside the old chapel of St Regulus, with the deep rich woods all around, save where an opening in front commands the distant land and the blue sea; and where the daisies, which it had learned to love, mottled, star-like, the mossy mounds; and where birds, whose songs its ear had become skilful enough to distinguish, pour their notes over its little grave.' It was there in the churchyard hallowed by so many associations of joy, and now of sorrow, that Mrs Miller wrote the pathetic little poem quoted in *Schools and Schoolmasters*:

Thou'rt 'awa, awa' from thy mother's side,  
And 'awa, awa' from thy father's knee;  
Thou'rt 'awa' from our blessing, our care, our caressing,  
But 'awa' from our hearts thou wilt never be.

Thou'rt 'awa, awa' from the bursting spring-time  
Tho' o'er thy head its green boughs wave;  
The lambs are leaving their little footprints  
Upon the turf of thy new-made grave.

It was very soon after this that Hugh Miller became absorbed in what was then called the



Church Question. In May of this same year he wrote his *Letter to Lord Brougham*; and hoping that it might be of some little service on the popular side, he sent it to Mr Robert Paul, of Edinburgh, asking him to try to find a publisher for it. 'The price,' he wrote, 'may be very low; the writer's interest in it will not add to the expense; it is an offering for the altar.' Dr Candlish tells how a few days after this he met Mr Paul in the street, who 'in a casual, off-hand manner' told him of the manuscript, and asked him to look at it. 'I suppose he mentioned Mr Miller's name,' writes the Doctor; 'but I had not heard of him before. I took the manuscript home and laid it aside, intending to give a cursory glance over it in the course of a day or two, and then return it; certainly expecting to find nothing remarkable in it. . . . That same evening, being alone—for I recollect that my family were in the country—and being somewhat dull and listless, I thought I might as well look at the manuscript Mr Paul had given me. I began to read it in a thoroughly indifferent mood. I never can forget the rapture—for it was nothing short of that—into which the first pages threw me. I finished the reading in a state of great excitement; so much so that, though it was late, I could not rest till I had hastened with the manuscript to Mr Dunlop, beseeching him to read it that very night. The following day Mr Dunlop and I met with Mr Paul and a few friends, and either then or a few days thereafter it was agreed to ask Mr Miller to become editor of the *Witness* newspaper, then about to be started.'

Mr Paul wrote to Hugh Miller asking him to come up to Edinburgh on important business, but not telling what exactly it concerned. As Mrs Miller was in need of a change of air, Hugh asked Mr Paul kindly to find lodgings for both of them, and Mr Paul replied by cordially inviting them to his house in Melville Street; and so, not knowing how profoundly his life's current was to be changed, Hugh Miller went to Edinburgh.

'To our surprise,' writes Mrs Miller in the manuscript, 'Hugh was looked upon as a lion—a sort of remarkable phenomenon. So far as I could understand the matter—and I happened to meet with a few people *not* of the "non-intrusion" way of thinking—things had been very much asleep, and the question had excited but a faint and feeble interest. Chalmers and Candlish had written; but the gist of the matter was little understood. It was not from the clerical but the lay aspect of the subject that the public mind was to take fire. To find himself a leader on a great public question was a position that Hugh had never for a moment contemplated. He shrank from anything like public life, the embroilments and perplexities of public questions being exactly that which he would have wished most carefully to avoid. Had any sort of attention been paid to

him as a literary man, to that he had been in some manner accustomed, and he would have been noways surprised. His *Traditions of Cromarty* had been published and had been well received, and he was engaged in writing for respectable periodicals, while the consciousness of an innate power of literary achievement and success must have been strong within him. But he had written the *Letter to Lord Brougham* in all simplicity, without the least idea of being moved from his quietude and repose. It was a subject that touched all personal traditions and sympathies of his life. Old Donald Roy of Nigg (in Ross-shire) was one of the heroes of his boyhood. That old man had left the Church of Scotland under protest. All Hugh's feelings of indignation against the wrong about to be perpetrated were aroused. To him the question had a personal and not a political aspect. The same subject may be regarded in these two vastly different ways: the member of Parliament who votes for Free Trade in order to keep his seat or strengthen his party is at one with the poor man who is looking at the increasing or diminishing loaf on his table for himself and his children. (Yet they regard the matter from very different standpoints.) So Hugh's first views on the subject of his Church being kept open to the popular voice in the selection of pastors might be the narrowest, but were beyond all question the most intense. But beyond this simple expression, as a unit of the people interested, he had never thought of advancing.

'We enjoyed the time of our sojourn with Mr Paul and his family very much. There was, of course, a famous dinner-party at which we were introduced to Dr Cunningham, Dr Candlish, Dr Abercromby, and others. We were very much pleased and gratified by the kindly and friendly tone which prevailed as to the real business of coming to Edinburgh. Mr Paul complained that it progressed but slowly. He could not get Hugh brought to definite terms. The truth was that, as might be expected, he fought shy. The cause was a great cause, and his heart was in it; but the change was sudden and startling, and the responsibility at such a crisis was tremendous. Then he thought himself unfitted by nature, and he felt himself to be so by habit, for any public sphere. He to be the editor of a newspaper when he scarce ever read one! When compelled, he looked at the latest news for political intelligence, scarce ever otherwise. Whatever his literary talent was, he was sure it did not lie that way.

'Surely one cannot wonder at his backwardness when so much was at stake for himself and others. The failure of the first newspaper which was definitely instituted to advocate the cause of the people and the Freedom of the Church would not certainly have ensured the failure of the cause; but it would have been a sad discomfiture and sore disgrace. "It did not

follow as a matter of course," he argued, "that because a man might have considerable power of mind and literary ability he was therefore able to conduct a newspaper." Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, &c. had tried it, and had failed. What power had he to succeed that they wanted? I was, as usual, sanguine. Perhaps I did not see all the difficulties. My confidence in his powers was greater than his own; my appreciation of the position, from the inferior grade of mind, was less. I see it, now that the din of conflict and the dire results of the battle are before me, better than I did then. Whether this was best or not I cannot say. If I had been more clear-sighted I, too, might have shrunk back in dismay, and might not have used what influence I had in the onward direction.

'On the 25th of November 1839 God made up to us in some measure for the loss we had sustained by the birth of another girl. She was baptized by Mr Stewart in the parish church by the name of Harriet, the name of her father's mother. It had been agreed that the *Witness* was to start at the New Year of 1840; therefore Hugh prepared to leave for Edinburgh in less than a month after his child was born. There was then no railway to the North, and the readiest and most convenient mode of egress from Cromarty was by sea; but it was the month of December, and the very depth of winter, and the young infant and myself were feeble for such an undertaking, so it was arranged that I should remain till the following spring, and that Hugh should go into lodgings. So Hugh set forth on his knight-errantry alone.

'The gulf that separated the life after the year 1840 and that before it was indeed a very wide one. I know not anywhere else an instance of a man being apparently not one individual but two. During the foregoing portion of Hugh's life repose and serenity had been the conditions of his being; mildness was the expression of his countenance—extreme gentleness of his manners. I remember the great amusement caused in our circle in Cromarty by the remark of a little portrait-painter, who had spent most of his time in Italy and who spoke a kind of mongrel English, that "Miller had the most infuriated expression" he ever saw. It was his eye at which the painter looked, and he saw there the capacity for enthusiasm—the divine *fureur* which is always characteristic of genius. But as applicable to his general expression and deportment, the mirth excited by the remark shows how wide it was of the reality. In his inner sphere of thought he inhabited constantly—not sometimes but always—that higher and nobler world, in which he hoped to be always left to dwell. His findings in geology gave a sort of vent to his day-dreams which seemed to piece the outer and inner life together.

While breaking open his specimens or thinking over them at his work, he was intensely happy—the happiness of an unruffled spirit at peace with God and all men; and he drank daily deep draughts of increasing knowledge from nature around him and from the magnificent visions of past creation which opened themselves up to him. For it is a curious fact that Hugh had no geological books to instruct him. Now I think of it, it seems odd, yet is nevertheless true, that when I wanted some initiation into the mysteries of the science he had not one treatise to give me. I had to get some volumes of Lyell's for myself. Such as he had consisted only of old odd volumes full of monstrosities and absurdities, such as *Tchamed on the Wonders of the Sea*, which pleased him by their air of traditional extravagance: a proof this, *en passant*, of the reality of geological facts and inductions, that they may be rediscovered and reconstructed by solitary individuals, just as the discovery of a planet has taken place in two different parts of the world at once. To a mind like Hugh's, so tenacious of facts, yet with an imagination capable of soaring so far beyond them in its reconstructive power, what the wonders of the shore must have been when those visions of past creation first unveiled themselves to him may be readily conceived. But independent of these, a serene happiness and tranquillity was the normal temperament of his mind. I believe it would have continued so to the end of his days but for shattered nerves and disease of the brain. Of the aspirations of ambition to trouble him he had none; or, if he had any, they were of that tranquil literary kind which had every reasonable hope of being gratified. To dress better, to live in a better house, to have daintier fare—all these were things to him as if they were not. Indeed, the absence of that ordinary kind of ambition in him might be said to amount to a fault. I might want respectable tables and chairs, and take pleasure in painting and garnishing my house, and he might look upon all this as something to be expected in the feminine gender, and to be tolerated accordingly; but, for himself, he professed just what he felt—to be content with a table, a chair, and a pot, with a little fire in his grate and a little meat to cook on it.

'He took pleasure when he could—for that was rare—in sitting with fossil-shelves and bookshelves around him, and with a heap of literary confusion about, which was order to him, and which no hands might touch. And if I came in and sat on his knee and talked to him a little, that was his paradise. But of personal ambition, other than to write something which men would not willingly let die, he had not a single grain. So in setting his face toward the metropolis, there was none of that desire to rise in life, that appetite for personal applause and distinction

which might have made the difficulty and the struggle appear less.'

Here the manuscript ends somewhat abruptly. Henceforward Hugh Miller's life was to be lived amid the storm and stress of a great ecclesiastical upheaval, not any more in the quiet and peace of the little seaport town, with its fair surroundings and its kind and loving hearts. Mrs Miller refers to the great change in her husband that this transplanting brought about. No one could be more utterly relentless, it seemed, in his castigation of an opponent, no one more keenly stinging and caustic in the manner of giving it. Yet the old gentle nature was always there deep down, and it was always the *view*, the *opinion* he really attacked, not the *man*. 'If you want me to crush any one,' he would say, half in jest and half in earnest, 'don't let me see him.'

Dr Guthrie used to tell how sometimes he would try to draw Hugh Miller out for the benefit of a dinner-table of admirers; but as surely as there was a suspicion of lionising, so surely would he withdraw into his shell. Yet among intimates his charm was always the same. Among his closest friends in Edinburgh was Mr Makgill Crichton of Rankeillour. At his house Hugh Miller was as much himself as he had been in the little circle in Cromarty. There are stories told of long, fascinating winter-evening talks by the library fire at Rankeillour, when Mr Makgill Crichton, Sir David Brewster, and one or two others would sit till all hours, while Hugh Miller enthralled them by eerie tales of the supernatural, so vivid and realistic that Sir

David would insist on being escorted every step of the way to his bedroom door when the party broke up in the small hours of the morning.

It might have been expected that the sudden change from his quiet life in Cromarty to the position of a public leader, admired and courted, as he came to be, by all classes of society, might have spoiled him; but it does not seem to have done so. There were many ways in which he changed little in his new life. Personally he seems to have been always rather shy and proud, hating to be made much of, and persistently refusing invitations to great houses. A remark Mrs Miller used to make on the scrupulous integrity that made him fear to incur even a sixpenny debt recalls Dr Guthrie's account of an episode which took place in 1855, the year before his death. He was weary and overworked, and some of his friends were anxious on his behalf, and hailed with joy an offer made him by Lord Breadalbane of a small Government post bringing in about eight hundred pounds a year, and offering him the opportunity of much-needed rest; for, although the money responsibilities were heavy, the actual duties were light. Dr Guthrie was made the bearer of the offer to Hugh Miller, and they paced up and down the street outside his door considering it, the one urging, the other thinking and hesitating. At last Hugh Miller said, 'My powers are not what they were. I could not take the responsibility of having so much money pass through my hands. I cannot accept it.' Dr Guthrie thought it might have saved him from the tragedy that came afterwards.

## PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL

### CHAPTER IV.—A BRIEF PAUSE.



MR BARROWS had been placed in a difficult position. Curiosity, and some better emotion, had urged him forward, despite the fact that he had long ago cut himself off from all connection with Styria and the Styrians, and had even ceased to feel any particular interest in their affairs. He now felt vaguely that he had entered upon a course of which he could not see the end. Had he been able to see the end that first step would never have been taken.

The Countess Hamar had received his suggestion as a gift of Providence. The events of recent months had broken down both her health and her spirit, for despair had been added to grief, and grief piled upon despair. Never a woman of strong mind, her fortitude and even her natural pride had given way at the realisation that she was left with her daughter without resources and without friends in an alien land; and as a natural

consequence, her thoughts had even begun to turn to their persistent enemy as an only hope. But then, at the last, came a man who had seen her husband's name upon a cross and had recognised it. He had sought them out, had spoken as a friend, and had even shown an acquaintance with their native tongue. Further, with a quiet tact that was in itself reassuring, he had placed aside all barriers and had learned all that there was to know of their story. Then he had made a suggestion which seemed to offer a temporary salvation, and hope had returned. Sympathy, knowledge, suggestion—all were forthcoming, all that they needed most. They had come to Welding.

It was dusk when they reached the town, and Mr Barrows led them direct through the quiet streets to the welcome which awaited them. As soon as the door of Hadfield's house had closed they found themselves secure in the atmosphere of a home.

The way had been well prepared, and every-

thing went smoothly. The 'little woman,' as Barrows was accustomed to call Mrs Hadfield, knew all the arts of homeliness, and was possessed of no small share of tact. Nor was there any awkwardness of greeting, for even that had been smoothed away beforehand; 'Mrs Mathias' and her daughter took their places in the little household as guests who had been looked for.

To the Countess the change of atmosphere and the relief brought a sudden breakdown after the strain of the past days and the burden of anxiety. On the morning after their arrival she was prostrate, and medical advice had to be called in. For a week the utmost care was necessary, and even after the first danger had passed there was still need for watchful attendance and sympathy.

In about a fortnight, however, the Countess was able to come downstairs. That was on a brilliant afternoon in May. Mr Barrows, who had been most helpful throughout, presently came over from his own garden to join the little group that sat at the door of Hadfield's dining-room, in the sunshine.

He received a grateful welcome, and opened a conversation in that quiet, sympathetic manner which he had used on the occasion of their first meeting. The range of talk, however, was limited, for the past was too painful to be discussed, while by tacit agreement the questions of the future were left until the health of the Countess should be in a better condition. He spoke of his little garden, to which he had been giving his attention during the intervening days in an unusually restless and intermittent fashion; and he listened, with much apparent interest, to a description of their gardens at Cronia. As he listened he watched the face of the younger woman, who was sitting before him; and he became so absorbed in this that he ceased to make any remark, so that presently a silence fell. He was thinking, indeed, of this girl's pursuer, the man whose face betrayed so much of the brute; and as he compared them an angry indignation stirred his heart, and was reflected in his face. The Countess looked at him, and saw it.

'What is it, my friend?' she asked gently. 'Of what are you thinking?'

'I was thinking of Count Philip,' said Mr Barrows hastily. He spoke without thought, and regretted it immediately. A flush stole over the girl's cheeks and brows; but in a moment she looked up and met his glance. There was confusion in her eyes, but there was no reproach.

'Ah!' said the Countess, 'here, for a while, we do not need to think of him. Let us not do so until we must.'

'Certainly,' agreed Barrows. 'I was very foolish.'

He blamed himself secretly with much more vigour, and felt that it was time for him to go. At that moment Mrs Hadfield came in with some dainty preparation for the invalid, and he took

the opportunity to rise. He walked down towards the garden door, but he did not go alone. The girl rose to go down with him. He fancied that she had guessed his self-reproach. Nor was he mistaken. Edna—for that was her name—said little as they trod the length of Hadfield's garden, and he said less; but when they reached the door she held out her hand with a smile.

'You must not think that we fear any one here,' she said. 'In this home, to which you have brought us, we feel secure.'

'And you are secure!' was the answer that came readily to the man's lips, a reassuring, convenient, and every way suitable answer, but not a true one. Because it would not have been true he did not utter it. He was quite an ordinary man, a man of expediency and not over-particular; but as he looked into her face he felt that he could not do with her what was only expedient and convenient. So he did not answer at all.

'I must tell you what my mother will tell you when she is stronger,' the girl went on quickly—'how grateful we are for what you have done. Some day, when we go back, we shall be able to repay you.'

Here, too, Mr Barrows found himself at a loss. 'When we go back' was the expression she had used, full of the hope of young days, and of the confidence which had not yet fully realised their calamity. He failed to find words, and she took sudden alarm at his silence.

'You do not say!' she cried. 'Don't you think that we shall go back? It is not that?'

There was no answer; but evasion was now absolutely necessary. The fear which he saw come into her eyes spurred Mr Barrows to an effort.

'Go back?' he said, smiling. 'Are you, then, so eager to leave our England?'

The device was successful. 'I did not mean that,' she explained. 'You must not think it. I shall always think of England as this place, and shall always like Englishmen.'

Mr Barrows bowed and smiled playfully. Fearing a return to the other topic, he seized the opportunity to go, and raised the latch of the door. After a few further words she returned to her mother, and he entered his own garden.

'When we go back.' He shook his head as he thought of that remark, for he knew that unless a miracle took place there could be no going back. After a public denunciation and a public flight, the Styrian Government could show no weakness, and could not be expected to show any, further than in the promise which had been given to the Brodes. That was the only way of going back, and even the matter-of-fact and easy-going Mr Barrows felt his cheek burn at the thought of it.

The next hour was a troubled one for him. He sat at his window with a cigar, and now and



again a word or a sentence reached him in the clear voice which he was already beginning to know so well. There was no laughter, for sorrow was too near; but the tones had life and hope and affection in them, and they jarred upon the spirit of the man who knew what clouds overhung. As he listened his mood grew darker; and it was bitter enough when Hadfield came over in the evening.

Since the arrival of the strangers, that young man had lived in a state of half-subdued excitement. It seemed to him that his plain and straightforward existence had been transformed, or that he had stepped over its borders into a realm of stir and romance, peopled with the mighty. He had a great respect for the mighty, and it was no small thing to find that his next-door neighbour was the one-time secretary to a prince and a partner in revolutions; it was naturally a still greater thing that he should be sheltering under his own roof a countess and the daughter of a countess. It was as much as he could do to keep the secret, and a hundred times a day he feasted his imagination upon the scene which would follow if he should drop it into the serene atmosphere of his office.

'I say,' he remarked now, as he took a seat at his neighbour's side, 'I can't help being glad that you brought them to us. They're awfully nice people.'

'Really?' said Mr Barrows absently.

'Yes. There's no nonsense about them, you know, and no pride. No one would think they were of the nobility.'

Mr Barrows smiled, perhaps at Hadfield's simple conception of the manner in which the pride of race and place might have displayed itself.

Hadfield went on: 'The only thing is that they're so sad. The Countess especially seems very much depressed. I wish we could cheer them up.'

'Ah!' said Mr Barrows, his smile vanishing, 'you must remember what trouble they have had, and wait a little.'

Hadfield was struck by his sudden change of tone. Mr Barrows, however, went on, glad perhaps to have an opportunity of expressing some of the bitterness of his mood.

'You asked me,' he said, 'why I was so hard on Prince Adrian in that book. Perhaps you understand it better now, when you have some of his victims in your own house.'

'Why, of course,' said Hadfield. 'This comes about through him.'

'Quite through him. The man who never did any good with his life has been able to do incalculable mischief, even after his death. I could wish him nothing worse than that he should see what he has done.'

'Oh, well,' said Hadfield awkwardly, 'it can't be helped now, you know, and I suppose it will all come right if we only wait a little.'

After he had gone Mr Barrows continued to turn that remark over in his mind. It was as hopeful as Edna's, and showed just as much knowledge of the truth. Then he tried to consider the question, 'What next?' It had haunted him from the first. He knew the character of the Countess's enemies, and felt that they would not lightly give up their purpose. Here was a prize both for the father's greed and the son's passion, and they would do anything to win it. Anything, with them, would mean a great deal. He foresaw a struggle, and a struggle in which all the power was on the other side. Nor was the prospect brighter when he looked at the alternative. Suppose they gave up the chase, or suppose the pursuer failed to find a clue. What was then in store for those two helpless women, strangers in a strange land? Their resources would be exhausted, and that very soon; and there was no hope from their own country. They would suffer poverty, with all its accompaniments. He knew, or at least he could guess, what poverty would mean for this broken woman and this lovely girl. After what had so lately been theirs, they would have to seek some kind of work in order to live. He could do little for them, even if his little would have been accepted, for his income would afford no more than the very modest comforts he now enjoyed. It seemed to him that the situation was a singularly hopeless one.

A few days passed quietly, but there was no lifting of the cloud; and after those few days he was obliged to face a danger which he had failed to count with, and one that became pressing.

It was connected with the health of the Countess. To a certain point she recovered her strength; but there the progress was stayed. As her mind became clearer, the first relief afforded by the new situation passed away, and she began to remember the power of her enemies. Her despondency made her morbid, and she followed her daughter's movements with a despairing look which spoke clearly of fear and terror. This reaction was disastrous in its effects, for it was accompanied by a nervous condition which caused her to start at the sound of the door-bell, and to tremble at the approach of footsteps. This last phase greatly troubled the physician, who decided to consult Mr Barrows.

One morning, therefore, after leaving his patient, he called next door, and found Mr Barrows at his writing-table. He gave a brief outline of the symptoms which troubled him in the Countess.

'This is something I cannot reach,' he said, 'and it is, therefore, all the more serious. She is labouring under some uneasiness which must be dissipated. Have you not observed it?'

Mr Barrows was obliged to admit that he had. After a pause Dr Henslow decided that he must speak more clearly.

'It is having a very grave effect,' he declared. 'In fact, I must tell you that unless some change takes place in this respect I cannot answer for the consequences. She is thoroughly worn down in health, and the strain is too much.'

Dr Henslow's patients were accustomed to say that he was too reserved, and that he did not treat their complaints with sufficient seriousness. Mr Barrows remembered this when he had gone, and saw its significance. He also saw the cause of the evil.

'It is that fellow, of course,' he said to himself. 'After what he has done she has a morbid fear of him, and feels, rather than knows, that he will hunt them down. If he comes, the shock will probably kill her; and if he does not come, the strain will have the same effect. That would be another death to Prince Adrian's account.'

He clenched his hands at the thought. Yet what was to be done? He pondered this new question deeply, and at last arrived at what seemed to be the only possible solution, though even here the hope was very slender. It occurred to him that the pursuer might be met and faced, and even forced to abandon his purpose. Or, if he had already gone, the fact might be ascertained and the Countess's mind relieved by the news.

The latter chance was a very feeble one, and the first meant an ordeal from which he shrank. He already detested and feared Count Philip, knowing fairly well the mingled strength and brutality of his character. This was a task for a strong man, and he was not strong; his, indeed, was a most dangerous weakness—the weakness of one who distrusts himself. He knew that he was not by any means a man of action; yet this course offered just that chance which he felt forced to take.

Naturally his mind dwelt on the alternative—the hope that Count Philip had already given up the pursuit. It was but a frail hope, and it was shattered finally before he had fairly considered it.

As he sat at his table he glanced occasionally into the street. Very few people passed in that quiet spot, and most of those were quite familiar figures. For this reason his attention was caught

presently by the appearance of a person who passed, in a leisurely way, on the other side.

He was of a very commonplace appearance, not in the least unlike one of the half-dozen insurance canvassers or touts who came daily; indeed, he was much more like one of those persons than he required to be in order to play the part. Mr Barrows had an observant eye, and something about this stranger's bearing fitted in with an expectation of his own. He saw the man pass out of sight, but still kept a watch upon the street; and he was not at all surprised, after he had waited ten minutes, to see him pass the window again, this time on the nearer side.

Mr Barrows decided to make sure. Moving nearer to the window, he saw the fellow leave the street once more, and vanish; but he knew that if his suspicions were just the matter was not done with. This time he waited half-an-hour; then he heard brisk footsteps on the pavement, and the same man walked innocently up to Hadfield's gate, opened it, and made straight for the front door. He carried a worn leather bag, which was well stocked, no doubt, with insurance company leaflets or sewing-machine prospectuses. In another moment he would have rung the bell; but before he could do so Mr Barrows had thrown up his window. It was a bay window, and he was face to face with the stranger.

'Not to-day, thank you,' he said pleasantly.

The man stopped, and stared. He raised his hand to the bell.

'No,' said Mr Barrows firmly. 'Not to-day, thank you. You mustn't call to-day, *there*.'

The visitor sought words, but was so utterly taken by surprise by this flank attack that he could not find them. He saw detection in Mr Barrows' look, heard it in his voice, read it in his smile. Without a defence, he retired to the gate, passed out, and made his retreat, looking back once in mingled fear, anger, and amazement.

'Very clumsy indeed,' thought Mr Barrows, closing down his window. 'They do these things much better in Styria! But it is just as I thought. There is only one thing to be done.'

He reflected uneasily upon the way in which he was being led from one step to another. But there was no one else to go!

## THE COMING RUSH TO SOUTH AFRICA.



FAMOUS phrase of the last generation, 'Young man, go West!' is likely in the near future to lose its significance for Britons. Certain it is that, with the cessation of hostilities and the consequent removal of martial law restrictions, the tide of emigration will follow the flag, and an unprecedented rush set in to the El Dorado in the

South recently acquired by an effusion of blood and expenditure of treasure only justified by the fact that the war was deliberately forced on us. Therefore, a few hints may not be unwelcome.

Before the writer's recent return to England, after an absence of some years, he and other residents in the country had reason to deplore the presence in the coast-towns of numbers of Britons who, in their anxiety to be in good

time for the golden future, had rushed out to South Africa, where, on arrival, they were disillusioned by the discovery that for every practical purpose they had better have remained in England for some months longer. Martial law wisely prohibited them from proceeding more than a few miles up-country. Trade and business in the annexed territories were in a condition of coma; and in the coast-towns, where the immigrant was compelled to remain, the cost of living is far greater than in England, and for any and every kind of vacancy which may occasionally present itself the applicants are superabundant.

To those who intend to emigrate to South Africa a word of kindly warning is here offered: Do not be in a hurry. Rest assured that everything will come, improved and mellowed by the delay, to him who waits. Spend the interval in finding out everything that is to be found out about the country which you intend shall be your future home. See that your outfit, while not profuse, is well selected, and above all do not go out 'on spec.' It is not to be expected that every one can go out to a snug appointment secured in advance; but have some fixed ideas as to what you intend, or at least wish, to do—some more or less predetermined plan of campaign. There is, generally speaking, no more hopeless failure than the man who is 'willing to take anything;' he is usually one who can or will do nothing. Having settled what occupation is the most suitable for you, or you desire to follow, ascertain if there is a friend or even acquaintance already in South Africa who could, in some measure, assist or advise you before you sail. Above all, having found something for your right hand to do, do it with all your might; and, having put your hand to the plough, do not turn or even look back, but push steadily on to success and a future competency. Both can be assured to any one possessed of energy and perseverance in the South Africa of the future.

Now, to commence *ab initio*, we shall deal first with the large majority to whom the Rand will be the goal. As is generally known, the three leading steamship lines carrying passengers to South Africa are the Union-Castle of Fenchurch Street, Bullard-King of St Mary Axe, and the Rennie Line. While the first-named has incomparably the largest traffic, the other two have certain special advantages which preclude leaving them out of consideration when the question as to which line shall be chosen comes up for consideration. The fact, however, that the Bullard-King and Rennie boats run direct to Natal without any stoppage at the Cape greatly simplifies the matter of choice. Generally speaking, if it is intended to proceed to Natal direct, or to reach Johannesburg *via* Natal, there is much to be said in favour of travelling by one of these lines; for, although the Union-Castle boats also

reach Durban, it is only after calling at all the Cape Colony ports, with a delay of perhaps two or three days at Capetown; which, of course, means additional expense, as one naturally goes ashore during coaling, &c. Another point for consideration is, that the fares of the Rennie and Bullard-King boats will be found to be considerably lower than those for corresponding classes in the Union-Castle line; and while the boats of the former may be smaller and less ornate, the life on board a trifle more restful, and the table a little less lavish, it is not to be imagined that they are in any way strikingly inferior, for emphatically they are not. The only drawback to the two direct lines mentioned is that they carry no third-class passengers. If it is desired to proceed to Natal in this class, the Union-Castle line becomes a very pleasant 'Hobson's choice.'

A word in passing on the subject of third-class travelling. It is fair to assume that the majority of people desirous of reaching South Africa also desire to do so at as moderate a cost as possible, compatible with comfort. Now, the average second-class fare by intermediate Union-Castle steamer to Natal is twenty-six guineas, and the average third-class four-berth cabin is sixteen guineas, a clear saving of ten guineas. When the writer first went out to South Africa some years ago he travelled third class for reasons of economy, and was so comfortable that he has no hesitation in recommending the adoption of the same course to-day to young men for whom a saving of ten guineas is a consideration; the more so as third-class accommodation has vastly improved of late years.

It is not intended to encumber this article with information which can be more conveniently and fully obtained from the various shipping companies. A few suggestions having been made which may assist in the selection of one particular line, reference will now be made to the provision of a suitable outfit. However, little need be said regarding outfits, for what is used in England is, with few exceptions, used in South Africa. As the writer is only qualified to advise men, the following remarks must be considered as strictly applicable to them.

While an elaborate outfit is undesirable, it is very desirable that, as far as possible, all articles should be of the best quality. Cheap boots, cheap mackintoshes, and cheap clothes are as grass in the oven in the dry Transvaal climate, and a sheer waste of money. A heavy greatcoat is hardly necessary, and might with advantage be replaced by a covert-coat; while a really *waterproof* waterproof is essential, as also one good pair of shooting or field boots, even for a town life, South Africa's rain being as vehement as its sun. In choosing suits, it should be borne in mind that one of the Transvaal's leading characteristics is a prevalence of red, sandy dust

during high winds; therefore, if one or two suits of reddish-brown homespun are provided, the spoiling of clothes by dust-storms will be reduced to a minimum. Owing to this dust nuisance spotless linen is at a premium; and, as the laundrying by coolies and Kaffirs is frequently of a painfully vigorous character, the wear and tear in shirts is considerable. To counteract this to a great extent, an excellent plan is to procure shirts of the 'reversible-cuff' pattern now so freely advertised. One or two washing suits, preferably of khaki drill, will also be found to save their initial cost over and over again.

Outfit and voyage being disposed of, the next points for consideration are the conditions of life in South Africa in general, and Johannesburg—the Mecca of most South African pilgrims—in particular. Business—and, for the matter of that, social—life in Johannesburg has two very distinct and different phases, namely, town and reef. By the latter term is meant employment and life on one of the many mines on the line of reef, which stretches twenty-five miles east and west of Johannesburg. The work, conditions, and pay at each are so different that it will be necessary to deal with them separately.

Every mine is a little township and community by itself. The leading positions, such as general, battery, cyanide, mine, and compound managers, are, of course, filled by experts who have qualified for the lucrative positions they hold by lengthy experience at their special work; while the actual mining—that is, excavation by drilling and blasting—is in the hands of miners, experts in their way, from the mines of Cornwall and the north-country. While there is no reason why newcomers and novices should not aspire to, and ultimately gain, positions in the higher grades of the gold-mining industry, it would be useless to do more than simply refer to them in an article written especially for 'new chums.' So we give particulars, stating the salaries and duties, of the subordinate positions which even a newcomer might reasonably feel himself competent to fill.

**Storekeeper.**—Twenty pounds to forty pounds per month. Ordering and issue of all mining stores and material, and keeping of books thereant.

**Assistant Storekeeper.**—Fifteen pounds to twenty pounds per month. Assisting storekeeper. The larger mines may employ two or three assistants in the store, the senior usually obtaining promotion on the departure of the storekeeper.

**Timekeeper.**—Fifteen pounds to twenty-five pounds per month. Keeping of native time-tickets, denoting number of shifts worked, and by which the workers are paid.

**Mine Secretary.**—Twenty pounds to fifty pounds per month. Secretarial duties in the mine-office, as apart from the town or transfer office where the share records and transactions are kept. Compilation of statistics dealing with the cost of

working, keeping of all accounts, and making up of pay-sheets. In fact, the manager's adjutant.

**Office Assistants.**—Twelve pounds ten shillings to twenty-five pounds per month. It is from among the office assistants, after they are quite familiar with the work, that the secretary is usually appointed.

**Battery-hands (Amalgamators).**—Fifteen pounds to twenty-five pounds per month. This work, which is largely manual, consisting of the first stage of the recovery of the gold as it passes under the battery stamp-heads, is, of course, technical, but can readily be learnt in three months—during which period merely nominal pay is given. After this hands are graded through various classes; the lucrative and exceedingly responsible position of battery-manager is conferred on senior amalgamators.

**Cyanide-hands.**—Fifteen pounds to twenty-five pounds per month. All above remarks *re* amalgamators apply here, the cyanide being the second or further process of extraction. The hope of every cyanide hand is to become a cyanide manager with forty pounds to sixty pounds per month, and allowances.

**Electrician.**—Twenty pounds to fifty pounds per month. Sole charge of all electrical plant on property, with responsibility for efficient lighting of all surface and underground works.

**Assistant Electricians.**—Fifteen pounds to twenty-five pounds per month. Assistants to above.

There are many other positions—such as carpenters, blacksmiths, &c.—on a mine filled by white men; but the above has been compiled with a view to its utility to the class that will be most likely to read the *Journal*. The storekeepers, timekeepers, secretary, office-assistants, and electricians, unless breakdowns occur, work regular hours, generally from eight in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon. The cyanide and battery hands work in shifts of eight hours on and sixteen off, an arrangement somewhat analogous to the 'dog-watch' on board ship, being adopted to obviate one set of hands always having night-shift turn.

It must not, however, be understood that it is possible to rise from the lower to the higher figure given in the approximate statement of salaries merely by long employment on one property. The lower rate is given on small mines; the higher on larger and richer properties, where the duties are more onerous and the responsibilities greater.

Now for the cost of living. As far as single men are concerned, a very few words will suffice. More fortunate than their town brethren, they obtain a room, with electric-light, free, or at an absolutely nominal rent. Excellent board can be arranged at the mine boarding-house, the usual charge being six pounds per month, and washing costs another sovereign; and with medical fund, recreation-room, and all deductions added, the



total cost of living on a mine, for a bachelor, should not exceed eight pounds per month. The married fare even better. Those on the staff—such as secretary, storekeeper, electrician, engineer, &c.—are always provided with a house on the property rent free, also coal, lighting, and Kaffir labour, so that the actual cost of living is reduced to a minimum—namely, providing furniture, provisions, clothes, education for children, and any luxuries desired.

When the reason for all these special advantages is traced to its source, it will be seen that the effect is due to a very distinct cause. It is essential to the efficient and economical working of the mine that all employes, from the humble Kaffir to the general manager, should reside on the property. This, of course, tends to make life on a mine somewhat restricted, all social pleasures and amusements having to be sought in town; which, when a mine is perhaps twenty miles out, is an item to be considered. Further, high pay on a gold-mine is regarded as a species of insurance. Where gold is being won it is imperative that the employes shall be above suspicion; and the best means to ensure this is to pay well, so that the temptation to steal is minimised or non-existent.

A fair idea having been given of the possibilities and probabilities of a mining career, we will now turn to the town. We find that in town the average salary may be somewhat smaller, and unaugmented by the special advantages which obtain on the reef; but this is more than compensated for by the fact that, although the competition in town is keener, there exist here potentialities and opportunities quite unknown among the mines. On the reef the number of positions to which one may aspire are precisely known; the emoluments, though comfortable, are rigidly limited. In town, however, it is different. There, in the heart of the mêlée and keen spurring competition, the man of action, who sees long vistas of glowing possibilities—not chimerical—rising before him, feels at home. As the bottom of the ladder will have to be negotiated before the top rungs are reached, it will be advisable to restrict data to that referring to the ordinary business and commercial posts more or less accessible to all.

First and foremost comes the Civil Service. This, under the Dutch régime, was a very abstruse scheme, and must perforce be vastly more so in the future. In the past it embraced, *inter alia*, the Postal, Telegraph, and Customs Services, Government Offices, Mining Commissioners' Departments, and Police. It would be quite impossible within the limits of this article to enter into this vast question, the future workings and scope of which are at present so nebulous and tentative. The information, moreover, will no doubt, be shortly procurable in official handbook form.

Clerks in ordinary offices receive from fifteen

pounds to thirty-five pounds monthly, a knowledge of typewriting and shorthand being essential with many employers; while ability to correspond in French or German means a certain advance in salary.

Assistants in stores receive a rate of salary very similar to that of the clerks, the range of necessary attainments being smaller, but the hours longer.

Commercial travelling offers a magnificent and a most remunerative field, save in cases where the square peg has been fitted into a round hole. Travellers are usually engaged under a combined system of salary and commission, which in the hands of a capable and pushing representative of a good house easily reaches fifty pounds or more.

On the Rand mechanics are in clover, one pound a day being readily obtained.

In the banks a somewhat lower rate rules than in the offices, but still one on which it is possible to be very comfortable and yet to save. Tellers are usually started at a minimum of twelve pounds ten shillings or fifteen pounds per month, rising by fixed increments to anything up to seventy or eighty pounds monthly.

One great advantage attaching to town billets is that it is always clearly recognised that the motto for all is 'Excelsior.' Fresh openings at higher rates of salary are always offering themselves, and it is universally understood that an employé, unless indispensable or under agreement, shall be permitted, at the expiration of a reasonable term of notice, to transfer his services to another and more highly paid sphere of labour should he so wish it. This does not mean that the commercial organisation becomes disjointed. Constant change is unavoidable in a new country where the volume of business is ever increasing and new industrial concerns always being floated. This is recognised and allowed for. More latitude is permissible in business circles in South Africa than at home, though fully as high a standard of work is maintained; and what would here be regarded as a rolling-stone disposition is there recognised as a definite forward and upward movement, and an unavoidable phase of commercial advance and exploration.

The above is the 'Cr.' side of the ledger of life in Johannesburg. An inquiry into the items constituting the 'Dr.' side will give a representative idea of things in general. Taking first the case of those who are at present ploughing their furrows alone, the bachelors of the community: Board and lodging are readily procurable at seven pounds to ten pounds per month; washing, one pound to one pound ten shillings; allowance for possible medical attendance, pleasure, &c., three pounds to seven pounds—a monthly expenditure of from eleven pounds to eighteen pounds ten shillings. Thus a single man, receiving what may honestly be described

as the minimum which a white man is ever asked to work for in Johannesburg—namely, twelve pounds ten shillings per month—can, if he wishes, put something by; while those in the higher walks of business life would have no difficulty in saving at least one hundred pounds per annum.

For the information of married men, a slightly ampler scheme is necessary; and as a basis for calculation we will take an average household of one man, his wife, two children, and one native servant: Average rental of a five-roomed house, unfurnished, eight pounds ten shillings; butcher's bill, two pounds fifteen shillings; milk, at sixpence per pint, one pound two shillings and sixpence; grocer's bill, including coal, seven pounds; chemist's bill, ten shillings; wage to Kaffir 'boy' under British rule, two pounds; allowance for rates, &c., three pounds two shillings and sixpence—total, twenty-five pounds. This amount may be accepted as an honest indication of what it should cost per month for a small family in Johannesburg to live, if not in luxury, at least in quiet comfort. While a married man would be precluded from accepting the minor appointments at which a bachelor would be content to start, he is usually a man more advanced in age and business experience, and qualified by these conditions for better appointments, which he can usually expect to obtain. Education, which has not been included in the above schedule, is provided for by numerous public and private schools at moderate fees.

One final word before leaving the Transvaal for a survey of the conditions in the neighbouring colonies of the Cape and Natal.

One often hears it said, 'What is the use of going to the Transvaal? Salaries certainly are higher, but so are expenses.' A moment's reflection will demonstrate the shallowness of such an argument, which only holds good so long as the amount received in salary is not greater than that expended in living. The moment the former exceeds the latter it is obvious that every spare sovereign in South Africa is practically equal to one in England. Indeed, taking the increased and improved openings for investment and legitimate speculation into consideration, it is obvious that they far more than counterbalance the higher relative cost of luxuries and pleasure.

Such towns in the Cape Colony and Natal as Capetown, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban are, in their way, but pocket editions of Johannesburg. The business of the Gold Reef City is largely conducted in these towns; her imports pass through them in a ceaseless stream, and emigrants bound for the Rand are compelled to land at one of these ports. Thus the business openings are very similar, though on a far smaller scale, with lower salaries but a decreased cost of living.

The average store assistant in the older colonies receives from ten pounds to seventeen pounds ten shillings per month; the average clerk the same. Civil servants commence at twelve pounds ten shillings, and rise to a maximum of about fifty pounds monthly, in some departments, with, of course, pensions under the present system. The Customs and shipping offices generally open up a wide field; while the railways, which are in South Africa invariably State-owned, are part and parcel of the Civil Services of their respective colonies.

The cost of living in Natal and the Cape Colony in normal times is about seven pounds per month, inclusive, for a single man; and from fifteen to twenty-five pounds for a married couple. Under present circumstances, however, the price of everything is inflated, and all perspectives distorted; therefore intending emigrants are advised to wait till normal conditions again obtain.

It has been impossible to compress within the limits of a magazine article a really comprehensive scheme of advice to emigrants. There are many openings not even indicated here, either from incompetency so to do or lack of space; such as the vast schemes which are mooted for settlement on the land, stock-raising, and agricultural expansion and development, all of which can only be handled at length and by experts. It might, however, be mentioned ere closing that for those who think of settling upon the land, according to Colonel Parrott of the New South Wales Corps of Engineers, there is a fine climate, rich soil, and plentiful rainfall in the Transvaal, and ample water in many parts for irrigation purposes. The amount of Government land in the Orange River Colony is small; in the Transvaal a great area belongs to the Government. The late Mr Rhodes, who formulated a scheme of his own for land settlement, estimated the cost of starting one yeoman upon a dry or pastoral farm at four thousand pounds, and he was of opinion that the introduction of two thousand British farmers to the Transvaal lands would be sufficient to work a social and industrial revolution. The Scottish Settlers' Association (32 York Place, Edinburgh) has already been the means of settling wage-earners, small capitalists, and farm pupils. And for all classes it is of importance to get a knowledge of both the present and past in South Africa. This may be done by a perusal of Dr Theal's *Progress of South Africa in the Century* in 'Chambers's Nineteenth Century Series.' My aim has been as much to interest and suggest as instruct; to assure falterers that for the ambitious, the energetic, and the industrious there is no finer field than South Africa under a newer and purer administration.

## THE LOST GALLEON.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

**I**T was not likely the old compact should be remembered except by Bridget, my nurse, and she had been present when my father and the Lord Fitzwalter had joined my baby hand and that of Lady Nesta: a jest of fine gentlemen over the wine, to be forgotten when the Considines of Doon had come low in the world, or to be remembered only by a fond old woman, and she half-crazed because of the misfortunes of those she served, who were dearer to her than her own flesh and blood.

Of our misfortunes I will not speak. My father, Brian Considine, was at rest; and the bailiffs, who had become as familiar about the place as the crows of our old rookery, had winged their flight elsewhere. They had not troubled my father's last hours, God rest him! for I had bled myself and my name dry that every man should have his own, and none have cause to reproach him who was gone.

In which matter I had proved myself in the eyes of many but little of a Considine; for what Considine ever before had taken his debts anything but gaily? I am serious, inheriting the gravity of my mother, a Langton of Langton in the county of Devon, who had loathed the debts, and had indeed, dear soul, died of the trouble of them. At her knee I learnt to hate the load that was fretting her thin. So here I was at twenty-five a free man from my father's creditors, but utterly stripped and bare, so that I knew not whither I must turn to earn so much as should keep the life in me and the few helpless folk dependent on me.

These were, firstly, Bridget, my nurse; secondly, Thady, our old butler, and in these latter days my father's body-servant; thirdly, his son Tim, but the rascal could have earned a living for himself anyhow, and would have gone soldiering with me in Flanders with a joyful heart if I had held myself free to go; fourthly, a number of the halt, the sick, and the blind, little children and old people, who had been fed from Doon since time immemorial; fifthly, those gentle pensioners, the horses and the dogs, mainly old, and in no wise fitted to make a way for themselves in the world.

'Twas wintry weather, and the hills around were covered with snow. Between them the lake was black as steel, excepting where at the opening to the southward the sea came leaping and roaring. Every little pool was frozen, and the trees outside the window were fringed with icicles like old men's beards. But the lake was not

frozen, for the sea-salt in it kept it unfrozen in the hardest weather; and the like of this in our soft climate no man remembered. Great flocks of gulls had come crying about the house. I had ordered food to be set for them, but they were insatiable; they quarrelled among themselves and with the greedy crows, so that the little singing-birds had but one chance to be fed, and that was to snatch a piece when the great birds were quarrelling.

Thady had come in and closed the shutters and heaped the turf on the fire. Happily, for fires we did not want, since the bog was at our door—neither I nor my poor neighbours. As the flame leaped up I surveyed the pleasant room which was yet mine. It was hung with cordovan leather finely tooled and gilt. The parquetté floor was a thing of beauty. The great mantelpiece of inlaid marbles framed a Madonna of Bellini. Yet all these too must go. So many things had been thrown to the wolves that Doon was become an old rat-hole, hardly fit to house us. But no one who trusted me should want while I had these things to excite the greed of a London dealer. And for all of them one had offered great quantities, as it seemed to me, of gold.

'Tis a night for a glimpse of the *Santa Anna*,' said I to Thady.

'On such a night, your honour, it was seen last,' he replied, 'and that was in the lifetime of your great-grandfather. I wish 'twould give up its gold.'

'I'm at one with you there, Thady,' I made quick reply, 'for it was never more badly needed.'

'Lord!' said he, 'to think of the Don's doubloons and pieces of eight and gold plate and silver plate blackening in the brine, and Doon and the Considines vanishing from earth because of the need of them.'

'I have no money to sink in search of the treasure-ship,' said I.

'Nay, your honour,' said he, 'too much has gone that way already. You might believe the ship had never been there but that so many witnessed the contrary, let alone that the ghost of her drives on Carrigadoon hull foremost like a bull in act to charge. Yet in the great depths of the lake none has ever discovered her, though we chartered many a diver in days gone by. Just to think the Don's parchment rots for useless!'

'Ay, good gentleman!' said I. 'He would do us a good turn because we had saved him, cast up by the waves, from the fate that befell his

friends over at Smerwick. He could not have thought his galleon would have vanished like a pebble sucked in by the sea.'

'True for you!' said Thady; 'yet vanished it has as though the *Santa Anna* was a thing to be lost like a needle in a hay-rick.'

A shrill bell pealed through the house, and Thady, with an exclamation, shuffled away to open the door.

I had few friends to visit Doon in these days, except Father Simon O'Clery, the abbé, as he liked to call himself, a thin, silver-haired old priest who had been at Douai the happiest days of his life, and was parched for equal friendship in those latter evil days.

But it was not the priest in his faded cassock whom Thady ushered in. It was a lady veiled from head to foot, yet carrying herself so freely and graciously that the glint of gold hair revealing itself through the veil might have been a crown.

'A lady to see your honour,' said Thady, and vanished discreetly.

When the door had closed behind him she threw back her veil. Her face was white amid its golden hair. Her eyes were at once imperious and tender. As I looked upon her she lowered them, and the colour of roses surged in her cheeks. Her lips took a delicate line of submission, and she stood leaning towards me a little as though she would yield her beauty to her lover.

As for me, a gust took and shook me. I controlled myself by a strong effort. Coming so, alone, under shadow of nightfall, she had trusted me, and I would repay her trust.

'Lady Nesta,' I asked, 'why are you here?'

'Sir Maurice Considine,' she replied, 'so that you may save me.'

The colour flickered in her cheek like a candle blown by the wind. Then it settled in two deep spots which I could have sworn I saw pulsing, so living were they.

'My father would marry me to Damer of Coote Hall,' she went on.

'Doubly forsworn,' I cried; 'a traitor to his God and his country; old, lean, yellow—a lover of gold. Is the Lord Fitzwalter mad?'

'Alas!' she said, 'he too is eaten up by the lust of gold. He sees Mr Damer through a golden air of it. But I—I swear if I marry the man I will kill myself at the altar. I am young to die, Sir Maurice Considine.'

Her voice went off like the mourning of doves. As for me, I felt the soul in me toss like forest trees in a storm.

'What would you have me do?' I asked in a stifled voice.

She came a little nearer.

'We were betrothed in infancy,' she murmured, and her voice was like a silver rain.

'You know it, then?'

'I know it. My father broke the compact with yours. I am ready to fulfil it.'

'To save yourself from Richard Damer?'

'Because I would give my hand with my heart,' she said, her eyes closing as though she would faint.

I caught her to my breast and held her there. Before, I had hardly known that I loved her, the little promised wife of my infancy; but what bond was it by which my love now sprang full-grown, and I knew I would die a thousand deaths rather than that she should suffer ill?

Again the bell pealed through the house.

She clung to me fast, and I knew her fears.

'It is no pursuer,' I said; 'only the Abbé O'Clery, who plays dominoes with me of nights. Do not be afraid, my beloved. I think he will place you in safety.'

'In your arms?' she said. 'Then I am ready.'

I put her in a chair and went to meet the old priest. He listened to me perturbed, taking snuff agitatedly as I told him my tale. But his eyes were not afraid.

'I shall make the lady your wife,' he said at last. 'She must be protected, though 'twill be the worse for me. Fitzwalter is powerful, and—I ask your pardon, madam—unrelenting. We are only suffered here, and have no friends but the poor. His vengeance will fall on me. Yet,' he went on, 'what have I to do with it? Shall a priest of the Most High fear the frown of his fellow-creatures? We must save the lady, Sir Maurice.'

Without in the frost a twig crackled. Otherwise the night was dead-still, for the distant booming of the waves on the bar of Doon was beyond our hearing.

I went through the marriage like a man in a dream. I was too overwrought and too much on fire then to think of my poverty and how poor an estate I had to offer to the heiress of the Lord Fitzwalter. Truly, while the priest prayed over us I had but one thought, but one apprehension, that something might happen to prevent the marriage. But nothing happened. The words were said; my mother's ring was on her hand; the old servants, who had come in to witness the marriage, went away with joyous and disturbed faces. She was mine who had seemed so far beyond me; and nothing now could break the bond, since the Lord Fitzwalter, albeit an irreligious man and a persecutor, was also of the old religion, or at least had never abjured it openly.

When the marriage was over and the priest had left us together, she clung to me a while; then she took her head off my breast, and taking up her cloak and the hat with its long veil, she swathed herself in them. It was like night putting out the day, when the glories of her face were eclipsed, and also her petticoat of white



and silver, for she had come gorgeous under her clouds of blackness.

'Would you leave me?' I asked, looking at her in wonder.

'Alas! I must,' she replied. 'I go to win my father. I am his one child, and I would not have enmity between you and him.'

'But how will you do it?' I asked.

'I know not. Give me time. He sups to-night with Mr Damer. I shall be at home long before he reaches it. Good-night, my beloved.'

I did not dispute her will, although I was loath that we should part so soon. Had she not done enough in coming and giving herself to me? And must not Doon be somewhat habitable to receive its mistress? I went with her over the low hills of Daragh and by the footpath-way across the Lord Fitzwalter's park, and nothing more unfriendly met me than a herd of grazing deer that sniffed with their nostrils as we came near, and then were gone like the wind.

'I return the way I came,' she said as we approached the lancet-topped postern in the high wall of the Italian garden. 'None will have missed me except one who is in my confidence. Good-night, heart's beloved. To think that I return a wife! Ah! with this talisman of your ring I shall have nothing to fear.'

As I went homeward a low mist writhed and curled below the trees of the park. It made things old seem new and unfamiliar. My mind was in that state that I had no leisure to think upon it; but now I remember that the Valley of the Heifer was filled in with a solid floor of the mist, so that I could have sworn it was a lake like my own Doonass, with the mountains ringing it about.

It was a sudden mist, not borne on any wind, but exhaled, it would seem, from the stiff ground. Sometimes it was in a solid body of vapour like that which lay upon the Valley of the Heifer. Again it was broken up in shreds and patches. My feet walked in it and my head was clear, or else I stood all clear, and could place my hand within that thistledown. Looking over the hedges on either side of me, I could see now a clear space with the rushes standing like lances of silver, and again nothing but the magic mist that veiled I knew not what.

I came out presently on the edge of Doonass Lake, emerging there from the low wood full of myrtles and fuchsias, with many choice ferns uncurling among the bracken. It was an inhospitable air for them to breathe on such a night. So hard a frost it was that it seemed to me my breath froze as it mingled with the air. I came out on the edge of Doonass Lake, as I have said; and it was well for me I was so familiar with the place, or I might have gone to join the Don's treasure at the bottom of that inland sea.

The whole lake was covered with a mist—gray mist, silvery shining, because the moon was at

her full somewhere out of sight. A night-bird cried across the dark waters. Where I stood was clear enough, yet the lake water lapped almost at my feet and was not visible.

An instant I stood gazing into the mist. Then something—something of movement in its dullness—arrested my vision. I stood like one turned to stone. What was that that took shape in the silver? The great ship came on soundlessly. I could see her high poop crusted with images. Above it I saw the faces of men—dark sunburnt faces, with the gray veil of the mist or some other pallor upon them.

The mist now had turned gray and threatening. It was streaked through and through as with rain driven by a great tempest. There was not a sound; yet I swear that a hurly-burly of a wind arose, was let loose from all the quarters of heaven upon the galleon. I saw her great sails flap helplessly, and wondered an instant that they did not fill; till, as the galleon slewed a little towards the shore, the pitiless rents revealed themselves, and I saw how naked she was of all succour, flogged by the merciless wind into the reef and the terrible cliff-face of Carrigadoon.

More than that I saw, for the magnet that was in the rocks I observed to be drawing her. There was no sound, and yet she sped over the waters like a racer, not wallowing in the trough of the waters, but hurling herself upon her ruin as though she were driven by all the furies.

Then, as I looked, one face separated itself from those others—the pale and careless faces that leaned above the poop as though they watched a fair and quiet shore; and the face I saw so distinctly that I have never forgotten it. It was that of a man of more than middle age, dark and handsome, with curling moustachios and a little pointed beard. It was framed in long ringletted hair that was thickly powdered over with gray. A scar ran across the right cheek, showing darkly purple. The expression of the face was noble and dignified, as I could not fail to see, since the two eyes looked in mine. Looked, did I say? Why, they drew me as Carrigadoon drew that unhappy vessel, and I could not choose but gaze into them, so that for the time we were alone, although all those silent figures crowded the poop and leant upon the bulwarks.

The message of the eyes was something insistent. I remember that I marvelled what the ghost's business might be with me; for that it was a ghost I never doubted, nor those dark sailor-men nor that ill-fated ship to be of anything but the company of ghosts.

Then the eyes seemed to withdraw themselves, and the ship to retreat to a great distance. Once more I was a spectator of her peril, and now I perceived that she was almost upon the rocks. I listened for the roar of the impact, the crashing

of her timbers, the crying of her doomed crew, when Carrigadoon should crush her and fling her back broken and writhing upon the waters. I listened in terror, I say, for it would not be the first time I had heard on this treacherous lake of ours the cry of the dying.

But, lo and behold! while I yet looked the vessel recoiled a little, shuddering as though about to take the leap that should destroy her. Then she rushed upon the rock and I saw

clearly, plain as the face of day, that she seemed to pass within it. The rock might have opened to receive her; of that I could not be sure; but she passed from before my eyes into that tremendous wall with its great columns range upon range, that only the gannet and the gull have visited. She passed, I say, and there was nothing before me but the steel-gray lake of Doonass, with the mists blowing off and letting the frosty moon shine through.

## SIR WILLIAM LENG AND CHARLES READE.



LEEN literary swordsman as each was, going straight for his enemy and with the sharpest of weapons, the journalist William Christopher Leng and the novelist Charles Reade were just the men to appreciate each other. The town of Sheffield and the crying evil of her trade-union outrages brought the two together, even as Sheffield's fierce clannishness and contempt of law, bred of her long ages of geographical isolation, produced the outrages.

The local trade-law of Sheffield handicrafts forty years ago—almost the only law that ran there in the early part of last century—was that each worker should enter, and loyally support and obey, his trade-union. If he did not—and providing he worked at one of a few select trades—certain rudely expressed, ill-spelt missives reached him, pointing out his duty and sternly ordering compliance. Further neglect saw his workshop entered during his absence and his tools stolen or destroyed, or, in local phrase, he was 'rattened.' If yet unyielding, he soon found the opposing argument taking the shape of explosion at home or at his work, of bullet as he sat at dinner, or of personal assault and disablement as he walked the street at night.

The perpetrators of these iniquities were never caught, and although the moral certainty was that the instigators were the officials of this or that trade-union of ill-repute (for not all the unions were tainted), the fact could never be brought home to them; but, offering rewards for the detection of the offenders and indignantly repudiating all part or lot in the matter, they long escaped discovery.

Grown up amidst these conditions, the average respectable Sheffielder deplored but yet thought little of them, taking them for granted and as much a local product as Sheffield steel itself. An outsider was needed to catch the full significance of this strange development; and fortunately the man was forthcoming in William Christopher Leng.

In the year 1866, and soon after Mr Leng

came to Sheffield, the house of a saw-grinder was blown up. In the early hours of a foggy autumn morning a can of gunpowder had been thrown, with a lighted fuse attached, down the cellar-grating. Mr Leng went to the house, found the side of the wall blown out, and the man's wife almost dead with terror. Letters were shown to Mr Leng threatening the husband—a defaulter in the eyes of his trade-union—with a dose of 'Linley's lead-pills,' a reference to the death of a man named Linley, who had been mysteriously shot as he sat in a Sheffield tavern some time before. After reading the letters Mr Leng was convinced that the explosion had been ordered and paid for by William Broadhead, the secretary of the Saw-grinders' Union. Saying this—or what practically amounted to it—in his paper, the *Sheffield Telegraph*, Mr Leng himself became the recipient of similar threats; but, with revolver at hand day and night, he dared everything, and pursued his investigations, ably seconded by the late Mr John Jackson, then chief constable of Sheffield. Light began to dawn. It was noticed that in the suspected trades certain workmen who seldom or never worked were yet never short of money. These were watched, suspicion grew, and evidence gradually accumulated. At length the fear, jealousy, and greed of one of these men placed a secret confession at the searchers' command. The suggestion of the *Telegraph* that a Royal Commission should sit to inquire passed into effect, and presently the whole thing was out.

To most people it was a nine days' wonder, with Sheffield as the burning mark for the pointing of the world's finger; but to Charles Reade it was a fascinating problem in human motive and conduct—a problem which, seeing its possibilities, he resolved to study on the spot. He therefore went to Sheffield, prepared to stay some little time.

'On coming to Sheffield,' Sir William Leng himself told the present writer, 'Charles Reade took rooms at the Victoria Station Hotel. He called to see me at my office; and, being very busy myself, I placed my foreman-compositor at his service, who took him round the town and

district, including the upper reaches of the neighbouring streams, where the lonely grinding-wheels are, and explained to him the whole *modus operandi* of "rattening," with all the perils that followed when rattening failed of its purpose. Charles Reade was a large, genial man, apparently a little lethargic. I saw him twice in London. The first time, he was at work, writing rapidly and in a bold hand on foolscap paper. As he filled each sheet he threw it on a pile of such sheets on the floor. The house was fitted up in the French style: no heavy furniture, but everything very bright and light. Several large mirrors reflected the light from side to side of the room, and I noticed a few lounging-chairs. His back windows looked into the Park, whilst those at the front were screened from Albert Gate by little ornamental balconies packed full of flowering plants. The second time I called I asked him what he was doing. He said he was doing nothing, but was waiting for ideas. I met him one night by appointment at the Victoria Station Hotel, Sheffield. It was an exceedingly hot night. I remember he made up a large bowl of claret-cup, putting in the ingredients himself, about which he was very particular; and he was surprised and disappointed because the hotel-people could not get him a bloater. At length, with the claret-cup, he had anchovies served on toast, but he would plainly have much preferred one of the old-fashioned, copper-coloured, smoked bloaters. The extreme heat was such that we surprised ourselves and each other by the quantity of claret-cup we drank. I did not see much of Mr Reade myself whilst he was in Sheffield, my time being much taken up with my paper. Under the guidance of my foreman, however, he saw the formation of the country, and noted the fine opportunities it gave for the carrying out of secret plans when rattening was afoot. My foreman, too, had been intimate with Broadhead, and by this means the novelist was enabled the better to understand and delineate the man whose characteristics he afterwards so powerfully portrayed in *Put Yourself in His Place*.

In a letter written from Sheffield and quoted by his biographer, Charles Reade wrote: 'I saw Broadhead yesterday, and indeed was in his bar-parlour for nearly an hour. Noted his head, face, and conversation; but of course we never touched the particular subject in which he is distinguished.'

Of the indomitable editor lately dead—the Mr Holdfast of the story—the novelist drew in his book the following sketch: 'A gentleman not above the middle height, but with a remarkable chest, both broad and deep; yet he was not unwieldy, but clean-built and symmetrical. An agreeable face, with one remarkable feature, a mouth full of iron resolution, and a slight humorous dimple at the corners.' Throughout

the story it is plain that Mr Leng's dogged tenacity and untiring 'go' had won Charles Reade's unstinted admiration.

The tradition remains at the Sheffield Free Library of the novelist's frequent attendance there to consult newspaper-files and to study the literature of the locality. The book itself shows that he must have passed freely amongst both masters and workmen at the works and grinding-wheels, picking up anecdotes and racy sayings, and seeing both sides of the question. To the same source we must turn to note how quickly he caught the tone and colour of local life and character, mastered intricate trade problems, took advantage of the most striking features of local scenery, legend, and incident; and how vividly, unsparingly, effectively, he held up to light the horrid deeds of darkness done, until brutality itself cried shame. It is painful reading, too, especially to a Sheffielder. But it should be remembered these men believed they were maintaining their rights, however wrongly they did it; and there is extenuation in the fact that it was only in 1870, the very year in which Charles Reade's story was published, that England first grappled, in anything like adequate measure, with her awful arrears of national education.

#### THE SHADY SIDE.

Our house is on the shady side;

And neighbours just across the way  
Remark, with pardonable pride,

That all their garden-beds are gay  
And sweet with many a varied bloom,  
While ours lack colour and perfume.

Ah, well! there must be dark and bright.

The sun is good, we will confess;  
But even in reflected light

Some have to find their happiness,  
And watch the sunshine as it falls  
Upon their neighbours' roofs and walls.

What time the summer sky is hot,

And flowers droop under fervid blue,  
The grass within our homely plot  
Is dim with shadow, fresh with dew;  
And o'er it, in the quiet dusk,  
Float vagrant scents of rose and musk.

Across the way laburnums shake

Their yellow tassels, bright as gold;  
We note the glory that they make  
As morn by morn new buds unfold.

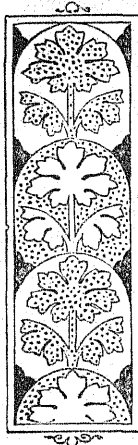
We hear the music of the leaves,  
And martins build below our eaves.

And when at noon each brilliant lawn

Lies baked amid a fiery glare,  
And all our neighbours' blinds are drawn,

We revel in our cooler air,  
And say, 'Tis better to abide—  
At times—upon the shady side.'

E. MATHESON.



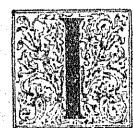
# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE PURCHASING OF ANTIQUES.

#### SECOND ARTICLE.

By HARRY OATWAY.



IN a previous article (*Journal*, May 3, 1902) instances were given of clever painters and others lending themselves to the production of spurious works of art. These were necessitous and comparatively unknown men, as one would expect the generality of such individuals to be; so that it may come as a surprise to some readers to learn that the name of Michelangelo must be added to the list. It is on record, however, that at least upon one occasion the great artist was an offender in this respect. Heath Wilson, in his interesting and exhaustive *Life of Buonarrotti*, relates that one of Michelangelo's earliest sculptures, representing a recumbent and sleeping Cupid, in its execution so closely resembled ancient work that, when seen by Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, he suggested that it might be artificially discoloured to produce the appearance of age, as thus it would fetch a higher price. This advice was acted upon, and the figure, after treatment, was parted with to one Messer Baldassarre del Milanese, a dealer, who sold it in Rome to the Cardinal San Giorgio as an antique for a sum equivalent to ninety-six pounds sterling; only fourteen pounds having been paid to the artist.

Now, it is not in the power of all persons to enforce the return of their money, as did the Cardinal; in many similar cases victims of less importance and strength of mind prefer to suffer in silence rather than face ridicule, as the following old, but some say well-authenticated, story tends to show:

A Parisian dealer, part antiquary and a good deal adventurer, misled by the bragging of an Englishman as to his intentions of forming an art collection, wasted several days of valuable time in endeavouring to sell his client genuine but (as is always the case when unimpeachable) high-priced goods. Failing to effect any business

in Paris, he proposed that the would-be amateur—who, by the way, belonged to the genus *nouveau riche*—should accompany him to Rome, where, the dealer asserted, his artistic requirements could be satisfied at lower prices. The journey was agreed upon, and shortly after their arrival in that city, dealer and client visited the Borghese Gardens, where the Englishman was mightily smitten with a statue which he had taste enough to consider worthy of being placed in the grounds of his newly acquired estate. The dealer—who had again tried and failed to do any legitimate business, but had been the recipient of a good deal of native insolence—thoroughly disgusted and amused with the ignorance his patron displayed, on the spur of the moment decided to exploit him. With unblushing effrontery he observed that the purchase of the statue might be advantageously arranged if left entirely in his hands; and, in effect, concluded the transaction that same evening, greatly to the Englishman's satisfaction. Upon receiving a receipt and permit to remove the statue from the grounds, the Englishman handed his agent six hundred pounds, with which it is needless to say the Parisian immediately decamped. It is hardly conceivable that a foreigner visiting London would be so grossly ignorant as to allow the cleverest confidence-man to sell him, for example, Le Sueur's statue of King Charles at Charing Cross. Still, there is a good foundation, it is believed, of truth in the foregoing, although the actual sum netted might not be so large as stated. No ill befell the dealer; for, when the purchaser discovered and realised the full measure of his stupidity, he preferred to lose his money and hush the matter up rather than become the laughing-stock of the smart acquaintances he was anxious to cultivate.

There is another of these tales of which no doubt exists, to the effect that a wealthy



American (not entirely unconnected with the mining interest), anxious to form a collection, conceived that the wisest course to be adopted so as to ensure authenticity and fair prices was to purchase direct and only from private owners. When this gentleman's fad became generally known he was given up by the legitimate traders, who could not afford to be bothered with a person that doubted every one's judgment but his own. However, two speculative dealers elected to satisfy his requirements, and to that end purchased a château in France, which they filled, at considerable expense, with antique goods, the bulk of the pieces being genuine but unsaleable to connoisseurs. This done, it was arranged that the old country mansion and its art treasures be brought to the prospective purchaser's notice through private and apparently *bona fide* agency. The American inspected the place; noted that the tapestries, pictures, armour, and the hundred-and-one other things it was crammed with appeared to have stood there for centuries; and, feeling perfectly secure, straightway purchased the contents *en bloc*, greatly to the satisfaction of the interested parties, who are credited with having netted the modest profit of seven hundred thousand francs.

It may be unpleasant for us to admit—still, it is nevertheless true—that the French amateur must rank as the most generous buyer and finest judge of works of art in the world; for, relatively to his wealth, the Frenchman will pay a higher price than any one else for desirable *objets d'art*, and next to him the American, and then the Englishman.

Whilst on this ground it may be well to correct the erroneous impression that prevails among a section of the British public regarding the people across the Atlantic. Before an educated and leisured American commences to buy artistic or antique goods he generally decides to confine himself to one branch, and, whether his purchases are to be of large or small extent, throws himself into the matter heart and soul, reads all available works on the subject, visits museums, obtains the best advice and judgment, and then, when he has attained an astonishing mastery of all details, considers himself in a position to treat with dealers, and able to insist upon and verify the absolute integrity of each piece offered for his consideration, for which, whilst paying liberally, he will disburse no greater amount than would be expected from a wealthy Englishman, and certainly not so much as might be obtained from a Frenchman. This is the man who considers fine specimens only, knows his requirements, and—what is more satisfactory from the vender's point of view—is quite aware of the value of what he is purchasing.

Another popular fallacy is that buyers for the best class of antiques are more numerous in the United States than elsewhere. This is not so; neither can gorgeous rubbish be sold at big prices to Americans in general. Certainly a few instances

may be cited like the one already given; but such cases are quite unique, and the persons who have created this false impression are a distinct type from the New York or Boston amateurs, who collectively are a very cultured and charming people. That many Americans should not have sufficient knowledge to avoid mistakes is not surprising when one recollects that it is no uncommon occurrence in such a country as theirs, abounding in natural resources and Arabian-Nights-like possibilities of wealth-gathering, for a man who has retired overnight comparatively poor to rise the next morning and find that at last his plans have matured and wealth is pouring in upon him from all sides. Directly such an event occurs, and the full extent of this change of fortune is realised by the feminine portion of his family, a residence in New York is insisted upon, a large house taken, and furnishing in the highest style of the modern upholsterer's art commenced. This occupies some time; but before it is finished the women, quick to accustom themselves to their altered circumstances and surroundings, commence to push their way into a more exclusive society than they have hitherto had the opportunity of enjoying; and as they gain step by step a higher position in the social world and penetrate other homes, they see pictures, statuary, and various evidences of culture and refined taste treated by their possessors as customary objects of everyday life. Straightway such things appear to become necessary for their well-being, and paterfamilias is urged to 'do Europe,' and buy pictures and a host of other things. Now, the head of the family, poor man, knows as much about art (to use an Americanism) 'as would fill a filbert,' and, fully aware of his deficiency, endeavours to make up for what he lacks by bringing the full force of a trained business instinct to bear upon all purchases. This American certainly does now and again crop up in picture galleries on the Continent and elsewhere, and after pricing works of art regardless of their merit, but simply because they bear names the press has familiarised him with, makes an offer of a lump sum for the lot just in the same way as he would operate in a purely mercantile transaction.

There is, again, the type of American who is too busy and cannot afford to leave his work. Caring nothing for art, and thinking only of pleasing his wife, he leaves the matter entirely in the hands of an agent, or buys from dealers' recommendations. That man certainly does, at times, get fairly decent things; but he is also the person mainly responsible for the very high prices which now rule. Leaving *carte-blanche* commissions in dealers' or other people's hands is risky work, unless one is quite sure of his agent.

Whether the American taste may be at fault or not, it is, however, hardly satisfactory for us to remember that the all-absorbing passion of the women of the early Victorian era was Berlin

wool and—lightly whisper it—*bead-work*. For the distinctive features of the bead-work period, the reader, if of robust artistic constitution, should refer to the illustrated catalogue of the 1851 Exhibition.

It was only during the eighteenth century that the best English houses became what may be called completely furnished. In most cases the styles of furniture so much in vogue in the reigns of Louis XIV. and of Louis XV. were altered without improvement, the exception being Thomas Chippendale, the greatest *maitre-ébéniste* England has produced. A host of imitators followed in this master's footsteps, most of whom endeavoured to improve on his designs and gain trade notoriety by wildness of conception, as the bulk of the drawings of Johnson, Ince & Mahew, and others plainly show. The popularity of his style appears to have declined during the later years preceding the French Revolution; and the English Louis XVI. period commenced, expounded chiefly by the brothers Adam, and in a lesser degree by Hepplewhite and Sheraton, whose productions, although comparatively beautiful, cannot claim to have improved or created a style. In due course these designers and makers were succeeded by what Smith, sometime keeper of the prints in the British Museum, refers to as 'the beautiful classic change brought in by Thomas Hope, Esquire,' author of *Anastasis, or the Memoirs of a Greek*, whilst Chippendale's *chef d'œuvres* he describes as 'unmeaning scroll and shellwork;' but it is interesting, in view of Smith's foresight and the appreciation of to-day, to also read that 'Chippendale's book will again be sought after with redoubled avidity; and, as many of the copies must have been sold as waste-paper, the few remaining will probably bear rather a high price.' The writer, who tried to purchase a copy at auction recently, can verify that fact, for the work fetched twenty odd pounds, and then, in trade parlance, 'money was run on it.'

The term 'money was run on it' refers to a settlement vulgarly called a 'knock-out,' an institution which plays an important part at most sales; and as few people outside 'the trade' understand its working, an explanation may be appropriate. A settlement is brought about by two or more dealers at a sale by auction agreeing not to oppose each other; practically a syndicate is formed to acquire certain lots upon terms the most favourable to themselves. At the end of the sale, or at such time as the desired lots have been purchased, an adjournment is made, generally to an hotel, where the goods are put up for settlement, the dealer who offers the highest advance being the holder. The difference to the ordinary routine is that the profit is shared by all admitted to the settlement in ratio to the advance each man's individual judgment permits of his offering. Thus, supposing Jones, Brown,

Smith, and Robinson desire lot No. 60. They agree to 'join'—in other words combine—to purchase that lot for their mutual account, and secure it at the sale for ten pounds. At the settlement Jones offers a profit of one pound in advance of the purchase price, Brown two, Smith three, Robinson four. It then becomes Jones's turn again, and he says five; Brown and Smith, having gone as far as their judgment considers safe, withdraw further opposition, and are each entitled to one-fourth of five pounds. The price now stands at fifteen pounds; and later on Robinson and Jones, who both know the true value, 'run' another ten pounds upon the lot, when Jones, having made the highest offer, 'holds' it and pays out as follows: Robinson, who was in at the finish, takes six pounds five shillings; Brown and Smith take twenty-five shillings each; Jones, the purchaser, keeps his share and adds it to the cost of the goods, as he would have received nearly that amount had he not topped Robinson's last offer. So the total cost and approximate value of the lot is twenty-five pounds. Robinson and Jones would make the second settlement privately, in order that the other two dealers should not benefit by their superior judgment.

With important goods as many as four settlements or more may be made; and, in view of this it is scarcely wise for private buyers to base their judgment upon records of sale prices and accounts of sales. As a case in point, quite recently some articles realised under the hammer prices that were commented upon in a journal as excessive; but, as a matter of fact, money was paid out on these very goods in a settlement, and they have since changed hands three times, and each time at a profit.

It is difficult to decide the question as to the morality of the arrangement termed a settlement. Upon the face of it the system certainly appears to be lacking in principle; yet in these days of big combines it is somewhat illogical to single out any one trade and prohibit the men engaged therein from buying as well and cheaply as their knowledge will allow. Besides, it is open to all those wishing to dispose of goods by auction or private treaty to safeguard their interests by obtaining the advice and assistance of an expert valuer for quite a moderate fee; and the best judge of such values is the man who deals in the goods and knows the markets, not the man in the rostrum, as many imagine.

Whilst dealers, naturally, are bargain-hunters, none worthy of the name are 'poor buyers;' generally speaking better prices for small collections of antiques may be obtained from firms of known reputation than would be realised by an auction sale of the same goods. It must, however, be admitted that there are people engaged in the business who leave no stone unturned in their endeavours to buy goods for considerably under

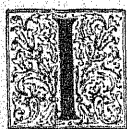
the market value; and when one of these individuals is deceived or overreaches himself his fall is generally interesting.

Too great a leaning towards this dubious kind of smartness once cost a member of the trade the loss of a goodly amount of profit which, had he exercised quite ordinary business methods, would have accrued to him. The event happened whilst the dealer was staying for a few days' holiday in a small German village, situated close to the French frontier, shortly after peace had been concluded between the two countries. Returning from a long country ramble one morning, the dealer was overtaken by a peasant, who was jogging along the dusty road in a wagon; and, feeling hot and tired, he requested and obtained a lift. No sooner was he comfortably seated than the driver plied him with questions as to his reason for staying in the village, his age, family, and on many of the other details country people are so anxious to know about. Having by cross-examination elicited the fact that the stranger was by trade a dealer in old things, the driver dived into the recesses of the cart and produced therefrom a magnificent old Sevres vase mounted with gilt metal-work. This, together with some other pieces he was carrying to market to dispose of, he offered to sell for the value of the old metal. Without betraying any great interest in the matter, the dealer ascertained that the articles had been left during the war-time—and never since claimed—by two soldiers who were billeted upon the countryman; and the statement satisfying his doubts as to the original and rightful owners of the property, he suggested, as some return for the ride, that they should proceed to an inn, where over a bottle of wine the goods could be examined and, if worth anything, perhaps purchased. Nothing

loath, the man agreed, and in a private room the dealer feasted his eyes upon some thirty important pieces of Sevres china, most of which were mounted. The next proceeding was to purchase without raising suspicion as to their real value. Taking his cue from the fact that the owner harped strongly upon the value of the metal, the dealer observed that he was quite right, as of course the china was of small account, and so offered a small sum per pound for the mounts, the china to be thrown in. This was accepted, and the weight computed by the vender at so much. All would now have gone well; but the dealer, overacting his part, would not accept the other's decision, and haggled about a difference amounting to a few shillings, for the whole sum asked was absurdly small. The rustic, perhaps a little fuddled with wine, resented strongly any reflection upon his judgment, waxed disputatious, and ended by backing himself for another bottle against the dealer or any man as a computer of weight. Finally, he insisted upon carrying the goods to his friend the village butcher, to have them put in the scales. The other, sure of the pigeon he was preparing to pluck, agreed to this, and sat chuckling over another bottle of wine while he waited for his victim's return. At the expiration of half-an-hour back came the peasant, and, throwing a sack at the feet of the horrified antique dealer, shouted triumphantly that he was only 'zwei Pfund out!' To arrive at an honest weight, the simple-minded fellow had broken every piece of china to remove the mounts, as it had suddenly dawned upon him that to weigh the china *in* would not be fair. Ever since that dealer has deplored his sharpness; for the Sevres, being of the earliest period and finest decoration, was then extremely valuable, and at the present day would have realised fabulous prices.

## PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

### CHAPTER V.—MR BARROWS MEETS AN ENEMY.



IN these new days of vast fabrics and world-wide advertisement, the Hotel Petersburg holds no prominent place in the public notice. Situated on the corner of a quiet square in Westminster, it appears to avoid rather than to court the attention of busy travellers. Perhaps for this reason it is almost unknown to the ubiquitous American; but it has, nevertheless, a standing of its own and a vogue which many a more pretentious house might envy.

Its proprietor is a native of that territory which, while Lusian in sentiment and by tradition, forms a small portion of the Russian dominions. After his emigration he kept his nationality well in view, and decided to bid for

the patronage of his own people and their neighbours. Success rewarded him richly, and to his house came an ever-increasing stream of notables from eastern Europe, with many others who had no claim to be described as notables at all, glad to find, at such a distance from home, their natural tastes thoroughly catered for and their natural, national, and sometimes their personal peculiarities fully comprehended. In this way the Hotel Petersburg held its own place securely; and if you knew that a Russian, Styrian, or Balkan personage had arrived in London, you might reasonably expect to find him established there.

To the 'Petersburg,' therefore, came Mr Barrows, late in the day upon which he had resolved to take a second step in other people's affairs. Entering



the vestibule in the somewhat unobtrusive manner which betrayed a comparative stranger to hotels and their ways, he advanced to the office and inquired whether Count Philip Brode were staying in the house. The answer, as he had expected, was in the affirmative.

His success did not seem to give him any particular pleasure. 'I wish to see him,' he said, with an effort. 'Is he in just now?'

An attendant was called, a splendid personage who dwarfed Mr Barrows both in figure and in manner. He was able to answer the second question.

'Yes, sir; the young Count is in.'

Had not Mr Barrows been somewhat agitated he must have noticed the significance of the expression used. As it was he noticed nothing, but produced a card on which he had written the words 'On important business' beneath his name. In a few minutes the man returned, to lead him upstairs.

It seemed but a moment more before he was standing within the doorway of a luxurious room on the first floor, facing the person he had come to see. Philip Brode had been reading an evening journal, and was standing in the window. He turned as the door was opened.

Mr Barrows had known, of course, that he would meet the man whom he had seen in the cemetery. He saw the same face, the only difference being that the features were not now illumined by that species of evil triumph which had been so noticeable on the first occasion. Without this illumination they seemed heavier and older. The man was little over thirty; but his was a life in which every passion had moved unchecked. If Barrows thought of Edna at that moment he may have shuddered. Her mother had good cause for fear.

What the young man saw was what all saw who looked at Mr Barrows: a plain, middle-aged, and most unpretentious man, though possibly a gentleman. After the first glance, however, he knew that they had met before. Moving forward to a table, he laid his paper down and looked at his visitor questioningly.

'Good-evening, sir,' said Mr Barrows plainly.

'Good-evening,' said the other, with a slight inclination of the head. 'You wished to see me?'

It was a sufficient opening, and Mr Barrows took it. 'Yes, sir,' he said; 'I have come as a friend of the Countess Hamar.'

This was a new note, and the younger man's attention was caught. He waited with a look which became intent.

'Circumstances,' explained Mr Barrows, 'brought me into contact with the Countess some days back, and made me acquainted with her situation. As it happened, I had known the late Count Hamar, and felt bound to serve his family in their difficulties. At my suggestion they left

London, and went to find quiet and rest in the country.'

Mr Barrows had schooled himself well. So far he had spoken without apparent emotion, and evenly. At that point, however, his opponent's face darkened and hardened.

'Ah!' he said abruptly. 'So it was you?'

Mr Barrows experienced an answering emotion. 'Yes,' he answered briefly but rather more firmly, 'it was I; and I am now come to tell you what the Countess and her daughter desire, and what will be best. It is that you should cease to persecute her, because your attentions to her daughter are'—loathsome was the word that his rising anger suggested, but he thrust it aside—'because your attentions are distasteful.'

'And by what right do you speak?' asked Count Philip, after a pause that seemed full of restrained wrath.

'I speak as one who has a right to assist two helpless women,' answered Barrows, who was surprised to find himself master of his tongue, 'one of whom you have already terrorised into a serious illness. I request an assurance that you will trouble her no further.'

There was a longer pause. As he waited for his answer his detestation for the man he addressed seemed to gain new force. Equipped with some experience of character, he comprehended with vivid clearness the pure young girl's feeling of repulsion and her mother's dread. As for this anxious suitor, taken wholly by surprise, faced by a situation entirely unexpected, he was utterly at a loss. His anger could not find words; and probably his difficulty was the greater because it was necessary, as far as he knew, to find English words. His command of that language was not sufficiently complete to suit moments of emergency.

'And if I refuse?' he said at last hoarsely.

'If you refuse,' said Mr Barrows promptly, 'it will be necessary to make you suffer. Things here are not as they are in—in Styria. The law can do much, and beyond the law there is public opinion. It would not serve you, either here or at home, to have your conduct made public.'

If Mr Barrows had been forced to describe his attitude at that point in one word, he might have chosen the somewhat vulgar term 'bluff'. It was plain, nevertheless, that this attitude was the best for his purpose. For a moment or two the young man stared into his face, mute with rage and bewilderment; then he turned abruptly and walked to the window. Mr Barrows sat down at the table.

Several minutes passed. Count Philip was plainly at a loss, and Mr Barrows saw victory within his reach. As he had hoped, the enemy's ideas had been thrown into confusion by the discovery that his intended victims had a protector and a champion. He prepared one or two convincing remarks, and waited.



It was something from outside that changed the situation. As they waited in complete silence, they heard some one pass up the thickly carpeted corridor and open a door on the other side. Mr Barrows heard but took no notice. The young man heard it, and started. One moment he gave to consideration, and then he spoke, harshly:

'Excuse me for one minute, sir.'

Without waiting for a reply, he left the room. Apparently he crossed the corridor, to the door which had just been opened. Mr Barrows heard him enter and close it behind him. Then silence fell.

This movement had taken the visitor somewhat by surprise. Naturally his thoughts flew to seek an explanation. Some one had entered a neighbouring room, and the young man had gone to consult that person. Who could it be?

With the question came the answer, for only one answer seemed possible. As it came Mr Barrows half-rose from his seat; then he sat down again, all his thoughts in confusion and alarm.

The minutes that followed were anxious ones to this would-be protector of women. He passed them in a pitiful state of indecision, now rising to move to the door, now taking his seat again to wait. To go was to throw away everything that he had come for; to stay, said Hope, was at least to have a chance. He was not quite certain; his idea might be a mistaken one. Yes, he must wait. So he waited. It might have been three minutes, it might have been ten; but the man that waited was scarcely the man who had so forcefully delivered his ultimatum just before.

Presently the door was opened, and Philip Brode returned; but he brought with him the person whom he had gone out to consult.

The stranger was a man of something over sixty, but not an old man nevertheless: a man with scanty gray hairs brushed back from his brows, and a white, clean-shaven face showing a thousand lines and wrinkles. But there was no sign of age, either in impaired vigour or in dullness of intellect. Every movement was quick and alert, and the keen, hawk-like countenance was that of a master.

There was no ceremony in what followed. Mr Barrows sat facing the door, and did not move at their entrance. The thing he had feared had now come to pass.

'This is the man,' said Count Philip, in Lusian; and the new-comer, standing just within the threshold, looked at Mr Barrows attentively. He had spent some thirty years of his life in the diplomatic service, and had not lost the effects of his training. If he felt any surprise, the fact could only be guessed from the length of his scrutiny. He took up a card which lay upon the table—Mr Barrows's card. Looking again at its owner, he smiled.

'So,' he said, 'Mr Barrows!'

As he spoke he sat down at the table, facing the man he addressed. In the silence his mind worked swiftly. Philip, leaving his case in abler hands than his own, retired to the window to watch. Mr Barrows was pale and mute.

Count Brode soon came to a conclusion. He turned in his chair to address his son, speaking suavely and slowly. He was a man who never wasted a syllable.

'So, Philip,' he said, 'this is the gentleman who intervened. He speaks to you of the law, and of something beyond the law. He threatens to make your business public—public!'

The young man nodded sullenly. His father turned to Mr Barrows, his every word clean-cut and measured.

'Mr Barrows, your name is one that I have heard before. There was a Mr Barrows who was secretary to a man now dead. You, I take it, are the same person?'

It was a remark rather than a question, and Mr Barrows made no answer. The Count went on:

'Then surely it was not discreet of you to speak of the law and the public. One might speak to the public of you, Mr Barrows. One might ask the public to inquire'—he leaned forward over the table, and ended his sentence in a lower tone—'to inquire *how your master died*.'

Mr Barrows opened his lips, but no words issued. He made a movement as if to rise, but a careless gesture from the Count seemed to force him back into his place. He might have been drawn as a picture of incarnate guilt.

Count Brode spent two minutes or so in deep thought. His fingers played with the slip of pasteboard, but otherwise he did not stir. Once he glanced at his son, who was watching the scene with quiet enjoyment. It was after that glance that the idea for which he had been seeking came to him suddenly.

'This is a very perplexing situation,' he said; 'but I see a way out of it;' and he turned again to his son.

'Philip,' he began grimly, 'Mr Barrows certainly has some claim to protect the persons we know. Mr Barrows, nevertheless, is a man of honour, and he will no longer speak to you of law and of the public. As a man of honour, he perceives that there is another way.'

'And that way?' asked Philip; for no sign came from the other side of the table.

'The way we have in Styria,' answered the old man, 'when two gentlemen seek one woman.'

His face was never more hawk-like than now, as he fixed his gaze upon Mr Barrows. It was the look of one who loves cruelty for its own sake.

'To fight?' asked Philip, with sudden intelligence; and his father nodded.

'You understand, Mr Barrows?' he went on carefully. 'This is a simpler and quieter way out of our difficulty. It is the best way, and,

indeed, the only way we can accept. We shall abide by the result as a matter of course. If fortune favour you, my son withdraws, and will trouble the Countess no more. On the other hand, if fortune favour my son, I take it that you will no longer stand in the way.'

There was no emphasis upon the last words, and only the man addressed could see their diabolical meaning. Mr Barrows saw it, and spoke with dry lips. He was in the other man's place now.

'And if I do not care to—to fight?'

'That,' said the Count, smiling, 'will amount to the same thing. If you refuse, you will see it is impossible for you to meddle further. This is your opening. If you take it, whatever the result, no one shall know of your story. If you refuse, there is the law—and the public!'

A minute fled in silence; then the Count, as if weary, ended the interview.

'That is all, Mr Barrows. We shall wait a week for your answer—yes, a week, for you shall have time to think. If you do not accept in a week, we shall know that you will not stand in the way. If you accept, we can make all further arrangements then. That is all.'

He rose, and stood at the table waiting. Then Mr Barrows rose, without a word, and fumbled for his hat and gloves upon the table. Finding them, he went hurriedly to the door, passed into the dusky corridor like a man half-blind or half-intoxicated, and so towards the stairs.

Count Brode, after closing the door, joined his son at the window. The old man was smiling at his own thoughts, perhaps at the recollection of Mr Barrows's appearance in departing. His son searched his inscrutable face in bewilderment.

'And what does it all mean?' he asked. 'What has that man done?'

The Count touched his shoulder half-playfully. 'No questions, Philip,' he said pleasantly. 'No questions. You must trust me in this affair.'

'But a duel?' said the young man. 'Why did you arrange a duel?'

'Because, my son, you are a good swordsman and a splendid shot. That is a good reason.'

There was some pride in his tone as he spoke. He admitted that his son lacked the gift of intellect, but he was accustomed, naturally, to look at what he had. These possessions suited the present occasion admirably.

'But,' he said a moment later, 'perhaps he will not accept—perhaps he will not come. And that—that will be just as well.'

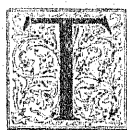
Philip seldom endeavoured to search out his father's thoughts. There was a perfect confidence between this father and son, based on the son's sense of his own lack and his father's powers. So he asked no further questions, either by word or look; but even he could see that the Count was enjoying a season of triumph. His look was as of one who said, 'My enemy is given into my hands.'

(To be continued.)

## 'WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA?'

I thumbed well and skipped nowise till I learned  
Who was who, what was what.

—ROBERT BROWNING, in *'Asolando.'*



**T**HAT handy and useful volume of contemporary biography, *Who's Who?* in the fifty-fourth year of its issue with us, has a companion and corresponding book on the other side of the Atlantic, *Who's Who in America?* which made its first appearance in 1899, under the editorship of John W. Leonard, and is published by A. N. Marquis and Co., Chicago. The new volume for 1901-2 has been thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged; and, as becomes a nation of some seventy-six millions of people, it forms a marvellous testimony to the ability, energy, and pushfulness of our American cousins that eleven thousand five hundred and fifty-one individuals exist about whom the general reader and the man in the street may wish to know something. There were only eight thousand six hundred and two persons notified in the first edition, so that either a fresh crop of notabilities has arisen since or the first edition was less comprehensive.

The book is brimful of interest of the most

varied kind: millionaires, preachers, statesmen, inventors, merchants, manufacturers, and authors jostle one another in the orderly confusion of alphabetical arrangement, and another excellent feature is a key to the publishers of books by the various authors. The facts are given in the briefest possible way—in telegraphese, in fact; a lifetime's achievement as well as a notable discovery or invention is summed up in a sentence. The addresses given are an immense convenience; but the securing of them was a work of great labour and difficulty. Some preposterous replies were received in answer to queries sent out by the editor. One man who was asked for the maiden name of his wife wrote on the corrected proof: 'I am sorry I cannot comply with your request to give my wife's maiden name, as she is now travelling in Europe.' One lady wrote in reply to the request for the date of her birth: 'I am not young enough to be careless, nor old enough to be reckless.' Thus, while the book mirrors the national life in all its phases, it also epitomises 'the stories of opportunities grandly improved by thousands of men and women who have helped to shape the conditions of to-day in American thought and action.' Education counts for much

in that bustling, pushing life, and we find amongst eleven thousand notabilities that nearly one-half are graduates of universities and colleges, eight hundred and eight were trained in public schools, and thirty-one are self-taught.

Not colonels but inventors and authors seem to figure very largely in *Who's Who*? Nothing is more interesting than to note the number of useful inventions by people entirely unknown to fame. It may be of interest to mention a few of the inventors and manufacturers, known or unknown, to whom we are indebted for many everyday and useful inventions.

Alexander Graham Bell, born in Edinburgh in 1819, now resides in Washington. He is the inventor of visible speech, and has written on phonetics. His son, Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone (1876) and the photophone, was born in Edinburgh in 1847, went to Canada, and became professor of 'vocal physiology' in Boston in 1872. How many who use the telephone ever think of Alexander Graham Bell or of Francis Blake of Keewaydin, inventor of the 'Blake transmitter,' the telephone transmitter most in use? Ohio C. Barber has founded and built up Barberton, a town of six thousand inhabitants, on the strength of the match industry, which he consolidated under the name of the Diamond Match Company. James Ogilvie Clephane, lawyer and financier, 45 Broadway, New York, son of James Clephane of Edinburgh, Scotland, has interested himself in the development of the typewriter, and under his direction the first Sholes or Remington typewriter was built. He suggested to Mr Ottmar Mergenthaler the idea of a typesetting machine, 'and furnished the means whereby was evolved the present successful linotype machine.' Later, we are told, he was assisted by Whitelaw Reid and others; and at his instance the Fowler and Heinkle printing-press was constructed, enabling presswork to be done directly from linotype bars. He has also interested himself in the Graphophone Company.

The English Kodak Company is notable for its success and large dividends. George Eastman of Rochester, N.Y., who perfected a process of making dry plates, is inventor of the kodak. He was born at Waterville, N.Y., 12th July 1854, is general manager of the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, and managing director of the English company. The achievements of Thomas Alva Edison, born at Milan, Ohio, 11th February 1847, are sufficiently well known. Henry Fairbanks of St Johnsbury, Vermont, has thirty patents to his credit, and is the son of an inventor of scales. Merritt Gally of Brooklyn has over four hundred patents to his credit, including a 'Universal' printing-press and a machine for making linotypes and printing machinery. He was a clergyman for three years, but on losing his voice devoted himself to mechanics. Richard Jordan Gatling of Hartford, Conn., who graduated at Ohio Medical College,

but never practised, assisted his father in perfecting a machine for sowing cotton-seed; later, he invented a machine for sowing rice and wheat; but his name is more widely known for the Gatling gun of 1862. In 1886 he invented a new gun-metal of steel and aluminium. He is also the inventor of a steam-plough and a hemp-breaking machine. James Weir Graydon, born 1848, is inventor of the Graydon dynamite-gun and the Graydon gigantic wheels exhibited at Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Rome, and Blackpool, besides an aerial torpedo and a carriage-heater. Charles Martin Hall of Niagara Falls invented the electrolytic process for the manufacture of aluminium which has so much cheapened that valuable metal. Samuel Johnston of Buffalo has a long list of inventions, including corn-planters, harrows, self-rakes for harvesters, corn-harvesters, platform reapers and binders, and a new method for coking fuels. Albert Augustus Pope, founder of the Pope Manufacturing Company of Boston, in 1877 began selling imported cycles, and introduced the cycle industry in 1879. He also founded the *Wheelman*, now *Outing*, devoted to the pastime of cycling. Mr Lovejoy of the Carnegie Steel Company was the first man that owned and rode a cycle in the States.

Louis Prang of Boston has a world-wide reputation for colour-printing and Christmas cards, and is author of *The Prang Standard of Colour*, showing one thousand one hundred and seventy-six colours. Thaddeus S. C. Lowe invented the compression ice-machine in 1865, making the first artificial ice in the United States. Sir Hiram Steevens Maxim, born in 1840 at Sangerville, Mo., had a common school education and obtained his scientific knowledge by study and attending lectures; he served a few years' apprenticeship to a coachbuilder, and worked in various ironworks. Many inventions stand to his credit besides the Maxim gun and cordite, and he is a director of Vickers, Sons, and Maxim. Guglielmo Marconi was born at Marzabotto, Italy, in 1875, his father being Italian, his mother English. He was educated at the universities of Bologna and Padua, and began in 1890 those experiments in wireless telegraphy now leading to practical results. Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, born at Williamsburg, 18th April 1862, drove the stage from Loretto to Cresson when a boy; then he began work with the Carnegie Company as a stake-driver, and rose to be superintendent of the Homestead Works and president of the Carnegie Steel Company. After the amalgamation of the Carnegie Company with other steel firms he was appointed the first president of the vast concern. Lyman Cornelius Smith of Albany, N.Y., is inventor of a type-writer known as the Smith-Premier. Nikola Tesla, the famous electrician, was born at Smiljan Lika in 1857, and after some experience in

telegraph engineering, came to the United States, where he was for a time employed in the Edison works. Next he became electrician to the Tesla Electric Light Company, and established the Tesla Laboratory in New York. He invented 'the modern principle of the rotary magnetic field embodied in the apparatus used in the transmission of power from Niagara Falls,' dynamos, oscillator, &c. The name of George Francis Train suggests the beginnings of tramways in England; while Charles E. Tripler of New York is famous for the manufacture of 'liquid air,' which he has applied to the operation of an engine. George Westinghouse, Westinghouse Buildings, Pittsburgh, invented in 1865 a device for replacing railroad cars on the track, and the Westinghouse brake in 1868. His name stands identified also with railway signalling and twelve industrial corporations. John Wilson Wheeler, who had been a farmer, grocer, and carpenter in turn, started a sewing-machine business now known as the New Home Sewing-Machine Company.

We have spent so much time over the inventors and manufacturers that there is less space than is desirable for those interesting persons who are either authors or journalists by profession, or have published successful books. To find a stock-broker both poet and essayist, with much distinction of style, is an uncommon combination; yet Edmund Clarence Stedman is all these! To single out the magazine editors: there are Henry Mills Alden, who has been editor of *Harper's Magazine* since 1869; E. L. Burlingame of *Scribner's Magazine*, since 1886; Richard Watson Gilder of the *Century*: he was also on the old *Scribner* (the pioneer of the American illustrated monthlies), founded by J. G. Holland and Roswell Smith. Samuel Sidney McClure has been editor of *McClure's Magazine* since its start in 1891; and Frank Andrew Munsey founded *Munsey's Magazine* in 1891. It is hard to think that Samuel Langhorne Clemens, 'Mark Twain,' is bordering on his seventieth year. Like Sir Walter Scott, he espoused the debts of a publishing firm with which he was connected, that of C. L. Webster and Co., and lectured round the world and scribbled himself out of his difficulties. Fannie Mack Lothrop of 106 West Ninetieth Street, New York, author and journalist, is said to own the largest collection of portraits of celebrities in the world, numbering two hundred thousand. Jane Cunningham Croly ('Jenny June'), an American lady-journalist, heard of sometimes at the Pioneer Club, London, started the duplicate system of correspondence which is said to have led to the rise of the modern syndicate. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, of the *New York World*, has the reputation of being the highest paid lady-journalist in the United States. She was married at sixteen to a wealthy American, who went into business but failed for a large amount, when Mrs Ayer started a manufacturing business by which she cleared

two hundred thousand dollars in four years. She forsook business for a post in the *New York World* in 1894, and has educated her daughters at the best European schools without extraneous help. Mrs Frank Leslie, whose maiden name is Miriam Florence Folline, belongs to a French creole family of New Orleans. She has shown distinct business capabilities in literature and also the publishing of magazines and periodicals since the death of her husband, Frank Leslie. She has some fresh enterprises on hand. Irving Bacheller, who was on the staff of the *New York World*, has made a great hit with that fresh and delightful story, *Eben Holden*. Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian of the western part of North America, has collected a library of sixty thousand volumes to assist him in his work. James Baldwin, as an educational editor in the employment of Harper Brothers, has been responsible for a vast number of schoolbooks. Sarah Knowles Bolton, a delightful compiler of biographical books for young people, is responsible for quite a small library of such books, including *Poor Boys who became Famous* and *Girls who became Famous*. Frances Hodgson Burnett (author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*), born at Manchester in 1849, has two residences, one in Washington and another in Kent. John Burroughs, the delightful essayist, since 1874 has gone back, like the late R. D. Blackmore, to the land, devoting his time to fruit-culture and literature alternately. F. Marion Crawford the novelist, son of Thomas Crawford the sculptor, spends much of his time at Sorrento, Italy. Jeremiah Curtin, who has travelled in Mongolia, is credited with knowing over sixty languages.

It is curious how talent, contrary to experience, sometimes descends to succeeding generations. A son of the poet Longfellow, Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow, is an artist; a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edward Waldo Emerson, is an instructor of art anatomy in Boston; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, a son of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, is a Chief-Justice of the Judicial Court of Massachusetts. A son of Henry George, bearing the same name, also finds a place here. Finley Peter Dunne, a Chicago journalist, is creator of 'Mr Dooley.' There are a number of eminent Shakespearian scholars, such as Horace Howard Furness, which shows the grasp American scholars have of English literature. Mark Harvey Liddell has edited an edition of Shakespeare in forty volumes; so has W. J. Rolfe, besides quite a library of English classics.

No explanation is offered as to W. H. Gannett's home monthly, *Comfort*, which is said to circulate to the tune of one million two hundred and fifty thousand monthly. Joel Chandler Harris, the creator of 'Uncle Remus,' served an apprenticeship to the printing trade. T. W. Higginson, author of *Cheerful Yesterdays*, has a splendid list of books to his credit. There is an enormous



*Jewish Encyclopedia* in progress in twelve volumes, with two thousand illustrations, of which Isidore Singer, a native of Austria, is managing editor. The first volume appeared last year. On the staff of this *Encyclopedia* are Joseph Jacobs, the well-known author and journalist, who left London in 1900 to assist in this work; Cyrus Adler; and Kaufmann Kohler, a well-known Biblical critic and Jewish rabbi.

The literary syndicate is a wonderful creation of the last century. The sermons of the late T. De Witt Talmage, editor of the *Christian Herald*, have been published weekly for the past thirty years, and through syndicates were published in three thousand six hundred papers, reaching, it is believed, thirty millions of people weekly in the United States and elsewhere. Louis Klopach, journalist, proprietor of the *Christian Herald* since 1892, through its agency has raised millions of dollars for philanthropic purposes such as famines in India and Russia, besides guaranteeing the support of five thousand famine-stricken orphans in India.

Theodore Roosevelt, before he became President of the United States, was known as the author of *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, *Rough Riders*, and other books showing vigour and distinction of style. His uncle, Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, banker, has even a longer notice than the nephew, so dramatically hoisted into the President's Chair. He has interested himself in field sports and in the protection and preservation of game, was editor of *New York Citizen* for some years, and has been a member of Congress. He is author of books on game birds and fish, *Progressive Pettecoats*, &c. Of the *Sacred Songs and Solos* of Ira D. Sankey some fifty millions have been sold, and the book has been translated into many languages. One is glad to hear that Marcius Willson, author and editor mostly of schoolbooks, has received two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in royalties, of which sum two hundred thousand dollars were from the Harpers alone. As far as we have noticed, this is the only instance of such a fact being mentioned in the volume. W. D. Howells, Henry James, Mrs Ward, and a host of less-known authors all find a place.

Artists, well-known actors, soldiers, scientists, bankers, and financiers are all here, although John Jacob Astor, James Gordon Bennett, Andrew Carnegie, Pierpont Morgan, Admiral Dewey, the Rockfellers, Vanderbilts, and other famous magnates are quite on a level, as far as space is concerned, with many of their poorer but still notable brethren. These magnates have specially signalled themselves by their large gifts for educational purposes, libraries, and for technical and engineering purposes to various colleges.

George Cadbury's model village of Bourneville, near Birmingham, is well known; but the experiment made by Elbert Hubbard, an American

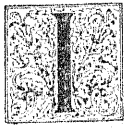
author and journalist, who started the Roycroft Shop at the village of East Aurora, New York State, for the work of printing and producing *de luxe* editions of the classics, is not so well known amongst us. To printing has been added illuminating by hand, bookbinding, cabinetmaking, and clay-modelling, until some three hundred dwellers in the village have been interested and employed. Mr Ruskin attempted the revival of village industries, but was never so successful as Mr Hubbard, who took his inspiration from William Morris. Two magazines are produced, one of which, *The Philistine*, edited by Elbert Hubbard, has a circulation of one hundred thousand copies. Thus, according to *The Shrine*, Elbert Hubbard has reversed the process by which the town drains the life-blood of the village. There is a library, as well as a recreation-room, pictures, statues, flowers everywhere, and a piano in every house. Dances, concerts, and lectures are arranged for the evenings, and every opportunity is given for individual instruction. It is the founder's conviction that the beauty with which the workers are surrounded, the liberty which they enjoy, the cheerfulness and kindness of their intercourse, are faithfully reproduced in the work they put forth. These advantages, as he puts it, 'are all transmuted into good, and come out again at the finger-tips of the workers in beautiful results.' Elbert Hubbard, who was born in 1859, is author of a clever story, *A Message to Garcia*, and *Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great*.

Cecil John Rhodes, in some political notes written in 1890, said: 'What an awful thought it is that if we had not lost America, or if even now we could arrange with the present members of the United States Assembly and our House of Commons, the peace of the world is secured for all eternity!' His further idea was of a Federal Parliament held for five years at Washington and five at London. The existence of huge trusts and other evidences of trade rivalry shows that a keen commercial if bloodless war is being waged between the new country and the old. Mr Rhodes urged as a measure of retaliation a commercial war against those who are trying to boycott our manufactures. Then 'you might finish the war by union with America, and universal peace after a hundred years.' To the men and women in this volume must be given a large share of the credit of working out the world's salvation in this respect, and in binding East and West together in the bonds of brotherhood.

This, therefore, is a hopeful book. Ten years hence will thirteen hundred odd pages hold the crop of notable people worthy of a place in such a volume? One thing is evident: those who are at present included deserve the distinction, and we congratulate publisher, editor, and all concerned upon the success of their efforts.

## THE LOST GALLEON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.



WENT home forgetting all else, even my wedded wife. I remembered only the wreck.

I found Thady busy, as he often was, polishing up the few pieces of thin silver which represented the old treasures of Doon. I bade him come to me in the book-room—that room in which two hours ago I had stood for my marriage, and there I imparted to him what I had seen. He listened to me with his old head craned towards me, the muscles in the old neck showing above the shabby livery, one ancient hand fondling his chin.

‘What do you make of it, Thady?’ I asked him when I had finished.

‘Make of it, your honour? Why, that the *Santa Anna* never went to the bottom of Doonass at all, an’ them that was huntin’ for her there might have spared their time an’ trouble. She’s locked fast in Carrigadoon. Sure, ’tis a wilderness of wild caves an’ galleries, as all the world knows. An’ there the money’ll stay till the Judgment Day.’

‘Why should it stay,’ asked I, ‘seeing that we have such sore need of it?’

Indeed, my heart had leaped up at his words, for I saw Doon proud as of old, its lands restored to it, its old chambers beautiful, the treasures of which it had been dispossessed returned again. I saw more. Through the gold of this lost ship of the Armada I saw my wife like a queen walking in these old rooms in a state that befitted her pride and beauty. I saw the Considines, who had been so stripped and impoverished that the last of them had nothing but his sword, holding their heads again with the highest. I saw my sons, her sons and mine, growing up about me, to exalt the name that had sunk into obscurity, almost into oblivion.

‘Why should it stay?’ I repeated, meeting the old fellow’s cunning eyes.

‘There is but one way into Carrigadoon,’ said he, ‘an’ that is by the Chimney. Your honour would never take it?’

‘I think Don Miguel meant that I should,’ I said. ‘Would he cast me on my destruction?’

‘It might be an evil spirit in his shape,’ said the old fellow, wiser than ever. ‘Time was,’ he went on, ‘I’d have been for scalin’ the Chimney; but old blood runs cold. You won’t be for tryin’ it, Master Maurice?’

‘My blood runs hot enough,’ said I.

‘You wouldn’t be for leavin’ the lady a widow?’

The suggestion staggered me a little, and the old fellow saw his advantage and pressed it.

‘It ’ud be the greatest of luck for old Damer if your honour was out of the way,’ he said, eyeing me curiously.

‘Let me be now, Thady,’ I said. ‘I shall take the night to think upon it.’

He went half unwillingly, and I to my bed, but not to sleep. Under the moth-eaten canopy of the great bed I lay staring into the moony dark. My thoughts were too full of excitement to let me sleep. Such happenings of a single night! Did any one ever know the like? How could I have imagined, awaking in the cold dawn, that I should be a husband before night, and that from the other world a hand should be stretched out to me proffering riches?

And I never doubted that I should go. Thady’s arguments had but shaken me into the consciousness of how much I risked. Yet would I be worthy of the Lady Nesta, my wife, the Lady Nesta Considine—a fierce joy took me and shook me as I said her new name—if I were not ready for Fortune when she flung her gifts in my lap? As for Thady’s suggestion about that noble ghost, I spurned it. There was no treachery in those sad eyes and on those stern lips. He was a true man that Don Miguel Santana, whether he lived or died.

I slept late, and when I awoke that rascal Tim was by my bedside. He was holding me a cup of chocolate as he had learned to make it in French Flanders.

‘I thought your honour would sleep to the dinner-hour,’ he said; ‘and you have talked—Lord, how you have talked!—about the treasure-ships, and dead men, and other matters.’

‘Tim,’ I asked, ‘what day is this?’

‘Christmas Eve,’ he answered, ‘and the world sunk in the snow. ’Twill be bad for the lambs born to-night. What suit will your honour wear: the plum-colour, with the white lacing?’

It was plain he thought I would be for seeing my bride; but I had the will to thwart myself till I should pour the Don’s gold into her lap.

‘Nay,’ said I, ‘but the toughest and plainest suit I possess.’

‘What would your honour be for doing?’ he asked, staring.

Then I told him, as I had told his father, the story of the ship and her ghosts. He heard me out. Then—I could depend on him—he could scarce contain himself until the descent of the Chimney might be made.

‘Tis no such great thing,’ he said. ‘A black gulf, and the roaring of waters, and the devil’s name were enough to scare silly folk. So much the better for us, Master Maurice.’

Now, we did not dare to make that venture

by daylight, for I had it in my mind that at the least hint of our absence together old Thady might set the hue-and-cry upon us; and I was minded that we should see the matter through for ourselves.

The storm that day was enough to keep any one within doors. I spent the hours of it in the book-room, making a disposition of my affairs and belongings, such as they were. To the Lady Nesta, 'my beloved and honoured wife,' I left all things whatsoever of which I should die possessed, praying her out of the love she bore me to let not my old servants, and the poor who leant upon me, suffer. I left her especially that deed of gift by which Don Miguel had willed his galleon to Sir Terence Considine in the days of Elizabeth, and I set the parchment, witnessed and sealed by a notary who had come hither with the great Earl of Cork, where it might easily be found, together with a statement of where I believed the galleon to be, in case we should not return. For, living or dead, I meant her to have the treasure.

Poor Thady watched me narrowly all that day; but towards evening his suspicions lulled, and I could see that his relief was great when about ten of the clock I put away my books and retired to my bedchamber.

After a sufficient time had passed I left the room and the house, locking the room and taking the key with me lest my absence should be discovered.

I found Tim waiting for me as we had agreed under the great oak-tree in the Long Avenue. He was carrying a hooded lantern, and a thick coil of rope was round his body. He was stamping his feet to keep himself warm, and whistling a little to keep his heart up in the piercing cold and amid the shadows.

It was not far, luckily, to the Chimney and the circle of strange stones that surrounds it and of which the country people are much afraid, deeming it a sacrificing-place of witches and devils, and I know not what other wildness.

The moon was up now, and every stone threw a blackness of shadow on the snow. As we came near we could hear the whirlpool in the Chimney that never was silent, a roaring and deafening sound as though the whole sea were imprisoned in that shaft and cried to get free.

Our plan was of no great subtlety, and never were men so lightly provided for such an enterprise. Those old boulders of the Druidic circle had favoured us. Close to the Chimney, leaning towards it as though it would pass within, was a great stone in shape somewhat cruciform.

Under its arms we knotted the rope. Nothing could hold it more steadily.

'Twill never break, Master Maurice,' said Tim. 'I have spent the day in testing it, for I would not leave my old father childless.'

With that he began to fasten the other end

about his middle; but I protested, and albeit he strove with me that he should go first, he knew me too well to stand long against me.

Yet as he knelt by the edge of the Chimney, paying out the rope to me with his two hands, his face was gloomy.

'Have patience, Tim,' said I, 'for if I come not back soon, you will follow me.'

'That will I,' said he, and his face lightened; 'though I shall have to go in the dark.'

As he lowered me over the edge I felt with my feet for any resting-place on the sides of the Chimney, but found none. The lantern was slung to the rope round my waist, and by its light I could see the slimy and dripping walls, where no foothold was possible. The upper part of the Chimney was narrow—as narrow as any house-chimney; but as I went lower and lower it seemed to widen, and presently I came to the end of the rope and was dangling in mid-air amid such a commotion under me that it was as if the very cauldron of hell were seething there. For a second or two I dangled, thinking how long I should have to wait until Tim thought of pulling me up again.

Fortunately the air of the place was pure; and if I had had any doubt that it opened to the sea, I should have been persuaded by the furious wind that blew about me, making my lantern to flicker, not less than by the fact that a gull I had startled flew in my face with a scream, and then sped upwards to the opening above.

Now, I was right sure that the gull did not enter the place from above, and it occurred to me that not far from my face might be some spot where her kind nested in the breeding season. I began to feel numb, swinging so between earth and heaven; but with an effort I set myself to go backwards and forwards like a pendulum, striving so to find what lay about me at either side of the Chimney.

Then, to my great joy, I saw by my lantern-light a ledge, and on it a drift of silver sand, by which I knew that the opening into the sea could not be far from me. The next swing of the rope brought me within touch of it, and I could see that there was a little cave retiring into the rock.

Once, twice my feet touched the sands; but the impetus of the rope swung me again over the abyss. The third time I had better luck, for I grasped with my hand a rough edge of rock and drew myself on the little ledge of sand. My first care was to free myself from the rope, lest Tim should draw me up again and my work be undone; the next to flash my lantern into that dark crevice in the wall of the Chimney, startling a great many gulls, which flew into my face so suddenly that if I had not been very cautious I might have overstepped the edge, and that had been an end of me.

But, confused as I was by the roar of waters below me and the columns of spray that rose

now in my face and blurred my lantern, I yet kept my presence of mind, and had the sense to withdraw myself into the cave, being freed of the rope, lest a vertigo should take me on that narrow ledge.

Now, when I had wiped the lantern clear of the spray, I saw that the cave—for cave it was—retired inwards, but was not closed as I had supposed, narrowing rather into a passage high enough to take a man standing; and this greatly excited my curiosity.

But before I followed my instinct to explore it I turned about, seeking for some means by which I might let Tim know the way I had gone. Then I saw that the rope was no longer there, and concluded that he must have drawn it up, finding that my weight had left it; and about this I was not long in doubt, for while I yet stared from my position of safety in the cave upon the black interior of the Chimney, a pair of brogues came in sight, and I should have known them the world over for Tim's. In an instant he was by my side.

'Why, it is a country-tale,' he said, 'that the cliff here was tunnelled by fairies. It looks more like smugglers to my mind, Master Maurice; and if it is so not much shall we find of the *Santa Anna*.'

Yet they were no smugglers but men of some earlier date that made these galleries and vaulted rooms, for what purpose is beyond anything but our blind guessing. Anyhow, it was no maze, but easy to follow, that, twisting in and out, led us at last to the great cave nearly filled with the sea, wherein what was left of the galleon lay wedged with such a force that all the storms since then had not been able to free her.

We came upon her by a passage going sharply down from above; and, lifting the lantern over our heads, we could see the crowding saints and angels of her carved poop. Within that, I knew well what I should see. I have since given that dust holy sepulture; but now we did not disturb it. A window in the poop was close to us. Into it we scrambled—we had not gone bird-nesting on the cliffs for nothing—and found there a stately saloon, or it had once been so, but now mouldering and rotten.

But a little while it took us to discern that the blackened goblets and beakers were of gold, and that there was gold plate worth a king's ransom. In that deed by which Don Miguel conveyed the galleon to my ancestor there were minute instructions as to the disposition of the ship's treasures.

'Lord, if the galleon should be uprooted now!' said Tim at my elbow; but I hardly heard him.

Beyond the bulkhead I knew were the treasure-chests full of doubloons and moidores and pieces of eight. For the present I let them be. I put in my breast an image of pure gold, studded with rubies and emeralds, for an earnest that I had found the treasure, and so we left the *Santa Anna* till we could return and enter upon that inheritance which was lawfully mine.

And return many times we did, till the treasure was in safer custody than that of the rotting ship. And that being secured at our own risk and peril, we brought hither the Abbé O'Clery, lowering him by a bucket, for we had procured better means of ascent and descent. He would come when he was told how the dead lay there unburied, and himself consecrate the place, so that, though the earth received them not, they yet slept like Christians at last. And all this we did of ourselves, and undiscovered, for that snowy Christmas none braved the cliffs of Carrigadoon; and those heathen cromlechs were always shunned by our people.

Yet long before this was accomplished—indeed, on the day following our first discovery; and I am not like to forget it, for it was Christmas Day—I carried my strange story to the Lord Fitzwalter; and when he would have mocked at me as mad, I placed in his hands that image with the sapphire eyes and the cloak set with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. And even then, such was the man's character that he still delayed to receive me as a suitor for the Lady Nesta until I had feasted his eyes on the gold-pieces, and he realised that I was richer than Dick Damer, who had squeezed the poor that he might amass guineas.

And when that came to pass he summoned the Lady Nesta and put her hand into mine, and swore that it rejoiced him to have me as a son; and very bitter he was about Damer and his insolence that he should have looked so high as the Lord Fitzwalter's daughter. Yet I remembered that he was not insolent before I had found the *Santa Anna*; but I said nothing, for I would be at peace with my bride's father, who when he heard that we were already married but congratulated us and himself the louder. My Nesta is, happily, but little like him.

In the storms of the March equinox that year, the cromlech of the cruciform shape was somehow uprooted, and fell across the Chimney, and there it lies to this day, since it is no one's business to remove it, and it would indeed be a great undertaking; there it remains, a monument to Don Miguel and his men.

I believe these are at peace, and that none again shall see the apparition of the galleon.





## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

## THE PANAMÁ CANAL.



AN American technical journal, in commenting on the recent volcanic eruptions, suggests that they carry with them a special warning to the people of the United States in connection with the long-talked-of Panamá Canal. As most of our readers are aware, there are two possible routes by which the waters of the Atlantic Ocean may be made to mingle with those of the Pacific: one by cutting through the Isthmus of Panamá, and the other by Lake Nicaragua. The authority referred to tells us that the isthmus has undergone no change within the historical period, it bears no trace of volcanic action, and there is not even an extinct crater within one hundred and eighty miles of it. Nicaragua, on the other hand, has always been the seat of seismic disturbance, and is within reach of volcanoes which have wrought much havoc in the past. 'Only sixty-four years ago, Cosequina, in the north-west of Nicaragua, belched forth for two whole days a mass of matter that, in every six minutes of eruption, according to one authority, would equal in amount the material to be dug from the canal.' Seven years later the city of Rivas, which is only five miles from the intended Pacific terminus of the waterway, was completely destroyed by earthquake. It is considered that the location of the canal in such a centre of volcanic activity as Nicaragua is simply out of the question.

## LIFTING A BATTLESHIP.

To lift a modern battleship, with its armour, its guns, and its crew, completely out of the water would seem to be an impossible task, unless indeed we were of the kingdom of Lilliput, and had a Gulliver to do the work. Our Gulliver is not of flesh and blood, but takes the form of a floating dock which has been built, for naval use at Bermuda, by Messrs Swan & Hunter of Wallsend-on-Tyne. The dock takes the form of an enormous letter U, the walls being a hundred feet apart, and long enough to shelter a fifteen-thousand-ton battleship. A pontoon deck connects these two walls—a deck which can be sunk far below water or raised above the surface by the simple operation of pumping. When the dock was tested recently, H.M.S. *Sans-Pareil* was floated between the mighty walls, and was then drawing over twenty-seven feet of water. The pumps were then set to work, and in about two hours the big ship was standing high and dry on the now exposed deck of the dock. It was then seen that the hull of the vessel was thickly coated with marine growth, thus indicating one important use for this wonder-

ful piece of naval engineering. The dock is to supersede a smaller one built in 1863. It is to be towed across the Atlantic, and has been insured by the Government to the extent of nearly a quarter of a million sterling.

## DR GRÜN'S LIQUID LENS.

A lens enclosing a liquid, instead of being wholly of glass, is no new thing, the coloured lenses in chemists' lamps being often of this description. Indeed, we may say that in principle it is as old as life itself, for the eye comprises such an optical arrangement. Lenses of this description were constructed for various scientific purposes until improvements in glass manufacture placed a better material in the hands of opticians. Dr Ed. Grün has recently patented a lens, partly liquid and partly of glass, for photographic uses, and it has the merit of being so rapid in action that he has been able with it to secure pictures instantaneously of actors on the stage. This has been done without prearrangement, the camera-bearer taking his seat in the pit of the theatre as an ordinary member of the audience. That he has been able to take quick pictures at all under such conditions is surprising; but unfortunately the lens, as at present made, has a want of sharp definition which detracts from its value as an optical instrument. If the inventor can see his way to obviate this defect, photographers will not be slow to avail themselves of such a promising aid to their work.

## LIGHTING RAILWAY TUNNELS.

Mr F. D. Black, of Gourock, has devised a system of lighting railway tunnels by means of a row of electric lamps suspended above the four-foot way which lies between the two pairs of rails. These lights are under the control of the signalman, and they are switched on by him directly a train enters the tunnel, the result being a well-lit track instead of a dark one, and consequently increased safety to travellers. There are, however, one or two considerations which seem to us to militate against the system, and the principal one is the provision of the necessary electric current in uninhabited districts. We foresee, too, the gradual elimination of the old oil lamps in railway carriages in favour of electric lamps, which can readily be turned on or off from the guard's van. On all the best-managed railways such lights are already in use, and they are switched on as a matter of course when darkness, caused by the approach to a tunnel or of the shades of night, comes on.

## SEASHORE ALLOTMENTS.

The Eastern Sea Fisheries District Committee, under the authority of the Board of Trade, are

about to try an interesting experiment on the coast under their control. They will let out portions of the foreshore of the Wash to fishermen for the culture of mussels, oysters, and cockles, on the allotment system, each allotment not to exceed five acres in extent. The lettings of these 'layings,' as they are called in the district, will be by private treaty or by auction, and the rental will be of a moderate amount, for the intention is to encourage individuals to take up small allotments, and not to let large areas fall into the hands of a few speculators. The money obtained as rents is to be expended in the general improvement of the fishery as a whole.

#### THE MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.

Much correspondence has lately been published with reference to the unfortunate state of certain branches of the glass trade in this country, owing to the limitations placed upon the masters by the men, as represented by their trade-union. American manufacturers are not handicapped in this way, and new methods of working are quickly adopted, with advantage both to masters and men. One of the most recent introductions is a new means of using compressed air in the manufacture of large articles of glassware. Hitherto it was deemed impossible, on account of the limited capacity and power of the workers' lungs, to produce a larger receptacle of glass than that represented by a twenty-five gallon carboy. A German inventor, Paul T. Sievert by name, has overcome the difficulty by a clever adaptation of the power of compressed air, and the process is fully described and illustrated in a recent number of the *Scientific American*. A glass bath, of the usual domestic pattern, such as is generally made of porcelain or more often of iron, can be turned out by this new process in the short space of five minutes; but it is right to add that the gradual cooling or annealing in an oven occupies several days. Briefly put, the new process consists in flowing a mass of liquid glass over a flat table, clamping its edges, and then, after removing the table, supplying compressed air so that the central portion drops into the form required. The table is then applied at a lower level, so as to give the plastic bath a flat bottom.

#### NEW USES FOR PAPER.

The number of uses to which paper is put is most astonishing, and new applications of this truly valuable product of human ingenuity are being constantly found. It would seem to be almost outside the bounds of possibility that the same material which is employed in fashioning a bank-note can be turned into a railway-carriage wheel or a tea-tray; but a more recent employment for paper is found in the manufacture of artificial teeth, which are said to be cheaper than those of other material, while at the same time they cannot be so easily broken, and are quite

unaffected by atmospheric changes. Paper is also now being used for foot-gear. We are quite aware that for a long time this has been done in a surreptitious manner, layers of brown paper constituting the principal parts of soles which are supposed to be of leather. But the new material which we have now in view rivals patent leather in its appearance, and is used for the 'uppers' of boots and shoes. It is perhaps better suited for indoor than outdoor work, because of its fragility; but it is serviceable. One advantage it has over its prototype is in being so thin that the apparent size of the foot is reduced. This advantage will probably commend the new material to the public more than any other, for small feet are universally admired.

#### STREET CLEANSING.

A new form of sweeping-machine is on its trial in the streets of New York. It consists of a large two-horsed cart, and behind it is a rotary sweeper operated by chains and sprockets. The rotary brush gathers up the dirt, which is carried by an endless belt furnished with scrapers into the cart above, and dropped into a dustproof receptacle. The apparatus also includes a water-tank and attached sprinkler under the control of the driver, who sprinkles the road just in advance of the brush. The cart holds two cubic yards of dirt, it can be controlled by one man, and does its work without raising any dust in the air. If we compare this clean, convenient, and quick method of gathering up the refuse from the streets with the common plan of sweeping by hand and raising almost more dust than is carted away, its advantages are beyond dispute. We trust that some such plan may be quickly adopted on this side of the Atlantic.

#### TUBULAR RAILWAYS.

Mr John Leighton, F.S.A., has forwarded to us a booklet which deals with 'Tubular Transit for London,' and which is apparently applicable to the needs of other cities and towns. The old adage, 'slow and sure,' as exemplified in the fable of the 'Tortoise and the Hare,' must be regarded as obsolete in these go-ahead days, for all our efforts are directed towards obtaining the utmost speed in getting from place to place. Mr Leighton's object in writing this brochure is to plead for an orderly system in the laying down of tubular railways in the Metropolis, and insists that their general arrangement with regard to one another should present a network, not a patchwork. So far we are quite in agreement with him, and should like to see the same orderly system extended to our streets. But with regard to design, as set out in his maps and plans, we must differ from him. He advocates the establishment of eighteen lines of underground railway, two miles apart, half of them running north and south, and the other half, at

a different level, running east and west. A more rational method, we think, would be a radial system: a wheel-like arrangement of the lines, with the hub at the Bank of England and the spokes stretching out into the suburbs. Most persons living in Greater London have business in the City, and this arrangement would present the most direct way of getting there. Moreover, the successful 'twopenny tube' already finds its terminus at the Bank.

#### METALS FOR ENGINEERING.

In a recent lecture delivered by Sir William Roberts-Austen on 'The Relations between Metallurgy and Engineering,' it was pointed out that the necessity for pumping water from mines was the main factor in the evolution of the steam-engine, and in turn the development of the iron and steel industries dated from the time when the steam-engine was employed to pump air into the blast-furnaces. The age of steel began less than half-a-century back, and since that date much attention had been devoted to the molecular structure and properties of steel. In a presidential address to the Institution of Civil Engineers, delivered in 1862 by Sir John Hawkshaw, that eminent authority asserted that if the strength of iron could by any means be doubled, the discovery would be equal to the production of a new metal more valuable than iron. Metallurgists had actually accomplished this feat with regard to steel by adding to it other comparatively rare metals. The lecturer also dealt with the importance of microscopic examination of steel, which might thus be able to reveal by its structure its past molecular history, and even the vibrations to which it had been subjected.

#### NEW PAPER FROM OLD.

Many thousands of tons of paper are utilised daily in the printing of newspapers, and it stands to reason that there must necessarily be in this immense output a large amount of waste. Besides which, a large portion of this ephemeral literature is thrown aside after perusal, and in due course finds its way to the waste-paper merchant to be ultimately converted into a lower class of paper. Many attempts have been made to convert such paper into a quality of pulp which can again be manufactured into good printing-paper; but the presence of the greasy ink stood in the way, and that source of discolouration could not be removed except at prohibitive cost. A German chemist, Herr Knopf by name, who hails from the University of Munich, has recently given a demonstration in London of a process which he has discovered by which the difficulties just detailed have been overcome. After reducing a sheet of the *Times* to pulp, which was black in colour owing to the presence of the ink, he treated it with a soap emulsion, which at once extracted the impurities,

and he then converted the cleansed pulp into a new sheet of paper. Whether the process can be worked profitably on a commercial scale remains to be seen.

#### DUSTLESS CARPETS.

The Booth system of removing dust from carpets and other household fabrics will be found of great value to all who regard cleanliness as one of the necessities of civilised life. The apparatus, which is readily adaptable to hotels, theatres, and all carpeted premises where men most do congregate, consists of a vacuum-pump to which is attached a dust receptacle and tubes which can be carried to any reasonable distance. To the end of such a tube is affixed a bladed instrument furnished with a narrow slit, which is passed over the carpet with a sweeping motion, by which action every particle of dust is sucked up. We lately saw the apparatus in action, and by way of demonstration a handful of flour was thrown on a carpeted floor and thoroughly rubbed into the fabric by energetic feet. The dust-extractor was then passed over the place, and in a few seconds no trace of the flour remained. It seems incredible that from a carpet measuring two hundred square yards in area forty-nine pounds of dust should have been extracted by this means; but we can easily believe that this is possible after seeing the apparatus at work. It should be noted that the dust is removed without a particle of it being floated in the air, and that a carpet thus cleansed, instead of being submitted to the usual beating process, has its life immeasurably prolonged. The system is being promoted by the Vacuum Cleaner Company, of 25 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

#### LOVE'S GUERDON.

LET Love be mine with all his bitter-sweet;  
His thorny roses I am fain to weave  
Into a crown to bind about my brows,  
Knowing the wounds 'twill leave.

His hands may loose the fountain of my tears,  
And flood my life with Marah's bitter brine;  
His fruit may turn to ashes in my mouth,  
Yet still let Love be mine.


Let Love be mine! What though the harvest be  
A sheaf of sorrow at the summer's close;  
I shall rejoice that Love has laid on me  
The burden of his woes!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

#### \*\* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

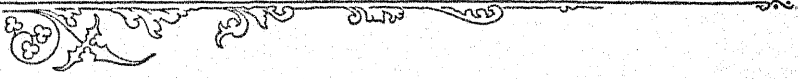
- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### NEW SAMARIA.

By S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D., Author of *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*; *Dr North and his Friends*; *History of François*; &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

**T**HIS is what happened to me in July 1873. It chanced in the middle of a prosperous and easy life, in which, as a banker, I had doubled the property left to me, an only child. My days had been free from money cares, and in all other ways what might be called uneventful and happy.

In looking back over the unlucky incidents I here record, I fail to see what better I could have done. One of the three or four people who have read this story of my sudden isolation thinks I might have found sooner some way of relief. I leave the reader to decide.

The West was not the West of to-day. Travel was more difficult, the post slow, the telegraph a new means of communication.

In 1871 I became the unwilling owner of certain mines in western Arkansas. They had brought ruin to two owners, and I went to the West to see what I could do with them. I told my people not to write until they heard from me, and that I should be gone three or four weeks.

On July 3, twenty miles from my destination, New Samaria, I left the unfinished railway, and on July 4 took the stage early in the morning. To my disgust, my baggage had been missing at the station. A too sanguine stationmaster 'reckoned it would turn up soon,' and I went away annoyed, anticipating the discomfort of being without power to change my clothes. My trunk turned up a month later.

I reached the new town of New Samaria at noon. I had a horrible meal, and, evidently by reason of my being without baggage, was not very cordially received. It did not trouble me. Being rather energetic, I meant to lose no time, and, without stating my errand, asked to be driven out to the mines, some twelve miles distant.

When the driver appeared with a good-looking horse and buggy he was distinctly drunk. I tried to find the landlord; he was absent. A sympathetic bystander said the road was plain; better to drive myself. Dismissing my driver, I received a pretty clear statement that I was to follow the main road to the bridge, which was under repair; then I was to turn to the left and along the river road to another bridge a mile away. After that it was a plain road: 'No fellow could miss it.'

As I was about to get into the wagon a tall man touched my arm, a liberty I disliked. He began to tell a woeful tale of how he was out of work, never had begged, would I—and so on. I said, 'Oh! go and get work. I never give to beggars.'

He said—and I thought it queer—'I wish to thunder I hadn't asked you.'

He did look pretty well used up; but I was still in a state of vexation about my baggage, and so got in and drove away. I was saluted at the hill-top by a pack of fire-crackers, and that and the face of the beggar were the last things I remember.

When I was reborn to slowly improving consciousness, it was to recognise the place I was in as new and the light as dim. I recall my first puzzle as to whether it was morning or evening. I concluded that the change of light would soon tell me, and was pleased at my own intelligence. By degrees the light increased, and with it my knowledge of my own condition. My head was bandaged and I was now and then a little giddy, and especially if I turned over in bed. My right hand also was bandaged. By degrees I saw that I was in a large, whitewashed room, in one of six beds. It was close and not over clean. My pillow smelt horribly. Two



other patients were snoring. By-and-by came a young woman neatly clad in gray linen. She said, 'Oh, you are better. How do you feel?'

I said feebly, being still rather dazed, 'Thank you, I am very weak and giddy.'

'Well, you are out of danger, the doctor says. You have been very bad.'

'Pardon me,' said I, 'are you the nurse?'

'Yes.'

'May I ask your name?'

'Why, yes; my name's Jane Wright.'

'And I am in—well—in—a—hospital?'

'Yes; but here's the doctor. I will fetch your breakfast pretty soon.'

The doctor was young, and, as I found, positive. I was becoming curious, and was beginning to feel a little more secure of my power to think and to speak.

'Oh, you are all right to-day,' said the doctor. 'Any headache?'

'No; but I have more or less vertigo if I turn over suddenly.'

'Then don't turn over. If you keep quiet, you will be about able to go out when we close for repairs on the 14th.'

'May I ask, my dear doctor, how long I have been here?'

'Since July 4, and this is the 10th.' He turned to leave me.

'Indeed! A week. Pardon me if I detain you a moment. What happened to me? I have lost nearly a week. It is an absolute blank.'

'You want to know what happened? You started out after a Fourth of July frolic to drive over a bridge with no flooring. You were pretty well set up.'

'What! I was drunk! Do they say that?'

'Yes, a man tried to stop the horse. He succeeded, but there was a smash, and you got a crack on the head, and he broke his leg. The horse had to be shot, and the wagon was in toothpicks.'

'Well,' I said, 'this is an amazing tale. I was drunk, you say?'

'Yes, so they say. I wasn't there.'

'It strikes me as comical.'

'Does it? Your idea of a joke is unusual. Wait till you see the man who let you have his horse.'

'I presume, sir, that I can pay for it.'

'Well, for a fellow that did what you did, that is rather cool. You had better keep quiet. In three days I can let you go.'

I said, 'Wait a little, doctor; there is some queer mistake. I am—I am George Woodburn, of the banking firm of Woodburn & Caruthers, Wall Street. Where is my purse? It was in my inside breast-pocket. There are cards in it.'

'Purse? There was no purse.'

'And my watch—a gold repeater?'

The doctor said, 'My good man, you are either off your head a bit or else you are playing a

little game. It won't do. I have no time to waste. Best keep still. If you get excited you will be the worse for it.'

The situation was really so odd that as he moved away I laughed outright. This hurt my head, and I reflected that his last advice was good. I said no more until the nurse came with milk and bread and butter; then I asked her, 'Miss Wright, have I been here a week?'

'Yes.'

'Was I much hurt?'

'Yes; a cut on the head and one on the cheek. But you got off pretty well: dislocated thumb and sprained wrist.'

'The doctor was in a hurry. He should have heard more patiently what I have to say. He seems to me rather positive.'

'Oh, that's because he always knows.'

'Indeed! How could he know about me? I do assure you, my good nurse, that he is strangely mistaken.'

'I wouldn't excite myself if I were you.' Miss Wright seemed unwilling to discuss the doctor's opinions.

'Thank you,' I said. 'No doubt the advice is good; but it is somewhat necessary that I should communicate with my people and settle all this nonsense as to what I am. It is rather amusing to be taken for a tramp by that doctor.'

'Oh, he only says what every one says. Mind, I don't say it. I told him it was nonsense—that tramps did not talk the kind of way you do. I don't know what you are; but you're no tramp.'

'Many thanks, Miss Wright; and kindly tell me what else is said of me. It is interesting.'

'Oh, it's all in the New Samaria *Herald*. Mr Smile—that's the landlord—says you are in with a lot of policy men.'

'That is agreeable. Is it really the case that my purse and watch are gone?'

'Well, we couldn't find a cent, or anything to say who you were. Your socks were marked with initials. We wanted to know, because we thought you were going to die.'

'One can do that without having a name. Does your doctor never believe a man in a hospital?'

'Yes, of course. Now eat your breakfast. In a day or two you will be able to go out. I must go; and don't you worry.'

I asked for the paper, which she said she would fetch.

I lay quiet all that day. Here was a pleasing scrape. I was weak, alone, presumed to be a scamp, without a cent, in a Western town where no one knew me. However, I was glad to have been so well cared for, and, after all, when once I was up and dressed I could easily arrange matters.

The next morning my head felt clearer, and I began to consider my surroundings with more

care. I sat up after a breakfast of milk and bread, and observed that I was No. 5. My only near neighbour was No. 6. He was a man under thirty, and had red hair, which was cut short and stood up straight from the scalp.

I said, 'Excuse me; do you mind talking to me a little?'

'No. I meant to, but until two days ago you have been roaring about mines and buying houses.'

'Is that so? Thank Heaven, I am getting better; pretty soon I shall be able to get out and settle things, and reward all these good people who have been taking care of me.'

'Well, you are a cool hand,' said No. 6. 'The landlord says you were drunk, and my advice to you is to get away quietly out of this town. I wish to Heaven I had never set eyes on you!'

'May I ask what you mean?'

'Mean! I caught your horse. He was going for the bridge. In a moment you would have been a gone man.'

'Then I really owe you both an apology and gratitude. But no one told me who or what my neighbour was, and so you have gone unthanked. I am most grateful.'

'Oh, that's all very well. But here I am with a leg broken and laid by for six or eight weeks, and my salary stopped.'

'That's pretty hard; but in a few days, when I get out of this place, I hope to satisfy you that your sacrifice has not been in vain.'

My neighbour laughed. 'By George! The doctor says you *can* talk, and that is all there is of you.'

'So the doctor has been gossiping. Upon my word, you and he are oddly mistaken.'

'Oh, shut up!' said No. 6. 'I know your kind.'

'I cannot reply to a man who saved my life as I would to another; but as you seem unwilling to believe me, may I ask one other question?'

'Oh yes. What is it?'

'Who brought me here?'

'Oh, some circus chaps picked you up.'

Then I understood where my purse, watch, and, as it proved, my trunk-check and cigar-case had gone.

'Well,' I said, 'I will not trouble you further. You will find out some day that you have made a mistake about me. I can very well understand why you feel as you do.'

'Oh, gammon!' said No. 6. 'I've heard all I want to hear. I am laid by for two months, and I have to pay a fellow to clerk for me in the bank. Suppose you quit talking to me.'

I said, 'Very well, as you like.'

After this I began to reflect, and when I put myself in the place of No. 6 I knew that I should have been equally sceptical. At the same time I felt a certain amused interest as to how my too unusual situation would end. The next

day No. 6 was removed, as I heard, to his own home. I learned that his name was Thomas Sedgeley. He seemed to have recovered his temper, for as they lifted him he repeated the advice he had given me as to leaving town, and seemed to take in me the kind of half-interest to which an act of self-devotion seems to pledge a man. His removal left me with no one to talk to except the doctor, who had made so decided a moral diagnosis, and the nurse, who was both civil and kind.

The day of my first talk with Miss Jane she brought me the paper she had promised; but it was not until much later that I could read. Until then my sight was doubled, and any effort to fix my attention caused a return of giddiness. I put the paper under my pillow, and waited until I could read with more ease what New Samaria thought of me.

The second day I asked for pen, ink, and paper; but my right hand was sadly cut and sprained, and I could not write a word. Miss Jane said she would write for me. I dictated a note asking my partner to arrange for a credit at the National Bank of New Samaria for ten thousand dollars. The little woman looked up in amazement.

'Ten thousand?' said she.

I said, 'Yes, that is correct.'

She evidently regarded it as an attempt to impress her with the belief that I was really what I had said I was. I added, 'If you think a little, my good nurse, you will see that my writing a letter to New York can do me no good with people here. Kindly finish it.' She said no more, and I ended the letter.

I knew that my letter could not bring me a reply for a week, and that no means I could employ would put me at once in easy circumstances. In any case, I should have to be identified before I could get money. It must have been several days before I was able to think clearly, or else I might sooner have seen my way. But, as I have said, for some time, even before I left the hospital, and for some days afterwards, all effort to concentrate attention confused me and gave rise to vertigo. I finished my letter with a brief statement of my having had a slight accident to my hand: this to explain a signature which would excite much comment in the home office. Then I said I must ask the charity of a three-cent stamp. When she returned with it I said, smiling, 'You have made an investment. What for a month will be the interest on a three-cent stamp?' She said I must still be off my head a bit, and again advised quiet. I had evidently damaged the good opinion she had had of me. However, that could not be helped, and so the letter was directed and sent. Reflecting over what had passed, I was somewhat surprised that quiet talk and civil ways should have affected so little the people with whom I had

come in contact. In fact, it made some of them suspicious; but to none did it bring conviction, as I was soon to learn.

Two days went by, and I was told that I was well enough to go out. I was really quite unfit to leave; but what else could I do? This was July 14. I was advised to live on milk and vegetables, and to avoid the sun; best not to try to use my right hand for a week or two. It was pleasingly vague. In fact, I was eager to get out and settle my difficulties. A screen was set up and I was left to dress. I was appalled. My neat gray travelling-suit was ragged, muddied, and blood-stained. My felt hat was torn half across. When I contrived to clothe myself I asked for a needle and thread and tried to repair certain rents. It resulted in sewing my pantaloons to my drawers.

The little ward was now empty, and the doctor gone on a fishing holiday. After I had been up and dressed an hour, the nurse came with my usual diet of bread and milk. It was certainly good for me, but not otherwise desirable, as I disliked milk.

I stuffed the *Herald* in my pocket, said good-bye to Miss Jane, and, a little giddy, went down a narrow hallway to the street. I looked up and down the road. It was very hot, and few people were out of doors. I remember saying to myself, 'Shall I go to the right or to the left?' when suddenly I remembered that I was penniless. Although I was weak, the comic element of my situation was at times uppermost in my mind. What should I do? For a very few days I must manage to live. But how? Returning, I rang the bell. The door was opened by Miss Jane.

I said, 'You are very hard people. I am not fit to go out.'

'I am very sorry; but what can I do?'

'That is also my question. No one believes me to be a man by accident left without money. I don't think I would believe it. I never did believe beggar stories; but you do know I am a man, and have no home, no money, and am too weak to work. I want you to give me half-a-dollar.'

'I can't give you that much; I will give you a quarter.'

'I should have said, lend me that amount.' I realised then and there the tremendous gap between competence and the outstretched hand of want. For a moment the sense of humiliation was immense; nevertheless I took the coin and said, 'That makes twenty-eight cents in all. You

believe me a tramp or worse, but kindly tell me where I shall go to get a bed. Even tramps must sleep.' Upon this she drew out another quarter and said, 'I just ought not; but I must. Some one will feed and lodge you for fifty cents. We'd keep you along till you got strong; but we shut up to-morrow for repairs. I am awful sorry.'

I thanked her. I looked back as I moved away. She was watching me. I was glad to find, as I walked on in the cooling twilight, that I was better of my vertigo. That I was a notable object was soon made clear to me. Some boys jeered at me. I went to the telegraph office. Here I asked the clerk to send a night message to my partner:

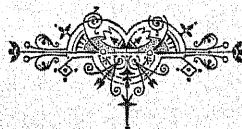
'Arrange credit at New Samaria bank at once; am without funds.—C. O. D.'

The clerk declined. He was civil but firm. He glanced at my pantaloons, and the hat confirmed his judgment. No, I had to confess that I had no abode in New Samaria and no money. A paid telegram was beyond my means. I gave that up. Again I was grimly amused. I said, 'This town thinks I am a tramp or a gambler, and so do you.'

'I do.'

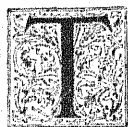
'Well, I am worth about three millions. Suppose you bet the cost of a telegram on the chance of its being true. Think not? Much obliged.'

I went out. Looking back is instructive; my friend was gaily relating the tale. I hesitated where next I should go; but, still satisfied that my language and manners must be such as to get me a quiet hearing, I turned and walked to the tavern where my calamities had begun. I found the owner even too easily. At first he did not know me. When I began to defend myself by stating my case, he poured out a series of epithets which at once disposed of my modest hopes of a lodging; and, taking me by the arm, he dragged me out and threw me on the sidewalk. I was too feeble to resist. My hurt arm was no better for the treatment. Sore and furious, and more dirty than ever, I staggered to my feet, and after a little sat down in the dusk on a doorstep. A grizzled, mangy cur, clearly a canine tramp, loafed across the street, and, recognising me as a comrade, put his nose in my hand, and finally sat down to await my pleasure. Then came a man, the owner of the house, and kicked the dog and told me to get up and move on. I obeyed, the dog following me.





## BEE WAYS.



THE unfailing interest taken in the observation of bees may be explained in various ways. There is always something new presenting itself, they are a continual illustration of the imperfection as well as of the perfection of nature, and they keep their stings handy.

On one of the very hot days of August I noticed a swarm issuing from a hive in what seemed a more than usually deliberate way. When one has handled a dozen swarms in a day little things are observed that would escape the less experienced eye. This swarm kept close together, and almost at once settled on a stake supporting raspberry canes, a place from which they could be easily got into a new hive. They gathered close together, and held firmly to the spot on which they rested. The swarming-box was placed over them and a little smoke applied; but they declined to move upwards, as they naturally tend to do in such a position. The cloth saturated with apifuge was brought into requisition, and those on the outside of the cluster ran about, but few could be forced into the box above; and as soon as the instruments of terror were withdrawn they returned to the cluster and sat close.

I made up my mind to lose this swarm, though only twice in twenty-five years had swarms gone away. It was evident they had a purpose different from mine, and meant to keep to it. So I drew in my chair, put up an umbrella as a shade from the sun, and sat down to watch. Very soon half-a-dozen scouts could be seen at work on the cluster; they ran over it with great eagerness, stopping at every two inches, and, lowering their heads, clutched a bee firmly with their fore-feet and made a rapid buzzing with their wings. I knew this bit of their language meant motion; but the manner and destination I could not guess. They soon let me know, for within about two minutes the cluster enlarged like a ball expanded by air within, and the bees loosened their hold, rising into the air in mass. Up they went with scarcely a sound till they were above the trees, and then, without leaving a straggler behind, went off in a south-east line and were lost to sight in the clear blue sky. Within one minute from the expanding of the cluster not a trace of the swarm could be seen.

About a mile distant, in the direction they had taken, a turret of a mansion-house was the attraction for them. A place of residence had been looked out, and the whole movement arranged before the swarm left the hive. On a previous occasion I saw a swarm going away in the same direction; but, knowing the queen was old, and there being a slight breeze ahead, I felt pretty

sure she would alight and rest by the way; so I followed. At about half the distance to the mansion-house I found them gathered on the branch of a tree, which I cut off with a little saw carried in the pocket for the purpose; and while carrying the bees home clustered on the branch, I met the lady of the manor on the path, who refused to believe me when I said it was only a bunch of grapes from her hothouse.

It is a common enough thing for bees to look out and fix upon a place of future abode before swarming from the parent hive; but generally in the excitement of swarming all seems to be forgotten, and they allow themselves to be easily captured, and in the most docile manner enter a hive prepared for them.

It is no less certain that swarming frequently takes place without any previous preparation, and I have had them hanging for days on the high branch of a tree, and beginning to build comb there, without shelter from the weather. Why it is that on occasion some half-dozen bees will take the lead, assume the mastery, and be obeyed by the whole hive is not clear. Some time ago, while putting into a hive a lot of bees which had come four hundred miles by train, I observed those officious individuals at work. The hive had been prepared and filled with frames of comb, partly empty and partly full of honey, and I sat down to lift the bees from their travelling-box with a spoon—a long one, as might be expected. This apparently slow method, by its quietness and simplicity, I have found the most speedy in the end, and it is a very sure way of observing the queen. When the first spoonful was laid gently down at the hive-door, they soon showed they were pleased. Being hungry, and scenting the abundance within, they went in to it. The operation proceeded till nearly all the bees were inside, when an outward movement began. I applied the smoker; but it was no use. Two leaders ran over the other bees with their peculiar buzzing motion, and were obeyed. No doubt others of them were at work inside, and the whole mass of bees left the honey, came out, and rose in the air as at swarming-time, though it was the end of September and getting dark. When they alighted and clustered I forced them into a swarming-box, uncovered the frames, and by a violent shake cast the bees into the hive and closed it. The leaders lost their power, and by morning a happy family were at work. Now, who are those leaders that control the movements of thirty thousand peaceably disposed citizens, and even deprive the hungry of their food? Are they appointed by the queen, or by the general vote of the hive? or are they self-constituted officials? They are certainly strong-willed fellows, who have got the knack of controlling others, for those entering the hive



turned at their bidding, and those feasting on the opened honeycomb left it at their command. In this case at any rate their rule was certainly as much against the interests of the community as it was against the wish of the proprietor of the hive.

This rule and guidance on the part of a few bees goes on continually in the working of the hive. I have observed them inside evidently communicating their commands to the bees around. When a hive gets overheated they send a lot of the bees outside, and these will stay out and perish in the rain rather than go in for shelter till they get the order. When in such a case I have opened wide the hive door, or raised the hive from the floor and let in air, out came one or two of those 'gaffers,' who walked over the clustering bees, bent down their heads among them, and fluttered their wings, and at once some freed themselves from the crowd and walked into the hive. This may go on till one-half of those outside are allowed in and the rest still kept out, or till the whole enter the hive. Nor will those ordered out of the hive in this way on a warm day, when the workers are busy gathering honey in the fields, go and work. They hang about the sides of the hive or under it, as if waiting for the command to enter whenever they may be needed to keep up the heat. During two days in August of the Queen's Jubilee year the heat was so intense and the air so still about the hives that almost all the bees came out and spread themselves over the tops and sides of the hives—a thing I have only witnessed on those two days. The combs inside became soft with the heat and threatened to fall, as I found on gently raising the hives to prop them up from the floor and let in air all round. Though the scent of clover made the air heavy, the bees outside never joined their fellow-workers in improving the shining hour by gathering the honey; they waited till the hive was cooled, and then went in. Could this spreading themselves as a thin layer over the top and sides of the hives have in it the idea of forming a shade from the sun, and in that way tempering the heat, while hundreds were making the most violent effort to create a current of air by the rapid motion of their wings? Every movement in the working of the hive seems to have a purpose in it, and seems to be under the guidance of overseers, who at one time are walking about in the most leisurely way, and at other times are in such a desperate hurry and making such frantic efforts that life and death seem to hang on the rapid discharge of duty. Who appoints these overseers? The queen is the one mother of the hive; but I doubt whether she takes any active supervision of its affairs. I have watched her movements inside and out, but never saw anything like supervision on her part; rather she herself is continually followed and looked after by a

company of bees. She appears to be a generally helpless creature who easily loses her way when she ventures out of doors, and cannot or will not even feed herself. Yet there is rule and authority and obedience and power of communicating purpose within the hive. Who will give us a key to bee-language and enable us to read the secrets of this wonderful organisation?

There are times when it seems as if bees, like many other workers, only follow the 'rule of thumb' in their operations. They build beautiful combs, and if a number of broken pieces of comb are loosely placed together, tied with a string, and hung into the hive, they will make a capital job in joining them together and mending the broken parts; but if a round hole be made in the middle of a comb, they cannot put a patch on it or mend it up. They will fine away the cells and round the edges of it; but the hole remains. It would be rash, however, to conclude that they are without brains or unable to use them on occasion. The early summer of 1899 was cold and wet, food was scarce, and the bees could not venture far in search of it. Indeed, the garden-flowers had to be for a time the chief supply both of pollen and honey. Being a lover of the long-spurred *Aquilegia*, I had for years hybridised them, and there were thousands of blooms on the plants. Only the humble-bee with its long trunk could reach the honey-drop secreted at the end of the long spur, in many cases over two inches in length; but the hive-bee, in its time of need, discovered the honey-drop was there, and, failing to reach it by the open door, became housebreaker, bit a hole in the end of the spur, and stole the sweets. Not a bloom that year could be seen without the little hole in the spur; while the next year, being fine and rich in honey, not a single bloom was tampered with. This may suggest caution in forming conclusions from such interesting experiments as those carried on by Sir John Lubbock.

When bees are pinched for food they are careful searchers for it and quickly discover it if at all within their reach. When honey is scarce I put sugar syrup in vessels for them daily at two o'clock. Five minutes before that time a few bees may be seen on the outlook, and if the day be cold they come singly and quickly from the hive, and return at once. Three minutes after the food is down thousands are at work, streaming from every hive, and crowding the vessels; and the rapidity with which four pints of liquid will disappear has astonished many a visitor. On the other hand, if honey is plentiful in the fields the bees pay little heed to bits of comb lying about or to syrup set down for them.

Circumstances have a good deal to do both with their intelligence and their morals. In spring, when there are hundreds of mouths to feed and stores are getting low, they begin to

show a wonderful interest in their neighbours' pantries, and to test their power of protecting them. Again, in autumn, with the long winter before them, and a scantily filled house, they make desperate efforts to increase supplies. At such times they will slip in and steal from a neighbour on the sly at the risk of a broken leg or wing or a general mauling; or they may play the part of a gang of robbers and make a regular fight for food, killing or being killed as may chance. In ordinary times, however, I have seen year after year pass with a score of hives standing side by side and nothing but honest and honourable work going on. Indeed, when honey is plentiful the bees get quite careless about it. As an experiment I have made little boxes with a bit of guide comb in them, and set them outside the hive near the entrance-door, and at once the bees entered them and began to store honey there.

The season, the flow of honey, the strength of the hive, the stores laid in, the age of the queen, and the number of young being raised are all elements requiring to be taken into account in making experiments with bees. On a bright summer day, when there is the pleasant hum of plenty of work and good pay for it, the hive may be opened and examined while the bees go on with their work undisturbed. The wax-makers, clinging to each other's feet, hang in their rows unmoved, and the comb-builders may be seen walking over them and gathering up the scales of wax as they are formed, and carrying them off. At such a time the bees will walk over the hand or rest on the face in the most friendly way. Then on an autumn evening, when the honey-season is quickly closing and winter preparations are being pushed on, if you drop a large moth near the hive door, or make there the faintest scratching with a straw, a score of furious guards rush out ready to deal destruction all around. So jealous do they become at this time that they never learn to distinguish the hand that feeds them from the hand of the enemy. If their stores be low and one feeds them daily for a month to increase the winter stock, they are as ready to sting him on the last day as on the first.

The power to sting is not the least interesting thing about the bees. Among creatures generally, the male is the stronger, is the fighting animal, and the best furnished with weapons of attack or defence. The male bee is, indeed, the large and stout fellow of the hive; but he is a gentle, good-natured creature, is no fighter, and has no sting. A baby may play with him with impunity. To see him fly abroad when the sun shines and listen to the deep-toned hum he makes, one might expect great things from him; but he does no work, returns quickly if a cloud covers the sky, and never attempts to defend himself when attacked. For all the purposes of nature a score of these fellows would be more

than enough for the wants of each hive, and yet thousands may be reared, only to be done to death in the most cruel way ere they have lived more than two months. The prodigality and ruthlessness of nature are here painfully illustrated. As soon as the honey-season begins to fail and food for storing gets scarce in the fields, the hive resolve to send forth no more swarms and be content with the queen they have. That means they have no more use for males. If they have been rearing young queens, they tear the royal babies out of the cells, suck the juice out of their bodies, and toss the empty skins to the door. The baby boys are dealt with in the same way, and scores of the fat white creatures may be seen thrown out. Then an attack is made on all the full-grown males, and a dozen colonies standing side by side may be seen to begin the attack on the same day. It is a painful sight. The small worker-bees seize them by the wings and by the legs, mount on their backs and try to sting them, bite them, and hustle them till they are glad to escape by flight from the hive. Having no home but the hive, they soon return, only to experience the same treatment, till, wearied out, they drop down to die. Three of these small workers may be seen holding on to one male till one of them manages to sting him; and though he may fly off, paralysis and death overtake him. At other times the workers chase the drones as a sheep-dog does a flock of sheep, gathering them together from every corner into a compact mass, and, surrounding them, prevent them from reaching any food, force them steadily towards the door, push them outside in the evening, and keep them out to be chilled by the cold and so perish. The question whether they feel pain is often forced on the observer. If the worker-bee should by chance drive its sting into the firm part of the back or into the head of the male it cannot withdraw it, and will turn round and round so that by a twisting motion it may manage to get the sting out; but the sting remains in the male, and the twisting motion wrenches it from the body of the worker and gradually draws out its entrails, and yet the bee goes on with its movements as if unaware of what is taking place with itself. So in such a case the use of the sting brings about the death of its possessor. It is different when the sting is used on another worker-bee, for then the slightest prick seems to be enough to kill. The stung bee seems to be at once struck with paralysis, curls up, and dies.

In contrast with the male bee stands the queen and her life. The queen is the only perfectly grown female in the hive, and there is but one in each hive. She may live and reign for four years. Only once in her life she knows love, and out of a thousand suitors one only touches her, and dies, and she is rendered fertile for life. Year by year she will lay thousands of female

eggs in small cells in which the insects can never grow to maturity, and thousands of male eggs in larger cells to be reared for their short-lived existence and violent death. If queens are to be reared in a hive, the worker-bees must build special cells of larger size, and lifting an egg out of the small worker-cells, place it in the queen-cell, and nourish it there on special food. Only in this roundabout way and by this special process can a female bee be brought to maturity to be constituted queen and become the mother of a new race. This perfect female is not so bulky in body as the male, but longer and more graceful in form; and she has a sting, long, curved, and powerful. The only creature that seems to rouse her ire and compel her to use the sting is another perfect female, like herself a queen. When these two meet, if they are not restrained by their followers, they at once engage in battle to the death. She never seems to use her sting on any of the worker-bees about, and may be caught and handled with impunity.

Thus in a hive of thirty thousand bees busy at work on a summer day there may be two thousand males and one female; all the rest are worker-bees who alone do all the active work of the hive. They are small, imperfectly formed females, who live only to labour, to struggle, and to die. It takes three weeks from the laying of the egg till these imperfect females are hatched out, while the perfect female is hatched in a fortnight. The workers are the bees that sting, the defenders of the hive from enemies, as well as its providers. Their short, straight sting, with its bag of poison at the base, is a very ready and effective weapon. A bee may dart from the hive at the face, and before you can put up your hand you are stung; but in firm flesh like that of man the sting remains, torn from the body of the bee, so that it dies in the very use of its weapon of defence. The same thing may take place, as we have seen, in part of the ordinary working of the hive, the killing of the drones; and in defending the hive from common intruders,

such as mice, many bees perish in this way. On a winter day, in a severe snowstorm, I went to examine the hive doors to prevent the drift from getting too freely into the hives. The door of one hive had been left rather wide, and I felt sure there would be a mouse inside; but the blast was so severe that I could not lift the hive to look in. Very soon the hives were covered with snow; but next day I dug out that particular hive to see if my surmise was right. The warmth under the snow had made the bees active; they had discovered the enemy, and there it was stung to death. In every part of its body there were stings, from nose to tail. Its ears were full of stings, and I counted as many as thirty on the tail alone. That hive did no good, but dwindled and died out.

The bee and its ways are full of mystery. What can be the impelling motive in the life of the worker-bees? They gather the food, build the combs, nurse the young brood, defend the hive, and keep it scrupulously clean. So hard is their work in summer that about six weeks is the measure of their lives. Their wings even are worn to rags by continuous use till they fail to bear up the bee, which falls to the ground and perishes. Yet they never know conjugal love, and all their toil and care are for the children of another. Nor do they even show any affection for each other. If food is scarce they remorselessly drag the young out of the cells, suck the juice out of the body, and cast out the shell; their dead or dying neighbours they carry to the door and drop outside; and yet, while perishing from hunger themselves, they will gather round the queen and with their trunks feed her with the last drop of honey in their sacs. One wonders by what strange process of nature such a state of things could have been brought about: so much imperfection in so perfect an organisation, such devotion to the life of one female, and such cruelty to the males, and that on the part of creatures who know neither love nor the jealousy, affection, and hate that spring from it.

## PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL

By W. E. CULE.

### CHAPTER VI.—A MISSION TO STYRIA.

**S**O you have seen him?' asked the Countess anxiously. 'What did he say?'

Mr Barrows replied with much deliberation. Since his interview in the Hotel Petersburg he had found time to recover his self-possession, and his bearing now gave no sign of that painful experience. He had also found time to decide what portion of his story might be com-

municated to those who were awaiting his return.

'I cannot tell you that there was any final settlement—that the man will not trouble you any further,' he said. 'In fact, matters are to be left for a week, after which the difficulty will be ended one way or another. During this time we may think of some plan. At all events, you need not fear anything for the present.'

The Countess took his remark in such a sense



that her thoughts were diverted from the question of the interview. 'A week?' she said. 'I know what that means. It means that he will take time to consult his father. Plainly, the Count is not in London.'

Barrows was silent.

'I feel sure it is that,' she went on wearily, but still with an interest which she had not exhibited for days. 'The young man can do little of himself, evil though he is. It is the Count that is the brain and soul of this wrong, as he is of a thousand others.'

Then, with a sudden anger that rose in spite of her weakness, she gave way to her emotions. A flush crept into her lined and pallid face; a light came into her eyes.

'If you have ever seen Count Brode, my friend—and perhaps you saw him when you were in Styria—you have seen the consummation of human evil. Cruelty, avarice, malice—all these are in him at their worst. He makes many enemies; but he conquers them, for he is wise as well as evil. Once—only once—he fell under the Emperor's displeasure, through a quarrel with Prince Adrian; but that was the only time he took a false step. When the Prince fell he crept back into the sunshine again, and there he has remained since. But have you met him? Did you know him?'

'Yes,' answered Mr Barrows quietly. 'I met him in those days.' And after a moment he added: 'I too fell under his displeasure.'

'Ah!' said the Countess, 'is it so? Then I fear—I fear that he will hate you after this. He never forgives, never forgets.'

She was troubled by the thought, and Barrows regretted that he had said so much. But in a moment her face cleared.

'Yet what can he do to you?' she asked. 'Against you he is powerless. You are an Englishman.'

'And that is a great deal to say,' agreed Mr Barrows, rising to take his leave. 'But for the present, Countess, your mind will be at rest. Do all you can to recover your strength. We have a week to consider matters, even at the worst; and it will be hard if we cannot think of something by then.'

Hope returned to her worn face. 'Yes,' she said. 'And in a week we may hear something from friends in Styria. Who knows?'

Barrows left her without saying what he knew: that even their most faithful friends in Styria would not dare to lift a finger to assist those whose names were marked with the leprosy of treason.

When he reached his own house he went to his room, and sat down at the writing-table. In the course of many years' leisure he had acquired many trifling habits which betrayed a man of abundant time and of a methodical turn of mind. He had much to think of now, and a course of

action to mark out. It seemed to him that his thoughts were never so clear as when he was alone in his own room, with a pen in his hand and with a sheet of paper before him. It might not be necessary to write, but it was always well to be ready to jot down any point which might seem worthy of special consideration.

So to-night he took the pen and prepared the paper. Then, leaning back in his chair, he pondered the situation seriously. It was the situation which had been created by his interview with the Brodes. He saw at once that he had a choice of three courses. They were these: first, he might refuse the duel and let the Count do his worst; second, he might retire from this affair altogether; third, he might accept the challenge.

This being clear, he looked for the results of each course, beginning with the first. What would happen if, refusing the challenge, he allowed Count Brode to take his own way? What way would he take? The answer was clear enough. He would take the way he had indicated, and would ask, perhaps through a newspaper paragraph, perhaps even through the police, the question which he had asked that evening. 'This man,' he would say, 'was once secretary to Prince Adrian of Zell. Ask him how his master died! Ask him how he became possessed of the money upon which he lives!'

Mr Barrows did not take longer to consider this conclusion than he had taken to arrive at it. His face paled at the thought, and he turned at once to the second course.

He might retire from the affair altogether—this unfortunate affair into which he had been led so strangely. He could go away, taking what he could take, leaving what he must leave. The world was wide, and he could begin again elsewhere; for with his disappearance the Brodes would serve no purpose by betraying him. This, as he saw at once, was a simple and easy course. It even seemed a natural one to take. There was only one thing against it, and that was the thought of what must happen after. Count Philip's path would be open, and he must eventually win his prize. No, not win it, but seize it. 'Women are weak,' groaned Mr Barrows; 'besides, the Countess's life is a poor thing to count on. The girl will be left in an impossible position, and the Count will work cleverly. At last, her only way out will be painted for her in sympathetic colours—even by the Hadfields. That will be the result!'

It cost him much pain to contemplate it. Drawing his hand across his brows, he turned to the last course. He might accept the challenge.

He recalled the whole of the circumstances under which it had been given. He recalled the expression of his enemy's face, his very words, in the endeavour to grasp his motives. In this way he arrived at certain conclusions.



It was plain, in the first place, that the challenge was an unnecessary step on the Count's part, for Mr Barrows had been sufficiently in his power in any case. That is to say, he need not have placed his victory in this affair on the hazard of a duel. Knowing the man's nature, Mr Barrows felt sure he had been led to this step by two arguments. One was his own natural cruelty, which led him to take pleasure in simple torture; the other was the conviction that the challenge would never be accepted. For this conviction Mr Barrows knew that the Count had very good grounds.

'It was mere malice,' he decided, 'and perhaps the idea that in this way he would frighten me away a little sooner. It was giving me a choice, not between betrayal and disappearance, but between death and disappearance. At the same time he felt certain that I would not fight. There I have his motives; now for the results.'

It did not take him long to arrive at the results. 'If I fight,' he thought, 'it is certain death. With one shot the young man clears his own road and gives his father a final revenge; and the result, as far as the women are concerned, will be the same. I shall simply be throwing away my life—for nothing. No, no; he certainly does not expect me to fight!'

Now, Mr Barrows was not at all in love with life. He had no particular ties of family or affection, his income was only just what was necessary, and he had put ambition out of his career long ago. Thus the motive forces of life, which lead men to love existence and to guard it, were of very little power in his case. On the other hand, he did not like pain, and he had as much dread of death as most men, if not more than most. Besides, it would be for nothing. He would be throwing away his life for nothing.

Here, it seemed to him, was the hinge of the whole affair. To accept the challenge would be to surprise his enemy, and perhaps he would find a certain grim pleasure in surprising such a man as Count Brode. But it was too expensive a pleasure at such a cost. Yet—might this sacrifice be made to help the Countess and her daughter?

At first it seemed an unanswerable question; but something told him that he must keep to this point. Surely a man's life—even the life of such a man as himself—might be used to some purpose. Then he reflected that the best thing for those women would be a restoration to their home. Restoration!—that was the word. He repeated it again and again—Restoration! How could James Barrows, by the sacrifice of his life, restore to them what Prince Adrian had taken away—even if he decided to sacrifice it?

So he pondered, all his energies bent upon this one point, the lamplight shining on the white paper before him, and his pen gripped fast between his fingers; and the solution came at last, or at least a suggestion of a solution. It came

suddenly and vividly, and Mr Barrows started as it came.

'Ah,' he said under his breath, 'if that could be done!'

The minutes that followed were filled with pain. The course that had suggested itself involved many things that filled him with aversion. There was shame in it, and humiliation; and there was more: there was the reopening of an old wound, and an appeal to an affection which had been betrayed and outraged. But then he thought of those who were so near, and saw that the call of their need was clear and urgent.

'And,' he said at last, 'there is no other way. This is the only opening!'

So he resolved to take this way, and regarded that question as settled for the present. But its consideration had tested him severely, and it was with much agitation that he turned to himself and asked, 'Can I do it? If the way prove a good one, have I the courage, the strength, to go through to the end, knowing what that end must be?'

Here he came face to face with himself; and throughout life he had distrusted himself. Yet he realised that if he would carry out this plan he must abandon this attitude of mind altogether. He must assure himself of his own ability to pay the price, and he must not allow any distrust to creep into his mind. He began to have an idea, too, that the cause of his distrust lay entirely in the past, and that he only feared for himself in the remembrance of his past weakness. It was as if James Barrows of Welding had to struggle against the influence of another James Barrows, a creature of certain contemptible characteristics. What he must do was this: he must keep the later James Barrows to the front and in the ascendency, and let him be the actor throughout this trial. If the other creature obtained power the end would be, not restoration, but failure.

He did not try to examine himself further, or to consider the influences which made the later James Barrows a stronger being than the other. If he had done this he might have surprised himself. Instead, he dismissed the question, and set about making his plans.

All that night, however, was a time of conflict for him, a conflict in which the old came up again and again to attack the new; but the result was the same, and in the morning his plans were unaltered. Once again he consulted his time-table, this time for a longer journey; and he reflected as he did so upon the curious results of first steps. His first step had been taken only a few short weeks ago, yet he was already preparing for one from which there would be no return. After he had chosen his time, he went in to Hadfield's.

He had forgotten that the Countess was not likely to be down in the morning. Edna, however, had been stirring long ago.

'I have some news for your mother,' he said after the usual greetings. 'I have decided to go to Styria.'

'You? For us?' she asked, with a directness that was somewhat startling.

'Well,' he said pleasantly, 'perhaps I may say that. I have remembered one or two acquaintances who may possibly be able to do something for us. It is only a chance, of course, yet I do not care to despise it.'

The girl looked at him intently. It was a grave look, too, and he thought it must pierce his mask of indifference. When she spoke, however, he found that she had misread.

'You will be in danger in Styria?'

'No,' he answered earnestly; 'there will be no personal danger for me. You may be certain of that.'

His manner seemed to reassure her. He noticed that she placed implicit faith in what he told her, and remembered that she had done so from the first. This gave him a feeling of curious

and unreasonable pleasure. Her anxiety on his account also had an effect upon him, and he began to feel that the task he had set himself was less difficult than it had appeared to be. To a self-distrustful nature, the faith of another person must needs be grateful.

'I am glad of that,' she said. 'When do you start?'

'In an hour's time.'

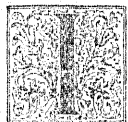
'Then I will see my mother. If she has anything to say she will send me in to you.'

Mr Barrows returned to his own house and completed his preparations. Presently Edna brought in a note from the Countess, in which she thanked him most warmly for his efforts. She also enclosed a list of influential persons in the Styrian capital who might be disposed to help her cause.

Mr Barrows read the note and glanced at the list. When the girl had gone he tore the paper into fragments. It would have been quite useless to him.

## WITH A CORPORATION DOWN A WELL.

By W. VICTOR COOK.



It is not every day that the members of a respectable Corporation, clothed in funeral white garments, can be seen wandering about in the dim bowels of the earth like a procession of lost souls. Therefore, when such a rare opportunity occurred one bright June day one took advantage of it. On that afternoon, if anybody had wanted the Mayor of Brighton or a number of the principal officials and the most daring members of the Corporation of the 'Queen of Watering-places,' he might have searched far enough; for these gentlemen were fathoms below the surface of the green Sussex Downs, in long cavernous tunnels of white chalk, down whose wet sides the percolating water trickled in drops, and in whose cold and usually silent depths the sound of voices was confused and muffled and strange.

Brighton, and all the region round about for some miles, draws its supply of water from numerous springs deep in the bosom of the green, rolling Downs which bound it on the north. Scattered over the hills in the neighbourhood are a number of pumping-stations, where great marine engines are continually pumping up, with regular pulsations, the clear, pure water that is a source of pride to the town. Far underneath are the silent tunnels, running for thousands of feet beneath the chalk, and usually filled with invisible rivers. At rare intervals of years, however, it may happen that for a special purpose these rivers are pumped dry; and this was one of these rare occasions, for a new pumping-

station was to be opened. Few, however, of those who went over, ostensibly to see two big new engines christened, knew what was in store for them. Most of us were very much surprised when a Councillor stood forth and invited all his fellows to go to the lower regions. Of course he put it much more nicely than that; but that was what it came to. Quite a number of Councillors were anxious to go. 'Follow your Mayor!' said the Mayor of Brighton, heroically setting his foot on the steps that led to the engine-room. Courageous Councillors, resolved to do or die, followed him; and the writer, feeling that it would be a sad pity to let the Mayor and half the Corporation of Brighton be engulfed without some reliable person being present, either to record the catastrophe or to perish with them, took his courage in both hands and made one of that devoted band.

Behind the engine-room, where the great twin marine-engines were pumping, was a smaller room, where the adventurers arrayed themselves. There might be seen the Mayor clad in white cotton overalls; and his face, framed in a great oilskin hat, was set in grim determination as he made his way slowly but surely into a pair of monstrous sea-boots. Around sat or stood Aldermen and Councillors, struggling with the various items of similar costumes. The writer grabbed a costume and a shiny black helmet, and fought hard to get into a pair of the boots, but had to abandon the attempt and hurry on over the slope of the Downs to where the well-mouth gaped. Here the white-clothed company were

collected, looking like spirits surprised by the sunshine. A Councillor, with a view to possibilities, levelled a camera at us ere we vanished from human ken.

Four at a time the earth swallowed us. The present recorder, as he swung with three others in the iron bucket over the diminishing perspective of the well, had the gratification to see that he was corded in with the Medical Officer of Health. This knowledge was very comforting when the Councillor with the camera leaned over the giddy brink and facetiously inquired, 'Any messages for friends?'

The word was given, and the strong little steel rope that held the bucket began to run out. Down, down, down. The sides of the well sloped upwards above us with that curious appearance of slanting caused by the circumstances of the perspective. Looking down over the side, one saw the blackness below gradually take shape, and presently the bucket swung down into a circle of candle-lights, in the hands of those of the party who had descended already.

Soon we were all supplied with candles, and, guided by the engineers, filed off ghostly along a lofty tunnel of pallid chalk. At the side of the narrow, squelching footway of wet chalk flowed still narrower water-channels, perhaps six feet in depth. The sense of that vast mass of chalk hanging above grew a little less oppressive to the imagination after the first few minutes, as we wandered on in search of a 'fissure.' Then somebody (voicing a general sentiment) wanted to know what would happen if the great pumping-machinery up above were to stop. The guides politely informed the inquirer that in that case the water would cover the footway in a few minutes, would be up to our knees in a quarter of an hour, and over our heads in about an hour! In a few hours the lofty twenty-six feet passage through which we were walking would be full, and the water would have risen many feet in the well.

The water was rushing in all the time through these same 'fissures' that we were looking for, and presently found. Here and there in the chalk walls along the narrow footway, either above or below the level of the track, would appear a cleft in the chalk, through which the water was pouring into the side-channels in a steady stream or in a rushing, splashing cataract, according to the size of the fissure. One such cataract was foaming right across the whole width of a passage, barring all progress in that direction. The roar of it sounded weird and mysterious down here under two hundred feet of solid chalk.

Always the direction of the flow was towards the sea. When a pumping-station is commenced, boring is made from above to the depth at which it is judged water is to be found (which of course must not be below sea-level, for the water will

not flow upwards), and then the cutting of the chalk passages or 'headings' is commenced. By-and-by the heading will cut through the course of some underground flow of water, and the water will begin to fill the heading and mount into the well. Then the pumps come into play, and Brighton has got a new supply of water.

There were other experiences in store besides fissure-gazing. Piloted by the engineers, the Mayor and Councillors picked their way down to the end of a smaller tunnel, some six feet high, where a few little round holes were bored deep in the chalk. These holes were filled with charges of tonite, a violent explosive which a knowing member of the party declared was equivalent in power to 'No. 1 dynamite.' The party, after a momentary peep, retreated respectfully before the spectacle of 'No. 1 dynamite,' and coming to another passage making a V-shaped angle with the first, they retired to the utmost extremity of the V to see what they should see. With unexpected suddenness it was upon them: a shattering report like the crack of doom—a deafening, stunning shock as if the world were in collision. Then everybody looked nervously round to see if everybody else were still there, for the candles had all been instantaneously extinguished by the shock. Nobody was missing, and the thick chalk held solid about us still. We breathed again, re-lighted our candles, and mutually communicated sensations. But there was more coming, and it was a bigger charge this time, too. 'Are you all ready?' sang out the chief engineer. One gentleman thought he would prefer to be on the upper Downs when the next explosion happened. However, on learning that any one going out of the sheltered passage would risk serious injury to his health, by being blown headlong to earth by the wind of the explosion and bombarded with huge masses of flying chalk, he resigned himself; and we all stood and wondered if anything could go wrong anywhere, and whether in one of those silent seconds that were slipping past we should be blasted into a confusion of chalky paste. *Bang!* The massy earth seemed to quiver around us; sense for a moment was annihilated; a gust of cold air rushed up the passage, extinguishing the lights; and—ah! could it be possible that we were still alive?

Somebody asked if there were any more coming? The chief engineer said, 'No;' at which the writer, for one, is not ashamed to confess to have experienced a certain feeling of relief. We wended our way again along that passage and the next, to where the holes had been bored for the tonite. All along the passage the atmosphere was heavy with the fumes of the explosive, though there was very little smoke. At the end, where we had stood a few minutes before, the solid chalk was gouged away to a



depth of some feet, and the face of the chalk in the direction of the discharge was crushed for some six feet farther as soft as powder. Powdery, too, to the touch, were the masses of chalk that had been hurled along the floor of the passage, and even the hard flints embedded in it crumbled to dust between the fingers. But even in the close vicinity of the explosion the chalk side-walls stood firm. The nature of chalk allows of a close approach to the scene

of blasting operations that might be dangerous in the case of coal.

Gathered once more at the bottom of the well, like souls waiting to be reborn, our white company looked gladly towards the tiny patch of light far above, that showed where the upper world was basking in the summer sunshine. Four at a time, upward now, the crane at the top hauled the party back to light and life and warmth.

## THE PARLIAMENTARY RESTAURANT.

By HENRY LEACH.



STEPHEN'S is the happy possessor of many reputations apart from the most public one of the excellence of the legislation which it has the privilege of making.

The younger and more up-to-date generation—and especially that section of it which sits on the Government side of the House, and revels in wealth and social prestige—does not feel altogether at liberty to subscribe to the old declaration that the House of Commons is the best, or at least one of the best, clubs in London. There is, after all, a certain amount of conservatism about the club arrangements of St Stephen's, whereas Pall Mall has tramped gaily onward in the path of luxury, ease, and expense. Besides, to the good old-fashioned Tory, the House, considered from the purely club point of view, has rather lost caste since the forces of Labour first began to make themselves felt. The old country squire who, in the intervals of sport, had represented a division of his shire to the best of his ability for a quarter of a century, found disagreeable contemplation in the possibility, as he saw it, of the fragrance of his choicest cigar commingling in the atmosphere of the parliamentary smoking-room with the heavy stench of the thickest and blackest twist. Of course these things never happen in real parliamentary life, for the truth is that the Labour member, when once he finds himself on the cool green seats of Westminster, develops a taste for the pleasures of life which would do his toiling and subscribing constituents a world of good to see. Especially after his humble dinners at home does he appreciate the merits of the Commons' *chef*. I met one of them I had known aforetime, only a few evenings after his triumphant return, in the lobby; and the first remark to which he gave utterance after greeting was—in great enthusiasm—'By Jove! you should just have seen the dinner I have had here to-night for half-a-crown.' Without doubt the House is a positively epicurean Walhalla to the Labour member; but those smart young bloods whom I mentioned in beginning, who have been trained to appreciation of

the Pall Mall cooking, and have often dallied with the expensive rarities of 'Prince's'—well, the home comforts of the parliamentary club do not always come up to their most exquisite standard. They say that stomachs are not what they used to be—and there is something in that—and that they must be so very careful as to what they eat. So with these is the House not now considered to be the very best club in the Metropolis; yet, nevertheless, to the rank and file of members it still has a reputation, and a goodly share of that reputation is awarded to the restaurant department, which is at least one of the most interesting places in London to those who have the smallest curiosity concerning the personal side of the high political life.

Now, lest it may be imagined that there is anything of real disparagement in these preliminary remarks, let me say at once that that high dignitary the Cabinet Minister often considers the House quite a good and proper place in which to take his food. There are exceptions, and I believe that it is on record that the late Mr Gladstone had been a member of Parliament for upwards of half a century before he took a seat for the first time in the dining-room; but Mr Gladstone was not an epicure, and he had reasons of his own for this abstention. In the chamber and its precincts the Cabinet Minister, as befits his political dignity, must preserve a certain aloofness; and he need not stay away from the dining-room because of mixing there with the vulgar mob of ordinary and unofficial members. His aloofness may still be satisfactorily preserved. As a matter of fact, there are two or three dining-rooms; and custom has ordained that a particular one of these, though not actually set apart for the official member and the Cabinet Minister, shall be considered their own private dining preserve, and the common member of Parliament, therefore, very rarely intrudes himself. Only, a member, having once graduated by right of rank to this apartment, always afterwards—so it is held—maintains his right, even though with the inevitable changes of Governments he may have fallen from his



high official estate. Ex-Ministers dine second class no more, except by choice. In this holy of holies is also one spot even more sacred still; for there is a table which is reserved for the members of the Cabinet of the day. Here, of evenings when the House is sitting, so many of them as were able and so disposed have been wont to sit round the oval board, and talk what is disrespectfully called, by those without the pale, Governmental shop to their hearts' content, till the House was warning to its night's work, and duty made its call to the Front Bench. If only wood could speak, what a tale could be told by this simple table of the final planning of historic orations, of the settling of details of policy, of the concoction of political thunderbolts! Better, after all, that it is dumb, for the prandial confidences of the Minister are not for the knowledge of the nations.

It may seem strange, but is true, that in the House of Commons they feed the Cabinet Minister at the same price in the same way as they do the honourable but humble member, who for the most part dines in a room which may be called the general room, but the particular designation of which is the Strangers' Room, because it is here that people who are not even members may be brought to dine. In practice it has naturally become the most common resort of the hungry member of Parliament of every nationality and of every hue and shade of political opinion. Yet some arrangement is naturally preserved; for members group themselves here just as they do in the field of political battle; and it is taken for granted, or at least it seems to be, that the precept that outside the Chamber itself there are no political divisions does not apply to the Commons' dinner. Therefore, there assemble at the different tables parties of the Toriest Tories, Tories of the more progressive type, Liberal-Unionists, Liberal-Imperialists, Liberals of the centre, Nationalists and otherwise of the Irish section, and so on. Here, again, will also be found a lively party, half parliamentary and half lay, who are for the hour regarding Parliament as a restaurant in the fullest sense, and from whose thoughts there is nothing so far as Bills and debates, and nothing so near as the latest Pinero play. Yes, there are the Irish here, although the remaining dining-room of the trio has been called the Irish Room, and is to some extent regarded as the Irishmen's own restaurant in the House. In these matters the sons of Erin like to preserve their solitary independence, just as they do in others with which this article has no concern; but lest it should ever come to pass that usage held that there was any place in all Westminster to which they had not the right of entry, as conferred upon them by the suffrages of a suffering people, they all make habitual use, as has been said, of the Strangers' Room. I do not pledge myself that this is the spirit of their practice; but it is the playful view taken by

many of those poor mortals who have not the honour and privilege of belonging to the noble race. To these dining-rooms in this new session comes to be added another, completing what must be admitted to be a very comprehensive series. We have had, as you see, the official room, the room for everybody, and the private members' or Irish room. Obviously one more was still wanting: there was no room designed exclusively for the visitor—the wealthy relative, the influential constituent; the person, in short, whom the member of Parliament feels it to be a duty and a delight to honour at the parliamentary table. In the new room, as I understand it, only the stranger, with, of course, his parliamentary host, is to be admitted.

Such is the latest advance of the Kitchen Committee, which is animated very largely with the spirit of progress. '*Nil desperandum*' is its motto; and, what with this and the competition between Governments, there are honourable members who profess to believe that before they are gathered to their fathers they will dine at Westminster to the sweet strains of a parliamentary orchestra, hidden behind a curtain or perched up in a gallery, a musical accompaniment being of the essence of the perfect dinner. For, it must be noted, the Kitchen Committee comes and goes with the Government, and while it lasts it is practically omnipotent as far as the kitchen and refreshment-rooms of the House of Commons are concerned. Why, not so long ago it was solemnly invested with the power 'to send for persons, papers, and records'—which is surely giving these amateur restaurateurs a most lordly autocracy. But though this great committee is a party affair, it is non-party in constitution, for there are upon it such Radicals as Mr Broadhurst on the one hand, and such Irishmen as Mr William Redmond on the other—a fair sprinkling, in fact, of divers political and other tastes. The spirit of emulation leads the committee each session to attempt something greater than before; and thus it comes about that my Labour friend may smack his lips over a dinner of courses that has not cost his party funds more than a single half-crown. The committee has achieved more than that. For but a shilling the hungry member may lunch from a half-pound steak, with two vegetables and bread thrown in, and a sufficiency of cheese; whilst for three shillings a really good dinner may be enjoyed.

The member's beer is ridiculously cheap, and he gets excellent wines and cigars at practically store prices. Once upon a time the House did its wine business through a wine-merchant, or rather through many wine-merchants, and a most curious state of things arose. Bottles take up much room, and room is very expensive in London. The brilliant idea occurred to these traders that the House of Commons might just as well be used as an auxiliary storing establish-

ment as any other place; whilst it had this advantage, that it would probably be quite easy to 'bounce' the legislators out of rent. So it happened. Nominally, a score of wine-merchants stored their vintages at St Stephen's for the use of the members, all wine to be paid for as used. Actually, they were kept there for the convenience of the vender. What was used by the members had to be paid for at fancy prices; and whenever the value of any particular vintage went up, as values will do, the merchant's cart was round at Westminster betimes, and the rare wine was disposed of elsewhere. Nowadays the House stocks its own wine-cellar; and not long ago, in great form and ceremony, it proceeded with the christening of its own whisky-vat. How times have changed! Once not even a sandwich could be purchased in the House for love or money; then, again, the Bellamy meat-pies had a reputation beyond compare; then, by degrees, the House progressed to the steak and chop stage, and so onwards and upwards till there came the rich cut off the joint at popular prices; now, anything. And it is confidently declared that the tariff of the House is at least 50 per cent. below that of any first-class West End restaurant.

The committee has a *fidus Achates* in a salaried manager, who must surely have the most anxious time of all the restaurant managers in the world. I remember Mr David Moss, a quondam manager, telling me, in a serene moment just at the close of his three years' service, that every session in the House took a couple of years off the manager's life. There are times when this burdened official has to work eighteen hours a day, and he must exercise control over a staff of eighty or a hundred assistants, with sometimes thirty or forty extra waiters. When the House is comparatively free from excitement, and is exercising a calm and proper regularity in its habits, all is well, and the manager may find some joy in living; but nowadays these may hardly be accounted normal times. It has sometimes been largely a question of whether the House were counted out or not counted out at dinner-time.

Supposing now that the manager had in his wisdom prepared dinner for two or three hundred members, and the House all of a sudden rose and dashed off home at a quarter past seven, as it has been known to do. There was then, perhaps, not a single dinner eaten in the dining-rooms, and the funds were the loser to the extent of thirty or forty pounds at least. For the avoidance of such contingencies, as far as possible, the manager has to make himself a student of debates, their possibilities and probabilities, in the matter of length. Even the Chief Government Whip himself has sometimes no better idea than the manager as to whether a parliamentary wrangle on a particular occasion will last an hour or will last all night;

and, coming to his own conclusions, the lord of the kitchen has sometimes to take his courage in both hands and run a dreadful risk. He decides, say, that the House will not last till dinner, and, rather than risk the throwing away of all the good things designed to feed a flock of hundreds, he prepares no dinner at all. It is a bold move, which can have no justification save in its success, and which even then can bring no glory. Between six and seven on the dinnerless day the manager strolls along the lobby just a little nervously. Seven o'clock strikes, and the House is still sitting; when at a quarter past it remains so the manager feels considerably alarmed. The terrors of the situation would be too much for contemplation if a hungry House were to clamour for dinner and there were no dinner for it. At seven-thirty—still sitting—he begins to feel a shakiness in the legs; five minutes later his colour goes; and at seven-forty he has broken out into a cold sweat. He now drops into a nervous contemplation of the various methods of respectable suicide, when—hurrah! God bless the Parliament of the King!—the House has risen, and the manager has not a stain upon his character! This has happened more than once; and again, when a long and important speech by a Minister is prolonged about dinner-time, and there are delicate dishes prepared which will spoil with a few minutes' waiting, the manager is far from happy. The new rules of procedure, however, may alter much of this, as they certainly will many others of the dining arrangements and customs of the House.

There is the all-night sitting to be reckoned with as well, for the member of Parliament does not sit all night through without being fortified for the task, and obviously the kitchen cannot keep an all-night supply of victuals on hand, 'on spec.' as it were. The worst of it is, that when the emergency suddenly presents itself the shops are all closed, and the kitchen is at the not always tender mercy of the hotels and the clubs for its extra supplies. One time when the state of affairs was ominous, the manager had in the late hours to take to a cab and scour the west for food. He came back laden with modest necessities: two thousand eggs and nine hundred pats of butter, with extra supplies of bread, sugar, coffee, and tea to match; but when the supper needs of the members were satisfied they still went on sitting, and it gradually dawned upon the chief that breakfast would be needed. So away he went again in a growler, and returned with a cargo of fish; a second journey yielded the required bacon, and a third a few gallons of milk; and they were all needed, every bit and drop of them. No, like the lot of the policeman, that of the manager of the House of Commons restaurant is not a happy one.

The grand scale upon which the St Stephen's restaurant is conducted may, however, be best

appreciated by a consideration of the total volume of its business for a period. Only in this way may the country understand the feeding capacities of its faithful legislators. They are truly amazing when thus considered in the bulk. If it is not beyond the mind to do so, try to imagine twenty-one thousand luncheons, thirty-three thousand dinners, seven hundred suppers, forty thousand teas, and six thousand meals served at the bars standing-up-wise, for the honourable member is in such a hurry at times that he must needs refresh his inner man in this primeval or City fashion. There you have over a hundred thousand meals, and those figures represent what was consumed in the Commons last session, when the financial turnover was some sixteen thousand pounds. Half the money was spent in provisions pure and simple, and three thousand pounds disappeared in wages and salaries; whilst nearly four thousand pounds went down to the wine account, and about four hundred and fifty pounds to cigars.

Then, in my examination of the figures which are before me, I make a curious discovery, which is that the member of Parliament, in contradistinction, I should imagine, to most others of His Majesty's subjects, both drinks more and smokes more when the weather is showing a tendency towards heat, and body and mind a corresponding tendency towards languor; for I find that whereas the members in the cool months of April and May were satisfied with a hundred and fifty pounds' worth of cigars, and just about ten times as much wine, in June and July, when they were caparisoned in flannels and straw hats, they smoked away nearly two hundred and forty pounds, and tickled their palates with wines for which a sum of over two thousand three hundred pounds sterling was paid. The secret, perhaps, is to be found in the fact that the London season is then in full swing, and that Westminster at such a time is not the least favoured of places of entertainment. Certain it is that of that enormous aggregate of forty thousand teas the ladies, if they would, could tell a pretty tale—a tale of silvery speech and sunny smiles, and of the ardent gallantry of the faithful Commons as they idled on the terrace by the Thames.

This is indeed a hunger-making story, and it will be but a small consolation to our dear constituent readers to know that their representatives at Westminster do not pay for quite all the good things that they get, but that they, the constituents, have unconsciously to help them out when the time comes to settle the bill. For in the rows of figures which show the cost of maintenance of the fabric and form of Parliament may be discovered an annual item of some two thousand pounds, which is a subsidy of which the Kitchen Committee is in receipt that it may be able to make ends meet. The stern economist, the elector who rates of public

want and public waste, must needs be told in a hurry now that the committee really does its best, and that, gathering up the refuse fragments that remain in the kitchen, after the manner of a thrifty housewife, it sells them for aught it may get, and faithfully puts down in the half-year's accounts seven pounds.

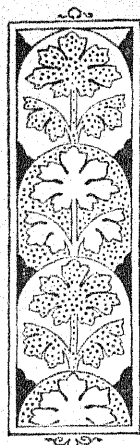
So does the parliamentary restaurant flourish, and so whilst the member of Parliament remains so very human as he is to-day will it continue to do so. It is a wise principle of the day that no good government was ever yet performed upon an empty stomach, and Westminster would have lost a charm if the Spartan manner of diet by any curious set of chances ever became the vogue. Conceivably, also, it might have lost some members.

#### MY LIBRARY.

HOME of the lofty thoughts of those  
Immortal ones whose works repose  
'Twixt tawny calf and vellum old,  
And creamy sheets that dainty hold  
The fantasies of poet-minds,  
The monkish lore that velvet binds  
With 'broideries rare, by fingers wrought  
In convent cells, and pious thought.  
And on the parchments' musty face  
Rich colouring the letters trace:  
Emblems of Hope and Faith and Love,  
The Virgin, Child, and Holy Dove,  
With pigments bright and gold o'erlaid,  
And blazonries which never fade.  
The classics in their ancient tongue  
Recall the time when once was sung  
The Orphic hymns, Homeric lays,  
And deeds of valour, in the days  
When men the hard with laurels crowned,  
The goddess throned on holy ground.  
The ancient Bibles, bossed with brass,  
With rude inscription tell who pass;  
The children's names, by parent hand,  
Alone in faded ink withstand  
The fleeting tenure of each year,  
Speaking aloud to living ear  
Of loves which, formed, so soon dissolve  
In higher realms where souls evolve.  
Sifters of problems, wrapped in gloom,  
Evoke the echoes of life's tomb.  
The clam'rous notes of new-born rhymes  
Bespeak the force of modern times.  
Bright lines of scholars and of wits,  
How rich their vein, how easy sits  
Their courteous speech! each precious page  
Recalls to us the Golden Age.  
No more the studious hush of life,  
The clashing strokes of worldly strife  
Ring out upon the stormy day.  
In strident notes they seem to say,  
'Gone are the peaceful days of yore,  
The faiths of old shall be no more;  
But in the brilliant rising sun  
What was attempted shall be done.'

VIOLET TWEEDALE.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### WELLINGTON'S GREAT CONCENTRATION CAMP.

By Captain the Hon. H. N. SHORE, Author of *Three Pleasant Springs in Portugal*.

**W**HAT short memories we have! How otherwise can the fact be explained that, while the subject of concentration camps has been widely discussed, no reference is made to the greatest concentration camp within recent centuries that history records? Has the British nation forgotten the immense camp formed at Lord Wellington's suggestion during the winter of 1810 outside Lisbon, while the French army was lying at bay before the Lines of Torres Vedras? Why, the concentration camps of South Africa pale into insignificance before that one; and the people who feigned to be horror-struck with what they called the 'barbarities' of the system of concentration camps, and whined and shrieked alternately over the supposed sufferings of the occupants of these refuges in South Africa, should have turned back a few pages of history and read of the hardships the poor Portuguese peasantry endured in consequence of an edict which had been dictated by stern military necessity. Let us also take note of the fact that the Portuguese were not a bitterly hostile people, who had maltreated, insulted—ay, and even spat in the face of women and children of our own flesh and blood, and whose protectors had abandoned them to fight against us, to lay waste our territories, and to pillage our property. They were our allies who had received our troops with enthusiasm, treated them with kindly hospitality, and whose fathers and sons, brothers and husbands, were even then fighting shoulder to shoulder with British soldiers against the common enemy.

To grasp the full significance of the enforced migration of the inhabitants of Estremadura in the autumn of 1810, we must recall some of the circumstances which rendered necessary so dire a calamity. Masséna, one of Napoleon's most capable Marshals, had just crossed the frontier of Portugal, at the head of an immense army, for the purpose of driving the 'English leopards' into the sea, and simultaneously fixing his talons so deeply

into the soil of Portugal that no armed resistance could ever again loosen his grip. The storm had been long foreseen by Wellington, and every precaution that either wisdom or experience could suggest was taken to meet it. Recognising the futility of attempting, with his inadequate resources, to resist the overwhelming force Masséna had in the field, Wellington developed a plan which had long been maturing in his mind—a plan which for boldness or magnitude has rarely been surpassed in military annals. This, briefly, was to convert the Lisbon promontory into an impregnable citadel; and, by devastating the entire country to the northward, deprive the investing army of supplies. From this project there sprang into existence the celebrated Lines of Torres Vedras, which stopped and eventually beat back the vast host destined by Napoleon to weld Portugal into his chain of conquered states.

A man of less nerve and genius for war than Wellington might well have quailed before the gathering storm, and asked his Government whether it was worth while sacrificing a few thousand British soldiers in a hopeless cause. Wellington, however, was cast in a sterner mould. With a full recognition of the tremendous issues at stake, and the grave significance of the approaching invasion, he set his back to the wall, and, with a truly splendid fortitude, rebuked the craven Government of Portugal, encouraged the Ministers at home, and faced the task before him with a heroism which, in these neurotic days, seems almost sublime. In short, Wellington rose to the occasion as few British generals have ever risen to an equally momentous crisis before or since. As the great historian of the war, Napier, truly says, it was a design of 'terrible energy'; and, to make it yet more effective, the inhabitants of the province within the sphere of operations were required to destroy their mills, remove their boats, break down their bridges, lay waste their fields, abandon their dwellings, and



carry away their property. In short, the province of Estremadura was to be laid waste; and the devastation was to be effected by the sufferers themselves.

The design bore the impress of a master-mind which had grasped the vital issues at stake in all their complex bearings. Think of the iron will and the unconquerable resolution that could enforce that stern decree while conducting the retreat of an army before a vastly superior enemy! Could England have produced another general capable of conceiving such a design, and then carrying it through in spite of every obstacle which a timid Government at home, and a lazy, corrupt, and spiteful administration on the spot, could place in his way? Probably not. All honour, then, to the man who, at that awful juncture, saved the Peninsula and with it the European continent from falling paralysed under the iron heel of that insatiable despot, Napoleon.

Then what praise can be too great for the touching fidelity with which the peasantry of Estremadura observed the edict of banishment and the destruction of their homes? History may be searched in vain for an example of nobler behaviour, of truer patriotism, or of a more pathetic picture of resignation. Happily for the cause of European freedom, there were no shrieking sentimentalists to follow in their train and to unnerve the authorities at home by voicing the woes of the suffering refugees. What would have been the fate of the Peninsula, of Europe, and even of these islands if the campaign had been shaped by our modern 'stop-the-war' shriekers who would grovel under the heel of the veriest monster of wickedness and cast aside every shred of self-respect rather than sanction the shedding of one single drop of blood or the striking of the mildest blow in self-defence?

This migration of the inhabitants of an entire province, including the populace of one of the chief cities of Portugal, commenced with Masséna's invasion; but it only assumed definite shape after the battle of Busaco, when the Portuguese, perceiving the futility of trying to stem the flood of invasion, declared that 'the English were for the sea, but the Portuguese for the land.' In short, there was no one in a position to estimate the chances—whether in the Regency at Lisbon, in the Ministry at home, or even amongst Lord Wellington's personal staff—but was convinced that the game was up, and that a few weeks would see the British army on board its ships in the Tagus. All this shows how incapable even those nearest to Lord Wellington were of fathoming the depth and the power of that master-mind, or of appreciating the iron will that dwelt in so slender a frame.

The fidelity of the poor Portuguese peasantry received a pathetic illustration during the progress of the battle of Busaco, when, as Sir William

Napier tells us, a Portuguese orphan girl, of about seventeen years of age, and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain and through the midst of the French army, driving an ass loaded with all her property. She had abandoned her dwelling, and now passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, totally unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile and which the friendly troops, 'for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her.' The whole history of the war offers no more touching picture than this. The episode stands out all the more brightly in contrast with the folly, the incompetence, and the downright treachery of the miserable wretches who had been pitchforked into the Government offices at Lisbon.

With the arrival of Lord Wellington's troops at Coimbra, the appalling horrors of the retreat commenced in grim earnest. Yet only one short year had elapsed since these very troops were welcomed with almost frantic enthusiasm by the inhabitants of this great city, who regarded them as deliverers; and now they returned as fugitives, flying before the conquering hosts of the great Napoleon, and driving all before them.

From the stern drama of the war two scenes present themselves with a vividness which not even the lapse of over ninety years has sufficed to dim. One was the gathering of the British army under Sir Arthur Wellesley at Coimbra in the spring of 1809, preparatory to its advance on Oporto, and the expulsion of the French from Portugal; the other, the retreat of this same army the following year, through this very city, onwards to the Lines of Torres Vedras. The dramatist's wildest flight of fancy could scarcely have devised two more strongly contrasted situations.

The appalling misery of that retreat on the Lines of Torres Vedras in the autumn of 1810 was unparalleled. Even our own historians have glossed over the sickening tale. In truth, the full measure of the distress of the peasantry of Portugal during all those long years of warfare with a fierce and relentless foe has never been fully realised. The narrative would be so vast in its scope and so absolutely revolting in the details which diligent search would disclose that no one would care nowadays to draw aside the veil of oblivion which time has mercifully thrown over it. Nevertheless, we may get a very fair notion of the occurrences if we will search through the masses of long-forgotten war-literature—histories of the campaigns, officers' journals, and personal reminiscences—wherein, amidst much that is of purely antiquarian or professional interest, we ever and anon come across descriptions which, for realistic power and gruesome interest, might vie with the productions of some of our most accomplished 'war correspondents.' Jotted down while the impressions were fresh in the mind,

these personal reminiscences carry us back to the days of the war. Once more we seem to hear the tramp of feet, the rumbling of the guns and carriages, and see all the confusion that accompanies the retreat of an army; while, above all this, we seem to detect that long-drawn wail of thousands of innocent, suffering creatures of all ages who are being urged on, day after day, by firm but kindly British officers, appalled at the misery from which there is no escape, and doubting the wisdom and justice of the edict they had to enforce.

There is scarcely a rood of ground between Coimbra and Lisbon but is associated with some affecting or tragic episode in that enforced migration. Even now it is impossible for any one to traverse the scenes of so much suffering and woe, or even to read of it, without his sympathies being touched and a feeling of utter detestation evoked for the author of it all—that truculent monster, Bonaparte.

To return to our story. So confident was Masséna in his power of crushing all opposition, and so buoyed up were his troops with the prospects of plunder which the cities of Coimbra and Lisbon seemed to hold out, that the invading hordes dashed forward with but fourteen days' bread in their haversacks; and this supply was exhausted before even Coimbra was reached, owing to the check which Masséna most unexpectedly met with at Busaco—an engagement alluded to by a certain school of writers as 'a political battle.' Until further supplies could be obtained, most of the French soldiers had to subsist on Indian corn, with which the haversacks of the prisoners and the wounded were found to be stocked. Masséna had set out as a conqueror. He was repulsed at Busaco, and little divined the troubles that awaited him at every step of his advance. On his arrival at Coimbra two days later, where he had hoped to refresh his troops and replenish his magazines, a second great disappointment awaited him. This he bitterly describes in a letter to Berthier, dated Coimbra, 4th October 1810, which was intercepted: 'The enemy burns and destroys everything as he evacuates the country. He forces the inhabitants to abandon their homes on pain of death. Coimbra, a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, is deserted. We find no provisions. The army is subsisting on Indian corn and vegetables which we find remaining on the ground.'

Napoleon, at a later period, seeking to excuse the miscarriage of his carefully laid plans, referred in the *Moniteur* to Lord Wellington's retreat as having been conducted 'avec une barbarie unique et inconnue dans nos guerres Européennes'—a remark, by the way, which came with a peculiarly bad grace from the slaughterer of prisoners of war in Egypt, and at a time when the inexcusable atrocities of Soult's retreat from Oporto were still fresh in people's minds.

From the accounts of British officers who were present during this terrible retreat, we learn that the Lisbon roads were blocked up with wagons, carts, mules, horses, and bullocks; mothers, their eyes streaming with tears, carrying their screaming infants; young women of genteel condition, on foot and in tears, separated in the crowd from their families; men with heavy hearts, but in silent sorrow; and evidences of trouble and confusion everywhere. 'Coimbra,' says one account, 'was left literally a desert;' for the inhabitants of this wealthy and populous city, after removing all they could themselves carry, requested the soldiers to take the rest, and were actually seen to throw the remaining provisions into the Mondego rather than leave them for the invaders.

The misery entailed by this exodus exceeded anything witnessed in the course of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat on Coruña. Moreover, the sufferers were the peaceful citizens who but the year before had shown the utmost kindness and hospitality to the troops they now saw fleeing before the victorious French, leaving the poor Portuguese, as they themselves believed, to their dreadful fate. War's ironies could hardly have devised a more tragic situation or one more painful to both troops and civilians.

Lord Londonderry, describing what came under his own observation, says: 'Spectacles more afflicting than the prompt obedience on the part of the Portuguese presented it were hard matter even to imagine. Crowds of men, women, and children, of the sick, the aged, and the infirm, as well as of the robust and the young, covered the roads and the fields in every direction. Mothers, with their infants at their breasts; old men, scarcely able to totter along, made way chiefly by the aid of their sons and daughters; whilst the whole wayside soon became strewn with bedding, blankets, and other sorts of household furniture, which the weary fugitives were unable to carry farther. Those who forsook their dwellings forsook them under the persuasion that they should never behold them again; and the agony which such an apprehension appeared to excite among the majority exceeds any attempt at description.'

Colonel Tomkinson tells us that 'the whole road was covered with families of the first rank in Coimbra, walking on foot with bundles on their heads. I went into one or two houses,' he continues, 'which the people had only left in the morning. We found sheep, turkeys, geese, and fowls in greatest abundance, and table-linen, shirts, with every other kind of thing, left in the houses for the enemy. Not an inhabitant remained behind. A person in Coimbra went back to fetch some gold chains left behind in mistake, and never again saw her family.' The Colonel then goes on to explain that, in consequence of the short time allowed to the inhabitants for removing their goods, some had not time to remove

any and many not one-half of their property ; besides, as many of the carts had been taken for the use of the troops, their owners were left without conveyances.

Perhaps the most painfully realistic picture of this dreadful retreat is that touched in by Sir William Napier. He says : 'As the inhabitants had unfortunately delayed removing their property till we were actually on the march through the town, the hurry, fright, and confusion were beyond description, and I never witnessed so heart-rending a scene. Beautiful women and young children, the aged, the decrepit, the sick, the poor, nobles and peasants, all in one dense mass of misery, wretchedness, and confusion ; some barefoot, others crying ; women tearing their hair, with loud lamentations and calling on every saint in the calendar for protection ; and all drenched with rain, the weather being bad. And to crown all, when we, who were the last of the troops, were passing the prison, which was also the mad-house, the unfortunate inmates, prisoners and maniacs, were all at the grated windows rending the air with wild shrieks of despair at seeing the whole population of the city driven before us through the gate ; and these wretched creatures being all locked in, and a fire having broken out in some houses close by them, they with reason expected every moment it would communicate with the prison, and that they must all perish in the flames ! British officers and soldiers could not stand this sight, and we soon broke open the gates and let them loose. The maniac, the murderer, and the thief were turned adrift without a moment's hesitation or an instant's thought, by which many a villain of the deepest dye was again let loose upon society and escaped the punishment due to his crimes.' He feelingly adds : 'I could not help cursing war and all its dreadful attributes, and inwardly feeling that I was myself one of the instruments by which so much misery was inflicted on a poor, guiltless race of inoffensive human beings, who were being scourged so severely, for what ?—the inordinate ambition and personal aggrandisement of a ruthless soldier, Napoleon Bonaparte !'

How exactly these remarks—with a few alterations in names—apply to the recent situation in South Africa will at once strike every honest reader ; and in both cases the real authors of all these miseries were safely ensconced in distant corners of Europe, poisoning the public mind and flooding the press with their abominable lies !

Face to face with these appalling scenes, was it surprising that many thoughtful officers should feel doubts as to the wisdom and the justice of the measure which had brought all this misery to pass ? Lord Londonderry, for one, says : 'At the moment there were few amongst us who seemed not disposed to view it with reprobation ; because, whilst they condemned its apparent violation of every feeling of humanity and justice, they

doubted the soundness of the policy in which it originated. But there can be no question now that this very measure, more perhaps than any other, preserved Portugal from subjugation and England from defeat.'

Unfortunately, Wellington's designs were but imperfectly executed. Portions of the territory were never cleared. Nay, according to Napier, 'the inhabitants remained ; the mills were little injured and quickly repaired ; and there were ample means to have carried off ten times the quantity of provisions left for the enemy, which could not then have remained a week before the Lines, and his retreat would have been attended with famine and disaster.' Who was to blame for this ? According to Napier, it was the 'criminal conduct' of the miserable intriguers installed at Lisbon that 'really nourished the war.' It was their worse than negligence that wrung from Wellington the bitter cry, 'It is heart-breaking to contemplate the chance of failure from such obstinacy and folly.'

The autumnal rains had set in with their accustomed torrential force long ere the advanced guards of the army had entered the Lines, intensifying the sufferings of the wretched fugitives to an incredible degree, and greatly impeding their progress ; and thus, with accumulating horrors, the human torrent rolled southwards. On the 5th of October—a week after the migration had fairly set in—a British officer commanding at Torres Vedras wrote : 'Everything is in confusion : the people are all running away, and a string of men, women, and children, in cars, on animals, and on foot, crowd every road to Lisbon. No one will believe that the army will halt till it reaches St Julian [at the mouth of the Tagus], and all order and authority is beginning to be lost.' The influx of such a host of destitute and starving creatures raised the gravest apprehensions in Lisbon. The number of people that had to be nourished was estimated at three hundred thousand, irrespective of about one hundred and twenty thousand troops ; and the task of providing food and shelter for this great multitude throughout the winter was a gigantic one. Nevertheless it was accomplished.

All classes united in the endeavour to mitigate the sufferings of the poor creatures to the utmost of their power. 'The inhabitants of Lisbon,' wrote an eye-witness, 'particularly those of the higher ranks, received the emigrants from the provinces with open arms, and contributed in every possible way to their relief. People of all ranks and even characters were united in a common sympathy with their suffering compatriots. Persons but little suspected of generosity or of possessing tender or generous feelings showed both compassion and bounty on the present melancholy occasion.'

Yet, strange as it must seem, Lisbon, after the first alarm, became, as it were, intoxicated by a



strong feeling of security: the result of the inevitable reaction after recent weeks of awful suspense. 'There never was a period,' wrote a British officer who was a witness of what he described, 'when this city was more crowded with objects of misery, or when provisions were more extravagantly dear; yet at no time had their theatres been better filled, their societies more gay and brilliant, than when seventy thousand vindictive enemies lay within sixteen miles of the city, panting for the plunder of it. It is but justice to add,' he goes on, 'that everything which prudence and humanity could suggest was done by the inhabitants of Lisbon to alleviate the public misfortune. Charitable institutions were set on foot, and food was daily distributed to such of the fugitives as were necessitous and helpless, while labour was provided for the others.' Nor was the British nation backward in showing its sympathy with the stricken subjects of its 'ancient ally.' The House of Commons voted for the relief of the poor sufferers a sum of one

hundred thousand pounds; while a sum at least equal to this was raised by voluntary subscriptions; and the money was very judiciously employed in the purchase and freighting of such things in Great Britain as the Portuguese were most immediately in want of. A large additional sum was subsequently sent from England with a view to resettling the peasantry on their derelict farms; and a joint Commission, partly British and partly Portuguese, was engaged for several months in examining claims and apportioning the award. And the sequel? A Lisbon paper which boasts of a large circulation and considerable influence recently referred to England as 'that nest of pirates who have never come to Portugal without carrying away far more than they brought'!

So Lisbon was saved, and with it the cause of European freedom; but at what frightful cost the world will never know. Great Britain still bears the burden of that tremendous contest in her National Debt.

## PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

### CHAPTER VII.—BARON QUINZELL, IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.



MR BARROWS reached Paris as an unconsidered unit of a curiously mixed company of travellers and early holiday tourists. There he spent as little time as he possibly could, taking the first opportunity of continuing his journey. Fifteen hours later he arrived at Graaden, and sought quarters in a small hotel much favoured by travellers of an unpretentious description.

In the evening of that day, and not till then, he set about his business. He had taken care to arrange his programme beforehand, making all the necessary inquiries in a way which proved that he had not forgotten what he had learned so many years before. His first act was to proceed to the official quarter of the city, to the residence of the Imperial Chancellor, Baron Quinzell.

Here he was received by a couple of dignified servants with the very natural rebuke that 'His Excellency was not receiving visitors.' Mr Barrows, however, was not to be repulsed.

'His Excellency will consent to see me,' he replied in Styrian, though with a distinct English accent. 'I will wait.' And he handed one of them a sealed note, which he had evidently prepared in view of such a check as this.

His assured manner had the effect he had intended. The note was taken in, and as a result the visitor was conducted to a small waiting-room, where he sat alone for some fifteen minutes. Whatever his business might be, it was evident that the Chancellor did not wish to give his

servants any impression of its importance. After that time he was told that he would now be received.

The Chancellor Quinzell was one of those men of whom it might be said not only that speech had been given them to conceal their thoughts, but also that a countenance had been given them in order that they might conceal their feelings. Plain, alert, imperturbable, it had been said that he had never been surprised. During his reign as Chancellor he had distinguished himself by the way in which he had brought order and rule out of the chaos of Styrian parties, and combined a resolute firmness with a policy of conciliation and consolidation. He had a genius for seizing adverse circumstances, and treating them in such a manner that they seemed to have been foreseen, and often proved to be circumstances of fortune rather than of difficulty; and this was the best proof of the quickness with which he grasped the features of a new situation, and decided exactly where he should stand with regard to it. In addition to these gifts, he possessed a charm of manner which even his enemies acknowledged, while it had been claimed for him that he preferred a straight course to a crooked one whenever there was a choice to be made between the two.

At the time of Mr Barrows's entrance he was dictating to a secretary, and he did not pause when he saw the stranger upon the threshold. The last direction was given, and then the third person silently left the room. The Chancellor turned to Mr Barrows, picking up a note from



the table at the same time. It was the note which his visitor had sent in.

'Mr Barrows?' he said questioningly. 'From England?'

It is difficult to say what kind of reception the visitor had expected; but it was quite plain that he was immediately put at his ease by the one he received. He advanced a little.

'Yes, your Excellency,' he replied.

The Chancellor glanced at the paper again. 'You have written a name here, sir. You say that you come upon the business of a man who has long passed away.'

'Yes, your Excellency. I feared that you would not see me unless you knew that I had some claim upon your time. I felt that that name would be remembered.'

The Chancellor glanced at the paper yet once more. Then he tore it across several times with great care, his plain, strongly cut features quite inscrutable. As he turned back to Mr Barrows he might have been, for all that his face betrayed, examining an applicant for some minor official post or questioning a secretary upon some trifling matter of detail.

'Yes,' he said; 'naturally that name would claim my notice. Then what is your business, Mr Barrows?'

It was evident that Mr Barrows had trained himself well; also that he had made up his mind to be as plain and direct as possible.

'It is this, your Excellency,' he said, with just a trace of nervousness in his speech. 'I have come from England on behalf of two exiles, ladies from Lusitania. I speak of the Countess Hamar and her daughter. I have an appeal to make to the Emperor on their behalf, and I ask you to procure me the honour of an interview with His Majesty.'

There was a pause.

'An interview with His Majesty!' echoed the Chancellor, as if he were considering the suggestion with some surprise. 'That is not easy to obtain.'

'It is never difficult to your Excellency.'

'Further, Mr Barrows,' the Chancellor went on, heedless of the remark—'further, such an interview would remind His Majesty of an unpleasant incident. In one of his advanced age this is not to be desired.'

So far the interview had been of the smoothest, for the statesman was simply feeling his way to a full understanding of the situation. Now, however, it became closer. Mr Barrows seemed to admit the force of the objection by his greater earnestness.

'That, Excellency, is a point which I have considered. Only the greatest necessity makes me ask this thing. My purpose is to save two innocent and friendless women from the hands of a powerful and unscrupulous enemy. An interview may give His Majesty pain; but there is very much at stake. I ask for

an hour; but I am giving all that I can give—my life!'

Checked by his rising emotion, he stopped suddenly. But the busy mind of the Chancellor had been at work, and not a motion had passed unheeded, not an allusion but had been marked on the instant. Before the last sentence had been spoken it is probable that he had guessed correctly at the identity of the 'powerful enemy,' and that from this knowledge he had gained a fair idea of the general situation.

'Then your purpose,' he said, 'is——?'

'Restoration,' answered Mr Barrows softly.

'Restoration?' echoed the Chancellor. 'Ah!'

He surveyed his visitor calmly. It was the survey of one who is accustomed to judging and appraising his fellow-men, and one who leaves no possible motive unprobed in his search for cause and reason. Mr Barrows thought of another point, which he had passed too lightly.

'As for His Majesty,' he said, 'I have hopes that my action will serve to heal an old wound.'

The Chancellor asked another question. 'And what if you cannot have this interview?'

'That,' was the reply, 'is in your Excellency's hands.'

Perhaps the statesman liked the answer. Apparently he had no more questions to ask, for he stood silent, his hands at his back, his eyes turned towards the table littered with writing, his face in shadow, but with the soft glow of a shaded lamp falling around it from behind. For Mr Barrows it was a long and anxious pause.

It was broken suddenly. 'To-morrow,' said the Chancellor thoughtfully, 'you shall have your answer. You may come here by eleven o'clock.'

'I thank your Excellency,' said Mr Barrows.

The interview was over. Instead of calling a servant, the Baron, without a word, conducted his visitor from the room, and then led the way from the main corridor into a smaller one. This brought them to a side-door facing a deserted street.

'This is a better way,' said the Chancellor. 'To this door you will come to-morrow.'

That was all. Mr Barrows passed out, and the door closed silently behind him. Making his way back through the quieter streets of the city, he returned to his hotel, and passed the remainder of the evening in his room.

He spent a night of restlessness and anxiety. One part of his trial had now passed, and it had passed in a better manner than he had dared to hope; but he saw that the way was not yet clear. In dealing with statesmen nothing must be taken for granted, and nothing regarded as certain until it had been accomplished. Yet he knew the reputation of the Chancellor, and, indeed, knew a great deal more; and all that he knew, as well as the incidents of the interview, gave him a certain confidence. That keen and able brain would weigh this matter in its every

aspect, and would sift it thoroughly. It would number the points as they rose, good and evil; and exactly as the numbers stood at last, so would his action be. Mr Barrows thought he had put his case in such a way that it was a strong case; but he tormented himself all night with the thought that it might have been stronger. For instance, might he not have used a name instead of the phrase 'a powerful and unscrupulous enemy,' knowing, as he knew, that the Chancellor and Count Brode had no sympathy with each other? Yet on full consideration he felt that he had done wisely not to use a name.

As it was, his impression of the Chancellor as one statesman stood in opposition to his knowledge of diplomatists as a body, and this gave him a very troublous time before morning came. When he went to keep his appointment it was with a doubtful heart and a hesitating step.

On reaching the house, however, he found that he was looked for. The door opened as he reached it, and a mute servant ushered him into the cabinet. There he found the Chancellor waiting.

His greeting was answered briefly. Then came the other answer.

'I have seen His Majesty, Mr Barrows. He has consented to grant you an interview this morning.'

Watching the effect of this abrupt announcement, the Chancellor saw relief and some other emotion—could it be gratitude?—appear in his visitor's face. 'Come,' he said an instant later, 'we will go at once.'

He led the way, and Barrows accompanied him in silence. They passed into the gardens of the Chancellor's house, which were very extensive; for this quarter of the great city was entirely devoted to official purposes, containing not only the Government residences, but also the Congress buildings and the Imperial Palace. Mr Barrows knew that the Chancellor's house was that which stood nearest to the palace, and saw that his ordeal was close at hand.

Presently they reached, at the end of the garden, a door, which the Chancellor opened with a private key. A short covered way brought them to another door, where an armed sentry stood on guard. He saluted the Chancellor, who opened this door in the same way. Mr Barrows followed, and found himself standing in the imperial gardens.

They lay utterly deserted in the morning sun-

shine, silent save for the murmur of fountains and the cooing of numberless doves. As the two entered Mr Barrows had a glimpse of the palace in the distance, rising white-fronted upon a series of terraces, brilliant with flowers and gleaming with statuary. It was only a glimpse, however, for his guide turned into a walk which led them away from the palace at right angles, and which was sheltered by tall shrubs. In a few minutes they reached a small summer-house, standing where several paths converged.

'His Majesty,' said the Chancellor, 'will see you here. If you please, you will wait until he comes.'

He led the way into the building, which was simply furnished. They looked round in silence. Then the Baron faced his visitor.

'Bearing in mind the pain of associations—remembering what His Majesty has suffered, and his advanced age—you will be discreet?'

Mr Barrows breathed deep. 'I will be discreet,' he answered quietly.

That was the last word. The Chancellor walked away, taking a path towards the palace.

If Mr Barrows had found the night of uncertainty trying, this period of waiting in the midst of silent sunshine was much more so. One difficulty had vanished, only to give greater prominence to the next; and he was face to face, sooner than he had expected, with that which was the most difficult part of his adventure. He had time to realise this while he waited; and the realisation threw him into a state of agitation which boded ill for the fulfilment of his pledge to be discreet. He paced the chamber unevenly, now pausing to move a chair, now bending over the table to examine with unobserving eyes the books scattered upon it. All the while he strained his ears to listen, and turned again and again to glance at the turn of the path which the Chancellor had taken.

The moments passed slowly—all the more slowly, it seemed, because of the stillness; and they were moments during which he lived intensely; but at length his straining ear caught the sound of footsteps. As soon as he heard them they seemed to strike loud upon the stillness. Breathlessly he watched the turn in the path.

Then an old gentleman in gray, tall and military in figure, but with the unmistakable stoop of age, came round the corner and approached the summer-house.



## SWIMMING: IN PEACE AND IN WAR. WITH PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

By KARL BLIND.

**I**S it not extraordinary that in a country like England the noble art of easily and rapidly moving with your hands and feet through river, lake, and sea should be so strangely neglected among the mass of the people? In a sporting column I recently read:—

'The deterioration of swimming in the south of England is becoming more marked every year, and no serious efforts are being made to arrest the process. The difference in style between swimmers from the north and those in the south is apparent to the inexperienced eye. All the championships are in the hands of the northerners. Many reasons for this state of things can be adduced. Swimming is better taught in the north of England. In the south there are few teachers of proved ability. Attendants have been employed who have been unable to swim. It is no cause for wonder that boys—hundreds of them—taught by poor instructors should develop bad, ugly, and indifferent methods of progression.'

In the next paragraphs of that sporting communication no mention is made of river, lake, or sea, but merely 'public baths' are referred to, and, in a single line, 'a few free open bathing-places.' This in itself is curiously noteworthy. It looks as if swimming were merely a question of bodily exercise in a closed building—not in the natural courses of water under the canopy of the sky, and often amidst circumstances of wind, weather, and dangerous currents calculated to tax the presence of mind of the swimmer to the utmost. Yet that is a paramount consideration for the true devotee of this athletic art—an art invigorating in the highest degree in peace, and frequently most serviceable in war, when streams are to be crossed. The English soldier, however, is not—unlike the soldiers of foreign armies, where there is universal service—compelled to learn swimming.

As to the difference in style between swimmers from the north of England and those in the south I cannot speak, never having had anything to do with the subject in the way of competition. This, however, I may assert with a degree of regret, that every good swimmer from the Continent, when coming here, has but too much reason to express surprise at finding that so very healthy and useful an exercise is far less practised in this country than one would expect among a people of islanders, nurtured, or at any rate surrounded, by the deep.

Only quite recently, again, I had such an

experience. A young relative of mine, an Oxford student—English by race and birth, but partly brought up abroad—confessed to me that he was rather taken aback at the apparent neglect of swimming among his countrymen in general, and at the poor show even those who evidently are conversant with the art make in the sea; professionals and a few men trained for competition, of course, excepted.

When, a great many years ago, I first came to England, I was even more astounded. I had swum in the Rhine and the Neckar, and in the German Ocean, and I was positively dismayed on seeing the state of things here. No doubt matters have considerably bettered since, especially even among women. Still, there is the largest margin imaginable for further improvement. Every year since 1854 I have been at the seaside in the south, the west, and the south-east of England, and on the coast of North Wales, generally for six weeks, and often for two months; swimming every day, irrespective of weather, mainly at high tide, either before breakfast or before one o'clock. Once, at Hastings, I got, not exactly to my pleasure, among a dark shoal of dolphins that suddenly rose, and from which I had to swim away with the utmost speed. At another time I experienced much difficulty in avoiding the tentacles of numerous slimy creatures in the bay of Llandudno, one of which, when I had got back to the bathing-machine, I actually found sitting on the steps; not to speak of masses of troublesome jelly-fishes which lately appeared at Eastbourne.

I merely mention this to show that I have had good opportunities for observation in every way. All the more so because, from the interest I have taken in the subject since boyhood, I frequently make it a point, when out of the water, to watch those that are in, either from the shore or from the pier, which for years I took as my starting-point.

Now, what has always struck me, and still strikes me unpleasantly and quite incomprehensibly, is that a race so brave—I mean both men and women, boys and girls—and one so zealously given to athletic pursuits, is woefully failing, in more than one respect, in what might be assumed to be one of its native elements. Excellent rowing there is, no doubt, in boats; but what about rowing your own body with its natural oars?

First of all, a strange shyness has to be mentioned as to going into the water at all unless there be a somewhat favourable temperature. If the air is ever so slightly fresh, you find



almost invariably that the beach is nearly deserted. Even young fellows then go by preference to an indoor public bath! To my amazement I have seen young friends, former university students, who as boys had been brought up at an educational establishment at the seaside, and who had learnt swimming at a public bath, actually going in summer, at the very same seaside place, quite regularly to the public bath, until, partly by coaxing, partly by taunts, I made them come out into the open salt-water.

If the weather is a trifle cold, I have found by long experience that you generally have the beach almost, or sometimes quite, to yourself in the early hours of the morning—say, at six-thirty, seven, or even eight o'clock. The few who venture in are continually heard to exclaim, 'Bitterly cold!' when the water is just pleasantly fresh. I trust I will be excused—as I have, after all, a good object in view—for mentioning that under these circumstances I have often asked myself, 'Are the Teutonic Anglo-Saxons really changed so much—nay, have they become such a shivery race as to make one conclude that they had been transplanted here from some Southern clime?' There are, it need not be said, a few eccentrics who bathe in the open throughout the year, either in ponds or in the sea, even as there are abroad some who have the ice broken for themselves in rivers for the same purpose. But this does not affect the general state of things, which to my mind amounts to a mystery.

For the better encouragement of those who show such strange timorous coyness as regards the coldness of the sea-water, it may be said that it is often warmer than the temperature of the air seems to indicate. Only a quick, hearty dip or plunge is wanted to overcome the first feeling. No one can become a truly efficient swimmer—that is to say, in the way of being able to meet great danger in case of need—who does not make it a point to go in day by day, thus becoming conversant with all the various moods of the sea or of rivers. Not only have ebb and flood to be studied; but also the extremely changeable quality of sea-water has to be coped with. There are days when you shoot, as it were, like an arrow through the water, so light and rapid is the carrying power it possesses, in spite of the calmness of the surface, and quite irrespective of the state of the tide, whether high or low. There are other days when you are pulled back, as it were, as by a magnetic force.

On some days the bitter saline contents of the sea are stirred up more powerfully, as may easily be felt when you get a gulp of them into your mouth by choppers or breakers, which from too frequent repetition may become dangerous to life. On other days the water is far less bitter.

All this is probably the result of strange disturbances at the bottom of the sea. I have frequently asked others as to their experience in that respect; but they were generally rather astonished at hearing these facts mentioned. Even the easily ascertainable fact that the water of the German Ocean—that great herring-pond, which seems to be properly salted in advance for that useful fish—is more strongly briny than that of the Channel did not seem to have struck them.

Here we come to another question which is in close connection with the foregoing: Why do those who evidently can swim well venture out so little, preferring to hug the shore, and so missing all the proper training which comes from such special studies as are necessary in the variable element we have to deal with? The answer I always got was that they 'fear getting the cramp.' I cannot understand it, unless a person is foolish enough to go into the water soon after a meal. A really skilful swimmer, even if he got cramp in the legs, would not be quite at the mercy of the waves. He must be able to lie on his back perfectly still, whether with his arms stretched along the legs, like a piece of wood floating, or with arms akimbo, or spread out in cross form in case there were heavy waves. The fact that this is quite easy, that man can float without making the slightest movement, ought to give confidence to those who are nervously inclined. By nature man can thus swim. It is only the faint-heartedness of many which makes them grasp convulsively and incessantly at the unstable water. Thereby they destroy its carrying power, which in the sea, it need scarcely be mentioned, is very great—much greater than in rivers.

From what is usually called 'cramp,' but which in medical science would be attributed to another cause, I have known a young man, a remarkably fine-looking German from the Baltic province of Kurland in Russia, to be drowned near me at Eastbourne, at the head of the pier, where he had gone in. He went under whilst I had just begun dressing. His disappearance was only observed after some time. There was no boat near; but even if there had been one, his whereabouts could not have been detected. As his body was only washed ashore, near the Burlington Hotel, three days afterwards, I confess I felt rather a dislike to going in again at that particular spot until the corpse had come up. It was not a pleasant idea that you might possibly strike upon the dead man in jumping from the pier. At the inquest it was ascertained that he had plunged in immediately after a heavy breakfast. No wonder he lost his life.

Years ago, while swimming at Brighton from the beach to the pier-head, I met a young man who had swum the same distance. It is



certainly not a very great feat. Still, it interested me, considering the rarity of the occurrence, to find out the man's nationality. So I engaged him out there in a little conversation. His first word showed me, by his pronunciation, that he was not an Englishman but a Frenchman. We therefore went on for a while in his own language, and then parted. In France, as in Germany, swimming is actually more generally practised than here. Historically speaking, we know since Caesar's time how much our people were given to that healthy exercise. In Germany, swimming is compulsory in the army; and quite right too. It is a means of preserving many a soldier's life in campaigns in which rivers have to be crossed, often in a hurry, when there is little time for pioneers' work in the way of laying pontoons.

Thinking of such possible warlike emergencies in a nation's life, one feels somewhat annoyed at the sight presented by a mass of swimmers, or rather bathers, either in the open air or at public baths. Every year you may observe boys and men at the seaside clambering upon a board moored near the shore, exposing themselves for many minutes to the gaze of those on the beach; then diving; clambering up again, and sunning themselves once more; and so on until they return to their machines. They scarcely do anything else. In public baths you may see many using the spring-board in a similar way, diving nearly the whole time, to the discomfort of swimmers. It is most absurd. How much better could they employ their leisure!

Never have I, during all the long years I regularly stayed for months at the seaside, seen any one treading water. It is a most excellent and useful exercise, to be done either with arms held aloft or with hands on the hips. When I have been treading water at some place where I had not been before, the attendants generally became alarmed. I remember one occasion when the bathing-woman of the place shouted, 'Jim! Tom! the gentleman is a-drowning!' and excitedly wanted the appliances for saving life to be brought down. As it was full-tide near a strongly sloping shore, I could only smile at the unnecessary hubbub, and calm the excitement by a deprecatory wave of the hand.

Once I asked a professional performer at Eastbourne, who really did wonderful feats from the pier before an admiring public, whether he would tread water next day, holding his clothes above his head. I told him that, to my surprise, I had never seen any one treading water in this country. It need not be said that this feat, too, may prove useful in war. Nor is it difficult if you hold your head well back. The professional promised to do the trick next day, but never did!

If there is a heavy sea on you seldom see

a man swimming through the surf; though going in, with proper calculation, is by no means so dangerous as it appears, if you dive under a breaker and quickly come out on the other side. Coming back only involves some peril. But if you have presence of mind to calculate and watch for the comparative lull which usually happens after six or seven tremendous waves—whilst you are tacking to and fro in the meantime—and if you are nimble enough then to rush quickly out, the performance is quite feasible and affords as much pleasure to the resolute swimmer as any other athletic 'close shave.' Sometimes, it is true, I have been thrown on the shingle by a pursuing wave of angry Nereus; but I always managed, amidst the blinding spume, to scramble out uninjured—excepting a few unimportant abrasions now and then. The satisfaction of thus dodging the tricky sea-god is not to be despised. But the exercise is highly useful in case of a shipwreck, when there are heavy surging breakers near the shore.

Curiously enough, also, one never sees any one swimming with one hand, the other being held aloft. Yet this again is not difficult even in the heaviest sea. I need scarcely say how useful the practice would be in trying to save a drowning person, or in case one arm had been hurt in shipwreck.

On one occasion—the only one when I was in great and imminent danger, though I had swum for ever so many years in the heaviest and stormiest seas—the ability of breasting the waves with a single hand stood me in good stead. It was in the Lake of Geneva thirteen years ago. I had forgotten that the Rhone, the most rapid river in Europe, runs through the lake. Not noticing a red-painted buoy which is set as a limit for swimmers, I went far beyond.

Unfortunately, I had not brought my own short, elastic bathing-drawers with me, but had to use long ones lent to me, which were to be tied with a string. When I had proceeded for some distance the action of the rapid Rhone water loosened the string and I tried to fasten it again whilst treading water. I found it impossible; no sooner were the drawers tied than they again became loose. Then I attempted to fasten them whilst floating, but presently was shot far away through the enormous current. At last I tried to slip them off altogether, but this too became impossible. So I held them with one hand, and, swimming with the other, attempted to return. But I found the current almost insuperable—so much so that for a moment I doubted whether I ought not rather to make for the shore, out of the Rhone current, instead of for the starting-point, which was a bathing establishment. The thought, however, that I might thus suddenly strike upon a hidden sharp rock—as I did once, rather unpleasantly.

on the Devonshire coast—held me back. So I struck out once more with might and main for the starting-point, but soon found that I could not make any headway. I became breathless and exhausted. A false pride, which I could not overcome, prevented me from shouting for help. Nor would my voice, had I done so, perhaps have been heard.

In this plight I at last held out one of my arms, all the while swimming, or rather being driven backward by the current, with the loose drawers hampering me badly. Far in the distance this was seen. The head attendant, who had watched the unusual case, concluding that I was in danger, came to my rescue with a boat. I was already too exhausted to clamber into the boat, and could only grasp the rope. On landing I spat blood for some ten minutes.

My wife, who, with my sister-in-law, had observed the whole affair from afar on the terrace of an hotel, had no idea of the peril I had been in. She felt no alarm even when I occasionally seemed to disappear for a while, being accustomed, as she said afterwards, to such evolutions from our stay at the seaside.

I mention these personal experiences simply to show how necessary it is for those who wish to become really good swimmers, able to save themselves or others in cases of emergency, and also in cases of shipwreck or of boat accidents, to practise continually, each time

they go into the water, swimming with one hand, floating motionless, swimming on the back either with feet or hands only, treading water, and so forth.

After all, gaining championships and prizes in competitions at public baths, or during annual regattas under favourable conditions of tide and weather, is no proper substitute for one's own training to full efficiency and presence of mind under the most adverse circumstances.

Englishmen are excellent rowers, bold mountain climbers, fearless explorers of unknown lands. Why should they not become, in the mass of the population, better swimmers—and I will at once add, also more given to fencing and shooting—instead of devoting themselves almost exclusively to cricket and football, which, in a moderate way, are certainly very good as open-air games? I have for many years often preached on that theme to young English friends; but it seems useless. In this respect much might be done in public schools by those who have a right understanding of the matter.

I will only add that in a country where there is so much lung complaint, no better exercise could be had than swimming, which widens the chest, and therefore produces more room for the breathing organ. So I end this well-meant appeal, in more than one sense, with the ancient Greek warriors' enthusiastic exclamation: 'Thalatta! thalatta!'

## NEW SAMARIA.

### CHAPTER II.



Y sense of the comic was fast leaving me. I went into a drug-shop and asked where the president of the bank lived. The man in charge said it was a mile out of town, and I was told the way. Then I

said I was just out of the hospital and weak; could I rest a little?

'Why, yes.'

I sat down. He asked where I came from.

'New York.'

'What's your business?'

'Banker.' I related my story.

Then the man said, 'I wouldn't make it all so big. You ought to write novels.'

'I knew you would not believe me.'

'I don't, and I've got to shut up.'

Then I moved on again and kept moving, like a famous boy in a certain novel. I walked out of the town in the darkness, and on to a country road, feeling better and wishing I had a cigar. At last I got over a fence and found a lot of heaps of hay. On one of these I lay down, thankful for the warmth of a July night. I

slept well, and, waking at dawn, saw a man standing in front of me. I knew him at once. It was the man who had begged of me as I was entering my ill-fated wagon. He had a rake in his hand.

'Hullo!' he said; 'better get up. The boss will be along, and he's rough on tramps.'

I rose with some difficulty. The man gave me a hand, and said, 'You look right bad. What's wrong?'

I told him I had been hurt and was just out of a hospital. He did not recognise me, which was not surprising. The notion came to me that I would see if a fellow-tramp would believe me. I said, 'If I tell you a queer story, will you think it is a lie?'

'Why should I?'

'I am not a tramp. I am a rich man, but no one here believes it.'

'Well, why not? I was rich once. I had five thousand dollars once.'

'Indeed! And it is all gone?'

'Oh yes—old story—bad years, mortgage on farm, and busted. No work, and took to wan-

dering. I got a job ten days ago. When you get that fortune back do you remember Thad Petersen. Got any money?' 'No.'

'Well, here's ten cents.' I took it. He had asked; I had answered, 'No;'; now he it was who gave unasked. I thanked him, and as I walked away he cried after me, 'Round the turn there's a house. There's a nice woman lives there; guess she'll give you a bite.'

I went on. I began to see how hard it was to tell a true story so as to be believed. I concluded that, as I meant to make my tongue secure my breakfast, I would fall back upon fiction. I went up to the open door of the little cottage, and smelt tobacco. This had the double effect of giving me a terrible desire to smoke, and of making me sure that a man was within, and that I was, therefore, less secure of a meal than I should have been without the too critical charity of my own sex. I knocked with the timidity of the hungry. A very young woman came out of the back room. 'What is it?' she said.

I replied, 'I am an unfortunate man just out of the hospital. I have a wife and nine children; the youngest is blind, and my wife is sick.'

'Poor thing! How old is she?'

'About twenty-five.'

This seemed to strike the woman as comical. She laughed aloud. 'Well, you are certainly a very lively liar. Aren't you the man that got drunk and drove poor Mr Smile's horse into a circus, and broke my husband's leg, and told him you were a banker and worth three millions? Oh dear! but you can fib, and you don't do it well. I could fib better; and, oh my, that poor wife and nine children at twenty-five years of age!'

Upon this she fell into a chair and laughed herself into prodigality of tears. At last she said, 'Wait a bit. It won't keep. It's too big a joke. I'll fetch you some milk and bread, but I must tell Tom first.'

With this she fled, laughing as she went. Then I laughed too and sat down on the stone steps, relieved to know that my comrade in calamity was incapable of active hostility. When the woman came back she was so ashake with this cherished joke that the milk was spilling over.

'Good heavens!' I said, 'don't spill that milk.'

'Well,' she said, 'it's my milk, I do suppose.'

Humility and hunger suggested a modest 'Yes, ma'am.' I swallowed the milk and bread while she stood and watched me. 'Would you like more?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

She went away, and came back with a pitcher of milk and a half-loaf of bread, and again

studied my performance with amused curiosity. I thanked her warmly and was about to go away, when it occurred to me to further test this amiable, merry woman.

I said, 'How would you like to lend me five dollars?'

'Not at all. Five dollars, and Tom in bed for weeks! You must really think me a fool. What would you do with five dollars?'

'I should get a good dinner, smoke a good cigar, and wire to New York.'

'To that lady of twenty-five years old, the mother of nine? Now, I would. She'll be right anxious.'

I was fed and rested and gay—sure soon to be altogether at ease. I laughed and said, 'Suppose I were to tell you my true story. It would be worth—now, what would it be worth?'

'Well, twenty-five cents.'

She put it in my ready palm. 'I promise you a true story. I am a rich man; I am here on business. I was never drunk in my life. The horse was frightened and ran away; the rest I do not remember. I lost my purse, watch, and cigar-case.'

She shook her head. 'Do rich people travel without baggage?'

I added the sad tale of a lost and stolen check. Then I said, 'It sounds too complete, doesn't it?'

'No. A liar and a tramp would have been more cunning. You are not a real tramp. You may be worse, or better.'

'Suppose on the faith of your doubt you invest to the extent of a dollar. It might pay.'

'You are no tramp, that's sure; and if you are lying or not I cannot tell. Wait a little.' She was back in a moment. 'Tom says he doesn't believe a word of it, but that you must be pretty badly off, and I was to say he was sorry—I am too—and to give you a dollar.'

I took it, well pleased, saying, 'You ought to tell me not to get drunk on it.'

'I was going to.'

'People usually do,' I said as I was about to leave her. 'You have been really very good to me. It is unfortunate that no one believes me, but that does not alter my obligation to you. Some day you will be thankful that you fed a hungry man.'

'But I am always thankful for that.'

I said, 'Good-morning, madam.'

'Oh, good-bye.'

I went away down the road with the remnants of my loaf, missing the dog, which had left me the night before to forage for himself. The air was cooler, the country pleasant. I wandered into byroads, or sat and considered ways and means of bettering myself. I did steal four pears (they were lying near the road). I watched some boys fishing in a mill-race, and gave useful



sporting advice. One of them gave me an aged apple—a russet. After they had gone I sat down by the mill-stream, ate a little stale bread, and—from habit—feeling for the absent luxury of a handkerchief, became aware of the newspaper in my breast-pocket. It was only a fragment—a small half-sheet. I settled myself on the grass with some curiosity as to this bit of biography. I still have the paper. It ran thus:

‘OVERWHELMING CATASTROPHE.

DRUNKEN HORSE-THIEF—ATTEMPT TO STEAL  
MR JOSEPH SMILE’S MARE.

‘Yesterday a man without baggage arrived at the Washington Hotel and hired a man to drive him to the mines. He got rid of the driver on some pretext, and drove himself down the hill. There he collided with the Boss Elephant of the circus, smashed the wagon, killed the mare and a monkey, lamed a zebra, and broke his own head. Our distinguished young financier, Mr Thomas Sedgely, the cashier of the bank, stopped the horse and saved the life of the horse-thief at the cost to himself of a broken leg. The circus people carried both men to the poorhouse hospital. Mr Smile has the sympathy of his fellow-townsmen. The man may recover. His injuries probably saved him from the prompt punishment of a justly infuriated community. Mr Sedgely is doing well.’

I began to see, as I read this over, that my future in New Samaria was not to be unclouded. Assuredly, as a statement of facts, the report lacked accuracy; but if a newspaper were always accurate what would there be left to say next day?

On this Saturday evening I went back to the town and spent thirty cents on a luxurious supper. I bought two two-cent cigars and a box of sulphur matches, and then returned to the country and my hay-heap hotel. No tobacco was ever so good. About nine next day, being Sunday, I smoked my second cigar and counted my cash: fifty cents from the nurse, ten cents from Petersen, twenty-five cents from Mrs Tom, one hundred cents from ditto—total, one dollar eighty-five cents. Of this thirty cents had gone to sustain life and four cents to make it cheerful. I could have wired to New York; but then I must live, and it seemed well that I should keep up my strength, and my hunger was that of a convalescent.

As I sauntered into town I saw my grizzled dog slaking his thirst at a wayside stream, where I stayed to wash my bandages. I dried them and replaced them with difficulty. As I entered the town, the dog at my heels, I heard a church bell ringing. I am sorry to say it only suggested the brilliant idea that here was a place where I could rest. I went into the bare brick chapel with the want of assurance bred of being ill-clad

and of the treatment to which I had been subjected. I did not expect to be received with that eager hospitality which in city churches so warmly welcomes a disreputable-looking man; but by good luck it was very hot, and the congregation was scanty. I entered a well-cushioned pew far back and near to the door. No one came to my pew. When the service began I arranged my cushions and enjoyed comfort unknown for days. I slept through the sermon, which seemed to me quite too brief.

I think my canine friend missed me, for just as the sermon began he scratched at the door of the pew. It was not my business, and I let him amuse himself. Some one told him to get out, which order he apparently mistook, for he walked lazily along the aisle and went up into the pulpit. The preacher, in apparent uneasiness, asked some one to remove that dog. My tramp did not wait, but, conscious of being unwelcome, went down the middle aisle and out of the church. If there be a religion for dogs, he had not found it here. After this I fell asleep, as I have said.

I spent ten cents on milk and bread, and priced a pipe; it was beyond my means. After this mild meal I once more retired to the country. I found, as I expected, that I could not telegraph on the Sabbath. I recall that latter half-day as the only one in which I felt at all bored during this Bohemian time.

Resolved on economy, I tried two farmhouses before I could get as much as a crust, and it was eight o'clock when I persuaded an old woman that I needed help. I drank her sour milk and retired to the bank of a brook, where I ate my remnant of bread, finding it pleasant under the willows.

I meant on Monday to wire my office, but foresaw that, do what I might, I should still need some one to vouch for my identity. Altogether the outlook was not reassuring. Somewhere about 7 P.M. I felt a drop of rain and saw threat overhead of more to come. The Inn of Out-of-Doors is pleasant enough when skies are fair in mid-July; but the absence of roof may prove uncomfortable. I got up and looked about me. Then I took off my ragged hat and looked at it. Why I do not know, except that I saw Joe Jefferson do it in playing Rip Van Winkle. I laughed as I recalled my home and my stables and the club and the busy life of my office. I was beginning, however, to acquire a certain respect for my ability to overcome the difficulties of my curious isolation, and, indeed, at times to enjoy what I knew to be only temporary misfortune.

I wanted a dry shelter. I knew better than to try the barns; the dogs of Samaria were by no means amiable. Then I remembered the church. It was nearly dark when I entered the grave-



yard. It was supper-time, and no one was near. I found a window at the back which opened with ease; and, climbing in, I closed the sash. By the fast-fading light I saw that I was in what seemed to be a modest study. Here were half a hundred books, a desk, sermon-paper, and, above all, a lounge.

I was soon at ease. The time for an evening service went by. I began to think how pleasant it would be to write a sermon and leave it for the parson's use. Then I began to be conscious of a want. If only I had a pipe, a cigarette, a cigar. I think this was a suggestion due to the stale odour of tobacco, which revealed one weakness of the gentleman who had that morning so soothed me into slumber. Perhaps—oh, strong-winged hope!—perhaps he keeps here his pipe and his tobacco!

I came upon a glass petroleum lamp set on a table, and longed to light it; prudence prevailing, I resisted the temptation. Amidst the increasing gloom I began a search, conducted chiefly by touch. If I were found opening drawers and desk I would surely be convicted as a burglar; but no one was near. By-and-by, on a chair, shut in a book, I found a short pipe: I suspected what book it was, but shall never say. I had a kind of joy unknown since, as a boy, I ate my first stolen green apple. I came next upon a small bag of tobacco in the second drawer from the top on the left of the desk. Not to be seen of any, I sat on the floor; and, having sulphur matches in slabs, I lit my pipe. I sat still with my back to the wall, deliciously comfortable, while overhead the rain roared on the roof. I was soon to learn a lesson as to the limitations of human happiness.

I heard a noise within the church—steps. I learned long after that the good clergyman was apt to enter his study by this way. I stuffed pipe and tobacco into my pocket, and in the darkness dropped a row of matches. Awkward from weakness, I stumbled across a chair, put out a saving hand, and knocked over the petroleum lamp; it fell with a crash. I smelt the stuff just as I saw a yellow flash, and knew that I had set my foot on the matches. I understood at once what must happen. I snatched at the matches as the sulphur flamed up. It was too late. My hand was in the oil, and the flame caught my soaked bandage. The oil was all over the floor in a moment. I threw up a sash and jumped out, smothering the burning bandage with my coat-tail, and ran for my life through the darkness. It was raining heavily. When across a dozen fields I pulled up, well blown, and looked back. The wooden addition to the church was blazing, and the side windows of the main building were glowing with ominous red. It was a very fine, complete, and undisturbed fire; but I did not enjoy it. I was in the eyes of Samaria a tramp, and probably a horse-thief.

Now I had burned their church up—or down, as you like to put it. I was really terrified at the prospect of what might happen to me if my involuntary arson became known. Who would believe me?

As I smelt horribly of petroleum, and as my bandages were evidently scorched, I thought it as well to conceal this material evidence of guilt. I tore off the outer rolls and put them in the brook and piled stones on them. I needed them; but the need not to wear them was the larger need.

The night was long and wet. At last, completely soaked, I lay down and fell asleep. I shall not dwell on my misery. I had made a great escape, and was thankful; moreover, I had—good heavens!—I had stolen a pipe and tobacco—oh, enough for a week. I discovered this at dawn. Properly speaking, penitence should have been accompanied with unwillingness to profit by my crime.

I lighted a pipe to assist me in the settlement of this problem in morals. I only clouded counsel with the pleasant results of wickedness. It takes at least four hours of the sun to dry clothes on a man. I never before knew that.

About ten on Monday I drove a hard bargain, and had for breakfast, at a cost of seven cents, a bowl of milk and bread as usual. Thus reinforced, I went past the smoking wreck of the church, reflecting on my amazing connection with the ruin, upon which many comments were being made by a loitering crowd.

I found my telegraph-man and asked him to write, as I could not use a pen. He grinned and said, 'What is it this time I am to wire?'

I said, 'To Woodburn & Caruthers, 3 Wall Street, New York. Wire credit, New Samaria Bank, ten thousand dollars. Use numbers.'

He said, 'That would be, at fifteen cents a word, one dollar and twenty cents.' He seemed to think it a grim joke.

I had now a capital of fourteen cents.

After this I went to the bank, attracting some attention by my raggedness. The bank appeared to have been once a small brick chapel, now converted to the use of Mammon. It had a look outside of melancholy indefiniteness, but within was prosperous with varnish and paint. I saw no one but an old, very bald man perched on a stool behind bars.

I said, 'I want to see the president.' Upon this the bald man became abruptly excited.

'Don't have no tramps here. You get out, and pretty quick, too.' His unlooked-for alertness was emphasised by a revolver, which he laid on the counter.

I said, 'I will keep away from the counter, but it will do no harm to hear what I say.'

'Well, what is it?'

'You will get a wire from the Eleventh National Bank, New York, crediting me, John Woodburn,

with ten thousand dollars. I will come back about half-past two.'

As I reflected on my appearance I said to myself, 'What will the man say?' My statement was calculated to tax the credulity of man or banker. I was pale, in rags, dirty, with plasters on my face and the remnant of a dirty bandage on my right hand.

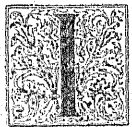
'Yes, you'd best come then. If I was you I'd have made it thirty thousand dollars. Set-up job.'

'I thought of wiring for more,' said I.

This seemed to excite the bald man, and he let loose on me such ingenuity of epithets as a mule-driver would have envied. I left him unanswered. My vocabulary is limited. I bought one cigar, and inspected the town.

I had learned much in the last four days, and had added volumes of varied knowledge to the library of memory. I never in my life believed a beggar's tale, and now that no one credited mine I was amused and, I may add, instructively astonished. My funds were down to twelve cents. I was now well used to my extraordinary outfit, and took little note of the attention I received, except to wonder why the dogs so mistook a gentleman as to bark at his toilet. But the dogs of New Samaria seemed to share the prejudices of their masters. I spent three cents on milk, and was sure that under this simple diet I was fast gaining strength and freedom from vertigo. I was thus reduced to a capital of nine cents.

## THE ASS IN REPORTEE.



IT requires a residence in the East to appreciate the ass at its true worth. There, in place of being used as a synonym for a dolt by a Dogberry or Carlyle, its patience and contentment, prudence and reflection, are extolled. It is only under civilisation that it is despised and neglected; because, as Buffon well observed, we possess a more powerful and noble animal in the horse—a truism that the following anecdote goes to prove: The then Duke of Newcastle, in conversation with the witty author of *Tristram Shandy*, observed that men of genius were unfit to be employed, being generally incapable of business; when the wit sarcastically replied, 'They are not incapable, my lord duke, but above it; a sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.'

In electioneering humour humble Neddy has figured prominently. Many years ago an old freeholder at Hythe, who was something of a hawker, went about in a donkey-cart. He was a Tory (colour, dark blue). During a general election, the night before the polling-day, some wags painted the old man's donkey light blue, the Whig colour. Nevertheless the old man drove his painted donkey up to the polling-place, and cried out, 'A plumper for ——' (the Tory candidate). Asked for whom his donkey voted, he replied, 'Oh, he votes for the other side, as the other asses do.'

At a recent contest a ready answer secured one lady canvasser a Conservative vote. She had fluently advanced several reasons in favour of her candidate to a grumpy elector, who told her she could talk the hind-leg off a donkey. 'Well,' she replied, 'it would give me much more pleasure to drive you to the polling-station than

to the hospital.' The retort so tickled the voter that he promised to support her side.

Somewhat similar was Rowland Hill's rejoinder when he read from his pulpit an anonymous letter reproaching him with driving to chapel in his carriage, and reminding him that this was not our blessed Lord's mode of travelling. He then said, 'I must admit that it is not; but if the writer of this letter will come here next Sunday, bridled and saddled, I shall have great pleasure in following our blessed Lord's example in that as in all other matters within my power.'

Another neat example of implication is the following: A young fellow, meeting a gentleman much older than himself at the house of a lady to whom both were paying their addresses, took the liberty of sarcastically asking his rival how old he was. 'I cannot tell you my age exactly,' was the reply, 'but I have always understood that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty.'

The late Archbishop Whately administered a like rebuke to a youthful A.D.C., who, dining at the Castle, Dublin, had accosted the Archbishop after dinner with the remark, 'I understand your Grace is very fond of conundrums. Can your Grace tell me the difference between an archbishop and a donkey?' 'Give it up,' said the Archbishop after a pause. 'An archbishop has a cross on his breast; a donkey has a cross on his back.' 'I say,' said the Archbishop after another pause, 'Mr A.D.C., can you tell me the difference between an A.D.C. and a donkey?' 'I cannot tell,' replied the A.D.C. 'Nor for the life of me can I.'

One of the best repartees of Dr Richard Busby, from many points of view the greatest English schoolmaster that ever lived, was provoked by one of the perverts of the time of James II.,

the famous Father Petre, who had been under him at Westminster. Busby asked him why he had changed his faith. The quondam pupil replied that 'the Lord had need of him.' 'I have read the Scriptures pretty diligently,' said Busby, 'and never read that the Lord had need of anything but once, and then it was of an ass.'

In the early days of the seventeenth century a foremastman belonging to a man-of-war, on being promoted, for good behaviour, to be a boatswain, was ordered on shore by his captain to receive his commission at the Admiralty Office. Thither Jack went, and he thus humorously described his reception: 'I bore away large for the Admiralty, and on entering the harbour espied a dozen or two quill-drivers. I hailed them. Not a word said they. "Hullo!" again said I. Not a word said they. "Shiver my top-sails, but what can this mean?" said I. Then I took a piece of gold from my pocket, and holding it up to my peeper, "Hullo!" said I again. "Oh, hullo!" returned they. "So so, my boys," cried I, "you are like Balaam's ass, are you? You could not speak until you saw the angel" (an old English coin then current, value ten shillings).

Another application of this Biblical narrative is related by Abraham Hayward, Q.C., in his essays on *The British Parliament: Its History and Eloquence*. He tells us that in the debate on the Bill for the repeal of the Occasional Conformity and Schism Acts in the House of Lords in December 1718, it was very warmly opposed by Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who said 'he had prophesied last winter that this Bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet.' Lord Coningsby rose immediately after the Bishop, and remarked that 'one of the right reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that famous prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass.' The Bishop, in reply, said, 'Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship.'

It is reported that the late Sir Frank Lockwood was in Yorkshire defending a man who was accused of stealing a donkey, when a witness for the prosecution declared he beheld the whole proceedings from afar. 'Now, my man,' quoth Mr Lockwood, as he then was, 'you must be extremely careful in your statements. You say you watched this affair from afar. Tell me, now, how far can you see a donkey to really know its points?' 'Just as far off as I am from you, maaster,' replied the yokel. And the great Q.C. subsided.

Though not strictly, yet so nearly akin to, a witty retort, the following notice, which, according to *The Annual Register* of 1807, was posted in a conspicuous place in North Shields, befits the subject in hand: 'CAUTION!—Whereas, several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr —, the head of the Ropery Stairs: Now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he is determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding upon it at the time to take care of himself, lest, by some unfortunate mistake, he should shoot the wrong animal.'

The latest sample that has come under notice occurred last December in the House of Commons; and it can hardly be construed into even a veiled compliment to our generals in South Africa. Mr Powell-Williams, answering Mr T. Bayley, stated that according to the latest returns the number of horses landed in that country was one hundred and seventeen thousand seven hundred and thirty, and of mules sixty-four thousand seven hundred and thirty. Whereupon Mr Healy asked, 'Can the right honourable gentleman state how many asses were sent to South Africa?'

#### WAITING THE TIDE.

THE Sea is calling, calling; but I cannot hear its cry.  
I only hear the falling of the echo ere it die;  
But gladly would I follow, wherever it may be,  
The land beyond the sunset, or the shores of Memory.

I've heard the same winged whisper, in the twilight of  
the morn,

Ring from the shining altar of the east ere day was  
born;

And in the deepening dusk I've seen, where burned  
the west in flame,

A hand that wrote in phantom guise the symbol of a  
name.

Oh, winds that wander, wander, to the east and to the  
west!

I pray you bear me yonder to the island of my quest,  
Where the melody that's spoken is the song we thought  
to hear

From the lute that earth has broken in her fevered fret  
and fear.

Ye have heard that song enchanted, for ye bear it on  
your breath,

Though like a lilt, ghost-haunted, from the dusky hall of  
death.

Perchance I best shall hearken only in that twilit hall,  
Or the shadows all may darken, and I never hear at all.

Oh Sea! give o'er your crying, if I must but wait the  
tide;

Oh Wind! cease wanton sighing, since the world is all  
too wide:

I'll learn a stoic wisdom till the Time-sprite sails with  
me

To the land beyond the sunset, or the shores of Memory.

M. ADAMSON.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### TOWN RESIDENCES OF CABINET MINISTERS. INTERESTING HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

By WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.

**I**T has been truly observed that a stranger will seek in vain in London for palaces of the nobility such as abound in Rome, Florence, and Naples—structures which bespeak their patrician ownership, and have each a history of its own as old almost and as full of matter as the city of which it forms a part. This is probably owing to the fact that the power of the aristocracy of England in the Middle Ages was not so great as that in other European countries, while their rural tastes tended to keep them from taking such an active interest in civic duties as was displayed by the nobles on the Continent.

However, *omnia mutantur*, and so we find that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many of the aristocracy had become the possessors of residences in the City so as to be in touch with the merchant-princes whose power and military prowess had such a predominant influence on the destinies of the nation. Many of these residences were occupied by their distinguished owners up to the Wars of the Roses; but from that time forward the aristocracy gradually migrated westward—first to Lincoln's Inn Fields, Soho, and Bloomsbury; then to St James's and its vicinity in order to be near the Court of the 'Merrie Monarch' at Whitehall and Parliament. A few of these residences still exist, and serve to recall the time when King Hal indulged in his mad pranks, and Charles II. habitually resorted *incognito* to the taverns of the City.

It is difficult in these days to picture Whitehall and Parliament Street (which are now chiefly occupied by large Government Offices) and Downing Street (the official residence of a number of Prime-Ministers, and now occupied by Mr Balfour) as the centre of the 'royal diversion' of the cock-pit, which was erected there by a crowned head for the more

magnificent celebration of that bygone sport, cock-fighting.

Many interesting scenes have taken place in Downing Street since it was established by Sir G. Downing, who has been described as 'the maker of English history,' for at much risk he saved the life of Charles II. He was an American by birth, and came to reside in Cambridge. Appointed to the position of Secretary to the Treasury in 1667, when the office of Lord Treasurer was put in commission on the death of Lord Southampton, he gave his name to the 'greatest street in the world.' At that time there were several large houses at the upper end overlooking St James's Park. For a considerable period there seems to have been little, if any, change in the character of the street, as is shown by the following advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Courant* on February 26, 1722:

'To be lett together, or apart, by lease, from Lady Day next—Four large Houses with Coach Houses and Stables at the upper end of Downing Street, Westminster, the back-front to St James's Park, with a large Terras Walk before them next the Park. Enquire of Charles Downing, Esquire, Red Lyon Street.'

It is not generally known that, although all royal proclamations and diplomatic papers are dated from 'our Palace at Whitehall,' for nearly two hundred years the headquarters of the Government have been at No. 10 Downing Street; here the Cabinet Councils are held when the Prime-Minister is a commoner, and the home and foreign policy of the Government decided. The house belongs to the Crown. George I. gave it to Lord Bothmar, and on his death George II. offered it to Sir Robert Walpole, the Premier; but he would only accept it for his office as First Lord of the Treasury, and it has since remained the official residence of the holder of that post.



Lady Walpole died there in 1738, and four years later Sir Robert went to reside in Arlington Street. It was to No. 10 Downing Street, too, that the great Lord Chatham was taken after his fatal swoon in the House of Lords.

William Pitt, his famous son, occupied this residence when he became Premier, and wrote his celebrated letters in reference to his attachment to Lord Auckland's eldest daughter, Eleanor Eden, in 1787. Pitt seems to have entertained the highest regard for Miss Eden, recognising, however, not only his financial difficulties, but that his health was shattered. It is somewhat remarkable that in all the correspondence which took place on the subject between the Great Commoner and Lord Auckland, the name of Miss Eden was never mentioned. Eventually the lady married Lord Hobart, afterwards the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and it is stated that when Pitt was informed of the event it almost broke his heart.

Among other illustrious personages who have lived at No. 10 Downing Street or used it for parliamentary purposes, besides those already mentioned, are Lord North, Lord Grey, Aubrey de Vere (the last Earl of Oxford), Lord Melbourne, Mr Disraeli, and Mr Gladstone. The building has no architectural features worthy of note; indeed, according to modern ideas, it is distinctly unattractive. The rooms, however, are large, and contain, *inter alia*, an old gilt state chair and other interesting relics.

Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century Downing Street—which, although its reputation is world-wide, is a short, narrow thoroughfare—contained a number of lodging-houses chiefly used by the Irish and Scotch members of Parliament. In one of them Smollett the historian, on the death of Dr Douglas, took up his residence as a surgeon, but with what success is not recorded. These houses were gradually pulled down to make room for the Government Offices; and eventually the house now used as the official residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was acquired, but much has been altered since it came into the possession of the Government. Its chief claim to notoriety is the fact that it was the residence of Mr Gladstone when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it was here that he gave some of his famous breakfasts, which were at that period a very popular means for promoting an interchange of ideas. Of late years this practice has gradually fallen into desuetude. Probably the greatest historical event which took place at Downing Street was the signing of the preliminaries of peace with France in 1801; and many issues of great importance have also been decided here, the memory of which are enshrined in history.

The only other Cabinet Minister who by virtue of his position has an official residence is the First Lord of the Admiralty—a post now held by

Lord Selborne. This is situated in Whitehall, near to where Charles I. was beheaded. As two hundred and fifty years have since elapsed, and as extensive alterations have been made from time to time, the actual spot on which the execution took place is uncertain; but there can be little doubt that it was witnessed from old Wallingford House, which occupied the site of the present Admiralty. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that Lord Wallingford's family saw the regicide strike the fatal blow and the man who assisted him hold up to the spectators the King's head streaming with blood, and also heard the loud cry, 'This is the head of a traitor!'

Wallingford House was the scene of many historical events. After the death of Charles I. it was used by Cromwell; and, subsequently, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was born there. Having spent an immense fortune, the latter died in very unenviable circumstances, as will be seen from the following lines written by Pope:

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,  
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,  
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw;  
The 'George' and 'Garter' dangling from the bed,  
Where tawdry yellow strives with dirty red,  
Great Villiers lies. Alas! how changed for him,  
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!  
Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove—  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;  
Or just as gay at Council, in a ring  
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king:  
No wit to flatter left of all his store,  
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.  
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!

The residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty adjoins the main building, and is a spacious house. Here he conducts all his official business and prepares the naval estimates. There is a door communicating with the Admiralty, so that the First Lord can be in touch with all the officials. The elevation of the main building is built of brick and stone, and in the centre is a tetrastyle Ionic portico with projecting wings. In the interior is a large hall with numerous offices. When Nelson was killed at Trafalgar his body was brought to this country, and lay in state for several days at Greenwich. It was, the day before the funeral at St Paul's, conveyed to the Admiralty, where it was placed in the large room on the ground floor.

For upwards of two centuries the houses in Arlington Street, Piccadilly, have been occupied by distinguished personages, and many of the important events which have taken place there are recorded in history. The street is now famous because one of the houses in it is the town residence of the late Premier, Lord Salisbury. The house which he occupies—No. 20—was rebuilt by his lordship, and therefore it is only

noted for the political events which have taken place there during recent years. It is interesting to recall the fact that the old Marchioness of Salisbury who was burned to death at Hatfield in 1834 was for many years one of the leaders of smart society, and her Sunday evening receptions in the old house at Arlington Street were a feature of the London season. One of the interesting events which took place in this street was the quarrel between Lord Nelson and his wife in reference to Lady Hamilton. Mr Hazelwood (Lord Nelson's executor) in a letter to Sir H. Nicolas records the circumstances as follows:

'In the winter of 1800-1801 I was breakfasting with Lord and Lady Nelson at their lodging in Arlington Street, and a cheerful conversation was passing on indifferent subjects, when Lord Nelson spoke of something which had been done or said by "dear Lady Hamilton;" upon which Lady Nelson rose from her chair and exclaimed with much vehemence, "I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton, and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me." Lord Nelson with perfect calmness said, "Take care, Fanny, what you say. I love you sincerely; but I cannot forget my obligations to Lady Hamilton or speak of her otherwise than with affection and admiration," without one soothing word or gesture. Muttering something about her mind being made up, Lady Nelson left the room and shortly after drove from the house. They never lived together afterwards.'

Among those who have lived in Arlington Street were Horace Walpole; Lord Dorchester, with his daughter Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; the Duchess of Cleveland, after the death of Charles II.; and the Duchess of Buckingham, widow of Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham; while, according to Pepys, a sister of Milton was married from there.

It would be difficult to find a mansion in the Metropolis which from an historical or political point of view is more interesting than Devonshire House in Piccadilly. From the time when Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, held her court there, and received the homage of Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and other eminent personages, down to the present day, this noble residence has been, so to speak, the rendezvous of the leaders of society and politics. There is nothing striking in the exterior of the building, the elevation being distinctly plain. The interior of the house is magnificent from every point of view. The rooms, which are large and well proportioned, are furnished in the most lavish style; the decorations are of the costliest character; the picture-galleries contain the *chefs-d'œuvre* of British and foreign artists; the library is rich in every department of literature; and the grounds at the back are beautifully laid out. The house, which now contains one of the most elaborate

staircases in London, being constructed of marble and alabaster, with balustrades of solid crystal, was erected in 1735 for William Cavendish, the third Duke of Devonshire.

It is not generally known that there is or was a secret underground passage between Devonshire House and Lansdowne House in Berkeley Square. This was used by the first Duke of Devonshire during the Revolution of 1688, of which he was one of the leaders. The present Devonshire House, it may be explained, occupies the site of the old Berkeley House, which the first duke occupied. His Grace, who was formerly Earl of Devonshire, was raised to the dukedom for the active part he took in the Revolution.

For nearly two centuries members of the Devonshire family were identified with the Whigs, and every prominent opponent of Pitt was welcomed at Devonshire House. In 1784 the Tory party used every endeavour to defeat Fox, who was a candidate for the representation of Westminster. Nearly the whole of the other London parishes had given their verdict, and the two parties were almost equally divided; whereupon the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, with her sister Lady Duncannon, set themselves to gain the suffrages of the outlying voters. According to Sir N. W. Wraxall, 'these ladies, being furnished with lists of the outlying voters, drove in their carriages to their respective dwellings, sparing neither entreaties nor promises. In some instances even personal caresses were said to have been permitted in order to prevail on the sulky and inflexible; and there can be no doubt of common mechanics having been conveyed to the hustings by the duchess in her own coach.' By this means Fox beat Sir C. Wray, his opponent, notwithstanding the efforts which were made on behalf of the latter by the Countess of Salisbury. After the election, which was one of the most exciting recorded in history, an immense procession, composed of Fox's supporters, proceeded to Devonshire House, where a distinguished company, including the Prince of Wales, had assembled. Here the successful candidate made a speech, and the mob dispersed.

In addition to the many political events which have taken place at Devonshire House, mention should also be made of the splendid entertainments which have been given there. The balls have been graced by the presence of numerous members of the royal families of Europe; while the private theatricals have never been surpassed in magnificence.

Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, occupies the splendid house which bears his name in Berkeley Square. It was built in 1765 for the Earl of Bute, who, when made Premier by George III., brought the war between France and Spain to a conclusion by the Treaty of Fontainebleau—an act which was so extremely unpopular in this country that it was

suggested that he had either received a handsome present from France for signing the treaty, or that he had invested largely in the public funds just before peace was declared. The public indignation was so great that Lord Bute was compelled to retire into private life. He sold the mansion to Lord Shelburne, afterwards the Marquis of Lansdowne, for twenty-two thousand pounds—about three thousand pounds less than it cost.

The latter died in 1805, and the *Times* in recording the event said the principal cause of public regret for his demise was that only a fortnight before his death he had declared his knowledge of the Junius secret; and yet among his papers was to be found no indication that could lead to its discovery. He was succeeded by his eldest son, the Earl of Wycombe, whose first act on coming into possession was to sell almost all the literary and artistic treasures which his father had accumulated with so much love and labour. The greater part of these were dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, many of the pictures going to enrich the National Gallery, the Grosvenor House, and other collections. The Lansdowne manuscripts were kept together, being purchased by the British Museum; while the gallery of antique marbles was the sole portion of the collection for which the Marquis showed any appreciation—his opinion being expressed in the fact that he purchased it from his father's executors for six thousand pounds. He died in November 1809, and was succeeded by his half-brother, the third marquis, whose first care was to purchase the antique marbles from his sister-in-law, and at Lansdowne House they may now be seen, some of them—as the 'Youthful Hercules' and the 'Mercury'—justly considered the finest statues of the kind that have found their way to this country. As for the pictures, when the Marquis succeeded to the title, there was not one in this great mansion, with the exception of a few family portraits; but Lord Lansdowne set himself to the formation of a gallery, which now comprises a very large collection of great interest and value, but miscellaneous in character, no school or master predominating, unless it be Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Park Lane, in which are the residences of two Cabinet Ministers—Lord Londonderry, the Postmaster-General, and Mr G. Wyndham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland—was originally called Tyburn Lane. Here once stood the Tyburn turnpike; and up to a comparatively recent period the thoroughfare was distinguished by its rural appearance. Park Lane is now considered one of the most fashionable residential quarters of London. Londonderry House, formerly Holderness House, at the corner of Hertford Street, is the residence of the Postmaster-General. This noble building, which was built in 1850, is regarded as one of the finest town residences in the Metropolis. It commands a fine view of Hyde

Park, and contains a magnificent picture-gallery, including portraits of British and foreign monarchs of the present century. There is also some priceless statuary by several of the great masters.

Three other members of the Cabinet live in Chelsea—Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Secretary for Scotland, at 47 Cadogan Square; Lord James of Hereford, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, at 41 Cadogan Square; and Lord Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at Chelsea House, Cadogan Place. These residences, having been built within the last twenty or thirty years, possess no historical interest. Chelsea House, which is the finest mansion of the three, was rebuilt in 1874. The principal rooms are most elaborately furnished, and one of the most noteworthy features is the main staircase, which is of Sicilian marble. The manor and estate of Chelsea came into the possession of the family through the marriage of the second Lord Cadogan to Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Hans Sloane. On the death of the latter the manor was divided between the two sisters, Lady Cadogan and Mrs Stanley; and when the Stanley family became extinct the whole of the property came into the possession of Lord Cadogan. Sir Hans Sloane's magnificent collection of books, manuscripts, works of art, &c. had previously been purchased by Parliament, and led to the establishment of the British Museum, the greatest national collection of treasures in the world.

The remaining members of the Cabinet, with two exceptions, have their town residences in places which are not remarkable in any way. The two Cabinet Ministers to whom I refer are Mr Brodrick, the Secretary of State for War, who resides at No. 34 Portland Place, and Mr Akers Douglas, the First Commissioner of Works, whose town house is at No 113 Mount Street. The residences themselves, however, are 'unknown to fame;' their importance lies in the fact that their immediate surroundings are of historic interest. Portland Place is one of the widest thoroughfares in London, and at one time was the most fashionable residential part of the West End; even now some of the houses are occupied by peers and other eminent personages. Lord Foley, who formerly owned a house on the spot now occupied by the Langham Hotel, was a friend of the great Lord Mansfield; and it is stated that the latter owned his success in life to this distinguished nobleman; for when he was studying for the Bar he was very poor, and Lord Foley, evidently seeing that he would eventually make his mark in the world, made him an allowance of two hundred pounds a year to help him to 'keep up appearances' until he could earn a sufficient income for himself. His unparalleled success at the Bar justified the opinion of his lordship, for his first case made his reputation as an orator, and within two years he was conducting appeals in the House of Lords,



eventually becoming, as is well known, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, and one of the greatest masters of jurisprudence that this country has produced.

In Mount Street (which owes its name to the fact that in 1643 a fort was erected there in the line of fortifications hastily drawn round the suburbs by order of Parliament when an attack was expected by the royal forces) was the celebrated coffee-house called 'The Mount,' from which Laurence Sterne dated many of his love-

letters to Mrs Draper and other well-known society ladies of the period.

Many other interesting events connected with the London residences of our Cabinet Ministers might be recorded, but enough has been stated to prove that although, compared with the town houses of Continental statesmen, they may be inferior from an architectural point of view, yet in historic interest and the important part they have played in the political life of the country they are unequalled.

## PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

### CHAPTER VIII.—IN THE IMPERIAL GARDENS.



On that morning the Emperor of Styria might have been mistaken for some British country squire making a tour of inspection in his grounds before the hour of luncheon. Yet his was perhaps the most striking and most pathetic figure in European politics, the man whose troubled life had been, for some score of years, the chief link that bound the constituents of the united empire under one sceptre. His private story was one of many sorrows and disappointments, while his crown had been described as one of the thorniest in the world. Many supposed that it was only in the work of governing that the Emperor found a relief from the troubles of his private life, and that a thorny crown was therefore some kind of compensation; but it is possible that these did not realise that here was one who saw that he had been given a great part to play, and had the spirit to play it greatly.

He came up the path slowly, looking to right and left; and he was within a yard or two of the threshold when he first looked before him. Then he saw Mr Barrows.

The latter had subdued his nervousness by a great effort. Standing beside the table, he saluted the Emperor and submitted to a quick but searching scrutiny. Age had not even dimmed His Majesty's faculties, for constant and tremendous use had kept them keen in spite of time. After that one look he sank into a chair. Mr Barrows remained standing, and the table was between them.

'You are the Mr Barrows?' said the Emperor placidly. 'And you wished to see me?'

Their relations during the interview took all their colour from that quiet question. 'Yes, your Majesty,' answered Mr Barrows.

'I understand that you have some communication to make in the matter of the Hamars. I am ready to hear you.'

Leaning back in his chair, he laid his walking-cane across his knees and waited. Mr Barrows had long prepared his story, but naturally found

a difficulty in beginning it. He was about to open an old wound.

He began at last, huskily; but his voice gained firmness as he went on.

'Your Majesty's kindness is very great. In speaking on behalf of the family of Count Hamar, I feel that I am dealing with a painful subject.'

He paused; but the Emperor, though he was listening closely, gave no sign. Therefore Mr Barrows continued:

'Quite by accident, or perhaps by the hand of God, I found some weeks ago that the Countess Hamar and her daughter were friendless and helpless in London, the Count having died there in exile. I found also that they were being pursued by a relentless and powerful enemy. This enemy had accomplished their ruin at home out of malice; but their ruin was not enough. In order to profit more fully by their situation, he had followed them even in their exile.'

Again Mr Barrows paused. The Emperor had turned, his face darkening perceptibly.

'Be careful, sir,' he said.

Mr Barrows was sufficiently pale, but he showed an unexpected courage. 'I will be careful, your Majesty,' he said, 'speaking only what is necessary, and what I know to be true.' And with that he resumed:

'When I saw this, I remembered that the prime cause, or one prime cause, was Prince Adrian of Zell, by whose influence Count Hamar had been led into disloyalty; and I felt that if he had lived to this day he would have seen it his duty to do, for those helpless women, anything he might be able to do in atonement. I felt also that there was some such duty even upon myself, through my connection with the Prince and my knowledge of his affairs; therefore I offered the Countess my protection, and found her a shelter. Her enemy, however, still pursued her, and at last I resolved to appeal to him in person. In seeking him I came face to face with one I had not thought to see, one who knew a secret which placed me in his

power. He was also an old enemy of mine, and it was his nature neither to forget nor to forgive.'

Mr Barrows's voice faltered slightly at that point. It recovered its firmness immediately.

'This man was relentless. He gave me a choice. I must either abandon those whom I wished to protect, or I must face the chances of a duel—a duel, not with him, but with his son. I may tell your Majesty that there would be no chance for me in such a contest as that, even if I chose to face it; therefore the result would be the same, as far as his victims were concerned, and for me much worse.'

The level tones of the speaker now seemed to have a slight vibration in them. The shadow was still upon the Emperor's face.

'There seemed to be only one thing to do—to move out of the way. At this point, however, I remembered your Majesty's kindness and your unfaltering justice; and it came to me that I might appeal to that justice on behalf of those who were suffering for the faults of—of my dead master. But I knew well that Prince Adrian owed a debt to the name of your Majesty's House, and that debt his life. He cannot now pay it; but I thought that another, and that other his companion in fault, might take the debt upon himself instead. And if he did so, I thought that he might ask one thing of your Majesty: protection for the helpless. As far as it might lie in his power, he might make restitution.'

The voice sank at the end of the story, until it was little more than a whisper. When his story was done Mr Barrows stood waiting, one hand resting upon the edge of the table.

Several moments passed in a constrained silence. The shadow had now left the Emperor's face; but it had been replaced by a slight smile, not of pleasure but rather of a bitter amusement. There was some trace of this in his speech.

'Then, if I understand you, you wish to make what amends you may to the Salzberg honour. But in doing so you also wish to make a bargain with the Head of the House?'

Mr Barrows flushed. He might have appreciated the Emperor's directness, even if he did not like it.

'There is much to be said for your plan,' His Majesty went on reflectively. 'The only way in which Prince Adrian could have shown his sense of what was due to honour would have been by making some atonement of this kind. He failed to do it; and perhaps the only person well fitted to take his place is his fellow-conspirator and his companion.'

The words were well enough, but the tone was not promising. Mr Barrows heard the words, but took more notice of the tone. Suddenly the Emperor turned and faced him fully.

There was a ring of anger and indignation in his voice.

'But, my friend,' he said, 'there are two or three points which you have forgotten to take into consideration. You are not well acquainted with the Salzberg honour, and you failed to notice them.'

Mr Barrows shrank before the look that pierced him, the keen scorn in the old man's eyes. He looked as guilty as he had done in the presence of Count Brode.

'One thing is this,' the harsh voice went on: 'you have forgotten that honour is not to be bought and sold. Another, you have forgotten that Prince Adrian's debt to that honour stands quite apart from the question of the Hamars. It is owing in any case. Yet another, you have forgotten that kings do not bargain!'

Three blows, where either of the three might have been enough! The Emperor rose from his chair, but he did not remove his gaze from Mr Barrows's face. He had given his answer; he had said all that there was to say. His rising was a sign that the talk was finished.

Mr Barrows knew this, and saw that his one opening was being closed. Perhaps he valued it the more because he was losing it; perhaps despair gave him the last species of courage. He spoke again, stammeringly.

'Is this—is this my answer?'

'It is your answer,' was the brief reply.

Still there was a moment left—a moment, during which they faced each other before parting. 'The debt,' cried Mr Barrows—'the debt shall be paid. Your Majesty shall know when it is done, and the rest shall be in your hands. It is all I can do.'

There was a note almost of defiance in his appeal. He searched the Emperor's face with eager eyes, heedless of his own words, but knowing well his own meaning. In the moment that followed he thought—and how often this thought came back to him in the next few days—he thought he saw a slight sign of hope, a trace of softening, a dimness, as it were, falling over that look of keen scorn. Then he received a sign which he could not disobey.

'I thank your Majesty,' he said, 'for hearing me; and he passed out into the sunshine.'

He went hurriedly down the path by which he had come, unable to decide, such was the chaos of his thoughts, whether he had failed or succeeded. At the first turn of the path he found some one waiting for him, pacing slowly to and fro. It was the Chancellor.

They walked together towards the door, passed out beyond the silent sentry, and so into the other garden. Not a word was said until they came to the side-door of the house, by which Mr Barrows had entered an hour before. The parting was to be a hasty and informal one.

At the last, however, there was a pause, just

as Baron Quinzell was opening the door. Mr Barrows remembered what was due to him.

'I am grateful for your Excellency's help,' he said earnestly.

The Chancellor bowed in reply. Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse of kindness to this pale and shaken guest, he held out his hand. Men said that Quinzell never acted on impulse; but perhaps this case was an exceptional one. Mr Barrows went out, and the door was closed behind him.

The Chancellor lost no time in returning to the gardens. He found his master still sitting in the summer-house.

'He is gone?' asked the Emperor absently.

'Yes, sire.'

The Chancellor stood at the other side of the table, and looked at the Emperor with thoughtful eyes. Perhaps he was wondering whether this thing had been worth the doing; for he saw that the opening of an old wound had been a painful matter. Now that his emotions had died away, the Emperor looked feeble and exhausted.

'I gave the only answer I could,' he said. 'I had not kept that idea of honour so long to give even a jot of it up now. And yet—and yet—— But it was a strange thing. Of course he will not do it, even if the case be as you think; but there is the idea, the aspiration. And that is something, Quinzell.'

'Yes, sire.'

'Sometimes I think that honour cannot fail entirely in one of our House. Its call must be heard, sooner or later. It failed in Adrian; but now, you see, it cries out—it cries out even from his grave.—But there, Quinzell, I leave this to you. You will see to it, and let me know the end. Let us go in.'

He rose wearily, and they left the place together. The Emperor leaned on the other's arm, as he had learned to do in more than one sense during recent years. So they went up slowly towards the palace.

In the meantime Mr Barrows was making his way back to his hotel, whence he immediately departed for the railway station. He made no attempt at first to think of what had happened, for another matter was now pressing. The week which Count Brode had given him was passing swiftly, and he must reach home before it ended. He could find time for thought during the journey.

When the time for thought came, it brought him anything but comfort. He saw, first, that he had failed in his mission, for he had not obtained the assurance he had asked for. Then the scornful words of the old Emperor echoed in his mind, and again and again he felt the humiliation of the moment in which they had been spoken. But he remembered, too, that although he had not obtained a pledge he had given one;

and as soon as quiet consideration came, he wondered what had made him do it. He had come here to offer a sacrifice in return for a promise, or rather to obtain a promise in return for a sacrifice! In the event, he had pledged himself to accomplish the sacrifice without obtaining the promise. The Salzberg honour was an inexorable code. He must do the whole thing!

His moods varied. At one time he suffered the keenest shame, and blamed himself utterly for his folly in undertaking such a cause. He would abandon it now, and take the alternative of recommencing life in some other quarter of the world, where he could once more, and this time for ever, cut himself free from old ties and follies. This mood would pass, and he would recall, with some gleam of hope, the more favourable signs. There was that look which he had seen in the Emperor's face; there was the Chancellor's grip of the hand—surely a significant thing at least. Perhaps the opening was still there after all. Then there was the pledge he had given under such a curious impulse. Honour he had considered a thing apart from him; but—— And then he thought of the Emperor himself, so old and so pathetic a figure, with his high standard of action and his life of disappointment and tragedy. Under the influence of these thoughts he changed his plans; and when to these was added the thought of those who awaited his return, he almost felt that only one course was possible to him. His life was of no value to any one; here was a chance—just a chance—of making it finally useful. He would take that chance!

His journey was as long as it was wretched, and he did not reach his house until the early morning of the sixth day. At that hour the place was silent, and after he had let himself in he went directly to his own room. It was there that he had come to his decision before, and it was there that he must go through the struggle again.

Weary from sleeplessness and travelling, it was in vain, however, that he tried to arrange his ideas and find a conclusion. Torn between doubt and resolution, racked by the deepest uncertainty, he sat for over an hour without result. Then his housekeeper, who had heard him enter, came down and prepared a hasty breakfast for him; but as soon as this was over he returned to his chair. There was no time to lose. He must write to-day, accepting the challenge, or he must go!

After a while he was startled by a light tap at the window. It was Hadfield, who, passing on his way to the office, had glanced in to see his neighbour sitting in his favourite place.

Mr Barrows opened the window. 'So you're back,' cried Hadfield. 'But how ill you look!'

'Do I?' said Mr Barrows. 'Well, it has been rather a rush, you know.'



'I suppose so. How did you get on?'

Mr Barrows hesitated. 'Oh,' he said, 'fairly well, I think; but I'll tell you all about it later. How is the Countess?'

Hadfield beamed. 'Well, the fact is,' he said, 'she has been making progress. Perhaps it was because of you—the thought, you know, that somebody was really doing something for her. She will be downstairs early to-day, in the hope of seeing you back.'

'Ah! Then I shall go in soon. Good-morning.'

Hadfield saluted with his cane playfully, and passed on. Mr Barrows closed the window, and found that the encounter had steadied his thoughts a little. He took a turn in the garden, and this had a further good effect. In due time he went in to see his neighbours.

They had been awaiting him, as he found when he entered the little dining-room which had been given up to their use. The Countess lay upon the couch, but she rose to meet him with a flush upon her wasted face.

'So you have come back?' she said.

'So I have come back,' answered Mr Barrows, quietly.

He turned to speak to Edna, who gave him a look of welcome. Then he sat down.

As he did so, he realised, with intense relief, that his indecision was passing away. Perhaps the period of doubt had gone; perhaps the presence of the two much-wronged women was itself enough to restore him to that mood in which he had faced a great ordeal. Or perhaps there was an atmosphere here which was capable

of strengthening weakness and raising a man to his best levels.

'Well,' he said slowly, 'I think I have been able to do something for you. I have seen—I have seen the Chancellor.'

Before they could recover from their surprise he went on: 'I thought it best, Countess, to go at once to the highest place. Nor was I wrong, for I think I may say, now, that there is hope.'

Still looking into his face, the Countess smiled. But at the same time the flush died from her cheeks, and she sank back upon the cushions. Edna moved swiftly to her side.

'Ah, my friend,' she said, 'you must forgive me. This news is so good! I had almost begun to fear—indeed, I have sometimes dreamed it—that we should never see Lusie again, never see our home at Cronia.'

'That is all past now,' said Edna softly.

'Yes,' added Mr Barrows. 'I think it is all past now. You must grow strong in readiness. I must not tell you, yet, what the Chancellor said, as I may have to go away again soon; but he was willing to listen, and he was courteous. Soon there may be more to tell you; but you must leave it all to me.'

The Countess smiled gratefully. 'Fully we do so, dear friend,' she said, 'until we can repay you all. But are you going so soon?'

Mr Barrows had risen. There was no sign of uncertainty in his answer.

'For the present, yes. Perhaps I shall come in again later. This morning I have to write a letter.'

## SOME HEBRIDEAN SUPERSTITIONS.



UAIN'T survivals of the more primitive forms of superstition may still be found in various parts of Britain. The more remote the district and the less exposed to contact with the outside world, the greater is the chance of the old-time fancies persisting. Such conditions are well supplied in the Hebrides, and notably in Lewis, the most remote of the island-group.

Lewis is a district at present in a state of transition. A visitor finds its villages made up mainly of typical crofters' houses; but among these he will usually find one or two with modern gables, windows, and chimneys. This may be taken as an emblem of the general condition of the district: the new has intruded on the old, and the most time-honoured manners, modes of life, and even forms of thought are being gradually transformed by the contact.

Contrasts sometimes emerge so startling as to bewilder the stranger. Stornoway, the capital of

the district, is no sleepy country village, as might be supposed, with an indolent interest in the parish pump; but, as the casual visitor discovers to his astonishment, a very advanced little town, even as those things are reckoned in the south, with an interest of the keenest in the larger politics of the Empire. Yet within half-an-hour's walk of the town, and within sight of the stately pile of Stornoway Castle, one may find the chimneyless and all but windowless houses where the human and the bovine still sleep beneath the same roof. Go farther out into the rural parts, and you may observe with an eye curious, if not indignant, a woman dragging a harrow over the new-ploughed croft, while overhead the telegraph-wire sings in the fresh breeze. Surely here, if anywhere, the centuries meet, and

Old and New

Welter upon the border of the world;

and here, in the midst of fourteenth century conditions, lives a peasantry of good physique, of

high mental ability, respectable, God-fearing, and law-abiding, with a strongly developed self-respect and a racial intolerance of adverse criticism.

Among such unique conditions there naturally lingers in their customs and modes of thought much that is fascinating and strange; but it is the purpose of the present article to confine itself to a few of the superstitions that, in spite of church and school, still survive among certain of the people in the remoter districts.

Nor need those readers who are free from the particular fancies to be mentioned be too ready to lift the eyebrow in scorn. Superstition always dies hard. How many dinner-companies could one find to-day of cultured people where there are not two or three members who would shudder to spill the salt or would feel uncomfortable in a party of thirteen? There are dozens of little superstitions still widely distributed among us: one man will not pass under a ladder, another does not care to turn back for things forgotten, and a third will not begin a new undertaking on a Friday. The difference between these ideas and the belief in fairies and witches is rather one of degree than of kind; the one person goes the length of believing in good and bad luck, the other goes further and tries to account for it by imagining that behind the luck are certain supernatural agencies friendly or hostile to the person affected.

Most of the instances to be considered fall into one of two classes: those relating to magical remedies for the cure of sickness in men and animals, and those connected with witchcraft.

The visitations of sickness and disease are more or less mysterious at all times, and it is natural that a good many superstitions connected with their cure should still remain. One of the most widespread of these beliefs is that relating to the cure of 'king's evil' through the influence of a seventh son or daughter. Many people still believe in its efficacy; but the method of procedure varies in different districts. In some cases the 'seventh son' dips his hand in water, which is then used to wash the sore; or he may rub the part affected for a certain number of times or on seven successive mornings. When the treatment is not successful the failure is easily explained away by the suggestion that the sickness was not a genuine case of 'king's evil,' but some other disease like it. A similar instance is related of an attempt to cure rheumatism in the back by making the patient lie prone on the floor while a seventh son stood on the part affected. A feature to be noted here is the use of the mystic number seven, which has had such prominence in the history of popular superstitions. Interesting cases are those where disease is treated as a personal entity—as, for example, in the attempt to cure a tumour by threatening it with an axe. The feeling which prompts this method of treatment carries one

back to childhood days, and through that to the remote childhood of the race.

The regular washing of a wound with water, which is likely in itself to have curative effects, has been often associated with a supernatural or magical element. Adder-bite, for instance, is by some supposed to be cured if the wound is washed regularly with warm water in which has been steeped a serpent-stone. This is a round, bluish stone which, according to one account, is found in the serpent's hole, and which has in its centre a perforation made by the young adder. Another method of cure was for the person bitten to make as speedily as possible for the nearest running water; when, if he reached the stream before the adder, and bathed the wound in it, his hurt was healed. In one district a glossy-black stone, with a perforation similar to that mentioned, was found in the churchyard, and has been used to cure toothache. This was done by holding in the mouth for some time water which had been poured through the hole in the stone. Attempts have been made to cure a dog's bite by bathing the wound with water in which the dog's teeth had been previously washed. The homoeopathy suggested here reminds one of the toper's phrase, 'a hair of the dog that bit him.'

Probably children everywhere have traditions of their own about mysterious methods of destroying warts on the hands. In one part of Lewis the method recommended is as follows: A tiny piece of stolen meat is taken, or, failing that, eighty-one joints of straws. The introduction here of the other mystic number, nine, may be noticed in passing. The meat is buried secretly in the ground and covered over with a stone in a place not reached by the direct rays of the sun. The slow decay of the meat or of the straws, providing they are not disturbed in any way, is accompanied by the wearing away of the warts. Another method of cure is for the person affected to bathe the warts in a pool in the water of which the moon's rays are reflected.

Where every family keeps one or more cows, and where the cuisine and comfort of the household largely depend on the supply of milk, it is natural that some of these magical remedies should relate to the diseases of cattle. The sick animal has sometimes been given water to drink in which a gold coin had been placed. When gold was not available—which we can well imagine was frequently the case—silver might be tried instead. Some time ago the writer was told by a gentleman who recently resided in the Lews that he had with much persuasion secured a set of 'witch stones' from their owner as a curiosity. These were certain smooth stones of a dark colour that were regarded in the district as having curative properties. One evening after dusk he was much surprised to hear that a

respectable woman of the village had come tapping at the kitchen window to prefer a request for the use of the stones to cure a cow of hers which was ailing. At first he demurred; but on the woman earnestly pressing her request, he at length gave her the stones, which were duly used for the cure of the sick cow, and afterwards returned as stealthily as they had been obtained.

Another recent instance of a similar belief was furnished in a breach of the peace case which came before the Sheriff Court at Stornoway in July 1899. During the course of the evidence one woman belonging to a village near Stornoway declared that another woman had said that if she had had 'the tooth' she would have put it down the witness's chimney and have set fire to the house. Further questions from the Bench elicited from her and other witnesses the following facts about the 'fairy dog's tooth': It was larger than a man's tooth, and one end of it was red and the other end beginning to decay. Water into which it had been dipped was used for the cure of sickness in men and animals. Even the simple holding of the tooth had curative effects. Two of the witnesses had themselves paid a shilling for the privilege of holding the tooth, and one of them had taken it from one village to another to heal some sick cattle. Water in which it had been placed for a time was given them to drink, and as a result of this treatment they recovered. It came out in the course of further evidence that the tooth was believed to have been given to the great-grandfather of one of the witnesses by 'something' which met him one night when he was on his way home from Stornoway.

Much fairy folklore still lingers in the district, and some of the tales of the little 'dwellers in the mound' and their ways are delightful. How far any of the people still really believe in the existence of fairies is more difficult to settle; but the incident about to be related is reported to have occurred so recently as last year. Near a village on one of the sea-lochs are rocky cliffs, and from these on a certain Tuesday evening was heard the sound of the bagpipes. From the nature of the place it seemed impossible that the sounds heard could be of human origin. The only other explanation was the supernatural one. The horrified listeners sent word to the village of the strange occurrence, and forth came certain of the elders accompanied by a crowd of those who were curious enough or brave enough to venture near the spot whence proceeded the uncanny music. On arriving the elders read portions of the Scriptures, including the account of the Temptation, and offered up lengthy prayers. After about two hours spent in this manner the people returned to their homes. The exorcism had evidently been successful, as the sounds were heard no more. Two days afterwards one of the

elders, with three other persons, was down at the beach engaged in painting a fishing-boat, when a mysterious sound of knocking was heard from the inside of the boat, which rocked from side to side, while the mast trembled. The other boats near, to which this one was fastened, gave no sign of sharing in the movement. The men, it is reported, dropped their tools and ran home. The explanation offered by some of the villagers was that the fairies, angry at being driven from the cliff, were doing some secret damage to the boat with the intention of causing a disaster to the crew when they had set out for the fishing. Whether this part of the story had any sequel or not the writer has not yet learned; but one can easily imagine that if any mischance happened to that boat during the fishing season an explanation in accordance with the previous occurrences would be readily forthcoming.

Perhaps the most firmly embedded superstitions, and at the same time the most objectionable in their effects, are those relating to witchcraft. The belief that certain persons, usually old women, can bewitch animals and things holds its place tenaciously. This is especially the case in connection with cows. When a cow has been bewitched the milk becomes of poor quality and ceases to yield cream. It was at one time a belief, now almost obsolete, that if any woman had borrowed a burning peat with which to kindle her fire, and if little butter came at the lender's next churning, the butter had been taken away under the guise of fire. A borrowed churn which yielded little butter when returned was supposed to have been bewitched when out of its owner's possession. Only those who have experienced at first hand the vagaries of a hand-churn, in their attempts to make butter rise in it, will understand the strength of the temptation to relieve the churner's mind by a facile supernatural explanation of what depends on such a complicated set of conditions as temperature, quality of milk, and manner of churning.

The powerful hold which fancies such as these still have on the minds of the more ignorant section of the people in the remoter districts may be best gathered from an authentic instance that occurred quite recently. In an assault case tried in Stornoway Sheriff Court in November 1899, and reported in the local newspaper, the following interesting points came out in connection with the current belief in witchcraft. In a township in the northern part of Lewis a cow belonging to a certain woman, whom we may call Mrs. A., had been giving a poor quality of milk, and the notion became current that the cow had been bewitched by a neighbour-woman, whom we shall call Mrs. B. On two occasions when Mrs. A. was driving home her cows the particular animal mentioned broke away from the others and made for Mrs. B.'s house. This seemed to confirm Mrs. A.'s suspicions; and on the second occasion she



ran after the cow, calling out, 'What makes my cow go to that house to-night and last week more than to any other house in the place?' meaning thereby, as she explained herself, that her cow 'was going after its own'—that is, after the substance of its milk which had been taken away by Mrs B.'s witchcraft. Mrs B., hearing the disparaging remarks, called out her husband, and then followed the assault which had given rise to the trial.

In his defence, Mr B. said that when he heard the rumours about his wife he got three of 'the constables' of the township to come and examine his cow's milk to see if it were any richer than usual, as would be the case if the substance of Mrs A.'s cow's milk were present in it. He also said that previous to this there had been a talk of Mrs A.'s cow having been bewitched by a Mrs C., and that Mrs A. had gone to Mrs C.'s door and poured out some of the cow's milk there in the

hope of breaking the spell. On being asked how many witches there were in his township, he said he thought there were two or three. At the close of the trial the Sheriff-Substitute told the witnesses that it was time such false notions were given up, that there was no such thing as witchcraft, and that he hoped they would cease to believe in it. Mrs A. dissented from his lordship's opinion, and said she could not believe there were not witches, and that she was sure there were, in her township at least.

This very recent case shows what a strong and living hold these superstitions still have on some of the people, and how they become mixed up in the most unfortunate manner with their social relationships; and, when indulged in, cannot but destroy their friendly feelings toward their neighbours. It is difficult to realise that such a state of things exists within the limits of Britain at the dawn of the twentieth century.

## NEW SAMARIA.

### CHAPTER III.

**I**T was warm when, close on three o'clock, I re-entered the bank. As before, the bald man was alone.

I said, 'Have you heard from my firm and the bank?'

'Well, about that I can't say.

There is a telegram to credit a man named Woodburn with ten thousand dollars.'

'Well?' I saw his doubt.

'You sent a wire? They say at the office a tramp sent a wire for ten thousand dollars. I took it as a joke, or that you were off your head, the way you were after killin' that mare. Now, you want the money?'

'Yes. Not all at once.'

'But it's darned ridiculous. I don't know if you're you or if it's a set-up job.'

'Well,' I said, 'suppose I clear your head a little. Look at the telegram; it has a number at the beginning and one at the end.'

'That's so. It's pretty suspicious.'

'Very good. Look at the telegram. The first number is made up of the day of the week, the 2nd, and of the day of the month, the 17th. That makes 19. Isn't that so?'

'Yes, that's so; but how you knew it darned if I know. All arranged, I guess. Set up in New York.'

'No matter. The last number is four times the first; that is 76. We do this to prevent telegraphic misuse of our name. Of course we change it from time to time.'

The bald man was a queer thing to see. His scalp moved back and forward in a sort of tic, and the two quill pens in his ears moved with the scalp like undeveloped wings.

'You've got to be identified, and right well too. Any fool would know that. Knowin' about the numbers don't identify. You can't plunder this bank that way.'

'But would they have wired you if I were not known to be here?'

'You may be you, or some other you, and I don't pay a dime on such evidence.'

'You are, of course, wise to guard your bank; but why not wire your correspondents in New York, and ask them to inquire? Isn't it worth while? I'—

'No, it isn't. You go and get a man to say you're you; then we can talk. I've got to look out. I'm only here to keep house like till that red-headed fool Tom Sedgeley gets back. There ain't no use of discussin' it.'

I said, 'Very well,' and went away. The situation was, as I had anticipated, serious. I could not see any speedy way out of it. The completeness of my isolation amused and annoyed me. I was worth millions last month; to-day I was possessed of seven cents. What I had hoped was that the wire would excite enough of interest to cause reasonable inquiry. The bald cashier was, on the whole, right. In his place the same objections would have occurred to me, or to any business man; but I should have found it worth while to have corresponded by wire with the New York bank, and so settled the matter. This he would not do. As for myself, I had asked for too much. I should have wired for a hundred dollars. A beggar in rags asking for ten thousand dollars was certain to excite distrust. I had made a foolish mistake.

Tramp-like, the ease and freedom of the country drew me. It is relatively uncritical and unsuspicious. I turned to it as if by instinct, and wandered out along the only road which led away from the river and into the rich prairie-lands. My resource was to see what I could get out of the little woman who had helped me. On the way I saw my ten-cent benefactor, Petersen, raking hay in a rather lazy fashion. I hailed him, and we sat down to talk.

'Getting on, cap.?'

'No; but do you listen to me.'

He said he would.

'I've no need to lie to a fellow-tramp.'

'Oh, I'm not the genuine article, and you're not a tramp at all.'

'No, I am not;' and I related in full my adventures.

'Gosh! and you're the man I asked to help me. You were just getting into a wagon. I didn't suspicion you were the man. Clothes make a heap of difference. Suppose it's all true. What are you going to do? You can't work.'

'No, I can't even write a letter. The nurse wrote for me, but'—

'Well, I don't see what you're to do. Let's go to the circus. It only costs ten cents for a back seat, and it's too hot to work. I'll pay,' he said, when I confessed that I had only seven cents.

The recklessness of the notion captured my fancy. I was acquiring the carelessness of the true tramp. We went along talking. Evidently he more or less accepted my story; but how completely he believed I could not tell, nor did it much concern me. Something would turn up. I thoroughly enjoyed the show, and especially a clown, who was anything but sober—a circumstance which gave breadth and flavour to his jokes, as the applause showed. When it was over we went to see the animals behind the tent. This required five cents apiece, which my comrade paid. A little later we met the clown in the lessening crowd. Petersen asked him what time it was. He pulled out my watch, and said, 'Six o'clock.'

'By George!' I cried, 'that's my watch,' and foolishly caught his arm. He drew back with his left to hit me, when Petersen seized his wrist. The brief struggle called a crowd around us, the clown crying out that these tramps wanted to steal his watch. One of his acrobatic friends kindly suggested tar and feathers, when a burly man of six-feet-four shouldered the crowd aside, and, explaining that he was the Sheriff, asked what was the row. The clown stated his case. The big man considered his powdered face, and then turned to me with:

'Well, what's your side?'

I said, 'I was hurt in an accident, and my watch was stolen, and'—

'Oh yes, I know. You tried to steal Smile's mare, and got too drunk to do the trick.'

'Mr Sheriff,' I returned, 'this is a queer town. Why the mischief it is called Samaria I really do not see. The man that named it must have lived to be disappointed. I have had every kind of misfortune, and no one either helps me or believes me.'

The crowd became noisily injurious. The Sheriff cried, 'Shut up, you fellows,' and looked down on me with a slowly maturing smile. 'You've got the floor. I propose to listen.'

I thought that I had at last found a real Samaritan, and asked the clown, 'Now, what kind of a watch is it?'

The crowd was pleased. The Sheriff enlarged his smile.

'Yes, Mr Clown, what kind?'

'Why, gold, of course.'

'Give it to me,' said the big man. He quietly took it and waited while the clown reluctantly released the gold chain from its buttonhole attachment.

'Your turn,' said the Sheriff to me.

'Good,' I said, and put a finger on a button as the watch lay on the Sheriff's broad hand. The watch struck six-thirty. The crowd was still better amused, and applauded. 'Now,' I said, 'inside is the number.'

'We're getting right warm,' said the Sheriff. 'Now, Mr Flourface, what's the number?'

'Why, there isn't a man in this crowd who can tell the number of his watch.'

Several gentlemen in boots and wide-awakes said, 'That's so.'

My friendly Sheriff turned and said to me, 'Your play.'

I was dumb with horror. I could not recall the number. An hour before, or after, it was in my mind. Now I had mislaid it. The effort, the annoyance, and the excitement made me feel slightly giddy. I managed to say, 'Can't remember,' and swayed against Petersen.

'Drunk, by George!' said the Sheriff. 'I think I'll adjourn this court. Mr Clown's case is bad. He doesn't own that watch. The other man knows all about what that watch will do. But that proves nothing. Anyway, he couldn't honestly own a watch like that. Just look at him. I shall keep that watch until the rightful owner appears.' He put it in his pocket.

The crowd, by this time grown large, applauded, and there were various comments on my looks, and proposals as to what it was advisable that a town of public-spirited Samaritans should do with a drunken horse-thief.

The Sheriff cried out, 'None of that! Shut up and squander, you fellows,' then took me by the arm and so through the crowd.

'Now,' he said as again I reeled, dizzy and faint, 'you'd best get out of this and find work. We don't want tramps around this town.'

Petersen had slipped away. It was near to sunset. I was alone, without friends, without money; defined variously as horse-thief, drunkard, policy-agent, and tramp—and I had burned a church. I walked on slowly, a few yards behind the great bulk of the Sheriff, asking myself what next I should do. Should I speak to him again? At this moment he pulled a handkerchief out of his pantaloons pocket, and with it came something which fell unnoticed by him on the sidewalk. A few steps brought me to it. I picked up a five-dollar note. Now, I also had the habit of carrying notes in this careless way, and more than once had lost them just as he had done. It was a case for doubt. Absolute Honesty presented a claim to be heard. Hunger in several varieties said, 'Get a dinner, a cigar, a good mug of beer, a clean bed, and wire everybody, and then, later, return the loan.' Honesty and her twin sister, Accuracy, said, 'Kindly define a loan.'

I resolved to obey the habits of a life and return the note. I was a moment late; a man caught me by the arm and called the Sheriff. He turned and came back. The man said, 'Didn't you drop somethin', Sheriff? I was crossin' the street and saw it. This chap's got it.'

The Sheriff remembered, felt in his pocket, and missed the note. I was meanwhile offering it and explaining. The big man said, 'Well, you're a trifle behind time.'

I protested in vain. Neither man believed me, and I was thankful to be let off with additional advice in very distinct and picturesque variations upon the normal tongue of my country.

I turned about and went again out into the farm-lands in search of my Hay-Field Inn. I was hungry, and so weak that I was glad to rest once more at dusk on the still ungathered and damp hay. Too weary to go half a mile to beg milk of the wife of my partner in calamity, I lay in the deepening gloom and considered my moral frailty. I felt that with continuity of hunger I should succumb before repeated temptation; and while weighing this matter I fell asleep.

I awakened at dawn, and, despite keen hunger, felt better. A little later I set out to find Petersen at the farmhouse a field away. I lingered about, and it was after six when I met him.

I said, 'For Heaven's sake get me something to eat. I am half-starved.'

He said, 'You wait.'

He came back with two cold chops and some stale bread. I fell upon these viands with eagerness.

Thus refreshed, I said, 'How did you get these? Who gave them to you?'

'Gave? Oh, that woman don't give; I took them.'

'Oh!' I made no moral reflections upon this method of feeding the poor.

Petersen looked on with satisfaction. At last he said, 'You can't go on this way. How's your hand?'

'Bad.'

'Let me fix that bandage.' As he replaced it he added, 'And your head—how's that?'

'Better—much better.'

'Sit down. Let's smoke.'

We sat and talked. When I gave him tobacco he said I must have been extravagant. I admitted that.

My object now was to talk my comrade into a mood either of generosity or recklessness. I retold my whole story, and as I went on he listened with now and then a not unkindly comment. At last he stood up, and, looking down on me as I sat, said, 'You're leadin' up to somethin'. What is it?'

I thought it shrewd, and said, 'I want you to go into a speculation.'

'Well?'

'Lend me ten dollars.' Petersen considered me curiously for quite a minute in absolute silence.

'Well, now, that's queer; you're a bit changed since that day you wouldn't help me. I didn't mind it so much. I saw that drunken driver had got you riled. I got work here at the farm. The boss knows my people. It's a fine farm. I've quit knocking about. As to helpin' any darn nonsense like you're a-saying, I can't if I wanted to. I've got two dollars and I'm owed four; that's six, and that's all.'

'Would your boss advance wages?'

'He might.'

I hardly know to-day how I won that man. Certainly I talked my best. At last he said, 'It's right confusing and it's a big gamble. You're no tramp. You say you're rich. I've been poor enough to believe anything. The poorer you are the more you believe. The richer you are the more you doubt. You wait here.'

He was gone an hour. On his return he threw a ten-dollar note in my lap. I said, 'Thank you, my good fellow. You have builded better than you knew.'

'Don't know as I understand you. If you mean it's a big gamble, that's so. I kind of believe you, and I sort of don't. Anyhow, it's done, and I ain't goin' back on it.'

How he arranged matters with his employer I forgot to ask. I was in haste to see what I could do with my borrowed capital. I had gone a few yards when he called out:

'Hullo, there!' I turned. 'Look here, mister, I'm a-trustin' you. Don't you forget, if you're swindlin', that it's my Minny you're robbin', and Becky too—and *Becky*.'



I laughed. 'You never did as good a day's work as this.'

'Maybe,' said he, and then shouldered his hoe and went on to his work. I wondered at the man's faith, or was it a wild form of charity, or, as he said, a gamble?

In the town I found a clothes-dealer, and after much bargaining came out in an ill-fitting tweed suit, with my old rags in a bundle. I meant to keep them. My shoes were good, my head-gear hopeless. I had now one dollar and nine cents. I got breakfast for a quarter of a dollar, and had eighty-four cents left. With this I walked bravely into a barber's shop. I was studying in a mirror my face with its unshorn stubble and red scars, when behind me I heard the Sheriff say, 'Hullo! you here yet?'

I had acquired courage with clean clothes. 'Mr Sheriff,' I said, 'if you will wait until I am shaved I will tell you the number of my watch and some other things.'

The Sheriff could wait; he took a paper and sat down. When I was shaved clean, had my hair cut, and my face washed, I said, 'May I have a word with you?'

The Sheriff looked me over. 'Why did you want me to wait until you were shaved?'

'Because you will believe me the better the less I look like a tramp.'

'That's so; does make a difference. Suppose you come along with me.'

I went with him. He said no more until we came to a comfortable wooden house. 'Come in,' I followed him. 'Now,' he added, 'you sit down.' He left me, saying, 'Be back in a minute.'

I reflected as I took a seat that chairs are luxuries. I can still see the flowery ingrain carpet, the centre-table with four books placed symmetrically, the glass-covered artificial fruit, the sparrow-grass greenery in the chimney-place, the half-dozen rocking-chairs. When I looked up and on the wall recognised the deathbed of Daniel Webster I knew whence the big Sheriff came. He returned with a wholesome dame of large person, her face aglow with kindly curiosity under a mass of rather rebellious white hair.

'Now, I'm right glad to see you. I told Joe those circus men robbed you. I always said so. When they were here last summer they stole Jeremiah. Men that would steal a tortoise-shell cat blind of one eye would do most anything.'

The true Samaria was indoors. A mongrel dog, two women, and an alien tramp had been kind to me.

The Sheriff broke into her rush of talk. 'Sit down, wife. We've got to hear what Mr—What's your name?'

'Woodburn,' said I.

'We've got to hear Mr Woodburn.'

'The watch is No. 2222,' said I.

'That's so,' said the Sheriff. 'But how came you to disremember it?'

'Now, Joe,' said the wife, 'that's real silly. Why, I forgot just now to say Jeremiah had six toes on his left hind-foot and a mole on his lip. Why, you just scared the man so he couldn't remember.—Sheriff used to scare me, Mr Woodburn, just a little.'

'Boot's on the other leg nowadays,' remarked the Sheriff. 'Fact is, I just brought you away to hear about that watch. You see it does look queer all round; but sure as I live those circus fellows are up a tree.'

'Fellows that would steal a tortoise-shell cat would'—

'Hush, my dear,' said the Sheriff, 'this gentleman's got the floor.'

Thus encouraged, I told very quietly the story of my journey, of my arrival in New Samaria, and of all I was able to remember of my later haps and mishaps. At the close I said, 'If you will wire to St Louis in my name to Mr Garvin, president of the Third National Bank, to reply at once, and that I have been slightly hurt and need him here, you will get an answer immediately and the man next day. Tell him not to alarm my people.'

'I guess that musical watch is yours,' said the Sheriff. 'You talk to the missus. I'll go and wire your man.'

We had an answer within five hours. Until my friend came I enjoyed the hospitality of the Sheriff, but did not leave the house. I was shy of New Samaria. When on Wednesday morning Mr Garvin came, it was really difficult to persuade him that I had been a tramp, a beggar, and suspected of being a gambler and horse-thief.

'Why, Woodburn,' he said, 'give a dog a bad name and he will starve.'

'No,' I said, 'give a man a dirty suit of clothes and his character is gone.'

When I related my temptations and how I had committed arson he was delightedly amused.

'My dear Woodburn,' he said, 'with some small exceptions, you have pretty well illustrated the decalogue.'

I said that I had.

My financial affairs were soon set upon a firm basis, and the Sheriff undertook to arrange for me some other matters of which I shall say a word later.

Mr Garvin was well known as a correspondent of the New Samaria Bank. He dropped in with the Sheriff and mentioned that a friend of his, whom the Sheriff would identify, might present a large draft for deposit—some ten or fifteen thousand dollars. The gentleman owned some mines and needed money to arrange matters.

Of course, all was now clear enough. On Thursday I left the Sheriff and Mrs Sheriff.

They promised to keep secret the end of my adventures. I was too uncomfortable to tempt the talent of local tailors, and went away to St Louis to refresh and clothe the inner and the

outer man. I was not done with New Samaria. Indeed, who, in my condition, could have stood out against such inviting opportunities for requital?

## 'BULLS' AND 'BEARS'

By W. H. WILLIAMSON.



HIS article has nothing to do with natural history. These 'bulls' and 'bears' are tame; they are not annoyed by the waving of red—in fact, they frequently wear the colour. The 'bears' occasionally

put their heads into a wasps' nest and get stung, and the 'bulls' sometimes run against a brick wall and damage themselves. These and a few other things apart, the 'bulls' and 'bears' of this article may be considered human beings like ourselves. Let us see what the dictionary says: '*Bull*: one who nominally buys stock on the speculation of its rising in value. *Bear*: one who contracts to deliver stock at a certain fixed price, on a specified day, in contradistinction to the "bull," or he who contracts to take it; the interest of the former in the intervening time being that the stocks should be depressed (as the bear pulls down with its paws), and of the latter that they should rise (as the bull throws upwards with his horns). [Stock Exchange.]'

I write for that numerous class that so frequently asks, 'What is a "bull"?' and not for the man who knows. The explanation of the dictionary is clear; but I will make it more intelligible by a few illustrations.

The great business of the Stock Exchange is an unceasing speculation on the rise and fall of prices. This rise and fall is like the ebb and flow of the sea in this, that though it goes on continually nobody can predict with certainty the precise point that the flow will reach or at which the ebb will stop; and so men stand upon the beach before the ocean of Stock Exchange prices and bet upon the high and the low water-mark of the financial tide.

Now for examples. The £1 shares of the Aerated Bread Company are sold for about £14. The £100 ordinary shares of Allsopps were sold in July 1901 for between £40 and £50. Why this difference? The reason is that the Aerated Bread Company earns most excellent dividends; Allsopp & Sons do not. If, for some reason or other, people ceased to eat aerated bread, we should naturally expect to see the price of Aerated Bread Company shares fall, because we should anticipate the dividends earned by the company to be less; and if Allsopps' beer were suddenly demanded by everybody everywhere, the price of Allsopps' shares would rise. It is because people claim to foresee the rising and

falling of shares in the manner we have described that there are found 'bulls' and 'bears' on the Stock Exchange.

Let us return to Allsopps. In 1892 it was possible to buy £100 of Allsopps' stock for £12, 10s. That seems very cheap. The explanation is that there seemed little or no prospect at that time of the company earning dividends. In 1887 these same shares—£100 nominal value—were sold at £180! Even in 1900 they were as high as £130, and as low as £50! Now, let us see what the 'bulls' and 'bears' would have done here. Many people must have said when Allsopps' were quoted at £12, 10s., 'That business appears to be going to the dogs. I won't put any money in it.' Others said, 'Allsopps can't go to the bad altogether. £12, 10s. seems a small price for £100 of stock. I will buy while it is so cheap. It will probably rise in value—say to £20 or £30 or more, in which case I can sell and make a profit.' That man in his way is a 'bull,' for according to our definition he 'buys stock on the speculation of its rising in value.' Now, suppose a man had bought £500 of Allsopps' stock (really five £100 shares), he would have paid, at £12, 10s. per £100, just £62, 10s. for stock *nominally* worth £500! Let us now grant the price of the shares rises to £50. The man thinks it is a good opportunity to sell, and for each share for which he paid £12, 10s. he receives £50—a profit on each share of £37, 10s. As he had five shares, his profit is £177, 10s. Had he had one hundred shares his profit would have been £3750!

All this just explains what a 'bull' is and may do, but no more. People who speculate largely on the Stock Exchange do not always pay for stocks and shares when they buy them; they frequently wait till settling-day, and then receive or pay according to whether the transaction has been a loss or a gain.

Now, let us see what a 'bear' is, and how he acts. We will still use Allsopps' as our illustration. In 1900 these ordinary shares, as we have seen, dropped from £130 to £50. Suppose our speculative man, noting these shares at £130, said, 'I don't believe the shares will go higher; if they move at all they will drop, so I will sell.' But, the reader may ask, if he has no Allsopps', can he sell that which he hasn't got? Yes. This is how he does it: he finds somebody who thinks Allsopps' worth buying at £130—in other

words, a 'bull.' He says to the 'bull,' 'I would like to sell you one hundred Allsopps' ordinary.' The 'bull,' thinking they will go up £1 or £2 or more, since they have been to £180, says, 'Yes, I will buy one hundred Allsopps' ordinary at £130.' That is the bargain. It is in reality a bet. The 'bull' bets the price will rise by settling-day; the 'bear' bets it will drop; the stake is the rise or fall from £130, multiplied by the number of shares agreed upon—in this case one hundred. If at settling-day Allsopps' are quoted at £120, the 'bear' has scored a victory, for the 'bull' is going to pay him £130 for what can be bought by the 'bear' in the open market at £120, so the 'bear's' profit is £10 multiplied by one hundred, which is very satisfactory.

This will allow us to understand the great excitement that raged recently in New York and London—and generally in the large towns of America and Great Britain—in respect of American railway shares. These shares suddenly began to rise. People thought they would go higher and higher till unheard-of figures were reached, so they bought hoping to sell again at a profit. They were mostly 'bulls,' and the sellers were people who did not think there was any reason to suppose the shares would rise. The story is now old. The shares of some of these American railways mounted and mounted. Many people bought in the morning and sold in the afternoon, having realised a small fortune by the transaction. We had tales of waiters rolling in wealth, ballet-girls turned financiers, bootblacks becoming rich in an hour, and big-wigs banking millions. Then suddenly there was a panic. This is what happened: people there were in plenty who saw there must be a reaction—a fall, and they waited for the psychological moment—the moment when the tide seemed highest—to play the 'bear.' They sold, and hoped for a fall so that they might buy at a lower price. A heavy fall—a slump—did occur. I will quote a few stocks, the figures representing dollars, not pounds:

Stock.	Highest in that Account.	Lowest in Slump.	Fall.
Atchison .....	92½	60	32½
Baltimore and Ohio .....	121	90	31
Erie .....	43½	30	13½
Louisville .....	112½	90	22½
Milwaukee .....	194½	140	54½
New York Central .....	173	149	24
Union Pacific .....	133½	85	48½

Surely there was jumping enough to satisfy the most excited gambler. Now, let me explain how some 'bears' were hit so hard. They sold Northern Pacifics hoping for a fall. Some sold at 80, some at 120, some at other prices; but Northern Pacifics, instead of falling, rose. There was a reason for this. It happened that two great syndicates were struggling for supremacy in the management of this railway, and conse-

quently wanted to obtain a majority of the shares. So quite an unlooked-for cause was sending up the price of Northern Pacifics. The syndicates bought greedily, and the 'bears,' fondly imagining that they would be able to buy at a cheaper rate, sold with an equal willingness; but the syndicates grew greedier, and Northern Pacifics took mighty strides. They went to 300; but nobody had any actual shares to deliver! The 'bears' had sold by promise; but now there was nobody with any shares to sell, so the poor 'bears' were in the position of having sold and being unable to buy. Now, a 'bear' must buy if required. The syndicates might have said to the bears, 'Deliver the shares you promised to deliver.' The 'bears' would have replied, 'We can't; there are no shares on the market.' 'Oh yes,' the syndicates might have said; 'we will sell you shares.' 'For how much?' the 'bears' would ask in fear and trembling. 'At \$1000 a share.' That was the collapse of the 'bears.' Of course the above was not exactly the conversation, for the circumstances were extraordinary. An arrangement was agreed upon, and by it the 'bears' were allowed to reckon the market price at \$135, and pay the difference between that figure and the price at which they sold. A man who sold at \$100 and bought at \$135 lost \$35 a share. If he had sold ten thousand shares he lost \$350,000! No wonder there were great gains and losses—and failures.

#### THE SUMMER SONGS.

WHEN the rosebuds are unfurled  
There is music in the world  
All day long.  
It is whispered by the trees  
As they rustle in the breeze,  
And its song  
Lends a mystery unknown  
To the ever-restless moan  
Of the seas.

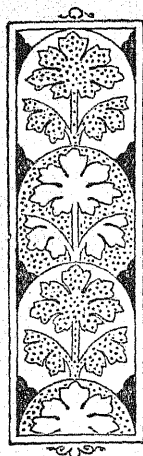
In the summer-time of life,  
In the pauses of the strife,  
There's a song.  
It is sweet beyond compare,  
And its cadence fills the air  
All day long;  
It is borne across the seas  
By the sympathetic breeze,  
Everywhere.

But the roses fade away,  
And the longest summer day  
Soon is past.  
Life and all that it portends—  
Hope, ambition, friendship, friends—  
May not last.  
Yet though other things be vain,  
Still those summer songs remain  
To the end!

ARTHUR DEMAIN GRANGE.

CHEZANOW, POLAND.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### PORTUGUESE CONTRASTS.

By C. EDWARDES.

**P**ORTUGAL fascinates for its incongruities as well as its sweet air and lovely scenery. Only two or three centuries ago it could afford to squander millions on what may be called a nation's *articles de luxe*; now it has to rummage its very corners for assets which it may hypothecate to the rest of Europe for a few hundred thousands of ready-money. It is rather pathetic, if you view the matter from the standpoint of a cosmopolitan publicist; but the average Portuguese bears his burdens with smiling serenity and a shrug. Far be it from him to blame his king for the dismal plight of his country. Is not Portugal a constitutional monarchy, in which the sovereign cannot be held responsible for bad government? To be sure; and both the king and queen are excellent, good-hearted human beings, who would do their utmost for the people. Those rogues who hold the reins are the criminals. It is a pity they should be so weak and unscrupulous; but probably, if they were sent to the right-about, their successors, whether as the king's servants or the nominees of a republic, would prove just as unsatisfactory. What would you have? And, moreover, when you come to think of it, the rascals are not wholly without conscience. They refused the other day, for instance, to cater to the depraved appetites of the race and accept the solid sixty thousand pounds which were offered (of course by the usual syndicate) for the privilege of establishing gaming-tables at the pleasure-resort of Estoril. Such a sum, as a free gift towards the nation's needs, would have been extremely useful. Extremely indeed, when it is remembered that the especial effort to raise a little money virtuously, by the issue of Vasco da Gama stamps in 1898, brought in less than forty thousand pounds. Europe and the stamp collectors in other continents did not show the interest in those beautiful little printed labels which was, perhaps unreasonably, expected of them.

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The argument might be carried on somewhat elaborately. Where will you find such pride of birth as among the grandees of this half-starved little kingdom, already tottering towards national chaos? And where so magnificent a State monument to the memory of a mere man of letters as that to the historian Herculano in the cloisters of the Belem Monastery in Lisbon? Yet Herculano was no flatterer of the national character: one is more than disposed to conclude that he reckoned the Moors, whom the Portuguese cleared out of the land, the equals at least in civilised qualities of his own forefathers. Still, there he lies in the cool, beautiful cloister, supported on six pensive lions; and while reading his tombstone lines—'To Sleep? Only the cold and senseless corpse sleeps; the soul flies to shelter itself at the feet of the All-Powerful'—one hears the soothing babble of the three hundred orphans supported by the State in the monastery buildings adjacent. Visiting these fatherless little ones themselves at their lessons or their midday meal, one is astonished at their comeliness in a land not famous for the beauty of its human stock, and is impressed by the comfort and cleanliness of their environment. Old prejudices die hard. We have had it so engrained in us that the Portuguese are a pack of unsavoury slovens and thieves that plain proofs to the contrary, howsoever abundant, confuse rather than convince us. For myself, I should feel inclined to blush for the candid criticism of any enlightened Portuguese traveller in Great Britain who put pen to paper about his experiences in our midst. He would assuredly return to his native land a cheated, derided, and disgusted man.

Portugal was a sad spendthrift in the past, and those of her people who have leisure to reflect about the subject are naturally not gay of heart. She gave us Bombay and other territorial trifles when Charles II. condescended, for his pocket's sake, to wed a Portuguese princess. That started us on our Asiatic career. They were so delighted

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AUG. 23, 1902.

with this alliance in Lisbon in those days that the people went about the streets crying, 'Viva the King of Great Britain!' Portugal had plenty of spare cash then, due to that ill-managed goose of Asia which laid golden eggs for her exchequer. Plenty of cash, but precious little national common-sense. Not satisfied to pluck this same goose for the benefit of an alien and competing nation, she squandered her accumulated millions most absurdly. She ought to have built ships and looked to her fighting-men; but she built monasteries instead, and grew impractically devout. She had so much filthy lucre in her vaults that she scorned to be particular to a million when a new edifice was on the stocks; nor did it matter overmuch if the building that was being raised had no human furniture assured to it. Take Mafra, that commanding barrack a score of miles north of Lisbon. King John V. wanted an heir, and made a vow that if Heaven gave him a son he would 'change the poorest into the most magnificent monastery in his dominions.' That was in 1717. The present vast block was duly consecrated in 1730. On two of its sides it measures seven hundred and seventy feet. Its enormity may be imagined from the fact that it contains eight hundred and eighty rooms, four thousand five hundred doors, and nine courtyards; that fifty thousand men were at one time employed upon it, of whom one thousand three hundred and thirty-eight died in the temporary hospital attached; that one of its stones took a hundred yoke of oxen to transport it a few miles in six days; and that a small fortune in gold and silver coins lies still buried beneath its numerous foundation-stones. The monastery church is majestic and empty, like the monastery itself, save for the few hundred soldiers who are quartered in it regally. All Portugal's army could be reviewed on its roof; and you shall find nothing but lizards on the hot stones of its porticoes, and only strenuous charwomen on their knees in the church. This is a specimen of Portugal's absurd extravagance; and by-and-by the great earthquake came and pointed the moral so forcibly that there was no longer an attempt made to justify it as a useful achievement. In the local guide-books it is fitly called 'The Monument of Mafra'—a monument of sovereign imbecility. The descendants of the subjects of John V. are content to save their money by begging vestas from the opulent stranger when he and they concurrently aspire to the luxury of a cigarette. They do it with finished grace; but it is somewhat touching nevertheless. A few minutes later you may chance to see your amiable petitioner in the nearest café, snatching up the newspaper hot from the press and the outer sunshine. He turns immediately to the fatal column headed 'Cambio' (the Exchange), and more than probably immediately afterwards says something vigorous, including mention of the devil, and throws the paper

down with a shrug. The pound sterling has of course gone up a score or so of reis in the night.

But in spite of their present irritations and limitations, the Portuguese live their lives with decorum and dignity. One may add also, with comfort; for even the Government cannot deprive them of their glorious climate and the fertility of their land. With a penny you may buy bread and a handful of the best sardines in the Atlantic, and another penny will provide as much wine as you ought to crave at a draught. This explains much. It writes the people down as philosophers, on the whole. Not of the ignoble kind either. The State railway carriages may be, as some are, poor, rotten, dust-ridden things, and the rails themselves apt to shake the teeth in one's head; but you will find white walls in the cottage interiors and much scrubbing of the floors everywhere. The factories in the towns buzz with talk and laughter, and with the sounds of industry besides. In the north, where the country is matchless in its combined natural beauty and cultivation, you see the people at their shuttles early and late. It is an old-fashioned sight, but eminently picturesque; and the work suits them. They keep open doors, and often the loom is right on the threshold, so that they can see and be seen to perfection. A stranger is a godsend to them; not altogether of the dancing-dog kind, yet a little of that. They are so illiterate still that it does not take much to excite their wonder; and they value kindness in others by no means the less that they are so ready to show courtesy and respect even on the most trivial occasions. At Amarante, where the French left broad blood-smears a century ago, I found it advisable to visit the barber. The barber spent great part of an hour in artistic manipulation of my moustache (no prodigy, be it said), simply and solely, it appeared, for social purposes. The townsfolk strolled in and out, with bows and gentle comments on my foreign boots, clothes, &c., and the barber enjoyed himself. But he would not insult me afterwards by appraising his labours in sordid cash terms. If I, as a stranger, of experience (presumably), was satisfied with his work, he would leave its valuation to me.

One sees next to nothing in Portugal to shock sensibilities as in other Southern lands. Animals are treated humanely. Even a Dutchman of Broek would like to see how the milk cows of Lisbon are stalled adjacent to the shops that sell their produce, iced or otherwise. The cleanliness is absolute; the tiled floors and walls do one good to look at, and the brass fittings are mirror-bright. Where the cow has its calf for companion, the youngster may be carefully saddled with a red-and-white blanket that appears to have just come from the wash. The mere thought of our own dear rural cowsheds and the adjacent farmyards in every county of the land cannot

comfortably be entertained in contrast with this picture of everyday life in Portugal's metropolis. From Algarve in the south, moreover, to Valença in the north, all the roads are suitably provided with drinking-fountains, quite as much for beast as for man.

I was considerably struck one day at Margaride—a village in the Douro district—to read in its inn this admonition: 'Women of doubtful reputation not admitted.' Were there any such? I inquired; for I had likewise been impressed by the conspicuous industry of the local ladies either at their looms or spudding among the vines on the perfumed hill-slopes, and it seemed to me that such industry could leave no leisure for misconduct. The innkeeper, however, was quite consolatory. There were, he hoped, none such. He was new at the house, that was all, and wished to enhance his own character. He may have spoken truth, or he may have preferred to beguile me rather than candidly besmirch the good name of the neighbourhood. Anyhow, the public intimation was interesting.

So, too, is the fact that during a two months' tour in all parts of the country north of the Tagus I saw no one intoxicated save a certain female monster who cut capers by the railway station of S. Marco de Canavezes one morning for a whole hour pending the arrival of the train. She was contemplated by a dozen or more others, who expressed nothing but sorrow and shame for her plight. Their shrugs were in admirable taste, coming after futile endeavours to persuade the wanton to act a more seemly part. She cursed and sang ribald songs (while the nightingale also sang from the trees hard by), and danced with her long highlander's pike until the train came. And for the ensuing forty minutes I listened to the apologies of one of the others, my *vis-à-vis* in the journey, for this shocking spectacle which we had both been condemned to witness. 'Coming from such a great and civilised country as England,' he said, 'you may well wonder that a poor creature can so far forget herself. Probably you never saw so deplorable a sight elsewhere. But the pitiable creature had walked far in the night, and the wine was strong, and so'—I had little to say in comment. I thought my thoughts and stored phrases and accents for my own future benefit.

On this moral theme it may not be amiss to report a little experience at my Lisbon hotel. I found myself the table associate of a gentleman who did his obliging utmost to amuse and instruct me in my native tongue. Afterwards he was disappointed because I could not conveniently spend the evening with him in the town. His 'So long' of parting was cordiality itself after mention of 'to-morrow.' But before I left the hotel I was touched on the shoulder by a servant and invited forthwith to see the proprietor. This gentleman and his son were agitated. They

assumed that I was French, and they warned me solemnly to beware of any intimacy with the man who had eaten his soup at my elbow. 'He is a certain Englishman, and it is to be feared a man without principle. We have had complaints about him from others. He obtains money from them, monsieur, and does not pay it back.' I thanked them and went my way; but circumstances prevented me from ascertaining if my compatriot was as diabolical as he was believed to be. The average Portuguese will, in his simplicity, freely confess that he cannot hold a candle to the average Englishman for craft in self-seeking. It is something to his credit in these days that he does not seriously attempt to be much worse than honest; he leaves such aspirations to his Government and foreigners. It explains, too, his excited fussiness when even the rumour is whispered that negotiations have been resumed for the sale to Great Britain of Portugal's landed estate in South Africa. His pride is hurt in the thought that his necessities should so greatly degrade him; and also he has little doubt that we shall get the better of the bargain by much.

It is due to Portugal's pleasant incongruities that the stranger may, if he will, enjoy so good a time in Portugal. I need say no more about the money-gift which is presented to him if he be wise enough to step ashore in Black Horse Square with British pound-pieces in his pocket. That subject has been sufficiently treated. In Biblical terms, having much already, more is given to him; nor need he be thick-skinned and feel scruples when he considers the poverty of his benefactor. It is an unwilling generosity, confessedly.

Passing this delightful anomaly, which on the instant adds one-half or two-thirds to his capital, let me speak of the roads and the interior of the country generally.

The conveniences of travelling in Portugal are not in themselves remarkable, except on two conditions. If you go through the land in a hired carriage, like the gentleman on his travels a century ago, you will be enchanted; the landscapes are so varied. You drive through pine-forests that seem immeasurable, chasing and being chased by gorgeous butterflies. But the pine-forests end and bring you to the hills and mountains and rivers, great and small, in which trout and barbel may be seen in shoals. With the heather-crimson on their green, the mountains are more than gay. They may be high enough to hold snow-spots even in June, like the Estrellas and the Gerez; or they may be divinely wooded like so many of the ravines north of the Douro, with the roads terraced a few hundred feet above the river-bed as if especially for the good of the happy traveller in the old style; and then, again, you drop to the cultivated lowlands, with the scent of vine-blossom omnipresent, and the hedge-rows a sublime tangle of aloes, flowering geraniums,



mesembryanthemums, red and yellow roses, and honeysuckle, not to mention such familiar friends as foxgloves and (in the damper spots) the forget-me-not. There are orange and lemon groves, also sweet in their season, and olive-woods and fig-trees galore. I have eaten my fill of white-heart cherries from the roadside trees near Chaves in the extreme north, and white mulberries in the midlands. Such trees are not without beauty. In the highlands the hills are laced with crystalline streams, and there is bracken enough under the chestnut-trees to remind one of our homeland covers. At Cintra the luxurious growth of beautiful things bewilders. The hedges here are of heliotrope, as well as roses and geraniums. In gardens like those of the late Sir Francis Cook, trees and plants equatorial flourish alongside smooth grass lawns worthy of Oxford's colleges. Still driving, you may get among the rice-fields of Estarreja and the flats of Aveiro, cut up by canals on which big boats with sails as precious as those of Venice and her lagoons drift under the blue sky towards the blue sea on the horizon. Then you pass into more pine-forests, with their warm, resinous odour and their cool shadows; a red road now instead of snow-white, with little crimson bluffs here and there, and with little blue boxes nailed against the larger tree-trunks, begging for coppers to help the poor souls in Purgatory—the poor souls themselves painted above the box in the midst of soaring red flames. You meet peasants of many kinds, mostly smiling. Even the young ladies and old women, who are barelegged and walk with their frocks up to their kneecaps, seem very happy. They may have fish or fruit on their heads, and be knitting while they walk, or they may be urging the domestic calf or piglings to market. They are in good spirits, anyway; and so are the beggars, who are sure to

be importunate if you slip into a town on a great saint's day—an occurrence bound to happen twice a week or so. Some of these beggars, viewed with the eyes and mind of the North, are grievous sights. They are lepers, twisted wrecks, and blind; but, in spite of the worst, they are not unconscious of the pure, sweet air of Portugal, and its caressing sunshine, and they have stomachs which it is a pleasure to them to fill. Further, they do their begging with a good heart, because they know that it is not wasted toil. A vigorous hour or two of declamation and they are provided for until the next saint's day. You in your carriage may end your day by an impressive entry into some such nobly terraced city as Coimbra, where houses of all the colours of the rainbow rise in tiers, studded with gardens from the golden sand of the river towards the purple crest of the wooded hill it graces; and the next day you will have similar landscapes and experiences, with a difference. This is the one condition on which you may travel gloriously in Portugal.

The other appeals to the cyclist. With a cycle or a motor-car, Portugal seems to me little short of being the ideal pleasure-ground of Europe. You get the same sensations, of course, only more of them to the twenty-four hours; and, with curious little interspaces of badness, the roads themselves are of a gradient and surface comparable to the best of our own roads.

It is true that in summer there are such imps in Portugal as mosquitoes, fleas, and even bugs; but they might be much more numerous even where they are met at all. Moreover, you may, if you please, consider their attentions a compliment. 'It is your blue blood, senhor, that draws them to you,' I was informed gravely by my landlord in one village when I descended to breakfast after a campaigning night.

## PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER IX.—MR BARROWS KEEPS AN APPOINTMENT.

**W**HEN the letter had been sent there was a brief delay. In forty-eight hours the answer came, and then Hadfield was taken into consultation.

'Have you arranged for your holiday yet?' asked Mr Barrows.

'My holiday? No, I haven't. At our office we go in turns, you know.'

'How soon could you go if it were really necessary? Could you go, say, on Monday?'

Hadfield was naturally surprised, for it was now Tuesday. 'Why, yes,' he said, 'I dare say I could make arrangements. Our fellows are a very obliging lot. Besides, it is quite early yet, you know. Why do you ask?'

'For this reason. If you can go on Monday, I

should like you to go with me to the Continent. I am going on that day, and shall require a companion. I think first, of course, of you. Indeed, if you do not come I must go alone.'

Hadfield waited for explanations. 'It is not exactly a picnic, however,' said Mr Barrows. 'The fact is, I want your assistance in a rather delicate matter. I am going—I am going to fight a duel!'

He made the announcement with a smile. 'Jove!' cried Hadfield. 'A duel? With that young Brode?'

Again Mr Barrows smiled. 'Why, you have guessed it! It is exactly that. You see, Hadfield, things on the Continent are not as they are here. Duelling is still a custom in France, in Germany, and even more so in the Styrian

Empire. One of the most frequent causes of duels is, of course, a dispute about a woman. Now, curiously enough, I have placed myself, almost unconsciously, between this young man and the woman he wishes to secure. Consequently, by the custom in Styria, he is entitled to challenge me. As the phrase goes, "Honour will not be satisfied" without the crossing of swords or the popping of pistols.'

'But you have appealed to the Chancellor,' cried Hadfield. 'Is this necessary after that?'

'Quite as necessary, according to the code. My appeal to the Chancellor concerns, of course, the restoration of those ladies to their home. My affair with Count Philip is a thing apart; yet the first will scarcely be complete without the second, for it is well, if possible, to comply with a national custom, and to give this young fellow what he would call "satisfaction." It is all that he will get, I hope.'

Hadfield was perplexed, and could only stare at his surprising neighbour in bewilderment. 'No doubt,' Mr Barrows went on, 'it will all seem very silly to you. So it is, of course, to any ordinary, sensible Englishman. But I, you know, have lived in Styria, and have even held some kind of position there, so that there is a certain claim upon me. If I may put it so, as a one-time Styrian I may be called upon to fight a duel; as a present-day Englishman I have the privilege of laughing at the absurdity of the custom. And laugh I do, even while consenting to take part in the affair.'

'But—but is it only a laughing matter?' asked Hadfield.

'Is it a laughing matter?' echoed Barrows. 'Why, my dear fellow, what do you think? Haven't you read accounts of present-day duels?'

Hadfield's face cleared. He remembered the amusement which the latest political duel in France had given him.

'Oh,' he said, 'it's a mere matter of form, isn't it? I think I have heard.'

'Yes,' replied Mr Barrows; 'this will be a mere matter of form—nothing more.'

He drew a sheet of notepaper from his pocket. 'You see,' he said, 'after I had visited the Chancellor I consented to meet this sensitive young man; and as it was to be a mere matter of form, I was content to leave all the arrangements in his hands. I wrote to him to that effect, and this is his answer.'

Hadfield took the paper. Its message was clearly and briefly written, in English:

'Saint Claud is a small fishing-village and watering-place near Treport. There is one hotel, the "Seine," where you will find us at any time during the coming week. Everything can be arranged there.'

'Publicity is not at all necessary,' said Mr Barrows. 'Indeed, an ordinary, everyday Englishman would feel very uncomfortable if it got

about that he had been making himself ridiculous in this way. If you can arrange to be free, we can go over there together for the week, and carry out this business without trouble and with expedition. But it must not be whispered to any one else.'

'No, of course. If the women guessed it they would be alarmed. They would not understand,' said Hadfield, who was beginning to find a certain attraction in the idea. It was, at least, an adventure; and he saw how effective would be the announcement in the office that he was obliged to ask for his holiday thus early 'because of urgent business on the Continent.'

In this way the arrangement was completed. Hadfield mentioned it to his wife, who, being now heart and soul in the cause of the exiles, was only too pleased to know that her husband was to do something useful in the matter. In the evening he was able to say that he had interviewed 'the office,' and would be free to go; and then Mr Barrows told the Countess that he would have to return to the Continent on Monday, and that he was taking Hadfield with him.

'Then you have heard something?' she cried.

'Yes, Countess, I have heard something.'

'I do not wish you to tell me,' she went on, 'because I trust you so fully. But is all going well?'

Mr Barrows looked at her reassuringly. 'All is going well. Indeed, I hope that this one journey may be enough.'

'If so,' said the Countess, 'we may soon be in a position to repay some part of our debt. You have done much for us, for no other reason than that you knew Mathias long ago. It is much for little—a small cause for such great services.'

Mr Barrows considered gravely. 'Countess,' he said in a low tone, 'let me say now that your view is too generous. I wish you to remember always that I am doing nothing more than trying to right a wrong. The cause of my action is, first, the idea of restoration—a just restoration to you of the happiness of which the folly and sin of my master, Prince Adrian, deprived you. That is my purpose.'

The Countess smiled kindly. 'Oh,' she said, 'but you must not say that! You are not responsible for another man. Are you doing it because—because you once loved him?'

There was a long silence. 'I cannot say that,' was the grave answer. 'There is no doubt that I once loved him. After that I hated him—hated him bitterly; and then I tried to forget him. When this is over—when this wrong has been made right—we may all forget him indeed.'

Another long silence fell. 'Let us speak of something else,' said the Countess presently. 'I am glad that you are taking this young man with you. He is to be trusted. And his little wife—what a heart of kindness she has shown us! Do you know what we shall do? When

we go back we shall ask them to come and stay with us a while at Cronia. They will see that we can be grateful.'

Mr Barrows smiled. 'You could not do anything that would please them more,' he said.

Now that the time was fixed, he was obliged to make his own final preparations. The book of his quiet life at Welding was shortly to be closed, and he left nothing undone in order that the *Finis* so soon to be written might be neat and clear. There must be no loose threads, no doubts in the minds of his friends as to his intentions. This necessitated a visit to a solicitor, and a little legal business; but he hurried it forward as much as possible, and it was all concluded on the Saturday before his departure.

During those days he saw much of the Hamars. The relations which had grown up between them were naturally intimate, and he saw no reason why he should not enjoy them to the full. Their confidence in him was in itself a stimulus, and he felt that he needed it. In their presence he found that the extraordinary thing he was about to do became natural and ordinary enough, and, indeed, the only thing possible. It was when he had left them that the struggle began again.

On the last day he spent the evening with them in the garden. Towards the close he chanced to find himself alone with Edna.

If he had cared to observe, he might have found that it was the daughter's face which always rose first before him when he thought of those whose cause he had adopted. He had, however, quite failed to analyse his sentiments; and even if he had analysed them, the resulting suggestion would have been scouted with ridicule.

'To-morrow at this time you will be on the other side,' she said suddenly. 'When do you expect to be back?'

'Back?' he said; and, as before, he found it impossible to answer her with anything but truth. 'I cannot tell you that.'

'What? You cannot even say what you think?'

'No. I cannot even say what I think.'

She was perplexed. As he looked at her he forgot the point upon which they had met, and wondered whether even the vilest of men would not be glad to give much more than a useless and purposeless life to put this woman out of the evil reach of the men who pursued her. The thought came to him again that she was very beautiful, but that her beauty was quite as much of the spirit as of the person. Her chief charm looked out from her eyes, and it was not merely a beautiful girl that looked him in the face, but a woman of heart and knowledge.

Then he saw that she had turned her eyes away. 'Do not mistake me,' he said hastily. 'It is not because I do not wish to tell you. It is because I cannot.'

Her answer gave him a thrill of pleasure. 'I

know that, Mr Barrows. I was only afraid that you might go into danger for us.'

Acting upon a sudden impulse, 'If you fear that,' he said, 'you can pray for me;' and fearing that he might betray too much, he turned the conversation into another direction.

That was his last day in Welding. Next morning he went in to bid them a hasty farewell, and before noon the two men were on their way to Dover. Hadfield was in high spirits and infected with the charm of an adventure; and even if he did no greater good, he at least prevented his companion from being left too much to his own thoughts.

They crossed the Channel in brilliant sunshine, when every respiration seemed to be a veritable breath of life. Hadfield moved eagerly about, intent on seeing all that was to be seen and learning all that was to be learnt, for he had never even crossed to Calais before. Seated in a corner of the upper deck, Barrows looked out and breathed the fresh air. The day and all that was about him spoke of life, and man's natural love of life began to move within him. It did not change his resolution, but it produced a bitterness which presently found expression in words.

That was when Hadfield had ceased his wanderings to enjoy a quiet cigar in his friend's company. 'If there's one thing I've learnt lately,' broke out Mr Barrows suddenly, 'it is the folly of thinking that you may be done with your sins. Bury them as deep as you like, they'll have to be up some day; and the chances are that they'll come up at the time you least expect them.'

'Oh!' said Hadfield vaguely.

'Yes. I knew a man who buried his sin out of everybody's sight in a nameless grave. He buried it so deep and well, and covered it so carefully, that at last it seemed as if the whole world had forgotten all about it. After many years he chanced to go into a graveyard one day, just to look at the nameless graves that were there, and to plume himself upon the cleverness and completeness of his burying; but somebody—it does not matter who—had found his sin, and had painted its name large upon a cross, for every one to see. It was the first thing he saw, and as soon as he saw it he knew that it was calling upon him for reparation.'

He paused. 'That was rather hard luck,' said Hadfield, candidly out of touch.

Then another mood fell upon Mr Barrows, and he spoke in another tone. 'Hard luck?' he said. 'Perhaps so; but, after all, perhaps not. Sometimes it seems to me that such a thing as that would be the best thing in the world—an only chance. They tell us in these days that the true aim of punishment is not vengeance, but the salvation of the sinner; and it might be much the same in such a case as this. Perhaps in this way a poor fool may be given the only means of getting near straight again. If he fails—if he



refuses to take it—he goes deeper; but if he can take it he may find rest at the end, or something like rest. The only thing is, to have courage to take the chance.’

‘Just so,’ agreed Hadfield placidly. ‘That is the point.’

Having thus relieved his feelings, Mr Barrows changed the subject; for there was certainly enough to talk of on that day without discussing sin and punishment. In due course they arrived at Calais, and proceeded immediately to make their way down to Saint Claud.

## THE ROYAL KIDNAPPER.

By T. R. THRELFALL, Author of *Philippi the Guardsman*, *The Sword of Allah*, &c.



THOUGH some men may think themselves shabbily treated by nature in the matter of inches, they can take comfort in the fact that unusual stature occasionally entails serious hardship. This was especially the case during the reign of Frederick William of Prussia. So determined was he to secure exceptionally tall men for his regiment of giant Grenadiers that from 1713 to 1740 no man of unusual stature was safe anywhere in Europe. When he failed to cozen, bully, or bribe his brother-monarchs out of their sons of Anak, his recruiting-officers audaciously kidnapped the unfortunate men. It mattered little that these high-handed proceedings occasionally brought him to the brink of war, or that kings expostulated and statesmen wrote him lengthy despatches; he always blustered and procrastinated until the patience of his correspondents was exhausted, when he was invariably allowed to retain the lengthy ‘bone of contention.’ For a quarter of a century he was the bogey of Europe. Like vigilant spiders, his recruiting-officers laid their traps everywhere. Three hundred ransacked Austria, while considerable numbers penetrated every corner of Russia, Spain, and Turkey. However, the bluster and threats of the great martinet did not always protect his emissaries. Two were hanged in Holland, several were imprisoned in England, many were chased out of France, and elsewhere they had to adopt disguises in order to evade the popular anger.

The occupation of the giant recruits was as varied as their language. Abbé Baptiste, the Italian, was officiating at the altar when he was called aside, a bargain struck to the advantage of the Church and the poor, and thenceforth the worthy priest appeared in all the glory of the grenadier uniform, with its blue red-faced coat, cream-coloured tight trousers and vest, white gaiters, and eighteen-inch pointed parti-coloured hat whereon the double eagle was prominently displayed. Then the Great Joseph, a gigantic monk, was induced to join by the grant of a large sum of money to his Tyrolean monastery, in addition to five thousand florins for himself. On the other hand, the capture of a great Dutch wagoner was a more difficult matter. Seized by

the recruiters, he was hurried to the nearest inn, his horse and wagon being left in the road. The tempting arguments of beer and money failing to induce the heavy-witted carter to enter the Prussian service, he was forced at the sword's-point on to a hot stove, and it was only when he had been half-roasted that he consented to become a grenadier. A Swedish wagoner eight feet high, however, proved more complaisant; but, alas! he was too stupid to learn the drill, and when expelled the regiment he died of starvation in the streets of Berlin. The lynx-eyed recruiters next discovered a German giant nine feet high on exhibition in Paris. A bargain was soon struck, and Müller was added to the three thousand colossal warriors.

As this royal drill-sergeant had an army of eighty thousand effective soldiers, his favour was naturally sought by his brother-potentates. They soon ascertained his weak point: ‘He who sends me tall soldiers,’ Frederick William declared, ‘may do with me whatever he likes.’ Acting on this, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Poland, and the King of Sweden sent him their Goliaths, and consequently stood high in his regard. On the other hand, whoever disappointed him in this respect was eternally disgraced.

Though this eccentric king was in domestic matters a miser and a tyrant, he spent fabulous sums in recruiting for his giant Grenadiers. He expended nine thousand pounds to secure one man; while John Kirkland, an Irishman, cost him two thousand two hundred pounds.

While spending fortunes on his hobby, the Prussian monarch was living like a German pedlar on brown bread and pickles; the royal children, amongst whom was the future Frederick the Great, being half-starved. On one occasion they petitioned their father, in fear and trembling, to give them more carrots and cabbages for dinner, these being the dishes with which they were most familiar.

Although Frederick William starved his family and thrashed his subjects, he treated his big Grenadiers like petted children. He had each man's portrait hung in his great gallery, he superintended their clothes, he ordered them the best food, and when he was ill he had parties of them brought into his room to perform their

drill. Assured, like President Kruger a century and three-quarters later, that Providence was particularly interested in him, he could quote Scripture on occasion. A devout correspondent drew his attention to a passage in Deuteronomy to show that he was wrong in stealing even his own subjects; but the king, with unaccustomed wit, responded by quoting a verse from 1 Sam. viii. 16: 'And he will take your men-servants, and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work.' Despite this, however, he placed the theologian a long way behind the grenadier. On one occasion, while he was discussing some important matters with several bishops, a messenger entered to announce a serious calamity. 'What!' gasped the king, sinking pale and faint into a chair. 'Yes,' added the messenger, 'the tower of St Peter has fallen in.' 'Oh,' responded His Majesty, with a great sigh of relief. 'I feared the grenadier Glasenap might be dead.'

With an imperfect knowledge of the laws of heredity, he sought to perpetuate his race of giants by marrying them to the tallest women he could find. However much the principal parties objected, the king gave the word of command and the knot was tied; but occasionally he caught a Tartar. While riding one day through the woods of Potsdam he met a splendid specimen of a Saxon maid on her way from service to her distant home. After closely questioning her, he asked her to leave a note for him at the barracks, and accompanied the missive with a dollar. Now this generosity on the part of the royal miser aroused the girl's suspicions; but, wisely feigning compliance, she proceeded on her errand. On nearing the barracks, however, she met a very ugly old woman, and induced her to take the note, giving her at the same time the dollar. When the officer on duty opened the letter he read: 'Marry the bearer to Macdowal the Irishman. — FREDERICK.' Although the unfortunate man, who was one of the tallest and handsomest of the Grenadiers, protested and struggled, the order was emphatic, and in a short time he was firmly united to the willing old witch. The mistake was not discovered until Frederick William made his usual inquiries next morning, when, happily for the Irishman, he took immediate steps to obtain a divorce.

The devices of the recruiting-officers to entrap the wary giants were often ingenious and romantic; but happily the victims seldom met with the sad fate of the Jülich carpenter. While passing through the little town of Jülich in Prussian Rhineland, one of the veteran spies saw a very tall carpenter. A brief conversation with the young man soon convinced the rascally recruiter that it would be useless to attempt persuasion or bribes; so, giving out that he was a trader, he asked the workman to make him a very long box. On calling a couple of days later he expressed

the opinion that the chest was not six feet eight long. 'Oh, I'll soon settle that,' responded the carpenter. 'Why, I'm six feet six inches myself, and I'll guarantee I can easily get into the box.' As Hompesch, the sham merchant, still expressed doubts as to the length of the box, the unsuspecting carpenter laid himself down in it, when the recruiter promptly placed the lid on, and before the surprised workman could effect his escape the wily recruiter had whipped a rope round the chest. The next moment he called in several assistants who had been hiding on the premises, and the box was promptly carried to a wagon in readiness just outside the town, with which the party drove rapidly away. Alas! on opening the chest at the frontier they found that it had been turned into a coffin, for the unfortunate carpenter was dead.

The enormous profits of the recruiting-officers might well stimulate them. From 1713 to 1735 the sum of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds was expended in securing giants, and the greater part of this went into the pockets of the unprincipled emissaries. In 1731, for instance, Frederick William paid one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars for sixty men, although his recruiters had only expended ninety-seven thousand three hundred and eighty dollars. Had the Grenadiers been available for war, some shadow of excuse might have been found for this enormous expenditure; but the king shuddered at the thought of exposing his animated treasures to the risks of the battlefield.

Once the royal grip closed on a giant there was no escape. Some mutinied, and henceforth appeared in the ranks with cropped ears. Deserters were soon laid by the heels, and even the most obstinate were ultimately converted by imprisonment and starvation. This creator of the conscript system cared nothing for souls or brains or humanities; he wanted living automata, and he got them.

His surrender of the gypsy Mateko afflicted him more than his old enemy the gout. Madened at the adroit manner in which this tall, handsome, well-proportioned gypsy had been snatched from him, he would awake from his troubled sleep grinding his teeth with rage or indulging in the ponderous German oaths of which he had such a choice assortment. Then, to make matters worse, he could not even discuss his trouble with that repository of his State secrets, Prime-Minister Grumkow, lest that scoffing, crafty, hard-drinking statesman should sneer at him and hint at failing mental powers.

The recruiters had stumbled across this treasured gypsy in one of the thick-wooded valleys of Lower Saxony. Mateko was certainly very poor and very ragged, and never saw a gold-piece from year's end to year's end; but he was free and happy, and laughed at the heavy bribes of the baffled recruiters. When foiled in their

attempts to win him by fair means, the latter resorted to their well-tested kidnapping devices, only, however, to find themselves checkmated on every occasion, for the tribe to which Mateko was attached were numerous and watchful, and on several occasions they made the recruiting-officers run. Then diplomacy tried its hand, and lady-loving King Augustus having given consent, the enemy appeared in force in the gypsies' valley; but, with true prophetic instinct, the dusky wanderers stepped over the border into Bavaria, where they figuratively put their tongues in their cheeks at the Saxon detachment, and baffled diplomacy had to whisper anew in the ear of kings. Presently his High Mightiness of Bavaria essayed to capture the bashful Mateko; but, with the agility born of wandering and poaching, the latter calmly crossed the frontier into the little state of Saxe-Coburg; and when this became too warm he passed on to Saxe-Weimar, and then patronised in turn half-a-dozen independent German states, for at that time the centre of Europe was as full of independent little kingdoms as Threadneedle Street is of financiers.

Unfortunately, love proved Mateko's undoing. He had given his heart to a little, fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon girl, who could no more be induced to leave her home and become a wanderer than a sitting hen can be made to leave its nest. Alas! it was with him as with Samson. The claims of love proving irresistible, after a few weeks' absence he was constrained to visit his pretty little Gretchen secretly. Here he was unfortunately seized by the recruiting Philistines and carried in triumph to Potsdam.

Never did a young eagle prove more untamable than Mateko. He flouted the drill-instructors, snubbed the king, ignored the officers, thrashed his more insolent comrades, kicked his imposing hat about his cell, and tore his uniform into ribbons. Though flogged and fed on bread and water, he appeared to prefer that treatment to drill. Possibly this arose from the fact that his old gypsy mother, who was esteemed the chief of fortune-tellers in Transylvania, and who was generally credited with the possession of remarkable powers, managed occasionally to croon some of her weird ditties under his prison window.

However, Mateko's obstinacy only made the king more determined to tame him. When the latter's numerous offences were reported to His Majesty, he would swear vehemently and stamp his gouty foot on the floor, and then swear more loudly than ever with rage and pain. Thus matters continued until July 1731, when Frederick William proceeded to Northern Prussia on his long-projected elk-hunting expedition. This was the only pleasure he allowed himself outside his fantastic military duties, and he thoroughly enjoyed it because of its cheapness, for he invariably quartered himself on some of his reluctant nobles, and compelled the better classes of the province

to buy the venison or pork derived from his sport.

Having by means of his thirty overworked horses and his score of underpaid grooms traversed the great forest-clad plains in his dingy, creaking coach, he halted for a time at Fischhausen, and killed sixty elks. He then resumed his journey towards Pillau, where a miserly noble had prepared a feast for the still more miserly king; but the feast grew cold as the king grew hot, and when at last his destination was reached he had neither appetite to eat, wit to use his stick, nor breath enough to swear.

Soon after leaving Fischhausen an ominous change took place in the weather, and presently low mutterings of distant thunder told the fat, choleric, gouty king that he in turn was about to be bombarded by forces against which his royal stick was impotent.

Soon after midday the storm assailed the royal party with pitiless fury. A myriad blustering, mocking voices echoed through the forest, and a profound darkness, only broken by the most vivid flashes of lightning, settled upon the landscape and made progress impossible. In vain the king swore, the grooms shouted, and the horses struggled. The wheels of the heavy coach stuck fast in a deep rut, and made common cause with the storm. Worn out at last with their exertions, the noble attendants suggested that His Majesty would be safer if he took refuge under one of the trees. Now, although Frederick William essayed to make heroes on a large scale, he was certainly not one himself; and when he understood that danger threatened him he suppressed his oaths, and after gasping for a moment like a fish out of water, fell forward into the arms of his servants, and was ingloriously carried to the shelter indicated, for by this time one of the ponderous horn-lanterns had been lighted.

Leaving their royal master in this fancied security and to the doubtful pleasures of his own reflections, the party returned to the coach. Presently they were all engaged pulling and shouting without giving thought to the king, who soon had more than enough to engage his attention. He had only been seated a very short time when he became aware that a little old woman was standing beside him. Though the light from the lantern was blurred and uncertain, yet he could see that the aged crone was bent and brown-complexioned, that she had a hump on her back and a crook in her hand after the manner of traditional witches, and that her fiery eyes were as malicious as those of a baffled wolf. Though a rigid Protestant, the king, in his confusion, made the sign of the Cross and attempted a prayer; but he sadly mixed this up with words of command and guttural German oaths. Having delivered his soul more or less to his satisfaction, he relapsed into wondering and frightened silence.



The old woman, however, did not keep him long in suspense, for during a lull in the storm she screeched in his ear, 'Marry, good-day, sweet king. 'Tis well to meet your Majesty alone in the forest; but, alack! this is a dangerous place, for ere long the lightning will blast this tree, and kill all who may be beneath it. Will the kind king take shelter in my poor hut?'

Under ordinary circumstances Frederick William would have sworn to the old crone and struck her with his ever-ready cane; but he was speechless with fear and surprise. The next moment a vivid flash of lightning struck a tree about twenty paces off, and also showed him a little hut under the shelter of a great oak. Scrambling to his feet with greater haste than he had displayed for years, he passively allowed the beldame to drag him to the dwelling referred to, and as she had thoughtfully secured the lantern, they had no difficulty in entering. The hut was miserably poor, and only fit at the best for a temporary shelter for foresters and charcoal-burners. A square stone evidently did duty for a table, a couple of logs served as chairs, and a heap of leaves in a corner sufficed as a bed. Pointing to one of the primitive seats, the crone invited him to sit down; and, as the king was in no mood to refuse, he silently obeyed. Presently she croaked, 'Ay, though 'tis poor 'tis good enough for the accursed gypsies. Yet Mateko would sleep sounder here than on the soft beds at Potsdam.'

Realising that he had been led into a trap, the king was on the point of calling for help when ten strong fingers suddenly grasped his throat from behind, and compressed it so tightly that he could not utter the slightest sound. He instinctively raised his hands to loosen the grip, when they were seized and swiftly tied behind him, and a thick cloth was firmly tied over his mouth. His legs having also been securely fastened, the old gypsy said, 'There, we're safe enough now; but be quick, lads.'

A couple of stalwart young gypsies now stepped forward, and while one produced an ink-horn and a quill-pen from his capacious pouch, the other drew his dagger and critically felt the point. Then a sheet of pilfered royal paper was spread on the stone table, after which one of the men unfastened the king's hands, while the other held his dagger threateningly over the royal breast.

'Good Romany lads!' cried the beldame exultantly, 'if he doesn't write as I tell him, plunge that dagger into his heart.—Now, your High Mightiness'—and she gave a mocking curtsy—'write out an order to the officer in command of the Potsdam Grenadiers to release Mateko the gypsy instantly, and also to furnish him and the bearer with a good suit of clothes, three days' food, and fifty marks apiece, as well as a couple of the swiftest horses to be found in the royal stables. Come, quick!'

With a defiant scowl, Frederick William shook his head and settled his shoulders firmly against the side of the hut. He was, however, soon brought to a more complaisant mood, for one of the gypsies seized him by the throat and swore that if he did not instantly sign the order the dagger would be plunged into his heart. Then the king, realising that the man would carry out his threat, seized the pen and was about to write, when the woman cried, 'No tricks to trap us! We have seen a royal order before; and thou shalt die if this is not written correctly.'

Foiled in his attempt to delude his captors, what could the king do but sign?

After a careful inspection and a satisfied chuckle, the old crone exclaimed, 'But to make all doubly certain, we must have his signet-ring.'

A fierce threat that if he did not hold his hands up they would cut his fingers off resulted in the ring promptly changing hands.

'Away, lads, away!' screeched the beldame triumphantly, after the men had tied the king's hands; then blowing out the light, she threw open the door, and with a cackle departed. Securely tied to the wall of the hut, the monarch, after exhausting himself in vain struggles, sat savagely gazing towards the dark forest. Deluded by a lull in the elemental war, he began to hope that the storm had passed, and that he would soon be released, and he ground his teeth as he anticipated the vengeance he would wreak on the wretches who had outraged the divinity of kings by binding and gagging him, as well as by robbing him of one of his giants. His thoughts were, however, interrupted by a tremendous crash of thunder reverberating through the forest. The next moment a thunderbolt struck the great tree under which he had so recently sheltered, and completely shattered it. One portion of the forest monarch struck down three of the king's horses and scattered the royal servants in every direction. Impressed with the belief that they were being assailed by demons, the panic-stricken grooms and nobles fled, shouting with fear, while the horses broke their traces and dashed away.

Fully an hour elapsed ere the attendants mustered up courage to return. By this time the storm had spent itself, and the glinting sunbeams showed them that the stricken tree had been the one under which their royal master had taken refuge. Concluding that he had been killed, the babbling, grief-stricken servants sought for his remains; but to their dismay they could not find the slightest trace. At last one of them casually entered the hut, and was well-nigh startled out of his wits by discovering the king bound and gagged, and grunting and panting with impotent rage. When freed from his bonds his Prussian Majesty indulged in such a variety of oaths as surprised and shocked even his oldest servitors. At the

same time he plied with vigour a stout ash stick he had picked up, and this greatly soothed his feelings, and made the limbs and shoulders of his servants ache for a whole week.

After horses were obtained, the day was far spent when Pillau was reached. Although for hours the considerable garrison had been waiting under the blinding rain to be inspected, Frederick William forgot to indulge his mania in his keen desire to lay the hated gypsies by the heels. A couple of messengers were immediately despatched bearing an order countermanding the release of Mateko, and also to arrest all the gypsies in the kingdom. Satisfied now that the sacrilegious miscreants could not escape such a widely spread net, he sat down with the governor and other choice companions to a night's carousal.

Alas for his subsequent peace of mind! The king had not fathomed the craft of the gypsies. As the royal messengers were proceeding through the forest, some six hours' journey from Pillau, their horses were shot down, and they were left to trudge hopelessly to the nearest town, some twenty miles distant. Though they obtained animals there, they had lost so much time that on arriving at Potsdam they found that the spurious messenger (who was attired in royal livery) and Mateko had been gone some hours.

An immediate pursuit was, of course, organised; but it was of no avail, for Mateko and the gypsies

generally had disappeared as effectually as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up. According to Romany tradition, however, the principal actors escaped into Holland, and succeeded in reaching England. Here, at any rate, they were safe, for it was one of the standing complaints of the Prussian monarch against this country that he was not allowed to exercise full liberty to recruit for his giant regiment.

Frederick William never forgave the gypsies. A few wanderers were captured some years later, and these were well flogged and driven out of the country with every expression of contempt and hatred. At last they all shunned Prussia as though it were plague-ridden.

When the end came, and the royal kidnapper was summoned by Sergeant Death to attend the last muster, like the commonest clodhopper, he called his ill-used and oft-thrashed son Frederick to his bedside, and gave him much advice, wise and otherwise. 'Sithee, Fritz,' he gasped, 'an a woman, young or old, looks at thee with cunning or saucy eyes, and tickles thy ears with soft speeches, or pretends that love and ambition can sit on the same throne, then she's a gypsy, and thou shouldst hang her forthwith. Ay, lad; every pretty lass is more or less a gypsy.'

Happily for the future of the German race, the Great Frederick did not see fit to follow this advice.

## NEW SAMARIA.

### CHAPTER IV.



ABOUT August 20 a neatly dressed gentleman arrived at the hotel in New Samaria with his baggage in good order. He—that is, I—was quite sure that no one would see in him the tramp who had cost the town so dear. The time that lay between my two arrivals had taught me many things which, but for my accident, I might never have known. I do not regret it. Clothes elevate or morally lower. I was myself once more.

The landlord was very civil when I said that I wanted to be driven to the mines. He recalled ruefully that drunken horse-thief who had fooled him and ruined his best horse. However, he would himself drive me. On the way I heard all about myself. It was not flattering.

'Why, sir, I had hardly set eyes on that man before I reckoned that he wasn't all right, but he had a sort of high way of talking as if he was somebody. It kind of took me in. I never thought he was tight. That horse was the quietest beast. Well, he cost me about four hundred dollars—darn him!'

I said it was hard.

The mine business was simple. There had been loose management and some fraud.

The next day I went to the bank. There was the bald man, his scalp still in motion, the two quill-pens over his ears moving. The Sheriff was with me; but at my request he loitered outside.

I said, 'Mr Baldwin, here is a draft for fifteen thousand dollars, which I desire to deposit, and against which I shall draw.'

The bald man said, 'Grayshuss! it's Mr Garvin's bank! I don't know. Who identifies you?'

I called the Sheriff, who reassured the cashier. I asked about the clerk whose leg I had incidentally broken. The bald man said he was—I think he said—a socker at figures, and confessed to his own total inadequacy as to making things balance in the last week. However, he gave me a cheque-book, and I returned to the Sheriff's and put on the torn livery of my tramp-life, to the joy of my host, who so much desired to see the end of my comedy that I had to slip out the back way to escape his company.

I was much surprised to find what a sense of freedom I acquired with my ragged costume. I went along gaily, reflecting on what moral

changes total absence of garments would bring to a man in a climate warm enough to make their absence agreeable. My tramp-life had not left me without other matters for personal reflection. As I said before, I had never had a reasonable want unsupplied. Indeed, I had been very far from a self-made man. My week of experimental autufacture had been a rather humbling proof of my incapacity; but, as every fellow is charitable concerning himself, I found excuses for my failure in my physical state, and, alas! in my rags and beard.

At this moment, being well out of town, I saw my former comrade, Petersen, leaning idly against a snake-fence, his rake beside him, his pipe in his mouth. He was wiping the sweat from his forehead with his shirt-sleeve.

'Hullo!' said I. 'Hot?'

'Hullo! Where in thunder have you been? Guess the Sheriff took you up for lying about that watch. I suppose my money's drawin' interest?'

'It is.'

He grinned.

'Never expected to see you again.'

'Well, here I am, and my watch too.' I pulled it out as I spoke.

'Gosh! Got it? You done it well that time.'

'No, it is mine. I say, old man, why don't you settle down and work for yourself?'

'Why don't you?'

'I am thinking of it. Suppose we buy that farm and work it, you and I?'

'You and me? When I see that farm I'll answer. But darned if you ain't a queer chap! What are you up to anyway? Did my ten dollars buy that farm?'

'Would you work?'

'Would I? You try me.'

'Well, to-morrow at twelve o'clock you are to go to the bank. You will find the Sheriff. Ask if he has that farm around anywhere. He'll be in the bank at noon. Now, don't stay away. I told you a tale once; you half-believed it. At least you did not call me a liar. Do as I say.'

'I'll do it; but it's like a real theatre play. A farm! and my Minny! It makes a fellow sweat. I don't know what you're up to; but if you've a mind to fool me'—

'Well, you will go?'

'Oh, I'll go sure enough. But mind, if'—

I went down the road enjoying my comedy. The front door of the cottage was still open; but seeing Mr Sedgeley in a hammock under the trees, I went boldly forward. The little woman, very pretty and looking girlishly young in a white gown, was reading aloud—*The Pathfinder*, I think. I said, 'Good-afternoon, ma'am.' The man got up on his elbow and said things about tramps. I listened, comfortably conscious of his disability. Seeing that I made no reply, he came to an end. Upon this I said, 'You ought

not to talk that way to any one; and, really, the wealth of opprobrious language on tap in New Samaria is rather surprising.' As my man of the red head and broken leg began anew, his wife said, 'Do be quiet, Tom,' and to me, 'What do you want?'

'Ten minutes' talk.'

'Well, what is it?'

'You made some time ago an investment of one dollar and twenty-five cents.'

'I hope it will prove profitable.'

'Don't forget, too, the pitcher of milk and a half-loaf. I should like a bill, an account, if you please.'

'What nonsense! You have made Tom very cross, and I know it is bad for his leg. I have no more money for you and no milk, and I do not fancy such jokes.'

'I have made out an account myself. If you will call at the bank at twelve-fifteen to-morrow, and ask for a letter for you'—

'What on earth does all this mean?' roared the husband. 'Is this fellow cracked? Get out of this, or—oh, darn that splint!'

'Will you go to the bank?' I said.

'No!' roared Tom, 'she won't.'

'Yes,' said madam, 'at twelve-fifteen I shall be there.—Why, Tom, what can be the harm?'

'Good-bye,' said I, assured that nothing would keep that woman from doing what I had asked her to do.

At twelve next day the Sheriff and I sat waiting in the small room at the back of the bank office. I was now again in my decent clothes and clean shaven. I heard the bald man tell Thad. Petersen to find the Sheriff right in there. I sat still at a table writing. The Sheriff, hugely pleased with the play, said, 'Your name's Petersen?'

'Yes, that's my name.'

'A gentleman, a friend of this man here'—indicating my back—'has given you a farm.'

Petersen looked at him with big blue eyes of steadfast doubt, and gently shook his head in negation. He said no words.

'There's the deed.'

Petersen, anxious and flushed, took the deed of gift. He glanced at the Sheriff and then down at the paper, hesitating as he slowly opened it and spread it on the table. I kept a side watch, as yet unrecognised.

'What's all this?' said Petersen. "'For and in consideration of the sum of ten dollars," &c., "the party," &c.' He looked up. 'But it's my boss's farm, two hundred acres. It can't be; it's impossible.'

'Yes, it's all right, Thad,' said the Sheriff.

'And he'll move out?'

'He will.'

'And I'll move in?'

'You can.'

Petersen said, 'Scuse me, Mr Sheriff, it's



weakenin'.' He sat down and fell into intent study of my deed of gift. We were silent. At last he looked up and said, 'Look here; it ain't no joke?'

'No,' said I, turning. 'Don't you know me, Petersen? You helped a starving man, whom no one else believed. You were a real Samaritan.'

'I did, by George! and you're the man, and it was true.'

Petersen caught my hand and said, 'Just to think of it! Minny and me and sister!'—his voice broke—'and Minny!'

I said, 'That will do. It's all right.'

If it gave him the pleasure it gave me he was well repaid. He rose, saying, 'You won't go till I see you again. I've got to wire Rebecca'—he went out—'can't wait.'

The Sheriff said, 'That's worth the price of admission, Mr Woodburn. Oh, here is Mrs Sedgely.—How do ye do? How's Tom? This gentleman wants to see you.'

The little woman said, 'Good-morning, sir,' and looked at me, puzzled.

I said, 'Mrs Sedgely, a little while ago—a week or so—you made an investment. Here is a statement of the transaction. A tramp asked for food and money. You gave both. It seems to be unusual in Samaria. Here is the account. I am in your debt as follows: "To one mug of milk, to one slice of bread, to one pitcher of milk, to one loaf of bread, to one dollar and twenty-five cents," all put out at interest. There has been a rise in values.'

'What does this mean, Mr Sheriff?' said the bewildered woman.

'You'll soon see,' said the sheriff; and I went on:

'There is the product of your investment. Mind, this is yours, not Tom's.'

She looked at my cheque. 'Why, it's five thousand dollars, sir. Is it for me—mine?'

'Yes,' I said. 'And you may ask Tom if he will go out and run that coal-mine for me.'

She looked at me and said, 'Oh my!' and sat down and cried, sobbing out, 'And we were in debt, too, and—and— It can't be true. We never had any luck since my baby died. It can't be true.'

'You can have the money now,' said the Sheriff, 'and it is as true as your own kind heart.'

I said, 'Now go and tell Tom not to swear at me. I will call this afternoon.'

Next I went alone to the dirty little building known as the Town Hospital of New Samaria, a part of the poorhouse. I found the doctor in a disorderly little office talking to my friendly nurse.

I said, 'I have called to say a word or two.'

Would I sit down?

'No. Doctor, I am the gentleman who was cared for here after an accident on July 4. I was robbed by the circus people and left helpless on your hands without a penny.'

The woman smiled and the doctor said, 'Is that so?'

'Yes; I am a New York banker, as I then said. You can find out about me from the Sheriff if you are still in doubt.'

The doctor hesitated a moment, and then returned, 'I suppose you are going to say I might have believed you. I didn't, and I would just like to ask you if I had begged of you anywhere, and told you such a yarn, and looked like such a tramp—now, sir, in justice to myself, I'd just like to know, would you have believed a word I spoke?'

'Upon my word,' said I, remembering many vain appeals to me, 'I do not think I should. However, the nurse did.'

'No, not quite,' said she.

'Yes, a little,' said I.

'But she's a woman,' said the doctor.

'Thank God for that, and for her. I was taken good care of, and we won't quarrel over the rest. My case was well managed, too. Send me your account to the hotel. I will pay it. And don't make it small. I am really grateful for what you did. As to what you said, it did no harm. By the way, Miss Jane, you lent me fifty cents.'

'Oh no; I gave them to you.'

'I am fortunately able to return them with interest; and let me add that if ever you need a friend I shall be at your service.'

She took the envelope, looked embarrassed and curious, and slowly tore it open. 'Oh, I can't, Will, I can't—can I? Why, it's a thousand dollars!'

'No,' said the doctor decisively; 'you did not earn it.'

'What the deuce have you to do with it?' said I.

'Well, we are to be married next week.'

'Of course,' said I, 'I ought to have made it clearer. It is a wedding present.'

'That makes all the difference in the world,' said the lady. 'I thank you—oh! ever so much.—And it will make things so easy, Will.'

I escaped, a little overcome by the comfort and joy I had given. I left her seated and unequal to further expression of her thanks beyond 'Oh, oh, sir!' The women of Samaria seem to be much given to tears.

I settled with the landlord for the horse and wagon, and promised to forget his hasty temper. The town has now a neat little cottage hospital and the Sheriff a gold repeater. My wife says it has all been fatal to my character, because now I believe every tramp and feed every beggar who wanders to the door of our country home.

I did hesitate a little about the church. Finally, however, I sent a confession and a large cheque to the parson, with a meerschaum pipe and a request to be allowed to keep the briarwood I had stolen. When this became known several Western editors

desired me to come and burn down their old churches, and finally threw doubt on the whole incident; others said I had set fire to the church and paid for it afterwards in order to advertise my firm.

I brought home with me that Samaritan dog which crossed the street to contribute the charity of acquaintance. He is free to do as he likes, but he will go nowhere with any one but me. He is known as Tramp, and is a dog of picturesque

habits. At times he is absent for a week, and may come home lean and scared or plump and lazy.

For a year Tramp was the instant friend of every ragged scamp who appealed at my door for aid, but by degrees association with the educated class entirely altered his views, and of late it is impossible for a beggar to come near our gates, because of Tramp's dislike to the ill-clothed or to the human members of a class to which he once belonged.

## SOME FAMOUS GAMBLERS.

By H. NOEL WILLIAMS.



So long as the world lasts, so will men—and women too, for that matter—continue to gamble, openly if they are permitted, and behind locked doors and barred and curtained windows if the law endeavours to restrain them.

In the violent reaction against Puritanism which followed the Restoration, gambling became rampant throughout the country, and reached a fearful height at Whitehall, where the ladies of the Court indulged their passion for play as freely as did the men. Nell Gwynn and the Duchess of Portsmouth, the king's mistresses, used to play for very high stakes; and the latter on one occasion lost eight thousand pounds to the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, which success must have been peculiarly gratifying to the Frenchwoman, as they were rivals in the royal favour. The exploits of these ladies were, however, quite put into the shade by those of Lady Castlemaine, another of the king's favourites, who frequently won and lost enormous sums. We have it on the authority of the omniscient Pepys that in one night she won fifteen thousand pounds and in another lost twenty-five thousand pounds, and was in the habit of risking one thousand pounds and one thousand five hundred pounds on a single cast.

During the eighteenth century the passion for gambling permeated all classes, from the duke who won and lost his tens of thousands at Almack's or Wattier's to the very gravediggers who, like those in Hogarth's famous picture, dined for coppers with the gravestone as their gaming-board. So universal, indeed, was the craze that even stern moralists like Dr Johnson seem to have looked upon it with an indulgent eye; indeed, the Doctor is reported to have said that in his opinion 'no man was the worse for a flutter.'

The famous dandy Beau Nash, 'the King of Bath,' for many years was enabled to live in great style mainly through his success at play. He seems to have behaved with a generosity almost quixotic when Fortune smiled on him.

On one occasion a young nobleman lost to him his whole fortune: his estates, his houses, and even his horses and carriages; and Nash—who, it may be remarked, had won the money fairly enough, for he never condescended to any of the disreputable practices so common at the time—cancelled the whole debt on condition that the loser should pay him five thousand pounds whenever he chose to claim it. To Nash's honour it must be recorded that he never claimed this sum till after the nobleman's death, when the executors paid it without demur. At another time, when he had won two hundred pounds at a single throw, a poor ruined gambler standing by murmured, 'How happy that would make me!' 'Go and be happy, then!' cried Nash, and tossed him the money. After the suppression of the gaming-tables at Bath, Nash, whose only source of income they had been, found himself reduced to comparative poverty. The Corporation of Bath, however, proved itself not ungrateful to the man who, whatever his faults may have been, had practically made the fortune of their city. They voted him a pension of ten guineas a month during the latter years of his life; and after his death, which took place at the patriarchal age of eighty-seven, ordered a full-length statue of him to be erected, and caused it to be placed between busts of Newton and Pope, thereby eliciting from Lord Chesterfield, the famous wit, the following lines:

This statue, placed the busts between,  
Adds to the satire strength;  
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,  
But Folly at full length.

The author of this epigram was himself in early life much addicted to 'the pasteboard and bones.' He was also in the habit of playing billiards for very high stakes, and on one occasion became the victim of a Mr Lookup, a professional gambler, under amusing circumstances. Lookup, having won several games when they were playing level, asked the nobleman how many points he would give him if he put a patch over one eye. Now, the wily Lookup had some years before lost the sight of one of his

eyes in an accident; but of this fact Lord Chesterfield was, of course, unaware; and indeed to the casual observer one eye seemed as perfect as the other one. His lordship therefore readily agreed to give him five points; and, Lookup having duly covered up his sightless optic, they resumed play, with the result that Lookup won as easily as before. As Chesterfield had backed himself heavily, he lost a considerable sum of money. At last the nobleman threw down his cue in disgust, remarking that he thought his adversary saw as well with one eye as with two. 'I do not wonder at it, my lord,' replied the unabashed Lookup, 'for I have seen only out of one eye these ten years.' With the money he won from Lord Chesterfield, Lookup built some houses at Bath, which he named Chesterfield Row.

Great as was his passion for play, Chesterfield never allowed it to interfere with his ministerial duties, and both when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Under-Secretary of State resolutely refused to allow a gaming-table in his house.

In his last days he seems to have conceived a positive horror of gambling; and in bequeathing his property to his godson, Philip Stanhope, he inserted this clause:

'In case my said godson, Philip Stanhope, shall at any time hereinafter keep, or be concerned in keeping of, any racehorses, or pack of hounds, or reside one night at Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during the course of the races there; or shall resort to the said races; or shall lose in any one day, at any game or bet whatsoever, the sum of five hundred pounds: then, in any of the cases aforesaid, it is my express will that he, my said godson, shall forfeit and pay out of my estate the sum of five thousand pounds to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.'

One of the most notorious gamblers of that or any other age was William Douglas, Earl of March, afterwards the fourth Duke of Queensberry—'Old Q,' as he was familiarly termed. His eccentricities are amusingly portrayed by Thackeray in his famous novel *The Virginians*. Says Lord Chesterfield in presenting Harry Warrington to his lordship:

"My Lord March has not one but several devils. He loves gambling, he loves horse-racing, he loves betting, he loves drinking, he loves eating, he loves money, he loves women; and you have fallen into bad company, Mr Warrington, when you lighted upon his lordship. He will play you for every acre you have in Virginia."

"With the greatest pleasure in life, Mr Warrington," interposes my lord.

"And for all your tobacco, and for all your spices, and for all your oxen and asses, and for everything that is yours."

"Shall we begin now?" says his lordship.

Lord March then offers to bet Warrington odds

of four to one that the latter will outlive his mother, Madame Warrington, and level money that he, Lord March, will outdistance him in jumping. In fact, there was nothing under the sun which this extraordinary man would not make the subject of a wager, from the speed of two racehorses on Newmarket Heath to that of two flies crawling up the window-pane at Almack's. On one occasion he made a large bet that he would, without the assistance of horses or carrier-pigeons, send a message fifty miles within an hour, and this he effected by having the message enclosed in a cricket-ball, and then stationing a number of expert cricketers along the road, who passed the ball from hand to hand, and so covered the distance within the time stipulated. At another time he made a wager of two thousand guineas that he would cause a pig to run a mile without stopping, and without being either driven or led. To do this he procured a young pig, which he placed in a sty with a trough just outside, to which it was regularly let out. Every day the trough was removed a little farther from the sty, until at length it was placed a mile away from it. Nearly two months were thus spent in training the animal; and, on the day appointed for the decision of the wager, immediately the sty-door was opened out rushed the pig, and without once stopping covered the mile which lay between it and its dinner, and won the duke his money.

When a mere lad of twenty-one, he and his bosom friend George Selwyn, the famous wit, put all the money they possessed into a common fund, and each stood surety for the losses of the other. 'Make your mind easy,' writes March to Selwyn in answer to a letter of the latter's complaining of his ill-fortune at play, 'for I have three thousand pounds now at Coutts's. There will be no bankruptcy unless we are both ruined together.' A few days later, however, it was Selwyn's turn to come to the rescue, for we find March writing to say that he 'had lost his match and was quite broke.'

'Old Q' died in 1810 at the age of eighty-six; and, as he left nearly a million sterling, his gambling propensities, unlike those of so many of his contemporaries, would appear to have had no detrimental effect on his patrimony, but rather the reverse. Moreover, he seems to have been unusually shrewd; for Wraxall, who knew him intimately, affirms that 'he had received from nature the keenest common-sense of any person he ever knew.'

In the early years of the reign of George III. the gambling mania was at its height. It was quite a common event for a gentleman to lose over ten thousand pounds of an evening. Sometimes a whole fortune was lost at a single sitting. There was hardly an elder son among the men of fashion who had not bartered his inheritance to the Jews to obtain the funds where-



with to gratify his taste for faro and quinz. 'The young men of this age,' says Horace Walpole, 'seem to have made a law among themselves for declaring their fathers superannuated at fifty, and then disposing of the estates as if already their own.' The two Foleys traded so largely on their expectations that they were paying interest on their loans to the extent of eighteen thousand pounds a year between them. The Damers coolly notified their father, Lord Milton, that they owed seventy thousand pounds; and when the old lord refused to pay their debts, the eldest son blew his brains out in a tavern in Covent Garden. Lord Colebourne and his brothers squandered their whole patrimony, and then persuaded their widowed mother to mortgage her jointure to provide them with the sinews of war.

Among all that reckless crew none played so recklessly or so deep as Charles James Fox, the celebrated Whig statesman. When a friend once asked him what was his favourite occupation, he replied, 'Gambling and winning.' 'And what next to that?' pursued his interrogator. 'Gambling and losing,' replied Fox. It was, indeed, the excitement of the game which fascinated him, not the greed of gain; and as long as he had enough money left to stake on the next round he cared not a jot whether he won or lost. He began playing hazard at Almack's one evening—where, it may be mentioned in passing, the lowest stake permitted was fifty pounds—and did not leave off till five the following afternoon. On this occasion he was a loser to the extent of eleven thousand pounds. His elder brother, Stephen Fox, afterwards the second Lord Holland, lost a similar amount two nights later; and Charles, not to be outdone, 'dropped' ten thousand pounds the following night. So that in three nights' play the two young gentlemen—the eldest not yet twenty-five—lost thirty-two thousand pounds. So notoriously bad was Charles Fox's luck at the gaming-table that it inspired a wag to write the following lines:

At Almack's of pigeons I am told there are flocks,  
But it's thought the completest is one Mr Fox;  
If he touches a card, if he rattles a box,  
Away fly the guineas of that Mr Fox.  
He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard knocks  
That cash is not plenty with this Mr Fox;  
And he always must lose, for the stoutest of locks  
Cannot keep any money for this Mr Fox.

Fox, however, does not seem to have been a loser at games which required a certain amount of skill, such as whist and picquet. It was his losses at hazard which ruined him, and it seems tolerably certain that the 'immoderate, constant, and unparalleled advantages' gained over him at the gaming-table were the result of unfair play. In order to pay his gambling debts he had recourse to Jewish money-lenders, and jocularly called the back sitting-room where the sleek, thick-lipped descendants of

Abraham used to wait for him his 'Jerusalem Chamber.' His friends—more especially Lord Carlisle, who on one occasion advanced seventeen thousand pounds—lent him large sums; and it is said that at times, when in need of a few guineas, he would even borrow from the waiters at Brookes's. Money, however, went with him as ice melts on a hot plate; and when in 1773 a son was born to his elder brother Stephen, whose delicate life had hitherto alone intervened between him and all the wealth which Lord Holland as Paymaster-General had filched from the nation, not all the eloquence at Fox's command could avail 'to still the raging Jew,' and the crash came. His creditors swarmed down upon him from all sides, and the astute Lord Holland was called upon to disgorge no less a sum than one hundred and forty thousand pounds out of his ill-gotten wealth to save his idolised son from ruin. Altogether, it would seem that at this stage of his career his relatives must have found 'The Black Boy,' as the author of the *Letters of Junius* calls him, a pretty handful; but then what else could they expect when Lord Holland himself had taken Charles when a boy to Spa, and supplied him with money to stake at the gaming-tables there, and afterwards had permitted 'Old Q.' to be one of the lad's mentors?

The miser John Elwes, who would starve himself to save a shilling, was much addicted to high play. He and a party of friends once played two days and two nights without intermission; and, the room being a small one, the players were nearly up to their knees in cards before they had finished. On this occasion he lost several thousand pounds. Although Elwes frequently won immense sums, it is probable that when he died he was a heavy loser by play, as he made it a rule of his life, from which nothing would induce him to depart, never to ask a gentleman for money, and thus many large sums which were owing to him were never paid.

#### BELLS IN THE NIGHT.

THE clear angelic voices of the bells

Ring through the night—bereft of even a star—

And call to wandering souls, alone, afar,

From that great deep of love which ever wells

To pour on dust-dry hearts cool waves of peace.

There is no light to point the heavenward way;

The bells ring out, in clamorous joy at play,

And summon prisoned souls to claim release.

At your first note all evil spirits fly;

Your rhythm unlocks the gate of memory


That opens radiant vistas of dead years;

Illusive sorrow melts like cloud away.

Ring in, glad bells, joy's everlasting day;

We hail ye through a mist of happy tears.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### ST PARTRIDGE.

By 'SANSTERRE.'

**I**T is only the favoured few that can afford to keep the first great festival of the sportsman's year—the 12th of August. Grouse-shooting is a pastime that year by year is growing more expensive, and nowadays even a small moor costs a large sum of money to rent, particularly if it has a reputation for sport.

The 'bonny brown bird' is in quite a different category. The pursuit of it, although at times and in certain ways expensive, yet *can* be managed by those whose means are not commensurate with their love of sport. The season, too, opens at a time when many people take their autumn holiday. After being hard at work all the summer, either with professional or business cares and worries, paterfamilias grows jaded from close application, and after despatching materfamilias to the seaside with the olive branches, what wonder is it that he bethinks himself of a half-forgotten but at the same time pressing invitation to spend a week or so with a friend of bachelor days in Mangelwurzelshire—or, say, Norfolk—in pursuit of such sport as the carefully preserved manor can afford?

After many an apparently unnecessary stoppage—how slowly the train seems to travel on such occasions!—the panting engine draws up at the well-remembered country station, and a glance over the palings shows a neat dogcart waiting patiently for the expected visitor. Then come hearty greetings, as gun-case and portmanteau are stowed away carefully by the expectant porter; and even as the train slowly steams out of the station the reins are shaken, and Sultan, with his head towards home, settles into a swinging trot which promises to cover the intervening four miles in about twenty minutes. How pleasant is that drive in the cool, clean country air! The big bright moon is showing above the tops of the trees, and a mist is hanging over the meadows, through which the river winds

in its tortuous course, promising a fine hot day for the morrow, on which the campaign opens. How much each of the two friends has to say! What a number of questions are asked and answered! Mutual friends are duly inquired for, messages are given and received, prospects of sport are discussed, old memories revived; and all too soon a sharp turn brings into view the comfortable home of the country host.

'Here we are!' he exclaims, as the horse pulls up of his own accord at the white gate. 'Confound that boy! he has forgotten.' At this moment the gate swings on its hinges, and the vituperated lad appears, his head hardly showing above the post. Inside, a hearty welcome from the aged father and mother of mine host awaits the visitor, and very shortly the four are gathered round the hospitable board, which is laden with rustic fare.

Dinner over, and the prospects of sport on the morrow once more discussed, a move is made by the two friends for the smoking-room, a cosy little den, where, with pipes and sundry tumblers of well-matured 'Scotch,' the evening passes all too quickly.

The magic 1st of September dawns bright and clear. Harvest has been early, and most of the fields, if not quite all of them, are denuded of their crops. Shapely stacks round the homestead tell of grain stored for future use, and bright green tops of mangold and turnip promise plenty of covert for unsuspecting *perdrix*. At nine o'clock the keeper makes his appearance. A weather-beaten veteran he is, who for forty years or more has not failed to accompany first his old master and then his master's son on the opening day. The old retriever is let out, and greets first one and then the other of the little party in effusive fashion. 'Jet knows as well as we do what is on,' exclaims the host to his friend as they start.

'This way, if you please, gentlemen,' says the old keeper deferentially, at the same time opening the gate into a fairly large stubble-field. The

days of reaped stubbles have long since departed never to return. Then the cream of the sport was to be obtained over pointers knee-deep in the stiff straw. Now the reaping-machine or the self-binder shears off everything, quite clean and short, so that there is little or no hide for the resting covey, nor shelter from the still oppressive rays of the autumn sun. But the birds will linger for a time where they have been feeding, and it is little short of wonderful how the covey will squat on the almost bare ground until, with a loud *whir*, and sundry vociferous directions from the old birds in *perdris* language to the as yet inexperienced brood, the whole bunch take wing simultaneously when the shooter approaches too near. Therefore, in the early part of the day at all events, the stubbles must be patiently walked in the hope of driving the birds towards the turnips or mangold or seed-clover, where there is plenty of covert for them, and where they may be expected to rise within range. Backwards and forwards the party move with military regularity, wheeling at the hedge, and so covering the whole of the field; the guns at each end of the line, about thirty or forty yards apart, with the keeper in the middle; Jet, of course, at her master's heels, where she walks sedately, taking as keen an interest in the proceedings as any of the others. Quite in the early part of September a shot or two may be obtained on the stubbles, particularly if the land has been allowed to lie quite quietly after the corn is cleared off; but after a very short experience of the effect of the murderous tubes, the birds will learn to look out for their enemy, and will take wing long before the sportsman comes within range, flying to the—as they think—safe haven of cool broad leaves which will conceal them so well.

In the middle of the field is a large pond, surrounded with trees which overhang the water, and here a pair of wild-ducks have made their home and reared their brood. At night they have fattened on the corn by which they were surrounded, while in the daytime they have rested and splashed amongst the rushes growing at the edge of the pond. There are ten of them, the keeper says—fine birds and strong fliers all of them. On drawing near the pond the shooters separate, each approaching from a different direction, while the keeper goes boldly to the edge and begins beating the bushes with his stick. To the visitor is assigned the most likely side, and as he drops a couple of fat young mallard—one to each barrel—with a sounding *thud!* on the hard ground, he feels that life is indeed worth living, and his spirits rise proportionately when he reflects that months of close application to work have not deprived his right hand of its old cunning.

One day after partridges must of necessity be very like another. On this occasion both guns are keen and genuine sportsmen and good shots.

As covey after covey rises during the day, the sharp *crack! crack!* of the smokeless powder rings out, and many a plump young bird takes its last flight. They are both shooting for sport, and not for the bag; consequently no attempt is made to kill off whole coveys by persistently following them up after shooting the old birds at the first rise. The ground has been carefully preserved for years; the season has been favourable; the attention of the old keeper and his man has been hearty and persistent; so that shots are frequent, and by one o'clock all are glad of a rest. The welcome sight of the luncheon-basket under the shade of some spreading trees in the corner of a sloping plantation is greeted with acclamation. The enforced sedentary habits of the visitor are not conducive to an extra long walk over the uneven ground, while his farmer friend, seasoned by exposure to sun and wind, and hardened by healthy exercise, seems as if he never would be really tired. How pleasant to all concerned is that short midday rest and refreshment! Even Jet seems glad of a little respite, while the old keeper cheerfully empties the contents of his game-bag to be packed on the luncheon-cart and so conveyed home. How delicious are the rolls and sandwiches; how cool and refreshing the home-brewed—pure malt and hops, and not a headache in a barrel of it! Luncheon over, time is taken for just one pipe and a little desultory chat before the campaign is renewed. Then, after packing up what is left, and with orders to look on the trunk of a certain tree on his way home where a hare or two and some rabbits are hanging, the lad in charge of the cart sets off, and the sportsmen once more go on the war-path.

With varying success they traverse field after field, until—in the case of the visitor—tired nature can do no more. 'Hold, enough!' is the cry, and tracks are made for home. There, after just one cup of tea and a short rest, a warm bath and a complete change of raiment are very welcome, and serve to dissipate any feelings of languor that the unwonted exercise may have caused. Then dinner, when the octogenarian father, unable now to take an active part in the sport he still loves so well, has to be enlightened as to the day's proceedings, and merry jest and harmless banter, comparing olden days with the present, keep the conversation from flagging. Many an oft-repeated tale—new, possibly, to the visitor—does the old man call up from his well-stocked memory: stories of good shots and bad shots, of his son's first experiences as a school-boy sportsman, of clever retrievers by clever dogs; and so the time slips unheeded by until the listlessness of the visitor points to the fact that he is already half-asleep, and is longing to be completely so.

'One pipe—only one, upon my honour,' pleads the son; and, with a hearty good-night to the



aged couple, a move is made for the 'den,' where that last pipe is duly enjoyed, and then off to bed to sleep the sleep of the tired!

How different a day like this to that which nowadays falls to the lot of the partridge-shooter! Now there is an army of beaters, counterbalanced by an army of guns. Places are allotted by ballot, the guns conceal themselves as best they can under the hedgerows, while the beaters spread round the country and drive the birds over. Undoubtedly very considerable skill is needed on the part of the shooter to give a good account of cartridges expended. The birds are thoroughly frightened, and fly very fast; and it takes a deal of practice to kill a right and left out of the approaching covey, then to receive a fresh gun from a skilful loader and repeat the performance before the birds are out of range. Still, old gunners say that there is not half the real sport in shooting driven birds that there used to be when shooting over pointers or setters and walking after the quarry. Possibly the changes in the system of farming and the

improvement in guns and ammunition are in a measure largely responsible for the altered methods. Moreover, no one will deny that the system of driving has improved the stock of birds in many ways. The old birds, coming first, get killed off, and so the stock is kept young and vigorous. But, as one advanced in years, and who has enjoyed many a good day both walking up birds and shooting at them driven overhead, the writer is obliged to confess that, so far as his taste is concerned, the alteration is not necessarily an improvement; and even now, although unable to stand a long day's walk without experiencing very considerable fatigue, to say nothing of the feeling of walking about during the latter half of the day with some one else's feet on, and those very uncomfortable, yet one day's genuine walking up birds would be preferred to two days' driving.

Ah, well! there must be differences of opinion.

The present season promises to be a fair one in most districts; and it only remains to wish the readers of these lines straight powder, good sport, and plenty of it.

## PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

### CHAPTER X.—THE EXCELLENT PLAN OF COUNT BRODE.

**S**AINTE CLAUD, having none but the simple attractions of nature to recommend it, was utterly unknown to the great host of holiday-makers. Shopkeepers and modest folk from neighbouring inland towns formed the bulk of its visitors, with a small number of discriminating persons of a better class, who had either discovered the place first by accident or had been recommended to it by friends. Those who came once came often; for, however few its attractions were, they were certainly cheap and permanent. The place was excessively clean, the bathing was good, the sands were extensive, and the people were not yet over-perfect in the fine art of living upon strangers.

The character of the Hôtel Seine was quite in accord with its surroundings. It was an old, whitewashed building, standing some three hundred yards from the village, on a small cliff. It had been used as a school until quite recently, when the Minister of Education had ordered the erection of something more suited to modern requirements. What education had rejected enterprise had secured; for a clever young man from Paris had taken over the old school, and had expended upon it unlimited ingenuity and a limited capital. Walls had been taken down, partitions run up, out-buildings added, windows enlarged, and, last but not least, a name selected. The result was fairly creditable, and

the Hôtel Seine had gradually drawn to its doors the more select of Saint Claud's admirers.

When Mr Barrows and his companion arrived, late in the evening, they received a profuse welcome from the clever young man from Paris, now scarcely so young and much more portly. Being clever, he saw at once that it would be too great a strain of politeness to call them milords, wide as the term might be. 'Messieurs,' therefore, were profoundly welcome to his house, the only good house in Saint Claud. Did Messieurs intend to make a long stay? They did not know? Ah! then, they must breathe the air of this delectable place, and see the comforts which the Hôtel Seine could offer them. No; it was yet early, and visitors were few. There were only two other guests at the 'Seine' now, but more were coming.

They were conducted to their rooms, and presently came down to a long, low, and very comfortable dining-room. A submissive-looking waiter attended them; and when they had instructed him, they stood at the window together. The window looked out upon a modest garden-plot, but a broad, well-worn path on the right led to the sands below. Out across the sands stood the white cottages of the village, barely distinguishable in the falling dusk.

'A jolly quiet little place,' said Hadfield.

'Very,' answered Mr Barrows.

Then two men turned into view on the path leading up from the beach. One was tall and

broad-shouldered, the other of medium height and slender frame. Mr Barrows turned from the window and sat down at a table.

Two things then happened at the same time. The submissive-looking waiter entered again, bearing with infinite care a large lamp. Close upon his heels came Philip Brode, his tall form well filling the doorway; and behind him came his father. The first thing they saw was the face of Mr Barrows, the lamplight full upon it; the next was Hadfield, turning from the window with genuine interest in their entry.

It was a rather awkward moment, and at first even the Count seemed at a loss. Then he spoke to his son:

'Mr Barrows, Philip. Here is Mr Barrows.'

Philip gave a nod of recognition, and moved off to a table. The Count smiled at Hadfield.

'My friend, Mr Hadfield,' said Barrows briefly. 'Count Brode, Hadfield.'

The Count bowed pleasantly, and joined his son. Hadfield sat down with Mr Barrows, and the waiter, having arranged the lamp to his satisfaction, went out once more, to return with what they had ordered. A few minutes later the other table had also been served.

It was a curious affair at best; to Hadfield it was amazing. He had supposed that the meeting of the two parties would be a somewhat tragic affair, and had wondered much what his own attitude should be. Instead, there was nothing more than an ordinary meeting of acquaintances, followed by the very ordinary function of supper at tables separated but a few feet from each other, and with a plain, commonplace waiter hovering within easy call. He felt inclined to rub his eyes.

There were further marvels. The silence in the room was rather constrained, or at least the Count seemed to think so. He began to speak, and kept up a light and occasional conversation, which was not the less interesting because it was light and occasional; for this evil old man—as Hadfield had learned to regard him—was a master of the tongue. Even against his own will the young fellow was drawn into the talk, and now and again Count Philip joined, though the art of conversation was evidently not in his equipment. So the moments passed quickly, and, what was more surprising still, pleasantly.

'Barrows told me,' thought Hadfield, 'that this affair was to be only a mere matter of form, and no doubt the Count looks at it in just that way. I expected a thunder-and-lightning scene, but I had forgotten.'

So he argued himself into what he considered a sensible mood, feeling, indeed, some surprise that Barrows was not a little more free also. Perhaps, however, it would hardly be the thing for the two principals to treat the business so lightly as that. Form was form after all, even if it were nothing more.

His conclusions were confirmed when the Count turned his chair and moved it towards them, making a distant third at their table. Supper was now over.

'Perhaps,' he said, 'it would be well to speak of our little affair now, since we are together. Pardon me, Mr Barrows; but would you leave it to Mr Hadfield and myself, or shall we speak of it in company?'

Mr Barrows answered at once: 'I think we may speak of it together, and this time is as good as any.'

'Decidedly,' agreed the Count, and he made a sign to his son, who at once joined them. Then, leaning forward in his chair, he spoke in a lower tone, so that the waiter should not overhear; but the difference in tone made no difference in the pleasantness of his manner.

'First,' he said, 'I have to explain our choice of this place. It seemed to us, gentlemen, that it would be best not to have any public attention for our affair, such as would be given to a duel under ordinary conditions. The thing could be done quietly, and if it should happen that any injury befell, it seemed to us best to let it have the appearance of accident. You see the benefits of this?'

Mr Barrows nodded. The Count smiled and bowed.

'While considering this point,' he went on, 'I thought of Saint Claud. It happens that an acquaintance of mine—it matters not who—came to this place some four years ago with a sick daughter who needed rest and quiet. It was very slow for this person, but he chanced to be an expert with the pistols; and in those days of idleness he was in the habit of going out to the rocks beyond the hotel and making practice there. This was an interesting pastime for empty hours, and several other visitors were drawn to take part in it. In brief, it became quite popular, and the tradition remained after my friend had left. I have ascertained from our host that even last year some of his guests amused themselves in this way; and after hearing this we remarked that it would suit us also. Accordingly I sent to the nearest town for pistols and a couple of air-guns, which arrived this morning; and it would be the most natural thing in the world if you chanced to join us on one or two occasions at pistol practice.'

The Count paused, smiling. 'And this little business,' he then went on, 'can easily be arranged for an evening later in the week—some time when we shall have no spectators. It can all be done in just three minutes—and honour will be satisfied.'

His amused expression fully confirmed Hadfield's opinions. There was silence for a moment; each, apparently, waited for another to speak.

'That is our little plan, gentlemen,' said the Count. 'What do you say of it?'

Mr Barrows made an effort to reply. 'It will do as well as any other. It is very ingenious. Is there anything more?'

The Count took the question as a hint. He rose placidly.

'Nothing more,' he answered. 'The rest can be settled another time. It gives us pleasure that you approve.'

All rose at this point, and the two parties separated, the Count and his son withdrawing towards the window. 'We will take a walk on the sands, Hadfield,' said Mr Barrows carelessly; and they passed out to the hall. Hadfield looked back as they reached the door, wondering a little at his companion's curtness; and as he looked back he found that Count Brode was watching their departure. The suave old gentleman gave a friendly nod, and it would have been very far from Hadfield's mind just then to suggest that there was anything cruel or hawk-like in his face or expression.

They took the path leading down from the cliff. It was now late, and the sea and sands lay in a misty moonlight which seemed to emphasise the stillness. Two fishermen, walking from the sea towards the village, conversed as they walked, and their voices could be heard in distinct tones. Their shadows kept pace with them, gigantic and grotesque, at their feet.

Hadfield had an idea that Mr Barrows preferred silence, so he offered only one remark:

'What do you really think of the plan?'

'It is a very clever plan,' said the other, 'yet very simple. Yes, it is a very good plan.'

And he saw that it was. Four gentlemen, staying at the 'Seine,' amuse themselves with pistol practice. One evening an accident occurs, and a ball goes home to its place. There is some little commotion locally; but there is no breath of suspicion, for Count Brode is a gentleman above suspicion. In the result one obscure Englishman is laid aside, and an obstacle is smoothed away; also, an old score is cleared off the records.

Mr Barrows saw that his enemy had arranged

to give him what might be described as a dog's death, and nothing better. And it would be nothing more if his faint hope proved in the end to be unfounded, for then all would go for next to nothing.

The thought was too unnerving, and he tried to thrust it aside. His only source of courage was the remembrance of those for whom he was acting in this way, and the reflection that victory was possible—just possible. So he kept this before him as they crossed the sands in silence.

Count Brode and Philip watched them from the window, the younger man with the sullen look that was almost habitual to him.

'So he came to Saint Claud,' he said suddenly. 'You thought he would not.'

'Ah, yes,' answered the father, 'he came. But to come to Saint Claud is not to face the pistol, Philip. There is a difference.'

There was a brief silence, during which Philip exercised his thoughts. 'Why do you so hate the man?' he asked presently. 'I detest him myself because he has interfered, and I will kill him for it; but you have something else.'

'Yes,' said Count Brode slowly. 'I have something else. He opposed me long ago, when Prince Adrian lived. You shall know all that later; but now—now you shall pay both accounts.'

'Yes,' agreed the young man. 'I will see to that. There will be no difficulty afterwards?'

'None. He has even been considerate enough to bring a companion, to help us to make things smooth. That is very well. All is very well.'

So said the skillful plotter, smiling as he watched his victim move among the shadows across the sands. Yet, if he had said all, he might have admitted that all was not quite as well as he had expected it to be. Not that he was in any degree dissatisfied with things as they were; but Mr Barrows had come to Saint Claud. That fact introduced into the affair—although he had made every preparation in view of it—just that element of the incomprehensible which every skilled plotter hates and fears.

(To be continued.)

## HAREM-LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

By MOYA B. FALKNER.

**I**N spite of railways and telegraphs, Cook's tourist tickets, and the familiar figure of the dusty, panting globe-trotter, Turkey defies impertinent investigation, and still remains a land of mystery and romance.

Here the 'unspeakable Turk' continues to shift all disagreeable duties to other and broader shoulders; here the guides still show the oubliettes in the Old Seraglio into which unhappy ministers

with too keen an appetite for reform were thrust, and where unruly beauties were hurried to the keeping of the blue Bosphorus that laves the crumbling walls. 'Time is made for slaves!' and no free man or woman will stoop to its exacting sway; it has ceased to exist for all practical purposes, and the Oriental scorns its modern offspring, the time-table, and goes to the quay or station at haphazard to wait long hours for the next boat or train. At Adrianople, where customs



are still more primitive, women rush frantically to the station in the dawn, and when told that the express is not expected till the evening, sink contentedly into a seat, with the exclamation, 'Thanks be to Allah! we are in time.'

Yes, Turkey is still a fairyland of enchantment, where happiness costs little (provided that you are not an Armenian), and all misfortunes, from the breaking of a coffee-cup to the ruin of an entire family, are endured with Oriental stoicism, and the formula old as the hills: 'It is the will of Allah! Kismet!' In Turkey we breathe the very atmosphere of mystery and illusion, sandal-scented and redolent of the *Arabian Nights*. For aught we know, that swathed figure attended by obsequious slaves may be a Circassian beauty dragged from her mountain home, that old dealer a necromancer disguised, and we half expect to see a fierce genie emerge in a pillar of smoke from the stones beneath our feet.

Each home—whether it be a gorgeous palace with marble pillars and low broad steps washed by the azure sea, or a miserable ruined hovel roofed with *tentles* or old petroleum-cases that can scarce keep the rain from the heads of the shivering inmates—has alike its *harem-lik* (women's apartments), jealously latticed and impenetrable to the most curious stranger. Each woman, be she princess or peasant, issues from the sanctuary of home shrouded from the outer world in draperies concealing face and form; and, until extreme old age has set in, never ventures alone or unattended into the street, however poor or destitute she may be.

Both rich and poor exhibit the same jealous clinging to the privacy of their domestic life. It is considered the height of ill-breeding for a man to inquire for the health of a friend's wife or female relative, no matter how intimate is his footing with the master of the house. Male visitors are received in the *salam-lik* (men's apartments), a reception-room quite distinct from the rest of the house; indeed, many of the richer pashas prefer separate houses for *salam-lik* and *harem-lik*, connected by a door or covered way. Only a Moslem of the most advanced views, probably one who had degraded himself in the eyes of his compatriots by marriage with a low-caste European, would be seen either driving or walking with his wife in the daytime. If they meet in the street, and the keen eyes of the man should identify his 'property' in some conventionally swathed figure, he passes without sign of recognition; although on reaching home he will submit the terrified woman to the severest cross-questioning as to her errand. Needless to say, mistakes are sometimes unavoidable, and violent domestic scenes often the outcome of these supposed encounters, for the Turks are proverbially the most jealous of nations. I have known a gentleman of advanced views, and holding a high position in the Government, refuse to speak to his wife, or even allow her to enter the

same room with himself, for three days, preferring to dine and sup in a tent pitched in the garden, on account of suspicions founded on an alleged afternoon call!

Turkish fathers and husbands may be divided into two great classes: those who are old-fashioned or *eski* (literally 'old'), and those who, having obtained some modern culture themselves, allow their womenkind to reap some of the benefits in extended liberty. The former class cling to the faith and customs of their forefathers, and look with loathing and contempt on all such innovations as railways, books, and all Western learning. Electric light is still abhorrent to them, from the obvious connection between 'dynamite' and 'dynamos'! They read little save the daily *Moslem Gazette*, which is carefully edited by the censor till it truly resembles food for babes, and reeks with fulsome flattery of the half-divine Padishah! Others read the French edition of the *Levant Herald*, where everything of a dangerous nature is suppressed by the fatherly hand of the Government. Turks who are *eski* retain their old-fashioned dress—a long, loose overcoat, wide-flowing trousers, and collarless silken shirt. They bind a voluminous turban round the red fez, and cultivate a long beard, symbolic of the dignity and privileges of the superior sex. All the ceremonial ablutions are most scrupulously observed; and during the forty long days of Ramazan no food passes their lips, no drop of water soothes their burning thirst in hottest summer, from the hour 'when a man may tell a black hair from a white one,' until the sunset-gun booms out the welcome signal of release.

If you enter the house of such a man—and it is not easy to win your way there until you have proved that friendship and not curiosity is your motive—you will find it the pattern of neatness, with clean white mats and snowy boards. Cleaning goes on every day and all day, and the elder women, with their heads bound with wonderful turbans fringed with tiny silken tassels, alternately scold and coax the hurrying servants or slave-girls. The latter go barefoot, and are clothed in one simple cotton garment, girded nearly to the knees while at work. It is considered immodest for a woman to expose her hair to a man's gaze; so they twist a black or coloured handkerchief round their heads; and, as they are forbidden to go into the *salam-lik* unveiled, they have always a number of long white veils, made of a sort of butter-muslin, hanging near the door. These they snatch up and fling over the head, tucking the end in or tossing it over one shoulder if a member of the other sex appears suddenly.

Nothing is more puzzling to the visitor at a Turkish house than the complete disregard of time. This is really, of course, regulated by sunset, which is always twelve o'clock, summer and winter alike. Dinner is the great event of the day, and

it usually takes place at twelve or one o'clock (Turkish time), when the daily work is done. It is not, however, distinguished by that unflinching regularity that one meets with in Western lands. As the Turks frankly confess, they like to eat when they are hungry, and not when it suits the convenience of their servants, in Frankish style. This, though at first blush it sounds fairly reasonable, in practice resolves itself into being obliged to eat when the head of the house is hungry! You may have no appetite, it is true; but remonstrance is worse than useless; your plate is heaped with choice morsels from your host's with friendly prodigality, and in a short time it becomes quite natural to feed at one o'clock one day and at ten in the morning the next!

It is not the custom for men and women to sit at table together, except in houses where Frankish habits have been adopted; but none the less is dinner the chief daily consideration of the lady of the house. As guests are always self-invited, and arrive with bedding, servants, babies, &c., after giving about an hour's notice of their intention, it will be inferred by housekeepers that to keep the larder properly supplied in a climate where scarcely anything will keep overnight is no light task. Soon after sunrise the cook goes to the bazaar to perform the onerous duty of buying the day's provisions. His sex generally precludes the possibility of an interview with his mistress, who, until the day is far advanced, loves to lounge about in a *déshabillé* that shall be nameless, her bare feet thrust into slippers, and a flower stuck in her wisp of hair. Then business is begun as follows: The kitchen door is opened a few inches, and the lady stations herself on one side on a cushion or chair, armed with pencil and tablets. The cook ensconces himself on the other side, with a greasy slate, upon which are scrawled hieroglyphics which he himself is at a loss to interpret now that the excitement of the fray is over. Each article purchased is placed on a tray, and pushed round the door by the cook, who is supposed to avert his head carefully each time. However, as long as the face of the lady remains unseen, it is immaterial how much of her lightly clad person is visible. Thus are the accounts audited, fresh orders given, and bad language freely interchanged.

The evening meal is preceded by a slight repast consisting of nuts, salad, toasted cheese, sliced cucumbers, and bits of bread, with smoked fish (*cheiros*), washed down by glasses of *mastic*, a potent spirit. This is served on the veranda, or under the rose-bushes of the garden in early summer, and a hush of great contentment generally pervades the family circle as, fortified by this preliminary, they wait for dinner. This meal consists of from six to ten courses, or even more, many of them being simply vegetables stewed in oil. Tomatoes or French beans form an ingredient

in most of these dishes, and a favourite dainty is *peppéri*, a sort of large peppercorn with the inside scooped out and stuffed with rice, chopped mutton, and spices. Cucumbers, stuffed—though not with pearls as in the historic fairy tale—make a frequent appearance, and cakes soaked in honey and weird mixtures of jam and fruit are served up for dessert. A delicious dish is a fruit *compôt*, delicately iced; and there is great variety in their cookery when the strange flavours are once appreciated. However, the last dish before the sweets is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, invariable: boiled macaroni with tomato sauce and grated cheese; or *pillaff*, the national dish, which is a very appetising stew of rice, with chopped mutton and chicken. At first one wonders why such a very substantial dish is produced last; but I, for one, was not left long in doubt, for with my earliest introduction to Turkish life and manners my charming host explained, in most fluent and melodious French, that this was *pour la santé*; because, when as much as possible of the other dishes had been consumed, it served to 'fill up the corners'! Let any reader try this hygienic plan for himself!

The dress of the Turkish lady at home, as I have hinted, is simplicity itself. Often it is composed of a loose cotton or muslin wrapper, rose and yellow being the two favourite shades. Green seems to be only permitted to those who have the honour of counting themselves among the descendants of the Prophet, and their name is legion. In warm weather the women sometimes discard stockings, and display their pretty pink-and-white toes without embarrassment; nor do they clothe themselves with a multiplicity of garments. The hair is too often disfigured with henna dye, which, though it produces a deep auburn or red tint at first, soon causes patches of yellow, green, and gray to appear; and at an early age the multi-coloured crop falls, and the owner, becoming perfectly bald, seeks refuge in the all-concealing turban. Hair-brushes are almost unknown, and a very coarse comb alone is used; which perhaps may account for the fact that the hair is so seldom glossy or well kept.

It forms a matter for deep regret, from the artistic as well as the antiquarian point of view, that the lovely old costume of silken trousers, full to the ankle, gauzy vest, wide sash, and embroidered zouave no longer forms part of the modern Turkish lady's wardrobe. The slaves still sport it as a fancy dress on grand occasions; and I believe it lingers within the Seraglio walls when the pampered beauties take a patriotic freak; but would-be 'French' atrocities have usurped its place in feminine hearts, and the old-world charm is fled. Every self-respecting Turkish lady wishes her acquaintances to believe that her dresses have come direct from Paris, and that her jewels and silks have cost more than

those of her neighbours. Like her sisters all the world over, she dresses, not to please men—who, save her husband and nearest male relatives, can never behold this magnificence—but to make her dearest friends green with envy. A young Turkish woman is generally plump; and sweet food, baths, and want of exercise soon render her absolutely corpulent; but her slave must lace her as tightly as possible into a pair of bursting corsets when she contemplates a visit or receives her friends. Then her small feet are compressed in high-heeled shoes, in which she can only just totter, and which are really dangerous amid the uneven stones and precipitous descents of Galata or Stamboul. Her hair is frizzed, and usually badly burnt in the process, and white powder is smeared thickly over her dark skin. The eyes are touched with *kohl*, a preparation less harmful than its European substitute; an eyebrow-pencil and rouge is added to taste, but sparingly, as the modern Turkish lady is deeply learned in the lore of third-rate French literature, and wishes to appear *toujours un peu souffrante*! Lastly, a silk or satin dress, of brilliant hue and in barbarous imitation of Parisian fashion, is donned, and all the available jewels of the fair owner disposed about her person, preference being given to diamonds and huge emeralds. Over all this magnificence is spread the *tchit-tcharf*, a large garment closely resembling our old-fashioned rain-cloak, erroneously called the *féridji* by indiscriminating Giaour menfolk. It is cut in two pieces, a full skirt and a triangular piece draping the head and body to the waist, where it is gathered very fully and set into the band at the back. It is tightly pinned behind the head with hairpins, and the hair worn flat or coquettishly dressed in a knob under the silk to give a stylish contour. The *tchit-tcharf* is looped up at each side to allow the arms free play, and black, dark blue, and purple are the customary colours for a lady of rank. Servants and the poorer classes wear bright shades or even pure white. Even the poorest endeavour to beg, buy, or borrow a silk *tchit-tcharf*; for the woman who can only afford cotton is scorned by her own sex. The difficulty of walking in such a garb is considerable, and on the rare occasions when I have donned these ample wrappings, together with the thick black veil which hangs down and completely covers the face, I have felt half-smothered. This veil is obligatory for women of the better class when in town or up the Bosphorus. It is amusing to watch the *arabaji* (cabman) turn away his face as he opens the carriage door, lest a chance breeze should lift the gauze and disclose an inch or so of chin; still funnier when the wearer is a Giaour woman in disguise!

In the country, and when driving in a closed brougham, the more transparent *yashmak* is worn. It consists of a strip of white gauze drawn over the face, but leaving the eyes, and usually the mouth

and chin, uncovered. It is considered less modest than the black veil, but has the immense advantage of softening and beautifying the plainest features, whilst a pretty face looks absolutely enchanting under its filmy folds. This fact has contributed to its survival in spite of all obstacles.

The ladies of the Sultan's harem use the *yashmak* when driving. They, in common with all dames of high rank, are attended by hideous black eunuchs, resplendent in frock-coat, lemon kid gloves, and diamond scarf-pin; for these creatures are the vainest of the vain, and their masters freely gratify such weaknesses as long as they repay this indulgence with absolute fidelity and watchfulness. Size and ugliness are much esteemed, and command a high price in the market. These blacks ride on showy horses, one on each side of the carriage windows, or one is mounted on the box to guard the beauties within. From the interior comes a flash of bewildering loveliness: dark languishing eyes, brilliant sheen of silks, a floating cloud of lace and gauze, and a haunting smile. Then the radiant vision vanishes, the guard presents arms, the great palace gates fly open, and close again behind the curvetting steeds; and a muttered curse or savage scowl from the sentry reminds the dreaming stranger that it is not wise to stare too closely at the favourites of his Serene Highness or a rich pasha's wives, whatever your age or sex!

Friday, the sacred day of rest, affords the best opportunity for viewing Turkish beauty. In the magnificent avenues, by the 'Sweet Waters of Europe,' the women drive, or flit up and down the river in long yellow *kaiques*—the gondola of Constantinople. Here the young diplomatists, the aides-de-camp of the Sultan, and all the flower of Moslem manhood show themselves. They bestride superb Arab stallions, and excel in all the tricks of horsemanship. With arched neck and flowing tails, their chargers caracole, bound, and gallop over the wide plains and adjacent hills. It is rumoured that here the watchful blacks sometimes fail to notice a flower tossed from a jewelled hand. Stories have been whispered to me of oranges flung into a passing carriage with billets-doux tucked close under the fragrant skin, and of tiny bouquets arranged in ardent floral language. Whether true or not, it is at least certain that all young Turkish women coax their husbands to allow them to drive to the 'Sweet Waters' on a Friday. A large palace or *kiosque* stands there in the woods; but it is unused save for an occasional picnic of the ladies of the Imperial Seraglio. Within these high palace walls and closely latticed windows, in many a prison in that fairyland, the women drag out the most monotonous of existences.

Marriage is the girl's one object, her one dream, from the day when she first puts on the veil of girlhood. Matches are arranged by means of an old woman whose profession it is to keep herself



informed of the dowries and positions of all the marriageable maids and bachelors of the neighbourhood. Photographs are sometimes exchanged, and I know of one case where the bride of thirteen was allowed to inspect her bridegroom with a pair of opera-glasses; while he in his turn was permitted to gaze at his *fiancée* unveiled through the glass door of his future father-in-law's conservatory. After marriage the poor child—for she is usually little more—is bullied by her mother-in-law if it be a combined household, or bored to death by ennui if she is alone!

The education of the modern Turkish girl is less wholesome, because less domestic and more superficial, than under the old régime. The little girl grows up passionate, selfish, and capricious, without even the most elementary idea of self-control. Many French novels of the worst type have led her to hate her quiet, secluded life, and she has a morbid longing for such adventures as she has read of and imagines are the lot of all free women. She gathers up her robes in the street lest she should brush against the 'barefaced Frankish woman,' but secretly envies her liberty. She is a child without the innocence and freedom of childhood, a girl without girlhood's happy freedom and romance. Wifehood and maternity bring no sense of their sacred duties and responsibilities, and her little sons know instinctively that for help and advice they must not apply to her.

It is rumoured that one of the Sultan's numerous daughters is now being educated in Paris, and that she learns rapidly, playing the piano with taste and feeling; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this report. One lady of my Moslem acquaintance, and only one, was really expert with her needle. She possessed a sewing-machine, and could turn out a white piqué coat and skirt in a style that many a European woman might envy.

In general, Turkish ladies have a great love for practical jokes of the most childish kind. A young doctor I knew was frequently sent for by a young princess upon the most frivolous pretexts. He was the only man she might see and speak with unveiled, and she took every advantage of her opportunities. Sometimes she ordered his coffee to be flavoured with salt, and clapped her hands and shrieked with delight at his disgusted face. Sometimes she dipped his handkerchief in the ink, and flicked his face with the dripping rag. On one occasion she offered her hand and heart to the young medico, who declined with as much politeness as the circumstances permitted of.

It is true that slavery has been legally abolished; but the traffic goes on in secret much as before. These slaves are often dressed most picturesquely, and when visits are paid they stand behind their mistress's chair for hours. Some of them are very fine women. I remember one

African with yellow skin and great pathetic eyes. She was dressed in a long robe of yellow cotton that matched her skin, her grand bust half bare, and wore great bracelets and waist-belt of gold. She would fold her arms across her breast and gaze out into vacancy motionless as a bronze statue for an hour at a time.

In most households there is a small room where unruly slaves are shut up or whipped. The Turks, however, seem very sensitive concerning Frankish opinions on such cruelties. I know of a little boy of twelve who forbade his mother and grandmother to have the slaves flogged while his English governess was in the house, 'because it made her sad'! A Moslem husband can divorce his wife by repeating a simple formula before two or more witnesses on three several occasions, but all the dowry must be returned. However, if the wife has no parents or relatives able to support her, the husband cannot legally put her away. 'Ah, how happy you English women are!' said a pretty young woman to me with tears in her dark eyes. 'Your husbands cannot take another wife when you lose your beauty and grow old. Mine has promised me he never will; but he is a man, and how do I know?' A world of tragedy lay, thought I, behind those simple words! It is only fair, however, to say that a modern Turk has usually only one wife, or at most two. The reason is, probably, that polygamy is unfashionable, and also very expensive, as by the Koran a man is bound to give each one an equal amount of presents, jewellery, &c., and even a carriage and horses each, or one in common!

Eating sweetmeats, smoking cigarettes, scolding the slaves, and talking scandal are the chief diversions of the Turkish lady, with now and then a visit to a low-class theatre; and her physique, and with it that of the race, is rapidly deteriorating for want of fresh air and exercise. Happy is the woman poor enough to be obliged to do her own marketing, and who yet retains a reverence for the faith of her fathers, visiting the mosque, where the coolness and quiet, the atmosphere of prayer, soothes the tired nerves and raises the heart above all petty daily cares. But, alas! the much-disputed question as to whether woman is the possessor of an immortal soul has left its mark on the female population. They have ceased to base any great hopes on such an uncertainty, and live, feed, and behave so like the 'beasts that perish' that to the flippant modern Turk it seems that if endowed with souls at all they must be so small as to be scarcely worth the trouble of saving! Is it wonderful that all thoughtful Moslems say, 'Our women are not yet ready for reform'? All reform for them must come from within, and the soil is not yet ready for the sowing: we confess it sorrowfully enough.

## A MATTER OF ART.

**I**N Treporth, Art was spelt with a very large capital letter. Not that the Treporthians loved Art for Art's sake. The case, indeed, was quite the contrary, for the fisher-folk constituting Treporth's aboriginal community regarded with carefully disguised scorn the painters who paid them good coin of the realm to act as models, the visitors who came from afar in search of literary material, and the tourists who, following in the train of the others, ransacked the picturesque tumble-down houses of the little town in search of 'bits' of old furniture, crockery, and curios.

From the material side, however, Treporth quite saw how Art was money in its purse or in the stocking-heels, and in the cracked teapots which were the equivalents thereof. The trouble was that the boom could not last; and old Sarah Samble voiced the general opinion as she held forth on the subject to Mrs Mary Hancock, her next-door neighbour.

'Tis not to be denied,' she said as the two conversed from their adjoining doorsteps, 'that them artises comin' tu Treporth have been better for us nor the biggest shoal o' pilchers the boats ever fetched tu harbour. I've a sold my poor dead man's uncle's clock, that's been under the bed we slept on this twenty year, for five goolden poundses.'

'An' Johnny Friday, 'e wouldn't ha' gone above five shillin',' commented Mrs Hancock.

'That 'e wouldn't. 'E says last time I had it out, "Put a hammer through her, missis," 'e says, "an' I'll give three pennies the pound for the old brass in she." An' I've gotten ten shillin' apiece,' the old woman went on, 'for them chiney cups an' saucers was left by my mother's cousin Martha Anne Toms; 'sides as much for a broken carved chair frame as the chicken roost on in the yard. An' you, Mary Hancock,' she concluded, 'must ha' done nigh-hand as well?'

The other nodded. 'Middlin' ways,' she acknowledged curtly, not being a woman of many confidences.

'But what I sees,' Mrs Samble continued volubly, 'be that none o' us has got more that them artiss people 'll buy; though why they won't take the good new gilt-and-green tea-set I has, in place o' them other done gimcracks, beats an honest woman tu tell. Now, I've naught left fitty for them, savin' that old cloam jar my sister's husband's brother brought from Italy, an'—'

'You ain't got call tu complain, same as some,' her neighbour interrupted, 'for you 'm got Jenifer. They 'm all for makin' her pictur', an' pays her well for sittin'; though, by what I sees, she's mostly took standin' up.'

'An' I won't have Jenifer long neither,' retorted Mrs Samble grumblingly. 'See her there now a-talkin' tu a furriner; she'll be goin' off soon, sure 'nough.'

The speaker nodded towards where, in the sunshine on the other side of the narrow street, a young man, evidently a 'commercial,' from the sample-case he carried, stood talking to a tall, handsome girl, attired in the picturesque costume common to Treporth's womenkind.

'Her might du worsen,' remarked Mrs Hancock, with evident reference to the girl's companion. 'That there Mr Biddley she 'm wi' be traveller for t' big makers as the shops gets their cloam from. He must do good trade, for he does be here constant—specially lately.'

'Look at that now!' ejaculated her friend; 'an' me not knowin'—Jenifer bein' that close. I be goin' tu have a talk wi' 'e.'

She moved out and down towards where the couple stood.

'Jenifer!' she called shrilly as she approached them, 'why be 'e a-standin' clatterin', chatterin' there, when Mr Vanholt be 'specting of 'e. The gentleman wouldn't keep 'e if 'e knawed.'

The girl tossed her shapely head indignantly at this pointed reproof, but walked off; and her grandmother turned to the man.

'Maids take a deal o' huntin' after,' she commented in casual fashion; then, more earnestly, 'Come 'e in along now, an' taste my guseberry; 'tis a comfortin' liquor of a hot day.'

Biddley accepted the invitation with alacrity.

'That I will, Mrs Samble,' he said heartily. 'I've often heard the fame of your wine.'

Which was scarcely the case. However, when it was placed before him on the table of the tiny parlour, he not only swallowed the condiment as though he liked it, but further sacrificed veracity by saying he did so.

'You 'm in the cloam trade?' queried his hostess when she had duly acknowledged her guest's commendations.

'Yes,' the man replied, 'with the Pekin Patent Pottery Company—biggest people in their line in the country. A good berth I have; he added in what seemed an unaccountable outburst of confidence.

'See that now!' exclaimed Mrs Samble, 'an' me just dyin' to get a 'pinion concernin' this jug—'tis fair providential, as they says up tu chapel.'

She stretched out her hand as she spoke, and took from behind the window-curtains—where it was placed in view of the street—a gracefully wrought vase of antique shape. Its very simplicity and the purity of its outlines proclaimed its age, and the visitor examined it with interest.

'What might that be worth, now?' the old

woman asked. 'A friend-by-law o' my sister's, bein' a sailor, fetched it from Italy.'

'Maybe a sovereign,' returned the young man. 'It looks to be a curious old piece. But I'm only a salesman,' he added apologetically, 'not a connoisseur.'

'I knows you can't be sure,' returned his hostess, making a bold effort to comprehend the last word; 'but, though you'm in the cloam trade, I misdoubt you'm nowadays skilled in it. Mr Vanholt—a real American gentleman, as is paintin' Jenifer's pictur—he offered me three poundses no furdur back nor yesterday for she.'

'For the vase?' queried Biddley amazedly.

'Not for the maid,' retorted the old woman somewhat tartly; 'but what I said to Mr Vanholt I says to you: I've been 'customed-like to see the jug there, an' I won't take no money for it, unless so be I can get another the same—cheap.'

She looked at Biddley; and Biddley, with something of a smile about the corners of his mouth, looked at her. And so for a space there was silence.

'I could,' the visitor said slowly at last, 'let you have a vase which no one in Trepoth could tell from this, for half-a-crown—on one condition.'

'If you'd make the pair four shillin',' responded Mrs Samble, 'it might be an order to you.'

'We wouldn't quarrel about that,' the traveller answered a little impatiently, 'provided I had the promise of your good word with your granddaughter.'

'Lawks a-mussy!' the old lady cried, her hands going up with simulated astonishment. 'Be you after Jenifer, then?'

'I love her, Mrs Samble,' Biddley answered with obvious earnestness; 'and if she'll have me, I could make her comfortable as my wife.'

'Jenifer will please hers'n,' she said; 'an' it'll not be me will stand in the way of 'e. But I'll look for a threepenny luck-money off them pair o' jugs.'

To which modest proposition the suitor agreed with an outward willingness hardly in keeping with his unexpressed opinion of the old woman's greed.

The vases, however, duly reached Mrs Samble by parcel post; but no person save the recipient knew of their arrival, for she had specially stipulated that the package should bear no outward indication as to its contents or sender. The reason for this might have been found during the next visit of Mr Cyrus Vanholt to the old woman. The American was a bright youth of twenty or so, the only son of a rich father, and as such possessed of more money than experience. He was supposed to be studying art in Europe, and had drifted to Trepoth in the track of one of its most advanced exponents.

'I've been a-thinkin',' Mrs Samble said to him

on the day of the arrival of the parcel from Biddley, 'that if you could see your way to six poundses for that jug I wouldn't say but I could do wantin' she.'

Vanholt was standing beside the window and took up the vase referred to.

'I reckon you're on top at a deal, Mrs Samble,' he laughed; 'but, as I want the thing, and think it real old Etruscan ware, I must pay the price.'

He drew a handful of notes and gold carelessly from his pocket, and laid the amount on the table. Jenifer, who was standing by, opened her soft brown eyes in astonishment.

'If you'd come across the pond,' remarked the visitor, who was watching her, 'I guess you'd find dollars a deal more freely handled than in this old rookery.'

'I wonder you stay in it,' retorted the girl, stung by the implied reflection upon her native place.

'Can't you guess why?' he returned swiftly; but as she turned away her flushed face without answering, he went on.

'Can you come to the studio now?' he asked in more business-like tones. 'I want to get that purple-black tint in your hair, and calculate the light is just right.'

Jenifer understood nothing of tints; but to be paid for sitting still was, in her view, much preferable to scrubbing her grandmother's floors for nothing. Therefore she concurred, and the pair went off, Vanholt bearing the vase.

To his surprise, when he performed the wholly unnecessary duty of escorting Jenifer to her home some hours later, another, and identical, vase occupied the place of honour in the window.

'I found un in t' cupboard,' Mrs Samble explained as she saw him look at it. 'You can have she, an' welcome, if you'd like a pair.'

For answer the young man drew out his money and paid down the same sum as before; then, carrying the vase, he made his way back to his rooms, meditating deeply. And next day, when he passed Mrs Samble's window and saw the prototype of his previous purchase again there, he smiled knowingly.

'Sure 'nough!' exclaimed Jenifer's grandmother as she ushered Vanholt into the parlour, 'tis surprisin' how things be found when a body b'ain't lookin'. See now ef I didn't go fetchin' another of thiecy jugs out o' t' old cloam oven.'

'And I guess you're a seller?' queried Vanholt.

'I'm nowadays anxious,' responded the other quickly.

'I'll take it at that,' returned the artist; 'and I reckon I'd best show my hand, Mrs Samble,' he went on, his face full of boyish eagerness. 'I'll take as many of these vases—which are not all Etruscan, I'll bet—and no questions asked, if you'll get Jenifer to marry me.'

If Mrs Samble had had any anticipation of such a declaration, she concealed it well.



'Patience have us!' she exclaimed with astonishment. 'You'm not serious, Mr Vanholt. The maid be no wife for the likes o' you.'

'That's my lookout,' he retorted. 'All I want from you is your good word. I've asked Jenifer, but she sits on the fence—won't say one way or another. You'll do what you can for me, won't you?' he pleaded.

The wooer deemed he had found the old woman's weak spot by his offer to purchase the vases, and was disposed to congratulate himself upon the delicacy with which he had taken advantage of it, whilst refraining from complaining of the trick played upon him. And certainly Mrs Samble's attitude strengthened these beliefs.

'Jenifer should be proud, sure 'nough,' she said simply, 'and if so be as anythin' I say can persuade her tu be made a lady o'—why, in course I'll say it. And, seein' you'm wishful for more o' them jugs, I'll try tu find 'em for 'e. I knows a man as goes that same I-talian v'yage reg'lar—maybe he has some by him.'

Thus, for the time being, all parties were satisfied. As Mrs Samble put it later on to Mrs Mary Hancock:

'I du believe,' she said confidentially, 'tis not onpossible tu find cloam fitty for them artises, for all the ways of 'em be past findin' out. I'll tell 'e the saycret some day, Mrs Hancock.'

It was Biddley who prevented the fulfilment of this neighbourly promise. He had willingly supplied one pair of vases at a price below cost for the sake of ingratiating himself with Jenifer's relative; but when the order was repeated weekly—which was the extent to which Mrs Samble's conscience permitted her, as she herself supposed, to plant them upon the willing Vanholt—the traveller felt his pocket unduly touched, and combined business with pleasure by unexpectedly visiting Treporth, to put the price-matter right and renew his suit.

When he knocked at Mrs Samble's door it was Jenifer who answered him, and he persuaded her to accompany him into the parlour without calling her grandmother.

'You must know, my dear,' he said lightly when they were alone, 'what has brought me back. I could not live without seeing you, Jenifer—I really could not. You'll give me a plain answer this time—won't you?' he urged more seriously.

There was a look of her ancient relative about the girl as she answered.

'If you mean whether I'll marry you,' she began boldly, 'I shall'—

This was enough for Biddley. He tried to pass his arm round her waist; but as she shook herself free the door opened to admit Mrs Samble, ushering in Vanholt. He had just called, and the old woman, supposing his errand comprised the customary purchase, was talking volubly, regardless of his silence.

'I has another for 'e,' she was saying, 'an' the ter'ble trouble I've had tu find un you'—

She stopped short, perceiving the other visitor; but her presence of mind did not forsake her.

'Marnin', Mr Biddley,' she resumed after a momentary pause, and with a look of intelligence to which the traveller responded blithely. 'You'm come about the jug too, same as this gentleman? But 'tis promised to he, and I never goes back on a promise.'

'You are a bit out, Mrs Samble,' Vanholt broke in, with a glance towards Jenifer in which anger and reproach mingled. 'I hold stock enough in your goods, and called to tell you so.'

The girl stooped to whisper into her relative's ear, and the old woman gripped her hands together in wrath.

'You'm said "No" tu Mr Vanholt!' she ejaculated shrilly. 'Patience have us! Are 'e 'spectin' the king on his throne tu wed 'e, maid? Are'—

It was Biddley who interrupted this outflow of anger.

'Not the king, Mrs Samble,' he said suavely, 'but your very humble servant, whom Jenifer has just made happy by promising to marry him. As for the vase, of course I'll take it back willingly, and the others too.'

Of the three answers which this speech called forth that of Vanholt was the loudest.

'Great Scot!' he exclaimed, 'so you are the drummer for the imitation Etruscan ware. Of course I knew all but the first were modern; but I didn't calculate you were in the running for the lady,' he added bitterly, 'at what must have been a big profit off the thirty dollars each I paid.'

'I had no profit,' the irate Biddley snapped back. 'My price was four shillings a pair.'

'An' Jenifer,' interpolated Mrs Samble, simultaneously with the American.

'And not Jenifer,' the girl succeeded at last in saying. 'When you came in, grannie, with Mr Vanholt, you interrupted me as I was telling Mr Biddley here that I shall not marry him. Harry Sponson'—here she coloured hotly—'that's home on leave from the *Thunderbolt*, asked me last night, and I said "Yes" to him. We're to be wed as soon as he's made a petty officer.'

'I be feared, Mrs Hancock,' said Mrs Samble next day to her neighbour, 'that I can't give 'e that saycret; but I'll tell 'e this much, that them artises doesn't pay big money for cloam and sich-like for itself, but for what they gets by it. I be goin' tu sell no more tu none o' 'em; I've a-gotten my share, and Jenifer, seein' her be makin' a marriage I thinks well on, 'll have my money when I'm gone. So if you, Mrs Hancock, or the rest in Treporth, likes tu sell old rub-bitch tu the artises, you'll not find me in your ways. I allus likes tu be neighbourly.'

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

## THE CAMPANILE OF ST MARK'S.



HE fall of the famous Campanile of St Mark's, Venice, is not only a great calamity to that ancient city, but it is the loss of an architectural treasure which will be deplored by artists all the world over. Before these words appear in print it is probable that sufficient money will have been subscribed to rebuild the tower which has figured again and again upon the canvases of Canaletto and many other painters. But a new erection cannot give back the associations connected with the old one, and it is a question whether the resolve to rebuild the tower is a wise one. The collapse of the building seems to have been due principally to old age, and to neglect of timely reparation. It was ascertained in 1885 that its foundations were perfectly secure, although they consisted of a double layer of logs, laid crosswise upon one another and resting upon piles driven deep into the black clay which underlies the city of Venice. This woodwork was found to be in a perfect state of preservation. It is satisfactory to note that the crack in the tower which gave warning of its dangerous state enabled precautions to be taken which prevented any sacrifice of life.

## FIRE RISKS.

A recent fire in London, which was unhappily accompanied by the loss of several lives, has called renewed attention to the adequacy of the Fire Brigade. No one doubts the bravery of the men who are continually risking their lives in the work of saving others, but there is a complaint that the weapons supplied to them with which to vanquish their all-devouring foe are insufficient for the terrible work in hand. More especially the escape-ladders are not long enough to reach the upper floors of modern buildings. But is it quite fair to throw the onus upon the Fire Brigade? We think not. Every builder, every occupier, and every employer should see to it that means of escape from fire exist in the premises under his control. The Brigade will do their best to extinguish a fire when it occurs, but by the time they arrive there should be no necessity for escape apparatus.

## OBSOLETE WEAPONS.

Improvements in lethal weapons are so rapid that the very best of one time is quickly superseded by something better a few weeks or months later. The last two decades have seen quite a revolution both in small-arms and in ordnance, while at the same time black gunpowder has gone out of use, in favour of high ex-

plosives possessing many times its energy. When dynamite was regarded as the best type of these modern explosives, as for many purposes it still is, it was quickly found that it could not be safely fired from an ordinary gun. A special form of air-gun was therefore brought forward by Captain Zaliuski which would hurl huge quantities of explosive with most disastrous effects. At a cost of about a million dollars the United States Government established a battery of these compressed air-guns at Sandy Hook. This battery has just been sold for one-fiftieth of the amount it cost, the reason being that since its establishment in 1893 explosives have been discovered which can be safely fired from high-power guns, which have a far greater range than Zaliuski's air-tubes. The pneumatic guns did all that was expected of them, and they have been displaced, not because they failed, but because better implements are now available.

## THE VALUE OF FOODS.

We once heard an intelligent child complain that 'all the nicest things to eat seem to be unwholesome.' If that child, now of a larger growth, should happen to light upon the report of a lecture delivered lately before the South-West London Medical Society by Dr Robert Hutchison he will rejoice greatly, for the lecturer demonstrated that many nice things have a very great dietetic value. He condemned many of the much-belauded patent foods, and showed that upon analysis they compared very unfavourably with meat, eggs, milk, and sugar. 'A pound of honey at ninepence,' he said, 'is a better source of sugar than a pound of malt extract at three shillings.' And, speaking of cod-liver oil as a means of administering fat, he remarked: 'In cream you get a more valuable substance, because ordinary cream contains more than 50 per cent. of fat, and butter fat is as easily digested and absorbed as the fat of cod-liver oil, besides being much more palatable and considerably cheaper.' The lecturer also spoke highly of the value of chocolate and Everton toffee, because in both you get a combination of fat and sugar without water. Unfortunately it is difficult to make people believe in the great value of a diet within their reach. They will turn away from such commonplace things as milk and eggs, and go to any amount of trouble to procure costly preparations having only a tithe of their value as food. The lecturer's good opinion of cream, honey, chocolate, and toffee will be received with enthusiasm by the rising generation, if not by their elders.

## THE DISCOVERER OF COAL-GAS.

The discovery of coal-gas, which for nearly a century has been our principal source of artificial

illumination, has generally been credited to the Scotsman Murdoch, then at Redruth in Cornwall, in 1792. But according to recent researches it would seem that there is a prior claim to the discovery by Professor Minckelers, of Limburg, Holland, who anticipated Murdoch in the preparation of carburetted hydrogen—to give our household gas its right name—by nine years. According to the story now put forward by the *Journal of Gas-lighting*, Professor Minckelers was experimenting as early as 1783 with a view to finding a cheaper gas than hydrogen for inflating balloons, and by heating coal-dust in a gun-barrel he produced the now familiar gas, and lighted his lecture-room at Louvain with it for some years. It is now proposed to erect, by public subscription, a monument in honour of Minckelers at his birthplace. It may be added that he was appointed professor of natural philosophy at the University of Louvain when only twenty-three years of age, and that he published there in 1784 a memoir dealing with the production of coal-gas. Becher in Germany (1680), and in Britain Clayton (1739) and Lord Dundonald (1786), had obtained or used lighting gas derived from coal.

#### ARTIFICIAL CLAY.

An artificial clay is being used in Germany for various decorative purposes, and for the manufacture of imitation stone, tiles, gutters, &c. It is composed of sand, chalk, cement, liquid glue, and petroleum, which are mixed together in certain proportions. The result is a plastic mass which can be moulded, and which subsequently acquires great hardness. The surface of the composition is quite smooth, it will not absorb moisture, it is fireproof, and can be tinted as desired by the addition of pigments. The tests made with this material at the Technical Experimental Station at Charlottenburg have proved satisfactory. As the ingredients can be mixed without the aid of machinery, builders in a small way of business can use the material with economy.

#### WAR CASUALTIES.

Now that the war in South Africa has happily been brought to a close, we are able to count the terrible cost in men's lives. The total number of deaths is close upon twenty-two thousand, exclusive of five hundred men who died after their return home. There is a certain amount of satisfaction in regarding these grim figures; for, considering the vast army sent out and the time covered by the war, they compare very favourably with the number of deaths in past struggles between nations. To go no farther back than the Crimean war, which covered a period only one-half as long as the South African campaign, we find that the casualties were less by only one hundred and sixty-three men, while the total force engaged was only two-sevenths of the army

now returning from the East. It has lately been pointed out by Colonel Boyle that if the mortality in South Africa had been on the Crimean scale, something like seventy-five thousand men would have found their graves on the veldt. The improvement is, of course, due to the splendid state of efficiency of our field hospitals and of the supply and transport departments of the army. We have at present no definite information as to the losses on the Boer side, but we may feel certain that had the war occurred in Crimean days there would have been no concentration camps for the wives and children of our late enemies, and the deaths among non-combatants alone would consequently have totalled up to an awful figure.

#### OIL PASTELS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* recently gave an account of a new system of oil-painting, which seems to have made a sensation and to have met with favour in the French capital. It originated in the desire of M. Raffaelli, a well-known painter, to simplify the necessary mechanical manipulations of the palette so as to leave the artist's mind concentrated, without disturbance of ideas, upon the work before him. To attain this end he has, to use his own words, 'contrived to put oil-colours in small solid sticks like crayons,' which he rubs against the canvas, wood, ivory, or paper upon which the picture is traced. There is no mention of brushes, and we gather from the account published that in practising the new method these are altogether discarded. If this be the case, we venture to think that the new system will not meet with cordial support among artists generally. Some there are who obtain wonderful effects by a masterly use of the palette-knife; but the majority of artists naturally regard the brush as their most valuable ally, and they will laugh at the notion of relinquishing it in favour of a stick of paint.

#### 'TUBE' VENTILATION.

As in the near future locomotion in our cities will be carried on to a great extent by means of tubular railways, a very important point has arisen with regard to the effective ventilation of such underground tunnels. When these tubes were first projected we were assured that ventilation would be necessarily of the most perfect character, for each train would fit the tunnel so well that it would drive out the foul air in front of it, and draw in fresh air behind it. This plan would no doubt have worked well had it been carried out, but in the two electric lines already laid in London the up and down tubes merge into one channel at several of the stations, so that the same air circulates through each. Tests recently made on the Central London Railway showed a high percentage of carbonic acid gas, especially in the carriages which at certain times of the



day are terribly overcrowded. When we consider that this gas is the product of human lungs, and that it may be, and probably is, accompanied by organic matter and micro-organisms, it will easily be understood that the atmosphere may be more deadly than the choking sulphur-laden air of a tunnel traversed by coal-burning locomotives.

#### THE GERMAN ALCOHOL INDUSTRY.

For some time the German Government have been doing their best to promote the use of alcohol for domestic and industrial purposes, and have lately offered valuable prizes for a draught wagon, suitable for military and other purposes, which shall be driven by an alcohol motor. To understand this development of the alcohol industry it should be remembered that Germany has no native petroleum, and is dependent for petroleum and its products upon foreign countries, which in case of war might be closed to her. But alcohol can be readily made by German farmers from potatoes, or from the crude molasses which is a refuse of the raw beet-sugar manufacture. In this way alcohol becomes an important agricultural product, and in the early part of the year an exhibition was held at Berlin with the object of showing how 'spiritus,' as it is called in Germany, can be usefully employed for cooking and heating purposes, as well as a source of energy. The alcohol used for these purposes is, like the methylated spirit sold in this country, rendered unpalatable, and is duty free. The quantity consumed in Germany last year for technical purposes amounted to more than thirty million gallons.

#### EARTHQUAKE RECORDS.

We have lately heard much of the wonderful manner in which earthquake disturbances are registered very often at places remote from their centre of activity. Thus the seismograph invented by Professor John Milne, and kept at his home in the Isle of Wight, has been known to record earth vibrations which had their origin at the other side of the world. The main feature of the instrument is a slender rod of steel about a yard long, which is attached to a solid upright, the two being arranged like the mast and boom of a ship. At the end of this delicately balanced horizontal rod or pendulum is a tiny plate of brass with a slit in it parallel with the boom itself. This crosses a similar slit at right angles to it in the top of a box which contains a slowly travelling ribbon of sensitive photographic paper, and by means of a lamp and mirror a beam of light is sent through the crossed slits on to the paper below. So long as the boom remains perfectly still, the record traced on the paper by the light takes the form of a continuous line; but when the delicate rod is caused to vibrate, this line is interrupted by lateral thickenings. As the paper tape is marked with hours and

minutes, the exact time when any earth disturbance takes place is plainly indicated.

#### WHAT IS PEMMICAN?

Half a century ago, we are reminded by the *Canadian Magazine*, the preparation known as pemmican was of such importance to the scant population of the North-West that it might be regarded in the same light as wheaten bread is looked upon by the civilised nations of to-day. Pemmican was made from buffalo meat at a time when those animals roamed over the plains in unnumbered herds. The term, which should more properly be written pineekon, is a Cree word signifying something made with fat. To prepare it buffalo meat was cut into thin steaks, dried in the sun, and then beaten to powder and mixed with fat until it assumed a dark solid mass. This was put into sacks, sewn up, and jumped upon until it was solid and nearly as hard as a boulder. When required for use, enough for a meal was chopped off the mass with an axe, sacking and all, and it could be eaten raw—in reality partially cooked by its long exposure to the sun—or boiled or baked as taste might dictate. It was nutritious and kept well. The strange thing about pemmican was that if properly prepared it never became tainted, a property it doubtless owed to the pure and dry atmosphere of North-West Canada.

#### SELF-DUMPING RAILWAY TRUCKS.

The business of constructing a high railway embankment is, under usual circumstances, a very tedious operation, as any one must know who has had an opportunity of watching the toy-like trucks each discharging its little load of earth at the end of the gradually extending ridge. In America they have a much quicker method of accomplishing the work, and use, instead of trucks holding each about a cubic yard of earth, a self-dumping truck containing from ten to twenty-five yards of material. By the action of a lever the contents of one of these huge steel trucks can be dropped from the bottom or from either side at a moment's notice. In crossing a valley it is customary to run up a rapidly constructed wooden trestle bridge, sometimes one hundred and fifty feet high, and on this temporary rails are laid. This bridge carries the dumping-cars, which are emptied where required and bury the woodwork in the act of building up the earthen embankment. The earth is brought from the nearest cutting or gravel-pit, and the work proceeds with extraordinary celerity. Instantaneous photographs showing the entire process are reproduced in a recent number of the *Scientific American*.

#### ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER.

A new form of typewriter was recently exhibited in London, and gives promise of wide application.

In most typewriters much has to be sacrificed in construction to give lightness of touch, so that the strain upon the fingers of the operator shall be as little as possible. In the new typewriter, which is known as the 'Blick,' after its inventor, Mr Blickensderfer, the slightest touch is sufficient to operate the keys, for the electric current, which can be borrowed from the nearest lamp, does the actual work after the necessary contact has been made. The stroke of the machine is thus independent of the worker, and each impression is of such strength that uniformity of printing is assured. No extra work is entailed in duplicating, the pressure entailing no additional demand upon the operator. Other valuable features are the automatic carriage return and spacing facilities, which save much time.

#### HINTS ON BOOK-MAKING.

To those who believe they have a message to the world to which it ought to listen, to those who wish to win their way in literature, and to publishers, authors, and printers of every degree, *Some Notes on Books and Printing*, by Charles T. Jacobi, managing partner of the Chiswick Press, London, may be heartily commended. This is an enlarged edition of a book twice previously issued; and, as it is doubled in size, it may also be termed doubly useful. Guidance is afforded here as to the best method of preparing manuscript for the press, and as to printers' corrections, which, if followed, will save worry and after disappointment. The Index (without which no genuine book should ever go forth), type, margins, methods of illustration, papers (of which there are twenty samples given), sizes, binding, methods of publishing, and copyright are all discussed in a sensible and practical way. Mr F. Howard Collins contributes the chapter on 'Index,' and has otherwise given valuable help in the preparation. Mr Walter Bontall adds a very luminous account of modern 'Methods of Illustration,' in which the preparation of cheap process-blocks, without which our cheap illustrated books and magazines would be an impossibility, is fully explained. The article 'Copyright' has been revised by Mr C. R. Rivington, of the Stationers' Company. Here is a golden, if a somewhat humbling, sentence worth keeping in mind: 'In these days of hurriedly written newspaper reviews, it is useful to make the preface *thoroughly* explain the author's object in writing the book; for be it hinted to the budding author that in some cases this is the *only* part of the work read by the reviewer.' Electrotyping, stereotyping, and moulding of type are all explained; and the samples of type, which occupy over forty pages of the book, will be found of great service. Mr Jacobi has taken a passage from Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies* and set it in every type, to show the size and general effect of the different fonts. There is also a glossary of bibliographical terms. This

book is truly what it pretends to be, 'a guide for authors, publishers, and others.' Even the 'others' may learn that authorship, printing, and publishing require experience, training, and ripened judgment and skill, and that, like Dogberry's version of reading and writing, they do not exactly come by nature, as many seem to think.

#### AN INNOVATION IN DINING.

A representative of the *Times* records that, acting upon instructions received, he recently ordered a dinner from Distributing Kitchens (Limited), 121 Victoria Street, naming the hour and giving his address, some two miles distant. Ten minutes before the appointed time there arrived a neat metal case, specially heated in an ingenious fashion, containing what may best be described as a 'nice little dinner' for two, at a cost of five shillings a head (which would have been three shillings and sixpence if his house had been within the company's regular 'radius'), with all the equipment of the dinner-table, down to the cloth itself. Soup, fish, cutlets, potatoes, curry, and a sweet, all admirably cooked, appeared and disappeared. There is no doubt, he says, that there is a great future for any organisation which will enable bachelors and single ladies, to say nothing of families whose cooking arrangements are out of gear, to dine at home without the slightest trouble beyond that of laying the table; and it should be good news to such persons that such an institution exists. There is nothing to be done, it appears, save to order, to eat, and to pay. The agency does all the rest, and the prices are, as his case shows, moderate.

#### AT TROUTBECK.

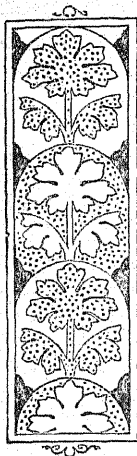
All nature longed for rain; the mountain rills  
Were silent many days; the fields were brown,  
And from the moorland pastures on the hills  
The bleating of the thirsting sheep came down,  
Monotonous and plaintive through the night,  
Until, at dawning of the mist-clad day,  
O'er all the topmost peaks the trembling light  
Swept slowly in pale pink and gold and gray.

Then sudden swirled a wind up from the sea,  
Bearing upon its wings the drifting rain;  
The streams soon sang in rippling minstrelsy,  
The parched grass, refreshed, revived again,  
The faded flowers drew colour from the sod,  
The lambs that drank looked up in thanks to God.

JAMES BOWKER.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them in full*.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### MR MORRIS'S HAT.

By C. EDWARDES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

**I**T may have been due to my indiffer-ent sight or to the third glass of sherry I had drunk at luncheon. Providence was the very last cause to which I should in that moment have looked with reproach—reverent, I hope, yet sincere—for such a result. If it had been any one else's hat I should have tried to laugh it off genially, with the usual easy 'promise to pay.' But Abiathar Morris's!

Slater, K.C., nodded compassionately towards Mr Morris, whose heavy profile was outlined against the back of the red-leather arm-chair in which he faced the fire. The old gentleman's head was thrown well back and his mouth was open. I would sooner by much have sat down on a hedgehog.

Slater understood my anxieties. He knew that my feelings towards Mr Morris were not merely such as a bank manager may be expected to have for a rich and punctilious customer. He knew about Gladys. He had written a play in the days of his youth, and might be supposed further to have a more than average acquaintance with human nature. He was extremely doubtful whether Mr Morris would ever consent to accept me as a son-in-law. 'That kind of fellow,' he had said, 'regards an only daughter as an asset or a chattel, to be realised, when he pleases, at full market value.' Slater had taken my word for it that Gladys was beautiful. He was sorry for it, for my sake. In his cynical opinion, the fact almost doubled her market value.

There were seven or eight other men in the smoking-room.

With a sinking heart I lifted the forlorn object. It looked like a relaxing concertina. Two or three ungenerous chuckles drifted towards me amid the smoke of cigars. Mr Morris was ex-

travagantly fond of his personal appearance; not conceited, but foppishly particular. I had heard him once exclaim to the hall-porter, 'Good gracious! is that a hair on my coat, Williams? For Heaven's sake, fetch a brush!' He was the kind of man who would receive my apologies in killing silence and leave the room my mortal enemy. Especially in the circumstances, for I knew instinctively that he yearned for any plausible excuse to say to Gladys, 'The man you, in your ignorance, suppose you love, my dear child, is not only a commercial adventurer, but a clumsy fool; and so there's an end of it all.'

My reflections were of the most rapid kind as I stood with the wreck in my hand. Suddenly a sonorous snore broke (nay, undulated) from the chair before the fire. The next moment Slater, K.C., was at my elbow.

'You're in luck's way, Hartley,' he whispered. 'Let's have a look at it. Capital, indeed! Deverish's place is quite near. Come along. We'll manage it if we're quick.'

I don't know how Slater did his walking to the door, but I know I went tremulously on tip-toe, thick though the Turkey carpet undoubtedly was. Those other fellows grinned as though it were the most amusing of commonplace misadventures. They were not behind the scenes. But to me it was as if my future life depended on the softness of my footsteps.

'Now then,' said Slater when we were in the hall, 'a cab and the hat-shop will soon put things normal again.'

The hall-porter seemed to smile all over his uniform, right down to his boots indeed, at the sight of the hat. Little things amuse small minds, as we all know.

'Mr Morris's, I can see, sir,' he said.

'Then, hold your tongue,' I said, pressing a half-crown into his pliable palm.

He thanked me and glanced at the clock.



'I was to get him a cab at a quarter past two for the Bank,' he continued.

A quarter past two! That allowed us twenty minutes, no more. Williams blew his whistle shrilly at my bidding. A lack-lustre, familiar face looked at me appealingly from the base of the steps. The giant Chang might have looked up in the same way and not have obtained recognition at that moment. Confound the 'growlers.' Where were they? Usually three or four came up at a call; now not one was in sight.

'Whistle again, man—and yet not too loud—that is, whistle just loud enough,' I said, much agitated as I remembered how piercingly as a rule these cab-calls reached us in the smoking-room. It were an ironical mischance, indeed, if Mr Morris were to open his eyes, yawn, and look for his hat as the result of our very endeavours to do our business while he slept.

The lack-lustre object down below touched its hat. Then I noticed it. It had been one of Mr Morris's own clerks, a poor residuum of respectability named Bowers. Drink had done for him: his carmine nose, pale face, dishevelled hair, and faded clothes all bore witness against him. More than once of late I had found the poor fellow hanging about the club door. I had even caught Mr Morris giving him a sovereign and some sad head-shakes. There is no harm and perhaps no credit in saying that I had given him something small myself.

'Anything I can do, Mr Hartley?' asked poor Tom Bowers faintly.

'Why, yes,' I replied. 'Run and fetch a hansom fast as ever— But stay,' it seemed wise to kill two birds with one stone, 'take this hat to Deverish, in New Bond Street. Know it?'

'I do, sir,' said he eagerly.

'Get an exact duplicate—exact, you understand, but *new*, of course. Here's a sovereign. Put this one on your own head afterwards. It will block out by-and-by. Hurry, man, hurry! Everything depends on speed.'

Tom Bowers rushed up the street. He stopped a hansom a hundred yards off, looked back; I nodded strenuously; he got into it, and—I breathed with relief.

Slater, K.C., meanwhile enjoyed himself by my side. He was not ordinarily what you would call a mirthful man; but when I turned towards him he was smiling serenely.

'Reminds me of my younger days, Hartley,' he was kind enough to say. 'As a poor hungry devil in Gray's Inn, I'd have made a little *Comedy of a Hat* out of it. The start's first rate, and that's always half the battle.'

I tried to smile sympathetically. I felt I owed him that much civility; besides, his father and my grandfather had been very intimate. But my smile was strained. I was listening tensely for

the voice of Mr Abiathar Morris. The very worst thing of all that could happen would be his abrupt apparition behind me before the new hat had arrived. I knew perfectly well he would find it more than convenient to treat my conduct in the sequel as an attempt at deception, and a gross piece of impertinence into the bargain.

'Good-bye,' said Slater quietly, and he slipped off down the street.

He slipped from my mind also. I had nothing in the world to think of just then but Tom Bowers and the hansom. Even the Bank was forgotten, though I am the most methodical of men and accustomed to re-enter it punctually every working afternoon at about one minute past two o'clock.

A step behind me positively disturbed my nerves. The laugh that came with it might have proceeded from Gladys's father in a condition of dangerously repressed wrath. But it was only young Henshaw, the Foreign Office clerk.

'He's still snoring; can't you hear him out here? Well, I'm surprised. I am really. He's emptied the room,' said young Henshaw flippantly.

'Oh, has he? Thanks very much,' I said.

It occurred to me to return to the hall and make of the hall-porter a deeper confederate still.

'Williams,' I said, cavernously I fear—my agitations were worth the word at any rate—'if you see any one about to enter the smoking-room do your best to stop him. Or at least warn him not to wake Mr Morris.'

The hall-porter turned his well-trained eyes towards the clock.

'Oh, never mind that,' I said. 'I'll make it worth your while, even if he is late. But I don't think he will be.'

'Very good, sir,' said the man.

It seemed to me that Tom Bowers would never return. I am aware that my anxiety must seem extremely ridiculous to the cold-blooded reader who has either long passed or not yet reached his 'Gladys' days. It *was* ridiculous; granted completely. But at the time I had a vague fancy that even Williams realised the tremendousness of the situation. Slater did, of course. The tension had been too much for him, and he had gone away.

At last!

The hansom came down the street like the traditional wolf on the fold. Forth jumped Tom Bowers, with excitement beaming even from his sufficiently bright nose, hat-box in hand, and Mr Morris's ruin on his head.

'Quick, man,' I whispered. I tore off the lid of the box, dropped this at the feet of the hall-porter, turned the handle of the smoking-room door, and—all was well.

He still looked like a sleeping and snoring cameo. I put the hat on the chair and retreated. The revulsion of feeling was so keen in its effects

that I could not smile all at once to answer the hall-porter's smile. I murmured something or other, paid the cabman, who was at once requested by Williams to stay for Mr Morris, glanced about for my humble ally, wondered why he had vanished so delicately, and hurried away to the Bank.

Doubtless, Tom Bowers was, in his own opinion, adequately rewarded for his services by the crushed hat itself.

All was well.

Mr Evans the cashier was slightly surprised at my unpunctuality. He did not, of course, say so; he looked it. But little I cared for that. With a light heart, I went on into my private office and prepared to cool down gradually into an automaton until four o'clock.

If Mr Morris drove up in the course of the next few minutes, and asked for me, I should of course show a reasonable amount of pleasure in seeing him. If he did not ask for me, but did his business with the second cashier, so much the better. I did not particularly want to face the old gentleman in *tête-à-tête* yet.

It was exactly a quarter to three when Gladys's father was again brought forcibly before my mind.

Wilberforce, the second cashier, then came to me with a letter bearing the business stamp of Morris Limited. It was addressed to me, in Mr Morris's handwriting, and was as follows:

'DEAR MR HARTLEY,—Pray oblige me by cashing the enclosed cheque for £10,000 (ten thousand) in £100 notes, and sealing the parcel for bearer. —Yours faithfully,

'ABIATHAR MORRIS.'

I feel rather ashamed to confess that my first impulse on reading this commonplace epistle was one of joy. The little affair of the hat and my part in it were obviously not disclosed to him. But the very necessary instinct of professional caution then rose uppermost.

'Who brought this?' I asked.

'One of Mr Morris's lads—young Bowers, I think,' was the reply.

The unfortunate Tom had a young son in the office from which he had fallen. Mr Morris's clerks often brought cheques to be credited to his account or to be cashed; the latter sometimes for considerable sums.

I gave the letter to Wilberforce, who raised his eyebrows when he had read it.

'Ten thousand!' he exclaimed.

But the earlier exhilaration in reaction returned upon me.

'You must cash it, of course, and obey his instructions,' I said. 'Mr Morris may be imprudent, but we mustn't risk offending him. Besides,' I added, 'I was aware that he was sending or coming for some such purpose.'

It did not occur to me to ask why he had not driven up in the cab that had been kept for him at the club. One's engagements often get inter-

fered with. Some engagements, indeed, seem made only to be broken.

'Very well, sir,' said Wilberforce. He left the room and duly delivered the sealed parcel to the boy.

Probably I should have thought no more about the cheque had not Mr Evans by-and-by made a point of mentioning it. He came to me, in fact, to discuss it.

'Rather strange of Mr Morris to send for such an amount?' he observed, as he scrutinised the signature of the cheque.

'Perhaps so,' I assented.

'It is undoubtedly in his handwriting,' Mr Evans proceeded, with what appeared to be reluctance. 'I suppose you didn't see him by chance at the club to-day?'

'I did happen to do so,' I said. 'We exchanged no words, however. We had not the opportunity.'

Then I also examined the cheque again. I felt no inclination to tell my colleague that I had only seen Mr Morris asleep. But an idea flashed to me. The cheque would be a highly precious pretext for calling at Wellington House that evening after Mr Morris's dinner hour. He would appreciate the prudence which prompted the inquiry, and I should see Gladys.

We both lived at Brondesbury; and although as a rule I preferred to stay in more lively parts of the Metropolis until a time most unsuitable for social calls in the suburbs, this evening I would not do so.

'I'll see Mr Morris himself to-night,' I said, ending the colloquy.

The hours that intervened before I found myself at the rather stately door of Wellington House, Mr Morris's lavish residence, were on the whole comfortable hours. I had hit upon a hopeful vein in my temperament, and I worked it for all it was worth. Why should Gladys's father continue to 'hum!' and 'ha!' if this very evening I pressed my desires upon him? The manager of a branch of the Bank of England might surely regard himself as no contemptible candidate for the hand of a rich merchant's daughter, assuming, as I knew I might assume, that the lady herself favoured him.

Another thing. Mr Morris, in that letter accompanying his cheque, had addressed me as 'Dear Mr Hartley.' The agreeable change from the stereotyped 'Dear Sir' had not made its proper mark on me at the time. Now, the more I reflected about it the more I liked it.

I rang the bell with a sense of invigorating confidence.

'Mr Morris finished dinner?' I asked, with a calmness that would have delighted me if I could have viewed it impersonally.

'My master is—much hupset, sir,' replied the man dolefully.

'Upset! Why, what's the matter?' Was it

possible that he had discovered the change of hats?

'He came home early, sir—not quite himself; and— Perhaps you would like to see Miss Morris?'

Should I or should I not? My heart again made a coward of me. I turned to go, with some ordinary expressions of sympathy; then hesitated, and—saw Gladys herself cross the hall.

'Who is it, Benson?' she called out, and the next moment her hand was towards me, there was the welcome I loved in her eyes, and she was saying, 'Oh, I am so glad! Papa does so want to see you.'

'See—me?' I stammered, holding the dear hand as if it were already one of the anchors of my life.

'Yes. Come into the drawing-room, and I will tell you about it. I was so terrified at first, but the doctor says his constitution is one that is likely to be disturbed violently by small fanciful causes. It was a kind of stroke, David. You must do your very best to soothe him.'

'A kind of stroke!'

My brow became dewy with horror. Even Gladys seemed concerned about my appearance. The one faint wrinkle of anxiety which I had

already noticed on her sweet face took to itself a partner.

'It is not serious yet,' she said. 'I think I will go and tell him you are here first of all, David. I'm sure he is worrying all the time.'

She moved to the door.

'Stop, Gladys!' I cried, 'just one moment. It isn't all about a—trumpety hat, is it?'

She looked at me gravely, with reproach in her dear eyes.

'How could you know?' she said. 'Yes, it is all because of papa's curious habit of carrying things in his hat.'

'Habit of carrying things in his hat!' What did she mean?

She seemed surprised at my consternation, as before at my reference to the hat.

'Sit down for a minute or two,' she said suddenly, 'and you shall hear about it. Perhaps it would be wisest that I should tell you, and not poor papa. Then you could start right away at consoling him. Do you see, dear?'

I saw nothing except that Gladys was her own beautiful self, and that I might be on the threshold of something dreadful. I sat down to listen, with a sad and foreboding heart. My forebodings soon had justification.

## AVALANCHES OF THE ALPS.

By G. GALE THOMAS.



HERE is, perhaps, no one of the forces at work in the Alps, where Nature displays her grandest handiwork, that appeals more to the imagination than the avalanche, which, while seeming to rush its undisciplined course athwart all law, yet takes its appointed place and does its necessary work in Nature's unwearying cycle.

If the winter snows that clothe the upper pastures were left to melt away gradually, like the white mantle of the plains, much would remain until late in the summer; but under the combined action of the sun and the *fohn* (the warm wind from the south) the early spring re-echoes with the thunder of their descent into the valleys below, leaving the soil to be quickly warmed into life. In the descent many seeds of Alpine plants are swept down to germinate later in the warm valleys.

Smaller falls are often caused in winter by the accumulation of snow on rocky corners, owing to the wind, until at length the mass becomes too great and the *windbrett* falls. When above a highway, disaster may result, as in one instance where thirteen people in post-sledges were swept away on the Bernardino.

The worst snow-avalanches generally occur in winter, but continual small avalanches are an

accompaniment of the early spring in the Alps. 'The heights thunder incessantly,' wrote Von Tschudi, the Swiss naturalist; 'veils wave on all sides over the rocky terraces, and seem to vanish in the air, when their paths are concealed, as is generally the case, by an intervening projection. The native of the Alpine valleys can scarcely ever accustom himself to witness the arrival of spring without these silver streamers, the joyous ensign of her approach in the Fatherland.'

Amidst the tremendous forces of Nature, whose war-song thunders down the valleys day after day, the peasants live on undisturbed in their calm until some catastrophe brings destruction to their very threshold. It is true that some measure of precaution is taken; the best—to avoid the places that lie in the ordinary tracks of the descending foe.

Formerly, the useful method of keeping 'preserved' woods (*bannwälder*) as a protection against the oncoming enemy was maintained, but has been unwisely neglected. On the Austrian side great wooden barricades line the railway at likely spots, to shield it from the snow-avalanches; and on most of the mountain highways galleries have been cut under the edge of the rock, or inclined wooden roofs built over the road in continuation of the mountain slope. These gloomy galleries afford a safe halting-place for the drivers



of the sledges which every winter bring the rosy vintage from the smiling Valtelline up over the heights of the Bernina Pass into the Engadine, as they have for the past hundred years.

In the Valais district a practice prevailed of driving stakes down through the hard snow on the dangerous slopes so as to ensure that there should be no general slide of its whole area. Another plan adopted on the high pastures in some parts is that of leaving portions of the grass unmown here and there, so that when the snow has gathered around it the long stalks are frozen in and prevent the devastating slide of the whole mass in one solid body. In the Grisons, provision has been made in some dangerous places against expected snow-avalanches by placing behind the exposed building two high walls in the shape of a  $\Lambda$ , with the apex pointing up the slope. The descending snow is thus divided into two streams, which pass away harmlessly on both sides.

In most cases, however, little precaution is taken against falls occurring out of their ordinary course; and lamentable loss of life results. In 1885, in the valleys of Piedmont, there were many falls, burying whole hamlets under forty feet of snow; and in the provinces of Turin and Cuneo over two hundred persons perished. Mr Edward Whymper relates that in one *châlet* there were a man and wife, a boy, and a baby. The man was killed outright by the fall of a beam, and the wife was fixed down immovable by another. The boy cried for assistance for thirty-six hours, and then died. The woman prolonged her life by catching a fowl, plucking it, and eating it raw, using the feathers to put under her neck, which was in contact with the snow. Ultimately she and the baby were rescued.

In 1888, over twelve hundred buildings were destroyed and more than fifty persons killed by avalanches in the Tyrol; while, in the same year in the upper Italian valleys, a hundred lives were lost from the same cause.

Many curious escapes have happened in the case of snow-avalanches. One is on record of a woman in the valley of Saas, near Zermatt, who, in the year 1741, was overwhelmed by an avalanche and remained buried in the snow for one hundred hours, hearing quite plainly the voices of the people who were digging down to reach her, but unable to make her own voice heard.

In February last three travellers crossing the Great St Bernard were hurled to the ground by the rush of wind caused by an avalanche near them. The monks of the Hospice of Fontintès telephoned to San Rhemy that the travellers had left the hospice; and, as a snowstorm came on, some men of San Rhemy—whose inhabitants, by an ancient ordinance of the Counts of Savoy, are bound, in lieu of military service, to succour travellers at all seasons—set out to their relief. They found the travellers lying huddled together

under a rock, and carried them back to Fontintès in a state of extreme exhaustion.

Tremendous avalanches have occurred when, from the constant freezing and thawing of the water accumulated in fissures of the mountains great portions of their mass eventually break off and overwhelm the valleys beneath. On the 2nd September 1806, the western side of the Rossberg, a mountain near the Rigi, fell away and buried four villages with over four hundred and fifty inhabitants. The traces of the disaster can still be seen, and upon the site the railway station of Arth-Goldau now stands.

In the year 1618, in the fall of Conto, the town of Pleurs and the village of Scilano were buried, with over two thousand inhabitants, only three escaping. Other notable catastrophes of the same character were the falls of the Diablerets in the Valais in 1714 and in 1749. Von Tschudi relates that, in the earlier of these falls, a cowherd was buried in a most extraordinary manner. A large mass of rock rested on the roof of his hut, thus protecting it from being crushed by the ruins which subsequently fell, covering it to a height of some hundred feet. For months the buried man remained there, living on cheese, but deprived of fresh air and light, and in constant fear of destruction. He groped about day by day in the darkness amongst the enormous mass of ruins which surrounded his prison. At length he followed the track of some running water, and after weeks of labour tunnelled his way through to daylight. Exhausted by hunger, toil, and the constant fear of death, half-naked, and grazed by the rocks, he knocked at the door of his house in the valley, and terrified his wife and children by the apparition which they at first imagined to be his ghost, until the pastor of the parish was called in to put matters right.

Warnings of the possibility of mountain slips have been given by movements in the summit of the Felsberg, and early last year the inhabitants of part of the Val de Travers in the Jura were alarmed by slight movements of a mountain above Noiraigue, from the side of which large quantities of cement had been tunnelled for years.

Ice-avalanches are perhaps less known; but they have frequently wrought terrible havoc. Great balls of ice often form on rocky sides, and, breaking off with a change of temperature, shoot down with detonations like cannon-balls. When they form above a highroad the danger is serious, and in the Grisons they have sometimes been removed by shooting them off with rifle-bullets.

The great flakes of ice which break off from time to time at the lower extremities of glaciers as they advance, or from the pressure caused by the freezing of water that has trickled into the crevices behind, crash down over the rocky precipices like mighty artillery. Sometimes a whole mass of glacier gives way at the same moment, and crushes everything in its downward

path. The village of Randa, in the Nicolai Thal, below Zermatt, has suffered four times by falls from the Weisshorn Glacier that hangs above it like a great dragon on the side of the precipitous Weisshorn. In 1636, the greater part of the glacier fell and destroyed the village, which was subsequently rebuilt, to suffer again from similar falls twice in the following century. Again, on the morning of the 29th December 1819, an enormous mass of glacier fell with a fearful thundering noise, accompanied by a blast of air which destroyed houses that were untouched by the ice.

In Savoy, the previous year had witnessed another catastrophe caused by a glacier. The Gietroz Glacier had moved forward into the valley of the Bagne, filling it with ice, so as to dam up the river Dranse. The lake thus formed afterwards burst its banks and swept down the valley, devastating everything in its way.

A more terrible accident happened in the year 1892, farther east in Savoy, on the road between Geneva and Chamonix. In the night of the 11th July, a sub-glacial lake, beneath the glacier of Tête Rousse, burst away and swept down with a tremendous mass of ice, rock, and débris into the valley of Bionnassay, carrying away in its course half the village of Bionnay. Then it joined the course of the Bon Nant torrent and made its way into the narrow gorge of Crépin. From the lower end of this it issued with terrible violence and descended to the Baths of St Gervais, the hotel of which formed three sides of a square at the mouth of the valley. The terrified visitors were awakened by a fearful cannonade of the mass brought down with irresistible force, and in a few moments the place was battered to ruins and swept away, all but the left wing. The hotel was full of visitors from all parts of the world, and it could never be ascertained how many perished, although the number is believed to have exceeded one hundred and twenty. A new hotel now stands on the fatal site, and the curious traveller may see on the roof of a building near at hand, which lay out of the track of the débris, the marks of the level to which the muddy flood rose.

The most recent catastrophe of the kind was that which occurred on the Gemmi Pass in 1895. On the morning of Wednesday, 11th September, a great portion of the glacier on the summit of the Altels, a mountain nearly twelve thousand feet high, fell away and rushed bodily over a precipice, shooting out in a lateral direction some three-quarters of a mile in mid-air over the forest by the hamlet of Spitalmatte. Some of the blocks of ice were carried to a distance of three miles from the starting-point. But the strangest part of the

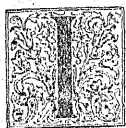
occurrence was the effect of the fearful rush of air that accompanied the avalanche. The forest below, although entirely untouched by the mass, was levelled flat in one fell swoop by the awful blast, the great trees lying side by side in parallel lines. The houses of Spitalmatte were destroyed by the same blast of air, and many of the planks carried to a considerable distance. Six persons lost their lives, as well as nearly two hundred cattle, which were feeding on the pastures. The Gemmi road was blocked for a time by the débris, but was subsequently reopened. Mr Whympster, who visited the scene a few days after the fall, and has written an exhaustive account of its features, mentions a similar visitation at the same place, which he found recorded in the archives of Leukerbad in the following words:

'Let it be made known that in the year 1782, the 18th of the month of August, through a dreadful and terrible slip of a glacier, all the cattle which were on the Alp Wintereggen and in the part called Altematten were crushed and destroyed, even to the last cow. . . . The cattle of the Spitalmatte, which come out of the Doschen forest to take their midday meal, would have been likewise destroyed if the accident had happened half-an-hour later. For from the spring of the Spitalmatte to the Grechtalhalden neither man nor cattle could have escaped death; in fact, all this area as far up as the slopes of the mountain looks no longer like a pasture and is nothing but a heap of stones and ice. . . . The fright, the pain, and lamentations of those who suffered by this disaster can be imagined by all. For there was not only the loss of cattle but the death of human beings. Four persons leading two horses with products of the châteaux, going through old Spitalmatte to come back again, were victims of this dreadful slip, lost their lives, and were buried under the stones and ice. These unfortunates were Joseph Leuer . . . They were transported to Leukerbad, and given a Christian burial, amid the tears and sympathy of all who assisted. The bodies of the two horses were also found, but not a trace of the loads which they had carried. What a pitiful fate is that of Maria Catherine Leuer, the widow of the above-mentioned Joseph Leuer, who lost her husband, her two cows, her cheese, and butter. All she owned was on the Alp, and has been destroyed by the stones and the glacier! I have been instructed by the proprietors of the Alp of Wintereggen to tell these facts, to leave an eternal souvenir to posterity: I have tried to do so in the clearest and shortest manner; and to witness to the truth of my tale I sign—JOHANN JOSEPH LORETAN, Former Magistrate and Public Notary.'

## PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

By W. E. CULE.

## CHAPTER XI.—THE LAST OF MR BARROWS.



T was three days before the end came.

In a sense they were quiet days, but in another way they were days of tempest. It is possible that a man, even a man of no particular force of character, may so accustom himself to the idea of death that at last he feels little dread of it. Much to his surprise, Mr Barrows found himself contemplating it sometimes as a thing natural and inevitable, and even as a relief. His surprise arose from the fact that he had always regarded himself as one unstable of purpose and more than timorous in the face of danger. He found a certain pleasure in the discovery, a pleasure which he could scarcely have explained.

At other times, however, the horror of this calculated sacrifice, this evilly planned murder, seemed to overwhelm him, and to fill him with unutterable bitterness and resentment. He saw himself caught as a rat in a trap, and his action appeared the culminating point of folly. And the best thing he had to lean upon was a chance—a feeble chance which would probably come to nothing—that an old man, seven hundred miles away, would consider his ridiculous standard of honour satisfied. Nothing more absurd had ever been dreamed of.

Once, while in this mood, he walked to the railway station, some mile from the village, drawn, as if by a magnet, to look upon the means which could, if he so wished, take him out of this astounding situation. For a while he lingered about there idly; but when a train was signalled he saw himself in danger, and returned to Saint Claud in a rage of shame and self-accusation. Before he reached the village he met Philip Brode, who was taking a stroll in the same direction; and the sight of that sullen face completed the reaction. But Philip reported the incident to his father, and the Count smiled triumphantly.

Mr Barrows did not go to the station again. He saw that he must guard against such moods as this, and his best help in doing so was the thought that this sacrifice was for one who trusted him, and one whom he had asked to pray for him.

On the Tuesday evening the Brodes put their plan into operation, and told Hadfield that they would take a little pistol practice among the rocks about a quarter of a mile beyond the hotel.

'Shall we go?' asked Hadfield of his companion.

'There is no need for both of us to go,'

answered Mr Barrows. 'Go yourself. That will be quite as well.'

Hadfield went, not at all reluctantly. On his return at dusk he gave his report.

'It was not bad sport,' he said. 'Several people heard the firing, and came to look on. I tried a little myself, but of course I couldn't make any kind of show, even with an air-gun. The Count was first-rate; he made no end of hits, and that without any trouble at all. But as for his son—well, I must say he doesn't seem much of a hand at it. He is not as good a shot as his father by a long way. If he did hit anything in a duel it would be more of an accident than anything else!'

Mr Barrows smiled at his friend's simplicity.

'By the way,' continued Hadfield, 'I never asked you, are you anything of a shot yourself?'

'I'm afraid not. I haven't fired a pistol twice in my life.'

'No? By Jove! Hadn't you better try, then?'

'Why should I?' asked Mr Barrows. 'As you know, the whole thing is only a matter of form. Besides, in case of accident it would certainly be more natural if one of the party were a novice. People would be able to say, "It serves him right for playing with firearms."'

Hadfield laughed as he saw the force of this argument, which he did not succeed in shaking. He was relieved, however, to find that the Count received his explanations of his friend's absence with perfect courtesy and sympathy.

'After all,' said the old man, with irony which Hadfield did not see—'after all, Mr Barrows is perhaps right. It will be quite enough if he only comes here once.'

'Of course it will,' agreed Hadfield. 'Nothing more is required.'

'No,' said the Count dryly, 'nothing more.'

So the days marched slowly, all the harder to bear on account of the event that was coming. But the interval came to its end at last, for on Thursday evening the Count spoke. Friday was to be the day.

Hadfield, of course, agreed. 'We will arrange,' said the Count, 'to be out here to-morrow a little earlier, just before people go to the beach for the evening. When we come we shall have forgotten some trifle, and will send our attendant back to the hotel for it. During the half-hour of his absence, everything can be done. Will you speak to Mr Barrows?'

'Of course,' said Hadfield. 'I am sure, Count, that he will be quite agreeable to anything you suggest.'



The Count bowed smilingly. How confident this young man was! What would he say if he found his principal wanting when the time came?

'Very good, Mr Hadfield,' he said. 'I suggest, further, that we must not all come together, as that would indicate pre-arrangement. Let it be that you and Mr Barrows come first. We will follow almost immediately with the cases.'

'That is excellent,' was Hadfield's reply. 'I am sure there will be no difficulty.'

He spoke to Mr Barrows accordingly, and told him of the arrangement. Mr Barrows fell in with everything as suggested. He found with surprise that the definite fixture of the end gave him a feeling almost of relief. The last days had been painful ones, and it seemed good to be face to face with the conclusion of all.

The matter was thus settled. The two parties met at supper-time that night, just as they had met several times in the interval; and the Count, seated with his face towards Mr Barrows, chatted in his pleasantest humour. Hadfield liked him more and more; but Mr Barrows was quite as reserved as he had been at first.

Mr Barrows did not sleep well that night, and was out early; but he returned to meet Hadfield at breakfast. While he was waiting, sitting lazily in the hotel porch, he heard footsteps in the hall, and Count Brode came upon him suddenly.

The two men were alone. The Count glanced round, stopped, and bent over him as he sat.

'It is this evening, then.'

Mr Barrows looked his enemy in the face, but made no answer. The Count spoke again:

'It is not yet too late. I have no wish to have a life upon my hands.'

Still there was no answer. Count Brode turned back and went into the house.

Mr Barrows was strangely stirred, and felt his heart beating loudly. That brief interview had had a curious effect upon his resolution, but not a weakening effect. He shook his head.

'No,' he said to himself. 'You have given me my opportunity. Heaven help me to take it!'

He spent most of the day upon the sands. What he feared was a moral collapse, a return of that mood which he knew so well. Perhaps it did return, but even if it did he overcame it. At four he came back to the hotel to take an early tea with his second, and when that was over he took him up to his room.

'As you know, Hadfield,' he said, 'no sensible man takes a risk without making certain arrangements. Accidents are always possible, even in a duel. I have thought it wise to put some things in order.'

He produced two sealed envelopes. 'One,' he said, 'is addressed to yourself, as you see. This other, which bears no address at all, contains a telegram, which must be despatched at the earliest

possible moment afterwards. There must be no failure in this.'

Without being aware, he spoke so gravely that Hadfield was alarmed. Mr Barrows saw the look.

'Oh,' he said, smiling, 'don't be impressed. This is all for your guidance in an extreme case.'

'Then, of course,' cried Hadfield, 'when it is all over I shall give them back to you.'

Mr Barrows nodded carelessly. 'Now put them away,' he said a moment later, 'and let us be off.'

They took the winding path in the cliff, which led to the sands. At the foot a turn to the left would have taken them safely, inside the shelter of the cliff, around to the road leading to the railway station. If Mr Barrows felt temptation at that point it was sharp and short; for in three or four minutes they were clear of the cliff and crossing the sands towards the appointed place.

Mr Barrows knew that his enemy was watching that walk from one of the windows of the hotel. He would soon follow, to put the finish to this extraordinary business.

The rocks were scattered and irregular, and the drifting sand had made broad pathways between them. In one place they opened out into a kind of rude amphitheatre, with paths leading away in different directions. This was where the pistol practice had taken place, and where the duel was to be fought.

'It's an ideal spot,' said Hadfield. 'No one can see what goes on until he comes quite close. And, of course, we should keep a sharp lookout.'

Mr Barrows agreed that the spot was ideal for their purpose. It was something like a gigantic rat-trap. After examining the place he sat down upon a flat, smooth-faced piece of rock to wait.

'It will be half-an-hour at least,' said Hadfield. 'We can't expect them before that. What shall we do?'

He was somewhat excited, as was quite natural. For a few moments he stood discussing arrangements, but having all the discussion to himself. Then he became restless, and suggested a change.

'I think I'll go to the opening and keep a lookout. Then I can tell you when they're coming.'

Mr Barrows agreed with some relief. Though such a good fellow, Hadfield was not exactly tactful or sympathetic, and it would be well to be alone for a while. So Hadfield left the ground and mounted one of the scattered rocks outside, where he could enjoy a view of the sands up to the base of the cliff on which the hotel stood.

So far there was no one in sight—no one of the description he looked for. The sands they had crossed were clear, and even beyond, near the village, there were only two or three children playing at the waterside. He began

to whistle idly, but suddenly stopped. That was hardly the thing, after all, before a duel!

As no particular time had been fixed, they might have to wait an hour. He thought he would go back and speak to Barrows; so back he went, treading softly on the sand. But when he reached the place he saw that Mr Barrows was sitting in the same spot, with his face buried in his hands. Then it did occur to Hadfield that the man might really prefer to be alone. 'I won't disturb him,' he thought, 'until they're in sight.' So he returned to his perch and waited.

Still the way across the sands was deserted, and no one issued from under the cliff; but there were a few more children over yonder, and one or two elderly people among them.

Soon afterwards he thought that their plan would be interrupted. There was a pretty farmhouse in a field behind the beach a little farther down, and from this direction came an old gentleman, evidently a visitor. He walked slowly along above the rocks, as if he intended to locate himself somewhere among them; but this was not his purpose, for presently he skirted them and moved away down towards the sea. He was a careful old gentleman, for he wore a plentiful white handkerchief behind his straw hat to keep off the sun; and he carried a newspaper, neatly folded, under his arm. He held on his way down to the water's edge, where with infinite pains he selected a seat, spread one sheet of his newspaper upon it, and began to read the remainder. Hadfield watched all this with interest and with relief. The old gentleman would presently be startled, but he was quite three hundred yards away and quite harmless. His handkerchief and his newspaper made a large white blotch among the brown rocks.

Again he turned his eyes towards the hotel.

Mr Barrows, sitting with his face in his hands, had his last struggle with his weaker self. He tried to shut out the streaming sunshine, the voice of the sea. There was one clear issue which he tried to keep before him. His thoughts might wander, but he always brought them back to this: Restoration!

The end was near at last. To-day—in a few minutes—would come the close of that old life during which he had made an enemy of Count Brode; the end, too, of that quiet life after the Prince's death, the life that had seemed to suit him so well after his wanderings. That quiet existence, perhaps, had only been preparing him to answer this call, and fitting him to face it. He had faced it, so far.

It was not yet too late, for the open country was before him. But he shut out this idea, just as he tried to shut out the sunshine. He endeavoured, instead, to recall the face of the woman whom he had told so carelessly,

yet so earnestly, to pray for him. Had she done so?

It would not be long now. In a moment he would hear footsteps, voices. Then he would stand up.

At that point a deadly sickness seemed to rise up within him overpoweringly. It was the last wrench—the last agony.

Hadfield was growing impatient, for still the enemy delayed. This was inexcusable, for some one might take it into his head to approach the rocks at any moment. That, of course, would cause the postponement of the plan. He stared at the cliff, and the white-walled hotel above it, until his eyes became sore and strained. Then, at last, he gave an exclamation. Some one had appeared, and was coming straight over towards the rocks.

Only one; not two? But in a few moments he saw that this was not one of the Brodes at all. He strained his gaze again, and presently perceived who it was. It was one of the waiters at the 'Seine'—the submissive-looking person who was always in the dining-room.

He tried to guess what was happening. Perhaps they had been prevented from coming, and had sent this man with a note: perhaps they had only been delayed, and were sending their apologies before them.

The waiter came on, in the manner of one who has a message to deliver. Suddenly, however, he changed his course, and instead of making for Hadfield, turned towards the old gentleman sitting at the waterside—the one with the handkerchief. Hadfield, irritated and disappointed, watched with curious eyes.

The man reached the person with the handkerchief and addressed him; then he turned and went back towards the hotel. The old gentleman rose from his seat with a certain celerity, folded up the sheet he had been reading, and left the other on the rock. Then he began to make his way up the beach, so directing his steps that he must pass Hadfield. As he came nearer it was plain that he was neither so old nor so eccentric as he had appeared from a distance. He walked with decision, and his face was that of a man in his prime.

To Hadfield's surprise, he did not pass. Instead, he stopped and said something in French.

'Very sorry,' said Hadfield, 'I don't speak it.'

'Pardon, monsieur,' said the stranger pleasantly. 'I also speak English. Monsieur is waiting for some one?'

Hadfield could only assent in increased surprise. 'Monsieur is waiting, not for one, but for two?' said the man with the handkerchief, smiling. 'Doubtless he will be surprised to learn that they are not coming. Indeed, they are gone. They have left the place.'

This was news with a vengeance. 'The deuce they have!' ejaculated Hadfield.

'Precisely, monsieur. They waited until monsieur and his friend reached the place of appointment, and watched them doing so. Then the one who knew all found his nerve give way before what he could not understand, and he told the other. They left the hotel; but took the other road. They are on their way to Paris.'

The stranger's manner was entirely convincing. It was more—it was serene, omniscient.

Hadfield forgot to ask for explanations, but, leaping from his perch, rushed away towards the amphitheatre. He shouted his tidings:

'I say, Barrows, they're not coming—they won't meet you—they've taken the train for Paris!'

Those were the words that brought Mr Barrows out of his reverie. He raised his face, hearing but not understanding.

'They're gone—cleared out!' cried Hadfield. 'I've just heard. They've given it up.'

At that point he saw his friend's face, and stopped. There came to him at that moment the conviction that he had been playing a small part, not in a mere matter of form, but in a life-and-death struggle.

Before he could recover, some one advanced from behind him. It was the man who had given him the news.

'It is quite true,' he said. 'Perhaps you may guess the reason. Count Brode found himself face to face with a thing which it was not in his nature to comprehend, and because he could not comprehend he began to fear—to fear something behind. He is gone!'

Mr Barrows, half-awake, found the glorious sunshine about him again. 'Quinzell!' he said faintly.

'And I,' said Baron Quinzell gravely, 'was charged with a message from my master, only to be delivered if one should play out his part. This message is'—

There was no more to be said at that time. Mr Barrows, gradually realising the situation, saw the message in the man's face. The sunshine became darkened, and the voice of the sea rose all about him, hoarse and loud. Leaning against the rock, he slid down by it and sank upon the sand. Hadfield sprang to him, but Quinzell was first.

'Go,' said the Chancellor, 'and dip your handkerchief in the water.'

Hadfield did so, and was back immediately. Quinzell took the handkerchief.

'Restoration,' he said, 'is not an easy thing. It has to be paid for.'

'He must have suffered!' said Hadfield, with quick compunction. 'Look at his face. Poor Barrows!'

The Chancellor did not pause in his efforts; but he found time to speak. 'You must not say Barrows henceforth, monsieur. James Barrows died, I have learnt, in America, some twelve years ago. This is not the man.'

'Not the man?' cried the other, bewildered.

It was Quinzell's purpose to close the door behind him whom he had come to call back to another place. 'No,' he repeated briefly. 'This man was once, and is again to-day, Prince Adrian of Zell.'

## CLUBS I HAVE KNOWN.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.



**POT-HOUSE** club has become a term of reproach; in a double sense the inn has proved the cradle of the foremost among the joint-stock palaces now so numerous in the West-end of London. The taste for French dishes was introduced by George IV.; that sovereign's favourite *chefs* subsequently managed and owned the premises in which both Grillion's and Watier's Club first met. The former of these still flourishes as an institution; it was founded by the grandfather of the late Sir Thomas Acland, during Lord Liverpool's administration in 1812, for promoting the social friendship between hostile political leaders. At first the rival chiefs did not meet at Grillion's. During the Victorian age, Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr Disraeli, and Mr Gladstone seldom failed to find each other at the Monday dinners.

An older society, like Grillion's, without a fixed home of its own, finding its ease in its

inn during the parliamentary session, is The Club. Boswell has told us all about the namesake with which in all details of management The Club remains to-day identical. As in the case of Grillion's, the members are restricted to forty; and by an unwritten rule three or four places are left vacant. Thus at the end of the nineteenth century, the list in both cases respectively amounted to thirty-five and thirty-six; in 1898 the oldest members of The Club were the Duc d'Aumale, Mr Gladstone, and the Duke of Argyll; the youngest still remain Mr Asquith, Professor Jebb, and Mr Pember. Grillion's archives, if any, are slender. Those of The Club belong to English history; they contain printed portraits of every distinguished member from Samuel Johnson downwards; each new-comer adds a picture of himself to the general stock.

The Garrick Club has long since outgrown its nomadic stage. Its first home was Probatt's Hotel, Covent Garden. Here, 13th February 1832,



was held its opening dinner, with the Duke of Sussex as chairman; the other founders were Sir Andrew Barnard, Lord Kinnaird, Mr Samuel James Arnold, Mr Francis Mills. Thackeray came in during the year of its birth; Dickens six years later, January 1837. When my working life in London began, the Garrick had already become the parent of a countless brood of smaller societies. The most considerable of these was the Arts Club, then domiciled in one of the most comfortable and picturesque houses in western London. Beneath that Hanover Square roof the handsomest and the most artistic presence belonged to the portrait-painter Field Talfourd: the face and the velvet coat were those of an Italian artist of the Middle Ages; the figure was developed by athletic exercise; the thoroughly classical features were framed in soft, plentiful silvery hair. Talfourd had the same grand manner which was the glory of Sir Joshua, and which was so amply reproduced by Frederick, Lord Leighton.

To the general public, the interior of the old Arts was well-known from the *Punch* pictures of Keene, Leech, and Tenniel, who, whenever they depicted a club scene, took as the background one of the rooms they knew so well in Hanover Square. The Arts used to be spoken of as a colony of the Garrick originating in the schism between the Dickens and Thackeray factions of the society in Covent Garden. Dickens's eldest son, during many years, was my fellow-member in the Hanover Square house. The only time I ever saw Dickens himself there was as the dinner-guest of his son and of Mr Marcus Stone the artist.

Another member of the Talfourd family, Frank, had associated himself with a literary and artistic haunt widely popular a generation and a half ago. The Arundel Club had, perhaps still has, its home at the bottom of Salisbury Street, Strand. Its chief room on the first floor commanded a long view of the Thames below London Bridge. Through the windows of that apartment the rays of the rising quite as often as those of the noonday or setting sun fell upon the members assembled in tobacco parlour. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, George Chapman, Frederick Sandys, among artists, used to enliven these premises with better talk than elsewhere fell from them. Every theatrical critic, with the genial and scholarlike Joseph Knight at the head of the number, and a rank and file of newspaper writers and actors, formed its regular frequenters. Of play-writers, the brilliant, cynical T. W. Robertson presented a striking contrast to the quiet and meditative William G. Wills. Within the Arundel walls, in 1865, was made the first prediction of Henry Irving's rise to supremacy on the stage. Mr W. S. Gilbert was entertaining as guests George Henry Lewes and the French dramatic critic who then represented the *Debats* in London; the new actor's

performance with Miss Herbert at the St James's in *Hunted Down* was mentioned. 'In another thirty years,' said the Frenchman, 'he will be at the head of the English stage.' 'In my opinion,' observed Lewes, 'he is there already.'

The Savage Club began during the sixties, as an offshoot from the Arundel—composed chiefly of men personally attached to the clever Brough brothers or to the younger Thomas Hood; its rise to eminence as the dinner and after-dinner haunt of celebrities and even of royalties could scarcely then have been foreseen. The latter-day development of the Savage Club as a fashionable haunt for 'guests of the evening' who like to witness the private relaxations of men more or less well known in public has brought the society into a prominence from the idea of which its Bohemian founders would have shrunk. The Savage, as it first met at a tavern in Maiden Lane, and afterwards at one in King Street, Covent Garden, was a protest against the incipient decorum of the Arundel and the established respectability of the Arts. Bohemia then existed as a well-defined area in the social map of London. To-day, that region, as a geographical fact, has disappeared. Bohemia has become a social fashion wherein all classes alike indulge—that unconstrained return to nature which reduces polite society in all its divisions to a common denominator.

'The pleasantest little bit of Bohemia in May-fair' is the definition given by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff of the Cosmopolitan Club, whose meetings are held at 45 Charles Street, Berkeley Square; 'the paradise of the intelligent foreigner' was its description by another member, A. W. Kinglake. The Cosmopolitan chiefly owed its corporate existence to H. A. Layard, our former ambassador at Constantinople, supported as he was by another diplomatist of distinction, Sir R. Morier. Of all institutions of the sort this is the most exclusive and difficult to enter; election is not by a committee, but by the whole body of members. The voting is done by papers sent through the post; and unsuccessful candidates are not blackballed; they are simply not elected. Probably almost every highly-placed member of the Civil Service, the list being headed by Sir Robert Herbert and Lord Welby, belong to this society. Lord Houghton and Anthony Trollope were both, as might have been expected, pillars of the place. Trollope himself never smoked; he liked being among those who did; it soothed his nerves, he said, and sent him to sleep; of the latter fact there could indeed be no doubt. In his most slumberous moments Trollope retained a certain good-natured, grumbling, perverse argumentativeness, thoroughly characteristic of the man. He had just returned from South Africa, and was talking one night to the late Lord Carnarvon, Lord Derby, Froude the historian, Lord Wolseley, and one or two others equally famous, on the

future of that country. In the midst of the discussion Trollope fell asleep; and after a quarter of an hour's doze he awoke, shaking himself together like the faithful, growling Newfoundland dog he so much resembled. Dissentient even in his unconsciousness, he spluttered forth, 'I utterly disagree with every one of you. What is it you said?'

The Cosmopolitan deserves to be described as an international force for good. De Tocqueville was at one time among its most regular habitués; and its English members, when visiting Paris, thanks to De Tocqueville's good offices, found themselves on the banks of the Seine free of a society which was a sort of projection across the Channel of that which they had left on the Thames. In these coteries, British or Continental, a leading spirit was Henry Reeve, registrar of the Privy Council, editor of Charles Greville's *Journal*, and long the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the domain of foreign politics Mr Reeve's wide experience was appreciated by many of our statesmen.

'An offshoot of the Cosmopolitan Club' might describe the Breakfast Club; this society consisted of something less than a score of men of the first rank in home and foreign statesmanship, in diplomacy, in political science, and in thoughts upon current affairs generally. It grew out of a conversation at Sir James Lacaita's lodgings in Jermyn Street. Its first and most active members were Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, G. S. Venables (to be identified, later on, with the Warrington of *Pendennis*), Lord Arthur Russell, Lord Carlisle, Lord Acton, and Sir T. E. May, who subsequently became Lord Farnborough, the learned clerk of the House of Commons. The club dined alternately at each other's houses—a simple, substantial English breakfast of the Oxford kind, never later than ten A.M. No company so limited in numbers ever made contributions more remarkable to the public service. Grant-Duff himself was called from the Breakfast Club to the governorship of Madras; and among his fellow-breakfasters occupying like positions were Lord Dufferin, Indian Viceroy before he became ambassador at Constantinople; and Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay. As a guest the present writer often shared in these hospitalities. During the summer of 1880, York House, Twickenham, the traditional home of Orleanist refugees from France, was tenanted by Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff. Among the then visitors to the Breakfast Club, Ernest Renan was perhaps most interesting, certainly not the least frequent; he it was who—delighted with the talk of Huxley and Sir John Lubbock (now Lord Avebury) on physical science, of Lord Dufferin and Lord Farnborough on the most enlightened methods of popular government—gratified his guests by a comparison, in his most charming literary style, between the Attic entertainments of the Break-

fast Club at Grant-Duff's and the parties, during the Civil War period, given by Lord Falkland at his house, Great Tew, in Oxfordshire.

To return to clubs, more famous but not more interesting than those just passed in review: the foundation of the Carlton has been related in several memoirs of the period. The best account seems that given by Thomas Raikes the diarist, who, however, does not even mention the name of the most effective labourer in the enterprise; this was one of the most useful instruments in and out of St Stephen's employed by Sir Robert Peel during his most trying times. 'Billy' Holmes, as to personal characteristics, belonged to the same type as that represented by Charles Greville and by Raikes himself. At the present time Conservatism enjoys the credit of being more successful than its opponents with its club arrangements. Such had not been the Conservative tradition under William IV. nor even during the earlier years of the Victorian era. When there first seemed a possibility of Sir Robert Peel forming a Conservative administration, loud was his complaint that he lacked support in society; especially did he lament the want of the club organisation in which his opponents were so strong. During the struggles over parliamentary reform, the one political coterie of any importance in London was Brooks's, the Whig Club in St James's Street. This had come into existence in 1764—not indeed before any Tory Club was known: the Tory White's had been established as early as 1736; Boodles', the favourite haunt of Tory squires, the child of White's, had begun to be popular in 1762. None of these places, however, as to social prestige or completeness of organisation, could compare with the traditional headquarters of social Whiggism. Brooks's did not occupy its present premises—designed, as they were, by Henry Holland the architect—till October 1778; the club itself began to exist at the earlier date already mentioned, in Pall Mall, on the exact spot occupied afterwards by the British Institution. All the Whig magnates assisted at its birth; the chief of these were the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Roxburgh, Lord Strathmore, Mr (after Lord) Crewe, known chiefly as the husband of Charles Fox's Mrs Crewe, who proposed a toast, 'True blue, and all of you.' As in the case of most English clubs of the past and of all Continental clubs in the present, the prevailing habit at Brooks's during its first years was that of gambling. The proprietor, who gave the place his name, was himself a wine merchant and a money-lender. Among the first batch of distinguished members, in addition to Fox himself, was his rival Pitt, who like his father, Chatham, never formally adopted the Tory label; other celebrities in the list were George Selwyn, Sheridan, David Hume, Edmund Gibbon, Sir Joshua

Reynolds, David Garrick, Horace Walpole, and Burke. So great was the distinction conferred by membership of Brooks's that, in 1822, John Campbell the lawyer, the future Lord Chancellor, wrote to his father, 'To belong to it is a feather in my cap; since we lost our estates in Angus my election at Brooks's is the greatest honour conferred on our house.' Brooks's through all its vicissitudes has maintained its exclusiveness; among the very few Radicals ever admitted to it was Daniel O'Connell. Lord Palmerston himself did not become free of the place till 1830, some time after he had first made his political mark.

In the matter of clubs, the crowning feat, without which there would, in the fullness of time, have been no Primrose League, was the foundation of the Junior Carlton during the sixties of the last century. The historic details of its establishment are as follows: The Tory Whip, already mentioned by the style of 'Billy' Holmes, had, of course, been a member of the House of Commons; his successor in the business of general organisation, Mr Markham Spofforth, did not belong to St Stephen's. He was simply the chief election-agent; he enjoyed the entire and exceptional confidence of the parliamentary leaders, and he was consulted on all important matters just as if he had been a Cabinet minister. At the period now mentioned he had completed, under Disraeli, the organisation of Toryism throughout the country. All the local agents had been appointed; many of these now wrote to Mr Spofforth desiring to become members of the Conservative or the Carlton Club. These applications amounted to nearly a hundred. The Carlton was full; the Conservative did not admit lawyers, to which profession the Conservative agents in the provinces naturally for the most part belonged. Colonel Taylor, M.P., was then the Conservative head Whip. It was a bright, fine day; Pall Mall seemed to want a new building to show off in the sunshine its proportions to perfection. So thought not only Mr Spofforth but his friend Colonel Taylor. The two at once went to Disraeli, then living at Grosvenor Gate; he applauded the idea, gave his name, and promised to commend the idea to Lord Derby, then the chief leader of the party. Many interviews with that statesman followed at his well-known house in St James's Square; and, after several refusals, he eventually sanctioned the scheme, on the understanding that, in his own words, 'the curtain was not to be drawn up till the house was full.' The local agents, now waiting for admission to some club, were next written to and invited to join a Junior Carlton. At first only three hundred applications for membership came in; after some consideration, the club project was practically continued; a Junior Carlton committee of eighteen prominent politicians was chosen, the new venture was advertised, and

within a month three thousand applications for membership came in. Within six months the Junior Carlton Club had become as great a political force as the Primrose League boasts itself to be to-day.

The general lines on which the Conservative Whip, Mr Holmes, urged the administration of the Carlton Club showed an enlightenment and a morality much in advance of his day. The genius of Brooks's, like that of Whiggism generally, had always been exclusive. It was, for instance, an original rule of the society frequented by Charles Fox that mere candidature for any other club should involve the resignation of membership of Brooks's. Within a generation of its being started the Carlton had become to Conservatism far more than Brooks's had ever been to the other side. The Reform Club itself has perpetuated to the disadvantage of its political principles something of the narrow traditions of the older Whig resort. It has expected, if it has not exacted, from candidates an adherence to certain political formulas of which the Carlton has known nothing. Originally Mr W. H. Smith, who subsequently became member for Westminster and leader of the House of Commons, applied for admission to the Reform Club. He was not welcomed there; but the Carlton managers at once invited him to their premises. The incident determined the course of his future career. The wise toleration of the social headquarters of Conservatism was shown in the fact that, long after his sympathies with Toryism had come to an end, Mr Gladstone's name remained on the books of the club. Between 1876 and 1878 the then Lord Hartington was titular leader of the Liberal party, an extraordinary meeting of which was summoned to the Reform Club. The chief so rarely entered the place that the club porter did not recognise him when upon this occasion he visited it, and wanted to know whether his lordship was a member. On the other hand, the Carlton, in a less degree the Junior Carlton too, has always been the resort equally of the leaders and the rank-and-file of the party. That is a position never occupied by Brooks's in the past or by any successor of Brooks's to-day.

The club came into being as the product of the coffee-house or tavern meetings of a very much earlier day, so far back, indeed, as the introduction of coffee itself in the seventeenth century. The earliest of the joint-stock caravanserais, that to-day line Pall Mall and St James's, is the United Service, formed when the conclusion of the peace in 1815 filled London with retired officers, to whom economy was a consideration. The club, during its coffee-house stage, had sometimes been regarded as a haunt of profligate extravagance. Very early in the nineteenth century it began to discharge the social function it still performs: that of a co-operative home for gentlemen of moderate means.



## ELECTRICITY: FIRE RISKS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

By A. T. STEWART, A.I.E.E.



ALTHOUGH, under certain conditions, there are risks of fire in the use of electricity—risks that do not occur in the use of gas and oil—it must not be assumed that electricity is to be condemned as specially hazardous.

An authority on fire risks has stated that the electric light is the safest of illuminants when the work of installation has been properly executed under the supervision of an efficient inspector. For example, in ignorance of the dangers incurred by the adoption of improper materials, the user may sanction the antiquated wood-casing instead of the more expensive but safer tubing; and, after a time, when the casing is thought unsightly, pictures or other decorations are hung on it by nails. These nails, piercing the wires, may fuse them and ignite the wood; and this, going on for some time unobserved, ultimately causes a disastrous, costly fire. Many of the faults complained of are, however, the result of improper installation due to the scope permitted to unscrupulous contractors for reducing the cost by using inferior material and by 'scamping' the workmanship; and thus, in many cases, the variation in the prices quoted by contractors is accounted for.

It is about sixteen years since the insurance companies first took electricity into consideration as a possibly hazardous element in estimating their risks; and to the inspection of the companies and the rules some of them have laid down is to be attributed our comparative immunity from disaster. Of course the inspector for the insurance company has no authority to order the removal or improvement of faulty installations; he can only recommend the suspension of the policy until everything is satisfactory, or he may advise an increase of the premium. It must, however, be admitted that the supervision of the companies has, on the whole, been very beneficial.

Two causes for the occurrence of fire by means of electricity may be stated. It is well known that resistance causes heat, and that the effect of the heat is limited and controlled by the resistance offered. It is generally acknowledged that electricity flows along a conductor. The better to comprehend this, let us take as example water flowing through a pipe; if the water meets with an obstruction (resistance) the pipe is burst and the water escapes. A breakage or fault in an electric conductor is analogous; but it is not so easily detected. Suppose that a joint in an electric conductor is badly made: the joint offers resistance to the flow of the current, consequently heat is generated there. In most cases the heat is very gradual, but inevitable; and when the rubber insu-

lation is melted the wire is exposed, and fire may break out at any moment. Another very frequent cause of danger is the use of conductors too small for the work they have to perform; then they are always more or less heated. Conductors may be laid under the flooring of an attic alongside the bell-wires; the latter rubbing against them and cutting through to the copper wire naturally cause leakage. An endless cause of trouble is the running of insulated conductors without protection through brick walls and under concrete foundations. There is no protective against the danger incurred by permitting bad joints; they must not be tolerated. If a contractor will expend a little more time and cable he can easily prevent the faulty joint. The writer knows of an installation of over four hundred and ninety-five lamps and three hundred and seventy switches with only seven joints.

As a protection, safety-fuses are used—thin strips of tin or other easily fusible lead alloy wires—which melt and volatilise when an excessive current is passed through, and so automatically cause a break in the circuit, disrupting the current. The fuse, however, is no protection in the case of development of heat at a bad joint, and only very seldom is it useful in a case of leakage from one wire to another; it merely prevents an excessive flow, but not a flow along unauthorised paths or over improper obstructions. The fuse, although a device for safety, should be carefully guarded; but the necessity for enclosing it entirely in a non-combustible case is not generally known. The reason is that when a fuse blows it invariably scatters molten lead, which may cause damage. Another risk in connection with the fuse is that when one goes—which may happen frequently or perhaps only once in a lifetime—it may quite possibly occur that the first thing that comes to hand is inserted as a substitute, wire such as is used on aerated-water bottles being frequently discovered in use. It should be a rule that no person should interfere with a fuse unless he is qualified and has authority to do so. Fuses should always be placed in an accessible place. Every section of six lights should have a fuse, and no more than six must be controlled by one fuse, except the main one.

In every electrical path or circuit we have a pressure constantly striving to break through the insulating covering. It is evident, therefore, that only by entrusting the work to a thoroughly reliable contractor can safety and efficiency be secured. The following suggestion, taken from the rules of American underwriters, is commended to the notice of contractors generally:

'In all electrical work, conductors, however well insulated, should always be treated as bare, to the end that under no conditions, existing or likely to exist, can a grounding or short-circuit occur'—that is, electricity getting from one wire to another—'and so that all leakage from conductor to conductor or between conductor and ground may be reduced to a minimum.' Whenever conductors pass through a wall or partition or beams of any description, there must be special precautions for protection of the wires—for example, by using the waterproof and non-combustible tubes specially manufactured for the purpose. The wires should never come in contact with the gas or water-pipes; they should be kept at least two and a half inches apart. The conductors, unless they are protected by watertight

tubing, should never be laid in plaster or cement of any kind; and it is preferable, though not essential, that each conductor should be in a separate tube.

Carelessness in the use of flexible cord has been the cause of many fires in shop-windows, caused by pinning handkerchiefs and other flimsy materials on the cords, so that, when the lights are switched on, short circuits pass through the pins and the goods take fire.

The registration or licensing of electrical workers—just as the plumber is now registered—would probably be a step in the right direction. There appears to be a necessity for similar regulations as to electrical workers and the materials used, and that the work should be under the supervision of a thoroughly competent man.

## A NIGHT OFF LEWIS.



T was autumn, and the day had fallen early in the afternoon. The plunging gray waves of the Atlantic were dimly seen from the windows through deluges of rain. Dinner was just over, and two men drew their chairs near the peat-fire, lit their pipes, and began that endless fishing-chat which is so dear to all anglers. The western coasts of Lewis are not ideally beautiful even in sunshine. Long black reefs, the haunt of cormorants, gulls, and many other sea-birds, run out everywhere into the sea. Bogs and heath extend everywhere; lofty mountains in the distance, half smothered in mist, close the view. A shepherd or an occasional keeper is seen near a herd of black cattle or among countless sheep scattered over the foreground; but there is little or no picturesqueness, no tree, no prospect to charm a southern eye.

'Never was such a rainy climate,' observed one of the fishers. 'I had not a dry rag on me when I reached the farm here. You, who have been fishing all the morning, must have felt the same.' He laughed at a huge pea-jacket in which he was enveloped, and at the legs of his trousers (borrowed like the coat from the goodwife, whose husband was among the sheep), turned up at least half-a-yard, as the speaker was a very little man and the farmer a colossus.

'I also got a jolly ducking,' replied the other man; 'but I am used to the Lewis. It is not a district to be trifled with. I will tell you a story in point.

'When I was last here, more than twenty years ago, I nearly lost my life. I had been out several days fishing with a gillie—out there where you see at present those sheets of foam. One day, however, the gillie had to attend a funeral at Stornoway, so I went out again alone. The farm-people could easily see me from the house here,

and it was a lovely September day. Soon getting dissatisfied with fishing there, I rambled round to the back of the house, where the ground rises a little and hides the sea. There I found a creek with sea-trout passing upwards and rising in a very tempting fashion. I could not throw close to them; but in an evil hour I spied a small boat fastened to a rock, which I gladly undid, jumped in, and began fishing. Soon I rowed out to the opposite rocks—some thirty yards across but a quarter of a mile nearer the sea—landed, dragged the boat up the shingle, but neglected to fasten her with the painter, and went on eagerly fishing towards the sea. Presently, hearing a grating sound, I looked back and saw the boat slipping off the rocks as the tide rose. I instantly understood the situation, and rushed back; but it was too late. The boat was floating down, and the tide was beginning to ruffle and flow out of the creek with greater swiftness every moment. I must rush in, I saw, as the boat passed. This I did, but it was just out of my reach. Quick as thought I realised that I must capture the boat, or I might be swept off the island on which I stood, or otherwise I was liable to be starved to death, as the farm probably possessed but one boat; therefore I dashed in and at once felt the power of the current running out with great velocity. I soon reached the boat and crawled in, when to my horror I found but one oar, the other one being left on the beach. One oar was useless in that fierce current.

'I sat down, squeezed the sea-water out of my things, and reviewed the situation. It was decidedly black. I was at the mercy of the sea. It was extremely unlikely that I should be picked up. I should probably drift out with the tide; and in another six hours I might, or I might not, drift back, but whether to the rocks I had just left or to another equally inhospitable island

who could tell? I remember thinking even then how young salmon go down to the sea from the river in which they have been bred; but who knows whether they return to it?

'It was now verging towards sunset, and dark fringes gathered in the east, lit up one by one by the dying luminary. I hoisted my shirt on the oar, but not a sail specked the sea around me. I might as well have been a castaway in the tropics hundreds of miles from land; yet I was in sight of the long shadowy reefs of my native land, and was even now suffering acutely from hunger and thirst. I had left my rod and tackle on the beach; but there were several trout in the stern of the boat, which, however, I had no means of cooking, and determined not to eat raw until the worst extremity. Solemnly fell night, and I was thankful to resume my shirt for its proper purpose. The waves were not high, and there was no wind; so I made up my mind to wait as patiently as I could till I found the boat moving homewards, when I resolved to aid its course to any land it neared by means of my one oar. Then the stars came out and looked down on me pitilessly.

'Cold as the night air was, I dozed fitfully; but suddenly woke with the sensation that I was being run down. Sure enough, some hundred yards off I saw the revenue cutter, which so frequently comes to guard these waters, crowded with sail and actually bearing down towards me. I was saved! I waved my shirt and shouted and splashed the water with the oar, but to no purpose. The watch was lax, the sails hid me, and the cutter swept on. I watched its retreating form and then flung myself on the bottom of the boat in utter despair. All the night through I had heard the screams of sea-gulls, the lapping of the waves against the boat, even the wash of breakers on the rocks. I did not trouble about any of them now, such was my miserable condition.

'With the risen sun came the love of life, and I once more considered what could be done. I determined to work the boat with its one oar to the rocks, and then in all probability I could let her drift upon the breakers and at least have a swim for dear life. While thus engaged I felt the tide beginning to run very strongly towards land, and I kept her where it set in most strongly, aiding the current with the oar. My delight was extreme when I found at length that I was not two hundred yards from the reefs. On we floated, and now made a narrow passage or 'voe' running up into the land. I began now to see safety, and suffered the tide to run me in farther and farther. At length, to my joy, I saw the chimneys of the old farm; but my troubles were not yet over. Some of the long reefs were mere gray rocks with no vegetation, others were green with heather and bog-plants. I drove the boat on one of these latter, rightly

conjecturing that they were mostly connected with the land. I dashed across it and found it was only an island at high water (which it then was), and the tide was beginning to run out again. I could not venture on another night at sea. At once I plunged in again, swam as strongly as I could; but only just landed at the end of the reef, where a miss of ten yards would have carried me out to sea without a boat, and I should speedily have perished. The rest was easy. Wet, cold, famished with hunger and thirst I made my way here to find the good folk had quite given me up; and, whereas I had left the house in front, they never deemed it necessary to see whether the boat at the back was missing.

'You may imagine that I am careful to play no more tricks when I am here; these hyperborean islands do not permit trifling with them.'

'So it seems,' said his companion. 'I do not envy you that tide-borne trip. It is something to dream of, a veritable nightmare. But it is late,' and he yawned sympathetically with his assertion; 'my pipe is out, and what say you to bed? To-morrow for the wonderful Grimersta river, where a friend once killed thirty-four salmon in a single day and a companion obtained fifty-six.'

'Is that true?'

'Absolutely; and when the fish would not run up because of a drought several men with spades were summoned, who made a mimic "spate," of which the salmon at once took advantage. This shows how much there is to learn yet in the art of fishing, and justifies the enormous annual output of books on angling. Good night!'

#### THE HEATHER-FLOWER.

THE swing of the heather's beneath my feet:  
Oh, the heather-flower so red!  
The westerly wind is warm and sweet,  
And far below me the waters meet  
That rise on the mountain-head.

No gray mists mantle the steep hillside:  
Oh, the heather-flower is red!  
All day I will wander the moorland wide,  
Where the blackcock calls, and at eventide  
The heather shall be my bed.

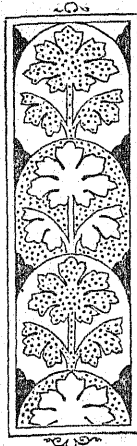
And the rocky fells are wild and stern,  
But the heather-flower is red;  
The honeysuckle and maiden-fern  
And foxglove grow by the winding burn,  
All drenched with the dew's night-shed.

Oh, bonny the hills where the ash-tree grows,  
Where the heather-flower is red!  
And in summer shine, or in winter snows,  
Or in autumn fall when the drooping rose  
Sinks down to the dank earth dead.

'Tis ever the land I love the best,  
The land of the heather red.  
So I'll wander now on the rolling crest  
Of the lonely moor, till into the west  
The feet of the day have fled.

LAWRENCE B. JUPP.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

GEORGE ROMNEY.

By Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P.



THE Fine Arts being the earliest outcome, as they remain the consummate product, of civilisation, it is no matter for surprise that their literature should be more abundant than that upon any other subject, always excepting controversial theology, which is older than civilisation. For thousands of years men have argued, dogmatised, quarrelled, speculated, theorised, and formulated rules about them; yet here we are, on the morning of the twentieth century, as far as ever from agreement upon first principles. So wisely was it said by men of old, *De gustibus non est disputandum*.

In regard to none of the fine arts is this flux of public judgment so manifest as in painting. The artist who is the rage to-day will be the byword of to-morrow, and the sincerity of this perplexing caprice is demonstrable by the unerring test of the almighty dollar; men of one generation being eager to pay for certain pictures a hundred times the value in hard cash that could be obtained for them in another. It is true that this fickleness is owing mainly to fashion. The works of some painter (always a dead one, mark ye!) rise into sudden vogue, owing partly to the legitimate craft of dealers, partly to the caprice of some rich man who may have a genuine relish for the handiwork of a particular artist. He gratifies his taste at moderate cost, and straightway other rich men, devoid of the faintest understanding in art, are persuaded that their furniture is not complete without examples of the same master. Prices go up by leaps and bounds, and the middleman drives a rattling trade, always keeping a shrewd lookout ahead for the next painter that may be made the fashion.

All that is easy to be understood; what really puzzles one is that the Royal Academy of Arts, wherein are assembled all the most skillful painters of the day, should be content to follow

rather than to lead, to give expression to the fleeting public taste rather than to mould it.

These reflections are suggested by the approaching centenary of the death of George Romney, than whom no British painter has passed through greater vicissitudes of esteem with collectors. Romney died 15th November 1802; it was exactly sixty-nine years afterwards that, for the first time, a picture of his was exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy. Individually, every Royal Academician is capable of recognising good painting. If Romney's is good work, how came it that the Royal Academy, in its corporate capacity, failed during seventy years to recognise goodness therein? The uninstructed public may be pardoned for paying for pictures, not on their merits, but by the renown of the painter. The late P. G. Hamerton vouches in one of his books for a glaring example of this kind of infatuation; and since he wrote, the system, or want of system, in bidding recklessly for pictures in fashion has been hugely exaggerated. He tells of a small cattle-piece which was knocked down at Christie's, artist unknown, for eight guineas. Two years later the same canvas reappeared in the auction-room. In the interval it had been identified beyond doubt as the work of Cuyp. *Magni nominis umbra!* This time the bidding went up to two thousand guineas. Eight guineas as the (assumed) intrinsic value of the picture; one thousand nine hundred and ninety-two guineas for the artist's name! Yet every educated person professes to be competent to pass an opinion upon the pictures of the year, and does so freely, and, as a rule, unfavourably. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that few people are so well educated as to refrain from passing judgment upon a painter's work.

During his active life Romney had little cause to complain of want of favour. That he was not elected to the Royal Academy was owing, not to any adverse influence within that body, as sometimes has been affirmed, but to his own morbidly

sensitive and suspicious character, and to the mischievous dissuasion of his friend William Hayley, poetaster, philosopher, and pertinacious art-critic. To Hayley also was owing the waste of much of Romney's time in fancy compositions. 'Portrait-painting,' said this injudicious counsellor, 'is both the support and ruin of an artist: filling his coffers, but impeding his progress in that higher field of imagination which promises a richer harvest of delight and honour.' Unstable as we know the public verdict to be, it may be accepted without demur in the relative value it attaches at the present day to Romney's portraits and his Shakespearian and other imaginative subjects; and the same applies to that great master who found in Romney his doughtiest rival. It is in their portraits alone that the finest work of both Reynolds and Romney can be seen, and by their portrait-painting they must be judged.

Howbeit, it is not the quality of Romney's work which I presume to discuss in this place; only to call attention to the haziness of discernment—be it from ignorance, or want of fixed principles, or whatsoever other disability—which people have shown in appreciation thereof. If we are right *now* in the value we attach to his paintings, how blind were our sires and grand-sires to the masterpieces which hung neglected for more than half a century in so many country houses! Fifty years ago any one might have got together a hundred pictures by Romney for less than the price offered (and declined) last year for his portrait of Mrs Lee Acton—to wit, sixteen thousand guineas.

When Romney died, the vogue he had enjoyed passed swiftly away, and there was no man with judgment to forecast its return. In the twenty years from 1775 to 1795 his portraits had been so popular as to justify Lord Chancellor Thurlow's saying: 'All the town is divided into two factions—the Reynolds and the Romney—and I am of the Romney.' Northcote, writing after both artists had passed away, remarked: 'Certain it is that Sir Joshua was not much employed in portraits after Romney grew into fashion, although the difference between the two painters was so immense.' He meant that the difference was all in favour of Reynolds, to whom had been assigned the unchallenged place of the greatest British painter, while Romney had fallen out of all repute.

One must not leave out of account the effect upon Romney's popularity of his lower scale of fees compared with Sir Joshua's. Many sitters were no doubt attracted to that painter who charged only one-third or one-half of the fees of the other. From 1781 to 1789, when Reynolds was charging eighty guineas for painting a head, one hundred and sixty guineas for a three-quarter length, and two hundred or two hundred and fifty guineas for a whole length, Romney asked but twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred guineas.

When Reynolds ceased to paint, in 1789, Romney raised his charges, first by 20 and later 30 per cent.; but the highest price he ever received for a head was thirty-five guineas, and for a whole length one hundred and twenty guineas. Herein, no doubt, was one part of the secret of abundant sitters. But who shall account for the neglect—the contempt—which befell Romney's handiwork immediately his hand was cold in death. 'A curious work,' wrote J. W. Croker, 'might be written on the reputation of painters. Hayley dedicated his lyre (such as it was) to Romney. What is a picture by Romney now worth?' He might well inquire. At the sale of some of Romney's effects at Christie's in 1807, a portrait of Lady Almeria Carpenter was sold for thirty-one shillings and sixpence. I don't know what its merits may have been; but this I know, that a very indifferent portrait of Lady Coote by the same hand brought upwards of ten thousand guineas at the same place during the present summer of 1902. At the same sale in 1807 the lovely features of Mrs Robinson, the actress, tempted a bidder to go as high as nineteen guineas for her head painted by Romney, and three years later the Marquess of Hertford obtained it for twenty-one pounds. One can but speculate to what figure it would mount now, if exposed to bidders, for it is safely housed as national property in the Hertford House Gallery. A good impression of J. R. Smith's engraving after this picture would certainly fetch several hundred pounds.\*

Such was the esteem placed upon Romney's paintings shortly after his death. A temporary revival took place in 1810 when the Hon. E. Greville sold the portrait of his brother's mistress, Amy Lyon *alias* Emma Harte, afterwards Lady Hamilton, in the dubiously appropriate character of Diana, for one hundred and thirty-five guineas; but low-water mark was touched again in 1842, when Lord Waldegrave allowed the portrait of the Margravine of Anspach (Lady Elizabeth Berkeley) to go for thirty-two pounds ten shillings. This picture was bought in at Christie's in 1880 for three hundred and sixty-seven pounds ten shillings.

In 1882 the reintegration of Romney was marked by the price of one thousand three hundred and eighty-six pounds paid at Christie's for the well-known portrait of Miss B. Ramus holding a book. That was considered a prodigious figure at the time, as the following incident may help to show. To the Winter

\* The prices lately paid for fine proofs of mezzotint engravings have often been ten times the amount received by the artist for their originals. Reynolds's 'Girl Feeding the Chickens' is one of his least attractive works; but the engraving thereof has become rare. Thirteen hundred pounds was the price offered by a dealer last summer to a friend of mine for a proof impression, and refused by him.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy in that year I contributed a portrait of a relative, which had always been attributed to Reynolds. The committee, according to their custom, offered to insure it on behalf of the exhibitor; and, Reynolds having long commanded very high prices, they made no difficulty about doing so for five thousand guineas. But no sooner was the picture seen than it was recognised by the committee as the handiwork of Romney, and entered as such in the catalogue. Dealers came to me offering to purchase it. I had no wish to part with it; but at last, being hard pressed by one of the best known of them, I told him I could consider no offer below the sum for which the picture was insured. 'But,' said he, 'the picture was insured as a Reynolds.' 'Can't help that,' quoth I. 'I don't want to sell; but I will consider any offer of five thousand guineas or upwards.' 'Five thousand guineas!' cried the dealer; 'why, sir, there never was a Romney yet worth twelve hundred and fifty.' 'Very well, Mr X.,' I replied, 'you keep your guineas—I keep my picture;' and we parted. Seven years later the same picture was exhibited in the Guelph Exhibition at the New Gallery. They had been seven years of agricultural depression; and this time I was tempted, and fell—to the price of five thousand five hundred guineas. Since that time the tide has mounted merrily. One may note that in 1888 'Lady Hamilton Reading of Nelson's Victories' (twenty-five by twenty-six and a half inches) sold for one thousand three hundred and twelve pounds ten shillings; the same lady as 'Sensibility' in 1890 sold for three thousand and forty-five pounds, as 'Circe' (ninety-three by fifty-eight inches) for four thousand and forty-two pounds ten shillings, and as a 'Welsh Girl' (forty-eight by thirty-nine and a half inches) for two thousand two hundred and five pounds. In the same year a portrait of Lady Augusta Murray (forty-nine and a half by thirty-nine and a half inches) went for three thousand nine hundred and ninety pounds; in 1896 the picture of Lord Thurlow's daughter (sixty by forty-seven inches) was knocked down for two thousand six hundred and seventy-seven pounds, and that of Viscountess Clifden and her sister (seventy-four by fifty-eight inches) for eleven thousand and twenty-five pounds. In 1898 the Marchioness of Townshend's portrait (eighty-seven by sixty-nine inches) fetched five thousand four hundred and sixty pounds, in 1900 that of Charlotte Pierse (sixty-three by forty-seven inches) seven thousand three hundred and fifty pounds, and in 1901 that of Mrs de Crespigny (fifty by sixty inches) five thousand eight hundred and eighty pounds. Finally, to cut this matter short, I have been at the pains to

extract from the books of Messrs Christie the sums paid at public auctions in their rooms for works by Romney in the fourteen years from 1888 to 1901, and they amount to one hundred and thirty-three thousand five hundred pounds. Who so bold as to declare that high-water mark was touched in this latter year by the offer of sixteen thousand guineas for the noble whole-length of Mrs Lee Acton, to which, of all Romney's works that I have seen, I do not hesitate to award the palm?


Now, for the last-mentioned work Romney received the modest fee of one hundred and twenty guineas. Making every allowance for rise in value of any good article whereof the output has been stopped, and without being so rash as to prescribe measure to modern affluence, there is something melancholy in the reflection that, once an artist is dead, people are ready to give for his work one hundred and thirty-three times the price he received for it. One longs for the appearance of a discriminating millionaire Mæcenæ who shall apply his wealth to the encouragement of living artists; buying pictures, not because they happen to be the rage, but because of their intrinsic merit. 'Oh, but there is nobody who paints like that now!' exclaim a hundred voices at once. Is there not? Are you quite sure? I suppose it is not a dead certainty that the sun will rise this day year; at all events it is not more certain than this, that, if civilisation and wealth and leisure (American and other) are as much to the fore a hundred years hence as they are in the present year of grace, dealers will be ransacking private collections in 2002 for works of artists now living, as diligently as they are doing at present for paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner, and Raeburn. Remember what befell the peasant-painter Jean François Millet, who died in 1875 in a three-roomed cottage, after having failed to obtain from the dealers two thousand francs (eighty pounds) for his 'Angelus,' painted sixteen years before. Fourteen years after his death, his mother and sisters being still in penury, that picture was bought for the Louvre at the price of one million five hundred thousand francs (sixty thousand pounds).

Romney's was no extreme case like this: his early struggles over, he received ample recognition of his merit, and was able to make an excellent income. That his life was a tragedy was owing chiefly to his own infirm temperament, not to want of popularity. Not the less does it reflect sharply upon our blind method of encouraging art that collectors are now rushing headlong to obtain pictures which the preceding generation regarded with disdainful neglect.



## PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

## CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUSION.

NE of the chief topics in social and political circles here,' wrote the Graaden correspondent of the *London Hour* one day in the late autumn, 'is the return, and reconciliation to the Emperor, of a political exile of very high rank, who was supposed to have died abroad some years ago. The particulars of the affair are involved in mystery; but as the personage in question is now staying at the palace, there can be no doubt as to the fact. There must have been many obstacles in the way, of which the Emperor's high standard of personal honour was not the least. It is generally considered that the Imperial Chancellor had some share in the matter, as the result cannot fail to have a certain influence upon his work of consolidation. It is freely said, indeed, that the situation in Lusia will be largely affected for good by this unexpected development.'

Many English readers noticed this paragraph with interest and curiosity, but only one or two with complete understanding. Mr MacArthur read it while at breakfast in his villa at Highbury, but did not dream that it had even the remotest connection with his business affairs. He could not guess that the moment had come for the issue of a new edition of a certain small volume, with that paragraph as an advertisement; or that the small book in question was the story of a Failure told, not by the Failure's secretary, but by himself, in a time of extreme bitterness and despair; further, that the writer was no everyday penman, but a prince connected with an Imperial House, and that House one of the oldest in Europe. Mr MacArthur had no idea of all this, and there was no one at hand to tell him; so the moment fled, and one more striking opportunity passed into the limbo of might-have-been.

Hadfield read the paragraph in the office at Welding, and was one of those who understood it perfectly. He took the paper home with him, and on the way purchased a trifling article at his stationer's.

Mrs Hadfield was somewhat disappointed with the remarks in the *Hour*. 'It's all there, of course; but it doesn't seem to be,' she said.

'Well, no,' agreed Hadfield. 'But, you see, it's a very different thing to them. We have lived next-door to the Prince, and have known His Highness for months.'

In speaking of their late neighbour, the Hadfields generally made the best of his titles. They had even used 'Royal Highness' until some well-informed person had hinted that it

contained a word too many. 'The Prince,' however, was good enough, and 'His Highness' was equally satisfactory. These were varied by 'Prince Adrian,' which had an aroma perfectly fascinating.

'Did you bring the notice?' asked Mrs Hadfield.

'Yes,' replied her husband promptly; and he took out the trifling article which he had obtained at the stationer's. It was a small sheet containing the legend, 'This House to Let.' Sitting down at the table, he wrote at the foot of the paper, with pardonable pride, 'Apply to the landlord, next door.'

'We'll go,' he said when this was done, 'and put it up now.'

So he took a key from the sideboard, and they went together to the house which had been the home of Mr Barrows for some nine or ten years. The door gave out a hollow sound when the key was placed in the lock, and when they entered the hall their steps called desolate echoes from the swept and empty chambers. Before attending to the purpose of their visit, they made a survey of the whole house, not for the first nor yet for the twentieth time since by Prince Adrian's gift they had become its owners. All was empty, for the contents, except those few things which the Prince had wished to have and those which Hadfield had selected as mementos, had been sold. The furniture had gone in various directions, and the books and papers had been packed away to Graaden. There was nothing to show what kind of tenant the last had been, or to suggest the curious secret which the walls had sheltered during those long days.

After much consideration, the Hadfields had decided that it would be better to let the house, and to have a nice little sum coming in every month, than to live in it themselves; so now, when they had walked through it once more, they placed in one of the windows the notice they had brought. It was in the window of the front room that they placed it—the room in which Mr Barrows had sat so often during the hours of his last struggle. Perhaps it was the fittest thing in the world that they should have placed it there; for that notice was the *Finis* to the book of one obscure life, and it was in that room that Mr Barrows had won through to write that word, and to begin a new story in another and a higher place.

So those good people set the notice up; and then they returned to have their quiet tea, at which they discussed their great experience once more, and rejoiced in the things it had left

them. Those things were more than a good house and certain articles of furniture; for there was also a romance which their lives would never see the fellow to, and a story which, however long they lived, would never lose flavour in the telling. So they had good reason to be content.

That was in the evening of a day in October. It was on the morning of the same day that Prince Adrian received a visitor.

In the period of early autumn he became convalescent, the serious illness which had fallen upon him as a result of mental strain having given way before tireless care and nursing. He spent the brighter hours in the palace gardens, and to-day the sun shone pleasantly. It happened that this morning a curious fancy had come to him.

'Help me to the summer-house on the south side,' he said. 'I will sit there a little while.'

An attendant supported his steps to the place he named. It was the room in which a Mr Barrows had had an interview with the Emperor. The man drew a chair towards him.

'No,' he said quickly; 'not that one.' For it was the one in which the Emperor had sat. 'Bring the other; and bring it here, to the door.'

This was done, and he sat down. 'You can leave me now for an hour,' he said.

The servant obeyed, and left him alone, looking out upon the gardens. They were not so brilliant as they had been on the day he remembered, but otherwise the scene was the same. Then he had been in the throes of his trial, standing with its sweat upon his brow; now the trial was over, and it was judged that he had conquered.

Yet what had the conquest brought him? It had brought, first, a great weakness and weariness; then had come the peace he had won, the rest of knowing that an old wound had been healed, and an old wrong righted as far as it was in mortal power to right it. These were of unspeakable value; yet in the days of convalescence other and less pleasant thoughts had begun to crowd upon him.

There was a sense of great loneliness. His sacrifice had been a voluntary one; but he had never dreamed of this result. Now he found himself forcibly brought back to the place which he had regarded as lost to him for ever; and he found an interval as of a whole lifetime between the present of this existence and its nearest past. He was beginning life again, and it was naturally a somewhat difficult beginning.

This feeling weighed upon him now, as he sat with his face to sun and garden; and he thought of the little semi-detached villa at Welding, and of that other garden where he had spent so many quiet days. In that house, dead to his old world and its failures and errors, he had commenced a new life under the name of the one man who had been faithful through all.

There, in the first months of his voluntary burial, he had written his own story, placing the old life at the bar and condemning it utterly and bitterly. He thought now that he had possibly been too severe upon himself, and had judged too harshly the first failure of an unformed character set before too great a task. It might be so.

Then in that garden—that long, narrow garden of which he knew each inch by heart—he had learned to forget. By this time it was probably a tangled wilderness; yet would it not have been best to let him go back and spend the balance of his time in the place that knew him? The old quiet and peace would still be there, and he could take up the threads at the place where he had dropped them. Nay, the peace would be so much greater for the knowledge that he had stepped back into the past to make some atonement, and had even been granted success.

So he meditated in his despondency, little guessing, even at this late hour, what was the one thing that could make all ways smooth. But Fortune holds in her care the balm for every human need; and if Our Lady of Destiny loves a good situation, it is quite as certain that she loves to see a player play his part to the uttermost upon the stage where she has placed him. When she has found such a one she sometimes gives with both hands freely.

Presently he heard the sound of a door being opened. He could not see from where he sat, but knew that it was the door which communicated with the Chancellor's grounds. A moment later he heard footsteps on one of the paths.

He listened with curiosity, for unless he was mistaken they were the footsteps of a woman. Directly afterwards the walker came into view, crossing at the end of a path on her way towards the palace. She seemed, however, to be looking for some one, for she paused at the turning to glance in each direction before moving on. She looked the other way first, so that he had a little time in which to mark the graceful form, the movement, the sheen of dark hair in the sunlight, the well-remembered profile. Then she turned suddenly, looked, and saw him.

When she turned, he found that his heart must have recognised her steps even at a distance, for it was beating tumultuously. After a moment of surprise or indecision, she came up the path towards the summer-house.

Again at the threshold she paused. There was a constraint upon both of them.

'Won't you come in,' he asked, 'and sit down with me?'

She obeyed at once, and took a chair. It was the Emperor's chair; but he did not notice now. Then she explained.

'We came to Baron Quinzell to ask after you, and he told us that you would be here. But he

said that you must not see both of us at the same time, so he sent me alone.'

The Prince nodded. 'That was good of Quinzell. I am glad that you found me so soon.' And he wondered why the all-thoughtful Chancellor had chosen to send the daughter. Was it because she belonged to a new generation, one to which the first Prince Adrian was a mere tradition?

He had feared a meeting of this kind, for in spite of recent events he could not forget what these women had suffered through his connection with Count Mathias. Now the meeting had come suddenly, and he would learn what their feeling was. It was best to learn it first from the girl, who had suffered the least. Perhaps Quinzell had thought of that.

'I am glad that you have found me so soon,' he repeated. 'But now that you have found me, what do you think of me?'

He wondered at his own agitation as he asked the question. She appeared to know that there was something behind the jesting tone in which it came. So she answered with deliberation, smiling, but pale.

'It would be impossible,' she said, 'to say what we think of you.'

He noticed the 'we.' 'Is it good,' he asked, 'or ill?'

'It is good. How should it be otherwise?'

With that she looked into his face for the first time. Then he began to understand his own agitation. This came not as a new emotion, but as a perfect comprehension of what he had felt before. It was several moments before he could proceed, and when he did speak his half-jesting tone was gone.

'But have you heard the whole story? And do you know that I am only here at all by a mere chance, that my life is the gift of an enemy?'

A brief silence followed the questions. 'No,' she replied slowly. 'I do not know that. I have heard the whole story; but I do not know that. Nor does any one else think it.'

A flush rose to her brows, and she spoke with an effort, but with resolve. It was as though the words must needs be uttered.

'I think, and know, that it was like this: He—the enemy you speak of—thought he was dealing with a man he had known long ago, a weak man and one he could trample upon. He thought that he could even kill him, for it all seemed easy and plain. But when you resolved to meet him you were not the man he had known, but one quite different, one whom pity had made strong. You were a Prince of Styria, one greater than he, and nobler. At the last he began to feel this—that he was opposed, not to an unknown Englishman, or a coward, but to another man altogether. He could not understand it, and so he gave way, afraid; but

it was not his mercy that saved you, but your own nobleness. That is what I think—and what I know.'

The Prince felt that his every pulse was throbbing violently. It was not what she said, but the glimpse which her words gave him of her thoughts as regarded himself. Conviction came to him suddenly, and as it came his whole views of the world were changed. New life ran in his veins; bright visions of life, of work, of happiness, rose before him. Loneliness—why, there need be no loneliness!

It was only for a little while; then the flood ebbed. He was old, or, at least, past the meridian of life. He had just made an absurd mistake. What he thought he had seen in her was all on his own side, not on hers—it could not be. It had called him back to life, to honour, to sacrifice, as love often calls a man. It had saved him and restored him. He saw it clearly now. But that must be the end.

'So,' he said quietly, 'you think it was pity that made a prince of me? Pity is very powerful.'

She made no answer. In the disillusionment of the minute he became bitter again. Gazing away down the path, he saw, some little distance off, a beautiful rose-bush just bursting into bloom. He drew her attention to it.

'Look at that,' he said. 'It is coming into bloom just as the frosts are approaching to destroy it. It is a foolish thing that flowers so late in the year. Yet it is an emblem of many other things that come too late.'

Naturally she failed to take his meaning upon the instant, quick though her instincts were; and, while they sat in silence for a moment, they heard a sound of footsteps.

'It is my servant,' he said. 'I told him to be back in an hour. It has been a short hour.'

She rose. 'I fear that I have been here too long,' she said. 'Baron Quinzell said only a little while. I think I must go.'

It was just as well that she should go, he decided. Yet even then the longing came back upon him with new force, coupled with a fierce resentment against all that stood between.

'Will you come again?' he asked suddenly.

'To-morrow,' she replied, 'we go down to Cronia.'

Then she gave him her hand, once more looking him in the face. Probably there was more in his face than he knew, and perhaps she saw there that the old mood had fallen upon him, the old diffidence and self-distrust. When she saw that, she also saw the meaning of his reference to the things in life that came too late.

She went down the path towards the door by which she had entered the garden. It happened that as she went she had to pass the rose-bush which had suggested his bitter parable; and she



went slowly, thinking, I believe, of those words and the hopelessness of his tone. So as her eyes fell upon the roses a great thought came to her. For the Prince, watching her going, saw that she paused, full in his sight, beside the bush. She plucked one of the blossoms, and fastened it in her bosom. Then she appeared to notice that he saw her, for she hastened to escape from his view.

At once he understood. His heart thundered, his visions returned, and he saw that from the beginning everything had been drawing to this end. There was nothing in the way, after all ;

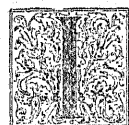
he was not old, and his love was youthful. In a flash of memory and revelation he saw that Quinzell—the omniscient Quinzell—the friend of his boyhood, had read him from the first, and had guessed the power which had brought him back from the dead. And it was Quinzell that had sent her here to-day !

He signed to the approaching servant. ‘Go,’ he cried hoarsely ; ‘call her back.’

The man flew. She had just reached the door when he overtook her and delivered his message. And she turned back.

THE END.

## A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.



In olden times it was said there were ‘seven wonders of the world’—the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens at Babylon, the Colossus at Rhodes, and other creations of the genius and labour of man ; but, compared with these, the wonders of nature known at the present day are as seventy times seven, and are found in every part of this grand old earth. We have read in fabulous story of mountains of gold ; but we supposed that such miracles of nature existed only in the visions of poets and romancists. However, it is known to many that a veritable mountain of golden ore exists in Queensland, the sunny state of the new Australian Commonwealth. This mountain is now being tunnelled and levelled, and its stone crushed and passed through chemical processes. In one year over three hundred and twenty-three thousand ounces of pure gold were extracted ; and the value of the mine once rose in the share market to more than seventeen millions sterling !

Travelling in central Queensland a few months ago, curiosity induced us to visit this mountain of gold, which is situated about twenty-five miles from the populous city of Rockhampton. The train by which we made the journey runs some distance through open forest-country, timbered mainly with bloodwood, box-gums, and iron-bark trees, and up a very steep ridge called the Razor Back to a range of mountains stretching for miles from north to south, where the air is cool and pleasant after the heat and dust of the city. As this famous mine is approached great activity is apparent. A busy and thriving township has arisen, with its hotels, stores, hospital, churches, and School of Arts ; and though some of the buildings are roughly constructed, and in the streets steep natural runnels and blocks of stone are likely to arrest the progress of the unwary pedestrian, there is a buzz of business and evidences of enterprise that augur well for the future prosperity and shapeliness of this mountain-town. We hear the clanging of machinery, and occa-

sionally the sullen boom of a blasting explosion ; and the smoke from the furnaces and various peculiar chemical odours make the atmosphere less bright and invigorating.

On application at the office, the manager readily gives permission to go over the works ; and after a change of dress and payment of half-a-crown to a fund for the benefit of the miners, the visitors are provided with a guide, who shows them the process from start to finish by which the common-looking stone quarried from this remarkable mountain is made to yield gold of the finest quality for the Mint or the jewellers’ workshop.

In the immense tunnels made in the mountain, tier on tier, are men busily at work blasting and hewing the stone and loading it on trucks, which convey it to buckets that are lowered down from one platform to another until the huge crushing machines are reached ; then the ore is carried forward by trucks and buckets to the furnaces, where it is roasted and made porous for the Hall-Richard chlorination process. The ore is now placed in large barrels and treated with chloride solution, under high pressure ; and afterwards it is discharged into leaching-vats, fitted with sand and gravel filters, placed directly underneath. After being repeatedly washed, it is finally made to percolate through perforated board-work covered with cheese-cloth, and next through a bed of charcoal. This precipitates the gold, and leaves it in shining heaps of fine dust on the surface. The whole process is full of intense interest to the visitor. The grandeur and riches of nature are there, and also the science and ingenuity of man. More than one million pounds have been spent on the machinery, the gigantic dams for the storage of water, and the workings ; about eighteen hundred men are constantly employed ; and, as the mine is lit up with electricity, relays of miners continue the work day and night.

Mount Morgan is somewhat oval-shaped at the base, being about a mile and a half at its longest measurement and half-a-mile at its shortest. It

risers almost precipitously from the banks of a small river called the Dee to the height of five hundred feet, and attains at its dome-like summit an altitude of twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. There was nothing in the outward appearance of the mountain to distinguish it from the other mountains of the range; it had the same rugged slopes and gullies, and the same scrubby vegetation covered its surface as could be seen for miles around. The farming settler and the shepherd wandering over this hilly region little dreamed of the treasure stored beneath. They would sometimes find alluvial gold in the ravines and creeks, and pick up a boulder heavily weighted with the precious metal; but that there was a whole mountain of auriferous ore waiting to be exploited by men of energy and enterprise never entered their minds. The gold was carefully hidden in stone which, in outward appearance, differed slightly from the ordinary metallic structure of the soil around.

The discovery was made almost accidentally. In the early days of settlement in central Queensland, a Scotch family named Gordon took up a selection on the slopes of the Razor Back, and by additional purchases extended their run down across a creek which divided the slopes from this mountain, and partly up one of its sides. They stocked their land with sheep and cattle, and endeavoured to win a living from it; but had little success. Among other misfortunes, a large number of their cattle died through eating a poisonous weed which grew abundantly in the neighbourhood, and so their sons were obliged to leave the homestead for work elsewhere. One of the sons, Alexander Gordon, found employment with the Morgans, mining speculators living at Mount Wheeler, a few miles from Rockhampton. Mrs Alexander Gordon was the daughter of a stockman who had often driven his cattle over the district, and watered them at the streams flowing at the base of the mountain; and she had received from her father a piece of gold-bearing stone picked up in a creek there. Gordon showed this stone to the Morgans, who at once saw its worth, and offered him twenty pounds if he would show them the spot where it was found. This he promised to do; and the two Morgans, after equipping themselves in Rockhampton with horses and tools for a prospecting tour, started under the guidance of Gordon to find this modern Pactolus.

After journeying over the ranges, they reached a creek where the gold was supposed to be; but their first day's investigations were very discouraging, for the stone they crushed yielded little gold. At night a tropical downpour of rain set in, and all the gullies and creeks became flooded and ran in torrents, so they had to seek a place of safety on the mountain. Next morning, as the rain continued, they were in such a saddened and disheartened condition that they decided to

make their way back; but this was difficult because of the floods. Therefore they moved to higher ground, swimming across creeks and climbing up the steep sides of ravines, and at last reached a spur of the mountain, where they found a Chinaman's hut. In this shelter they made a fire, dried their clothes, and ate a hearty meal.

After the rain had cleared off, one of the brothers, accompanied by Gordon, determined to prospect around the neighbourhood to see if any gold could be found there. When they had gone about two miles—Gordon being some distance off—Morgan saw a big black boulder which he thought had some gold in it, so he broke a piece off and put it in his pocket. He also noticed that all along a reef there were similar stones; and, without telling Gordon of his discovery, he broke pieces off, and on his return showed them to his brother, who was still resting in the hut.

Leaving Gordon in the hut, the two Morgans went down to the nearest water-hole, where they crushed and washed the ore, and to their surprise and immense gratification found that these pieces of boulder yielded, as they said, 'more gold than stone.' On exploring the country around, they found that the whole mountainside appeared to be of the same kind of gold-bearing stone. The discovery was kept from Gordon, as his family still owned some of the land; and after having the ore assayed in Rockhampton, the Morgans bought the Gordons' land for the paltry sum of a pound an acre, and afterwards secured the rest of the land on similarly easy terms. Thus the Morgans became the owners of this famous natural tumulus of buried wealth, this wonderful Australian El Dorado.

The mountain, which was formerly named the Ironstone Mountain, was now called Mount Morgan, after its discoverer. Soon a small company was formed and registered; and the brothers Morgan, with one or two others who had secured shares, commenced mining operations. The richness of the stone was unparalleled, and the news of this discovery was soon wired over the world. Speculators in many countries felt the throb of a new sensation, and the share markets became mercurial with excited buyers and sellers; rings were formed, and no small amount of suspected jobbery practised; shares rose to enormous prices, then fell far below their value, and thus many were ruined; there were lawsuits over adjoining claims, and supposed questionable transactions occurred; fortunes were made and lost and regained; but amid all these variations of speculation and fortune the wonderful output of gold continued. Since 1882, when the discovery was made, over two million and a quarter ounces of gold have been obtained; and the latest reports issued by the company state that for some decades, at least, there will be no diminution

of the steady yield of gold which has been so long continued. Even when the mountain is levelled, gold will be found to a considerable depth beneath its base.

For miles around Mount Morgan prospectors have searched in vain for another mountain of gold. Much speculation has been indulged in respecting its origin, and various theories have been advanced as to how, in the dim and distant past, this wonderful mass of golden ore was created. It has been an enigma hard to solve, and geologists have differed in opinion. Mr Jack, the Queensland Government geologist, whose researches in the district have occupied considerable time, has reached the conclusion that 'nothing but a thermal spring in the open air' could have deposited this rich ore. He says: 'The frothy and cavernous condition of the silicious sinter of Mount Morgan may be accounted for by the escape of steam while the silica was yet (after the deposition on the evaporation of the water) in the gelatinous condition so frequently observed in the deposits of hot-springs. The aluminous silicates represent the familiar outbursts and flows of mud. The iron oxides appear to have been deposited in some cases along with the silica and alumina, and in others to have been deposited later—its solvent fluid having been, as it were, injected into the interstices, vesicles, and caverns of the silica and alumina. In some cases it may have been originally pyrites, as it now and then occurs in cubical hollows. Calcareous sinter is very common in silicious springs, and its absence from Mount Morgan must needs imply the local absence of limestones among the rocks from which the spring was fed. The silica would be found abundantly in the quartzites, and alumina in the shales and graywackes, of the country in the neighbourhood, and, possibly, both silica and alumina may have come in part from a deep-seated underlying granite. The gold, and to some extent the iron, may have been dissolved out of the iron pyrites of such reefs as the Mundie reef seen in Mundie Creek, a creek close by: the gold possibly by chlorine produced by the contact of hydrochloric acid derived from the decomposition of chlorides with manganese, which occurs sparingly in the form of pyrolusite along with the ironstone of Mount Morgan.'

This plausible and interesting analysis of the peculiar metallic formation has, however, been disputed. Mr Cameron, another geologist of some repute, argues that it belongs to the

order of 'eruptive rocks;' that its origin was 'volcanic.' He says: 'Although it serves no good purpose to dogmatically assert that gold can only be met with in rocks of a certain age, yet I may mention the fact that hitherto it has been found in greatest abundance in the quartz veins that traverse altered paleozoic slates, and particularly where eruptive rocks junction with strata of Cambrian and Silurian age. It is also a generally accepted fact that the original home of gold is in the granular eruptive rocks of a granitic and hornblendic character, where it is found disseminated in infinitesimal particles throughout their mass; and as I have noticed that eruptive rocks of a granular character, belonging to the secondary igneous system, are to be found not only traversing the Mount itself, but in its immediate neighbourhood, we have not far to seek for the original source of its gold.'

There is also the combustion theory held by some, who suppose that the origin of the auriferous deposits were due to the decomposition or oxidation of an immense pyrites lode; that while in a molten state this came in contact with water containing salt, that chlorine was generated, and the gold originally contained in the pyrites was dissolved into chloride of gold, which was finally precipitated in a finely mixed condition into the substance of the stone.

These and other theories may each have been adopted by geologists; but probably no certain explanation of this extraordinary aggregation of particles of gold in this metallic formation—in some places three thousand ounces to the ton—may ever be given. Nature's operations are often inscrutable. How in the dim abyss of the past she wrought in secret to prepare for the energy of man must ever be shrouded in mystery. Her mighty throes of volcanic fire; her subterranean crucibles where her chemical forces pulverised and mingled all kinds of mineral substances for the service of humanity; her vast torrential floods sweeping down the craggy ranges and conveying and mixing the glittering grains of valuable metals with the commoner soil: all these convulsions we know were taking place in bygone ages, leaving their traces to-day; and out of these mysterious convulsions this marvellous mountain of golden ore was upheaved. Man is levelling it now, and dispersing its treasures over the earth, but it will ever be remembered as one of nature's wonders.





## MR MORRIS'S HAT.

## PART II.

**I**T is about a cheque, David,' said Gladys, 'and I want you to assure papa that you will stop payment and that sort of thing immediately. David, what is the matter?'

Well might she ask and look at me with a face which bore at least one more wrinkle added to the other two!

I am not a fainting man, nor timorous save as regards my ambitions upon Gladys herself; but when I heard these words I knew instantly what was to follow. Doubtless my eyes stood well out of their sockets in the approved melodramatic way. Nevertheless, I attempted to smile.

'Go on, dear,' I said with difficulty. 'Let me hear the whole story.'

'But you looked so horribly frightened!'

'Professional instinct, Gladys,' I murmured.

'Well, what about this cheque?'

'It was for ten thousand pounds, dear,' she continued, softly, as if out of consideration for my nerves. 'Papa wrote it at the office in order to get it cashed at the Bank after luncheon. It was to pay those German Heinsen people, I think he said. Well, he put it in the lining of his hat.'

Idiot that I was! Had I not often chuckled to myself at this eccentricity in Mr Morris? He would enter the Bank, remove his hat, place it on the counter, and take from it the bills or cheques he wished to deposit or cash. Once he had condescended to explain that he considered his hat the safest of pockets in the London streets. Thieves do not think of picking hats.

'He put it in the lining of his hat, you were saying.'

With these words, I encouraged Gladys to continue, for she had stopped at my exclamation of dismay.

'Yes, and he took it with him, of course, like that to the club. There he had a little nap after his luncheon, and it was when he woke up and looked for the cheque that he found it was gone. The man who brought him here in the cab said all he could say was "Get me home at once!" There was a doctor in the dining-room, and he said it was a paralytic seizure; but Dr Richardson doesn't think it was quite that, for he can talk quite plainly now. It was the shock, no doubt, for the cheque was payable to bearer. He has been working much too hard for years, poor papa, and you must go up to him, David, and convince him that there is nothing to worry about, for of course you will stop payment and that kind of thing. Oh, David, if you knew what a relief it was to me just now to hear

your voice! He has talked of you a good deal the last day or two.'

'Has he, dear?' I asked, through the mist of my misery.

'Yes, David. He has such a very high opinion of you as a man of business.'

The bitterness of it! And the simplicity of the dear girl in smiling a bright responsive smile to mine! Well, it was something that I could wear that deceitful cloak to such advantage.

'Now you will go to him, David?' she said.

I nodded. It would depend entirely upon his state of health whether or not I told him the whole calamitous history of the cheque. I followed Gladys like a man in a dream. She was lost to me, that seemed certain; but I was too stunned just then to realise what that melancholy fact would mean.

I was still a man in a dream when I stood before Mr Morris, took his trembling hand, and hoped he was better.

He looked very statuesque in the old-fashioned screened arm-chair in front of the fire. His voice had none of its usual steely ring, and though his profile was severe his eyes were not.

'This is very kind of you,' he said gently. 'I have been inexcusably foolish.'

Gladys intervened to explain that I knew the circumstances.

'He has only come up, dear papa, to tell you that there is not the slightest reason for anxiety, because, of course, no one would think of cashing such a cheque as that except for yourself.—Would they?'

She appealed to me. Her father's eyes were upon me.

'No one but a madman,' I replied. 'You—wrote no letter then, nor sent the cheque by—by hand?'

'No, no,' said Gladys. 'It was missing from his hat in the club.'

'Old fool!' murmured Mr Morris, with a sigh which seemed to have the effect of letting his head sink upon his breast. He gazed at the fire instead of at me.

Abiathar Morris calling himself an old fool! Confused to distraction though I was, this novel situation impressed me. He was changed indeed.

'You are nothing of the kind, dear papa,' said Gladys. She knelt by his side and fondled him, so that he gave up his reverie and began to toy with her pretty hair.

I dare say I ought to be ashamed to confess that the beginnings of tears came into my eyes as I looked at this fair picture. They were utterly selfish tears. What was I not losing in losing such a girl?

But Gladys herself peeped up at me with a pathetic little smile, and misread my eyes.

'Oh papa, dear,' she whispered, 'he does look so tired. Any one would think we had lost the money and he was sorry for us!'

She said this archly, with her head on her father's knees. The old gentleman roused himself at the words.

'Nonsense, child,' he said feebly. 'Mr Hartley knows well enough that there is no real risk of that.—Don't you?'

'There ought to be none, sir,' I replied firmly, in desperation.

'None, of course,' he said, though still as if he craved assurances in the matter. 'But—you will do all that is necessary—in case I am confined to the house? Mr Roots will act for me in my absence.'

Mr Roots was the confidential clerk at Morris Limited.

We are strange creatures. Though I was as wretched as, it seemed to me, I ever could be on earth, something prompted me to continue to play the part of comforter, and I took the cue.

'It will be all right, sir, never fear,' I said.

He nodded several times to the fire, then lowered his head and whispered to Gladys. I heard what he said:

'Don't let him go without a glass of wine!'

I ought to have been staggered by the kindness of such an injunction. No such thing, however. I smiled and took it as a matter of course; also Gladys's eager assent. But I could not touch the wine when it came to decanter and glass.

Ere then Mr Morris had bade me 'Good-night' in a tone that was new as applied to me. He had further hoped I would look in the next evening. And Gladys and I had gone downstairs hand-in-hand, for how could I refuse the dear little hand which offered itself to me outside her father's room?

'He has become fond of you, Davie,' she said brightly, as we descended the stairs. 'So sudden, too!'

This she added mischievously.

I was in such a humour that if Tom Bowers and his son had appeared before me in that moment I would have tried to strangle the pair of them. It was the shock that had changed Mr Morris by reminding him of his mortality and making him think of Gladys's future. He believed I was a good and strong man, able to make his daughter happy; and he felt that he owed me atonement for his earlier doubts. The pair of villains!

Once outside the house I was no longer a man in a dream. The desire for vengeance of the conventional kind in such circumstances sent me speeding back to the West End and to a police-station.

Here my narrative was received and recorded drily.

'It is a pity the Paris trains have left,' I was informed.

'Wire to Dover, Folkestone, Newhaven, and Southampton immediately,' I said.

The inspector showed sympathy for me in my state of simplicity. 'You think the man would not attempt to disguise himself?' he asked.

'Then wire to the French ports and request them to examine all passports.'

But this, too, was just as puerile a suggestion as the other. I had to resign myself, go away, and return to Brondesbury with a feeling that the heavens had fallen and that I was mixed up inextricably in the wreckage.

The night that ensued was about the worst I had ever spent. It really wasn't a great deal to me to realise that my career in the Bank was as good as ended; for what would the directors say about my criminal imprudence in cashing such a cheque even on the strength of an excellently forged letter? It was Gladys that I could not resign myself to lose.

Again and again, as I tossed about, I tracked the calamity from its end to its ridiculous inception. The part which was not as plain to me as my own misfortune could be easily guessed at. Tom Bowers had done secretarial work for Mr Morris before his collapse. He either had, or obtained through his son, the necessary office letter-paper, and he must have acted with the celerity of genius in yielding to temptation and arranging his methods. No doubt he had lured his son from the office and either persuaded or compelled him to be confederate in his felony. Well, well, it makes me weak to think of it all.

It was as a condemned felon myself that I went off to business in the morning. I could and did smile now as I thought of the future; but what bitterness was in that smile!

I entered the Bank as usual, and there, standing at the counter, with downcast face and bleared eyes, the first person I saw was—Tom Bowers!

'You?' I cried, so that the clerks turned their heads in astonishment.

'Yes, Mr Hartley,' said Tom Bowers quietly. 'I—I want to speak to you in private.'

He had something inside his frowzy frock-coat. I could tell that by the bulge. A furious hope took possession of me.

'Come this way,' I said.

No sooner were we alone, with both doors shut, than my glorious intuition was confirmed. The sealed packet was laid upon my desk and the poor half-maudlin man folded his hands and begged for mercy.

'Not for my own sake, sir—I'm past caring what happens to me—but for Willie. As sure as I'm standing here?—'

'Never mind that,' I said. I patted the poor fellow on the shoulder instead of ringing the bell and sending for the police. 'Tell me how you came to do it.'

'Mr Hartley, sir,' he pleaded, 'he's honest down to the marrow, I swear to you. He—he's disowned me—isn't going ever to speak to me again; and if I hadn't come like this he'd have given me in charge himself. He was outside when you came in, sir, watching to see I didn't slip away. I'm proud of such a son: God forgive me, I am.'

While he said this I was counting the notes, though in fact I need not have troubled, for the very seals of the packet were unbroken.

'What in the world made you think of such a thing?' I asked, pausing at the fortieth note.

'I'd be glad to know that myself, sir,' said he. 'That I would. I found it in the hat—this very hat, and first sight I thought something ought to come of it. But I was hardly at Piccadilly Corner when I ran back to give it to the porter to give to Mr Morris. There I saw them helping him into a cab, and when I heard the word given for Brondesbury I held back, sir. They said he'd had a seizure. That did for me, sir. The thought of all that money, and living in comfort out of England, took hold of me like a panorama. I went and borrowed a sheet of paper and an envelope from Willie and made him get ten minutes' leave. You know the rest, sir; and, whether it's Portland or Dartmoor, I'll bear it for the comfort of knowing Willie will always run straight.'

The notes were right.

'It will be neither Portland nor Dartmoor, if I have any influence with Mr Morris, Bowers,' I said.

'Sir!' he said bewildered.

As for me, I laughed in spite of everything, a sort of half-delirious laugh, and held out my hand to poor Tom Bowers.

'Don't be such a fool again,' I said; 'and if you like to call and have a chat later in the afternoon we'll see what can be done for you.'

He left the room with tears of gratitude on his cheeks. I soon followed him; and, after calling on Mr Roots, and wiring to Mr Morris, had the immeasurable satisfaction of myself handing the ten thousand pounds to the former gentleman to pay the account for which the cheque was drawn.

In my telegram I merely told Mr Morris that

the cheque had come to me, and asked for his instructions. These were admirably suited to the situation.

Poor Tom Bowers had in his confession set me a good example. It remained to be seen what would come of mine when I humbled myself to Gladys's father. I did not make it that evening completely. Gladys herself heard it and gave me full absolution, but thought her father might be better able to hear it the following evening. This was merely a sweet, fond artifice in her to spare me. *She* broke the curious history to Mr Morris the next day, and it was due to her loving talent that he took the highest possible view of my reticence in the matter. When I went upstairs to him and began to assume the demeanour of a penitent the old gentleman stopped me with upraised hand.

'I have already received explanatory intelligence on the subject, Mr Hartley,' he said, with overdone formality. 'You may be congratulated on your mediatrix. I, her father, say it. You are a fortunate fellow, David.' The change in his tone and the smile with which he offered me his hand perfected my contentment.

There is little more to say about this odd—and blessed—misadventure of a hat, to which I believe I owe my impending marriage.

Young Bowers was amply forgiven by Gladys's father. Mr Morris appears to be pretty much his old self again physically, though wonderfully softened in other respects. He no longer, however, carries his cheques on the top of his head. I myself have taken Tom Bowers in hand. He has been enabled to invest one hundred pounds in a small business concern of which he is proud to be the managing clerk, and if portents go for anything, drink will never again get the better of him.

As for the fateful hat itself, I persuaded Tom Bowers to sell it to me for one hundred pounds. Gladys very amiably agrees with me that I may, if I please, pay lifelong respect to it as a humble, yet competent agent, under Providence, of my—that is, our—future happiness.

## CHICORY CULTIVATION IN BELGIUM.

By J. E. WHITEBY.

**M**OST people, if asked to define the special products of Brussels, would probably reply in a formula which that interesting personage 'Charlie's Aunt' has made almost classic, 'That's where the lace comes from,' or 'That's where the carpets come from;' or even, perhaps, 'That's where the Brussels sprouts come from.'

Brussels lace, though much of it is to-day made in the environs, is undoubtedly one of the manufactures for which Brussels is as famous as ever; but the carpets associated with the name of Belgium's capital are now made at Tournay, and the little green succulent sprouts have become so widely cultivated as to have no longer any special connection with that city.

However, few people are aware, except those



commercially interested, that certain villages that hang round the immediate neighbourhood of the city like a fringe on some sheltering mantle can make the proud boast that they supply a vegetable seldom or never cultivated in England, France, or Germany, but which is exported to these countries in enormous quantities.

To those unaware of the important part chicory plays in the industrial scheme of Belgium, the name only conjures up a recollection that the root of this plant dried in a kiln to a fourth of its weight, and roasted till it is again reduced by 25 per cent., serves when ground to adulterate coffee, to which it imparts a slightly bitter taste, while the brownish tinge acquired by its infusion rejoices the careful housewife by the look of strength which it imparts to the liquid. The word may also suggest to those who are interested in gardening the dentated leaves resembling those of the dandelion, which in certain rare English households may be met with in the winter salad, and which are obtained by forcing a second top-growth from the roots, and blanching. But it is for yet another form of chicory-cultivation that Brussels is renowned—and for Brussels read the neighbourhood, the vegetable being known as *chicorée de Bruxelles*; and the plant thus produced stops a gap in the round of garden produce for the Continental dinner-table that otherwise might be unpleasantly felt.

Chicory, which botany tells us is known in its wild state as succory, and to whose genus the endive (well esteemed since classic times) also belongs, has a root somewhat resembling a carrot. It is of a dirty-brownish colour without, but white within. For many years the top-growth has been much esteemed as a vegetable in Belgium; and as long ago as 1860 M. van Cutsem, of Evère, had the happy idea of crossing the chicory with the endive—to which, as has been said, it is allied—to secure larger plants. His example was generally followed, and the recognition of the chicory as a staple article of food has caused its cultivation to spread from Scharbeek, where it was first started, to Evère, Haren, Woluwe St Étienne, Crainhem, and recently to Dieghem and Melsbroek. It is the top-growth which, like seakale, serves as a dish for the table, and it is cultivated in much the same manner; though, instead of being raised from established roots, it is grown from fresh plants raised by seed every year. This is sown about April, and in October the chicory is plunged into long beds of a light, rich compost, which completely covers it. Hot stable refuse is superposed, which is protected in the usual way from the elements.

Development is extremely rapid, and in twelve days, if all goes well, the roots are ready for cutting; short, stocky, and beautifully blanched shoots growing thickly together, awaiting the sharp knife. It may be mentioned parenthetically that, as a set-off for the English ignorance of the value

of chicory as a vegetable, may be put that of the Belgian gardeners as to the proper way to grow seakale, which is seldom seen in the markets, and always long, stringy, and to our idea valueless.

Chicory, which has a slightly bitter taste that is not disagreeable, is cooked in a similar fashion to seakale. It bears abundantly, the harvest lasting until April or even May, and the demand is ever increasing. Brussels chicory has indeed of late years assumed so important a position as an article of trade that syndicates have been formed for its exportation, one of which numbers six hundred members. These men occupy themselves with the collection of the ready-packed baskets from the growers, and regulate the despatch, prices, &c. The best quality exported goes to the Paris markets, where the consumption is enormous, from sixty to eighty francs being paid per hundred kilos. Lille and the other northern towns of France take an inferior quality. The expenses of export to Paris by express train, including delivery and the various duties, works out at about twenty-five to thirty centimes per kilo, so there is a good profit. The best chicory is sold in Brussels at about thirty to sixty centimes a kilo; but much that looks good, and is as large in circumference as the wrist, is hawked about in barrows at a much lower rate. There are but few travellers to Brussels in the winter-time who have not been tempted into eating it owing to its likeness to seakale, and most people like it extremely. Every day during the long season wagon-loads of *witloof*—to give the chicory its Flemish name—leave Brussels by road or rail; and some idea of the business done in this root, which is almost ignored by English market-gardeners, may be realised when it is known that, besides the enormous quantity consumed in the city and neighbourhood, from ten thousand to twenty thousand kilos is about the weight despatched daily.

Some of the younger chicory-growers are making the experiment of heating the beds with hot-water pipes instead of by the old system. The new idea claims to have the advantage of economy, while the heat can be regulated; and as the plants are grown in long sheds, they are better protected against violent wind-storms or excessive cold. The installation in use is of the most simple kind, being only four iron pipes connected with a boiler and furnace, and running under the long beds of earth. The heat being evenly distributed, the plan is said to work admirably and to produce splendid plants; and as stable refuse is extremely dear in Brussels in winter, when the chicory-farmers most need it—as much as fifty francs (two pounds) being asked for a small cart-load—the new system is likely to supersede the old, especially as the rainwater occasionally, even under the best management, filters through the stable refuse and discolours and spoils the plants for market.

The patriotic Englishman naturally wonders,

on learning of the large trade done in Belgium by cultivating a vegetable that appears to give excellent results, why the market-gardeners in his own country do not attempt to raise chicory for the table. Many of them, perhaps, have not considered the matter, and some may have heard that for an unexplained reason chicory in this form is said not to be cultivable elsewhere; and the Bruxellois declare that even with their own growers in charge the plant will not give the same generous response as in its native land. Many such experiments have been made in

France; but the bitter taste which is one of the characteristics of the chicory, and which connoisseurs enjoy, was quite lost, and only an insipid vegetable produced.

Even the chicory-plant has not escaped the microbe that haunts us all, waking or sleeping; and if grown too long in the same soil, develops a rotting disease of the roots. Become a lady of fashion (for in French it is '*la chicorée*'), she, like the rest of her sex, requires that frequent change of surroundings which is the result of a very high state of cultivation.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN MILITARY POLICE OFFICER.

By 'JUNGUL WALLAH.'

### III.—HUNTING DOWN A DACOIT AND HIS GANG.



**S**tated in the first part of these reminiscences, we found on reaching headquarters that there was more work before us—namely, the hunting down of a noted Dacoit leader and his gang. As a preliminary, I will give a summary of the information brought by our spy, and also some particulars respecting the robber-leader and his followers.

In India, as a rule, reliable information could always be obtained in these days by paying for it liberally. All commanding officers were able to do so, as the Government of India made provision for this, and, having selected the best men to command these military police battalions, allowed them to use their discretion on many occasions, and to act as they considered best, according to circumstances—in short, they were not hampered by red tape.

Our spy's information was that a gang all well armed and well mounted, led by the noted Dacoit named Luckwar, had started from the native state of Dutteeah, which was over a hundred miles from the borders of our district, and were making for a rich money-lender's house some seventy miles from our headquarters. Their object was to attack the village at night, and if the inhabitants resisted, set fire to the money-lender's house and rob him of all the cash they could lay their hands on. The Dacoits were well aware that the money-lender had a large sum hidden; in fact, two men in league with the gang had been in the man's service, and could point out where the treasure was buried.

Our spy had lived with the Dacoits for three days, having pretended to join them; and during their consultations, which were held principally at night, he had learned all their intentions. He was with them on the first day's march, but had managed to give them the slip during the night. In the Dutteeah state they were to keep to-

gether; but on arriving in British territory they intended to scatter into threes and fours, and make for a spot in the midst of a forest which was about a couple of miles square and within three miles of the money-lender's village. Luckwar, the leader, with ten followers, hoped to reach the place in four days; and as it was a very dense forest, he intended to stay in it for a day or two—that is, until all his scattered forces arrived.

The commanding officer decided at once that this little job must be done sharply if we were to make a successful capture; but to succeed he must have infantry to drive the Dacoits out of the forest, if they got into it. The difficulty was how to get the infantry within striking distance of the spot, which was nearly seventy miles off.

However, before describing our operations, I will give a brief biography of Luckwar, the leader.

Before the Mutiny, Luckwar had been a trooper in one of our irregular cavalry regiments. He was a fine man, standing six-feet-four in his stockings, and a splendid rider, but a bad lot in many ways. Having, in a paroxysm of jealousy, struck his non-commissioned officer, he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be flogged and then dismissed the service.

When this occurred, early in 1857, he and a few other bad characters organised a band of highway robbers. They carried on their depredations very successfully for a month or two, frequenting, as a rule, the main roads to Agra and Meerut, waylaying stage-coaches, the Government mails, and any rich native travelling in a *palkee*. On one occasion the gang, headed by Luckwar, fell upon the Judge of Mynpuree, who was on his way to Agra to attend the Court of Sessions, and shot him dead. It was not intended to attack this officer, but the mistake occurred owing to one of the gang having in-

formed the others that the occupant of the *palkee* was a very rich native. However, as murder had been committed, warrants were issued for the arrest of Luckwar and several of his followers.

Shortly after this event the Mutiny broke out, and from that time up to the period I am writing of, Luckwar had been a daring leader of mounted Dacoits; and during 1857 and part of 1858 the gang had murdered several wealthy and influential natives, and ransacked and burnt down many villages without being molested in the least. The poor agriculturists were not strong enough to offer any resistance; and as our soldiers and police had all mutinied, we were unable to stop the depredations of the gang, so they had a fine time of it for over a year.

I will now narrate the arrangements made for the capture of Luckwar and as many of his gang as possible.

Most of our infantry men were Sikhs of the Ferozpur and Ludhiana districts in the Punjab, who, it is almost needless to state, are born-soldiers. The whole of them were clamouring to be allowed to join in the hunt; but it was decided that only those who could ride a camel would be taken. In a very short time we had a hundred men, with two officers, ready to start, all known to be very good camel-riders.

After selecting our infantry we set to work to pick out a hundred cavalry, taking care that only the best riders and lightest weights and the smartest horses were chosen, as there was a long distance to be got over and only thirty-six hours to do it in.

The difficulty of getting the indispensable infantry over the distance in time was overcome by the help of the Rajah of Chuckmuckpur, who had been loyal all through the Mutiny, and with the sanction of Government he had armed and mounted a hundred of his tenants on fast-trotting camels. With this little body he had managed for several months to keep order in the villages round about Chuckmuckpur. Therefore the commanding officer decided to ask the Rajah to lend him sixty camels, and the request was complied with at once. So within an hour the infantry—every man supplied with two hundred rounds of ammunition—were mounted, two on each camel. Food for the men and provender for the horses and camels we knew we could get on payment from the inhabitants of most of the villages; or, should any of the villagers decline to give us what we needed, we would do as we had had to do before—take what we required, giving the headman of the village an order for payment on the treasury officer at headquarters.

The first day we got over fifty miles with only two camels broken down; but as we had about eight spare animals, this did not cause any delay. The cavalry of the party arrived at the halting-ground two hours after the infantry without a single breakdown.

It may not be generally known that the trot-

ting camel of India is a very different animal from the common baggage-camels we sometimes see in England going around with circus companies; the trotting camel is as well bred as a thoroughbred horse, and can trot his eight miles an hour, and keep it up for forty or fifty miles without a rest. I merely mention this fact to account for the infantry mounted on camels getting into camp so long before the cavalry.

In less than an hour after our arrival the colonel sent off two of our men (both noted as good scouts) to collect any information they could from the inhabitants of some of the villages near the place we were making for. They were directed to rejoin us at a small hamlet about fifteen miles from the forest, which we had made up our minds to reach the next morning between ten and eleven if all went well. We were well supplied with good Ordnance Survey maps, showing villages, hamlets, roads, rivers, &c.; therefore it was never very difficult for us to find our way to any given spot.

We had a very good night's rest out in the open without tents. The inhabitants of the surrounding villages had supplied all we wanted; they had had enough of the rebellion, and were quite delighted to see troops that belonged to the British Government. Of course all were anxious to know where we were bound for; but we knew very well that there were many traitors about, so the men were told to give out that we were going to Agra to bring back a very large amount of treasure for the Chuckmuckpur treasury. Actually, the place where we were making for was in the very opposite direction.

Well, the next morning, after all of us had had a good feed of *chuppatties* (a kind of Indian scone) with milk, and the horses and camels were watered and fed, we made a start at about seven o'clock.

The cavalry took one route, and the infantry on camels took another; but we all arrived within half-an-hour of each other at the hamlet that had been settled on. Our scouts came in shortly afterwards, and brought good news, to the effect that they had heard from a landholder that on the previous morning, at about eight o'clock, he had seen nine or ten men armed and mounted enter the forest, and about noon several parties of threes and fours had also appeared at the same place. Considering this to be very suspicious, he had sent a few of his men into the forest with some cattle to graze, having warned them to keep a good lookout, and to let him know what they saw. In the evening the men returned with the cattle, and reported that they had seen about seventy armed men in the forest, as well as thirty horses, and the same number of trotting camels. They noticed that each camel was laden with a fairish amount of commissariat stores; this the rebels needed, as the inhabitants of the villages they had to pass through would not give them



food or fodder unless forced to do so. The robbers took no notice of the men, as they must have concluded that they were simply watching cattle. At the usual time for cattle to leave off grazing they brought them out of the forest and returned home; but just after they left a dozen more armed and mounted men joined the main body.

As soon as our commanding officer heard this he made up his mind that we must push on at a rapid pace, or we would be too late to surround the Dacoits while in the forest. He therefore gave orders for a certain portion of the mounted infantry to ride in a direct line straight for the money-lender's village. On arrival, if they found that no Dacoits had arrived in the village they were to remain there until they heard firing from the direction of the forest, when they were to mount their camels and to advance, so as to prevent the Dacoits escaping towards the village. If, however, the robbers were found in the village, it was to be surrounded, and no one allowed to pass through the cordon; at the same time two men on the fleetest camels were to be sent back to the main body for reinforcements. Of course, they were also told where they would be pretty sure to find us. The officer put in command of this party was a native in whom the utmost reliance could be placed for bravery, tact, and sound judgment, so we knew that he would act up to the reputation he had made for himself. I was put in charge of the remaining portion of the mounted infantry, and directed to go at a fairish pace until I arrived within five hundred yards of the north side of the forest, when I was to dismount my men and skirmish through it with fixed bayonets. The commanding officer split his cavalry into two portions: one was told to make for the right flank of the forest, only five miles off, at a steady gallop; the other half to go to the left flank. All were to get within a half a mile of the place if possible, there to await the attack of the infantry, and then to act according to circumstances. The colonel was well aware that these Dacoits would fight like fiends; but, as they could not stand the bullets and bayonets of our infantry very long, they would make for the open country that lay in the direction of the position occupied by a portion of the mounted infantry, or towards the flanks. However, it mattered little where they went, for cavalry or mounted infantry they must certainly encounter.

By the time my party had got within two miles of the forest, our advanced scouts reported that they had seen ten or twelve men galloping hard towards it, and that they did not appear to be scouts, but were evidently a small detachment doing their very best to join the main body. On receipt of this information I extended my camels at distances of fifty yards, and advanced. When we got to within five hundred yards, all

dismounted, leaving the camels in charge of a few men, and pushed on. The Dacoits lay low—in fact, they did not fire a shot until we were right in the forest, and then they gave us a volley; but they were so nervous or such bad shots that no one was hit. A good deal of hand-to-hand fighting went on for a short time; but with fixed bayonets we literally drove them out into the open. Some made for each flank, others for the rear; but whichever way they went they were met by our men.

We ourselves had twenty-five killed and wounded. I came out with nothing worse than a bullet through my helmet. Thirty of the robbers were killed, and the rest of the gang (some forty-five) taken prisoners. Over sixty horses fell into our hands, besides no end of loot. Amongst the wounded was the great Luckwar. He had fought bravely, and had done his best to get his men to resist to the last; but they had had enough of it, and very wisely surrendered. Luckwar, with four of his followers, was eventually sentenced to death for the numerous murders he and his gang had committed; the rest were sent across the sea to the Andaman Islands for life.

For our services the Government of India was pleased to bestow the order of C.B. on our colonel; I was promoted to be second in command, and all the men engaged in the expedition received a gratuity of three months' pay. Instantaneous reward for good service was the order of the day, which led to our always being able to get more recruits than we were in need of.

#### MY NATIVE LAND.

ALTHOUGH ten thousand miles away,  
With clearer skies above me,  
There never yet has come the day  
When I have ceased to love thee.

Dear native land! thy hues are gray,  
But, ah! how soft and tender;  
I would not for this brighter ray  
That tranquil light surrender.

So, when I wander from my home,  
Though kindly friends receive me,  
And gay the scenes through which I roam,  
Thy memories never leave me.

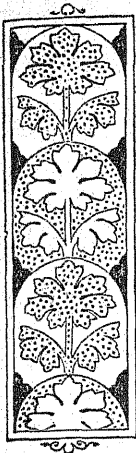
'Tis for the old familiar ways  
My wistful heart is sighing;  
I strain my gaze across the haze  
Of space between us lying.

Not Time with his destroying touch  
Can weaken nor can change me;  
Not distance, for thy charm is such  
That nothing can estrange me.

The country which has given me birth  
Is dear as is a mother.  
There may be fairer ones on earth,  
But I can love no other.

GERTRUDE DARLOW.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

#### CHAPTER I.



REMOTE from civilisation as is the village of Tainish in Argyllshire, a certain March Sabbath morning found its rural inhabitants engaged in the most conventional act of church-going. The harsh-sounding bell in the little kirk-tower, with its imperious summons, seemed rather to emphasise than interrupt the brooding peace of the surroundings—the deep, infinite harmony of the hills and solitude.

Nevertheless there were many empty benches that morning in the sacred edifice, for it was a winter congregation, every man, woman, and child among the worshippers being present by right of residency from year's end to year's end in the parish: all save one, a stranger who occupied the Barhulican pew, thereby challenging, had he known it, the curiosity of the whole congregation.

Barhulican, a lodge in Glen Raith, had been recently leased for fishing; but so expeditiously had the arrangement been made that the assembled worshippers on this eventful Sabbath morning were at the obvious disadvantage of knowing little or nothing about the new-comer: that he was 'frae Edinburgh' constituted the extent of their information. It was natural enough, therefore, that they should devote their whole hearts and minds to supplying the deficiency by a minute and careful investigation of his dress, manner, and general deportment. Fortunately for himself, he appeared oblivious of the eager interest of which he was the centre, and joined in the service with an almost mechanical air of boredom, plainly demonstrative of thoughts far away.

Lesley Gordon, the minister's niece, from her place of vantage in the manse pew, found her eyes straying again and again to the stranger's profile. There was something about his whole air which seemed like a fulfilment of one of her vague girlish dreams. Beneath that mask of cold reserve what possibilities lurked—what sovereignty

of will and all-conquering purpose, significantly illustrative to her unsophisticated mind of a vanquished fate dragged captive at his chariot-wheels!

Involuntarily her eyes glanced from the stern silhouette opposite her to the rough-hewn features of her cousin, John Mackenzie, by her side: John the student, the gold medallist, the intellectual Goliath of her narrow universe. No, it could not be intellect which had stamped the difference between the two men. John's under lip drooped; his head was slouched forward over his sunken chest; there was an unfinished look about him, with all his superiorities of education, which struck her with a new, sudden force. No, it was certainly not intellect, she decided as the last note of the paraphrase died away in the throats of the choir, and at a sign from the precentor they subsided reverently back into their places.

Once more the minister's voice rose in solemn summons to God to be present in their midst; and in the rustle which preceded the prayer the stranger turned suddenly and met the full gaze of Lesley's puzzled, half-awakened soul. His eyes lightened, and a transitory gleam of interest shot across them. The next moment he had bent his head forward in his hands; and during the long supplication which followed, Lesley's thoughts wandered very far from the subject of the prayer.

'Did you notice the new tenant of Barhulican?' was the first question her cousin asked her as they stepped forth into the noonday brilliance once more.

A fresh breeze had arisen during the morning, and Lesley welcomed its cool administrations after the oppressive heat of the church.

'Yes,' she replied somewhat vaguely.

'They are all wondering who he is,' continued John; 'they won't have to wonder long. Come for a walk up the glen, Lesley, before dinner,' he added in an eager voice. 'I want to speak to you, and it's my last day.'

They stopped at the little post-office on their way. It was the village store as well; and as they entered through the half-open door they could see that the dark interior was already crowded with the home-going congregation.

'Three for the minister and one for yourself, Mr John, frae Edinburgh,' said the busy post-mistress as they reached the counter; 'and here's a wheen o' letters and parcels for the new tenant o' Barhulican. I'm just wondering whether he'll know to call or whether I should send wee Alick up to the house with them. He was at service this morning, I hear. See, there's his name and address in full on this envelope—it's been redirected—Lord Coalstoun, 2 Moray Place, Edinburgh.'

'Coalstoun,' repeated John meditatively. 'Coalstoun. Oh, of course, he's one of the Law lords,' he added, with a flash of sudden inspiration; 'the greatest Judge in the Parliament House, they say, and the most stony-hearted.'

'Indeed, Mr John?' echoed the post-mistress admiringly.

'I knew he was somebody famous the moment I saw him in church,' chimed in Lesley's clear, enthusiastic voice. She half-turned as she spoke, and her eulogy died on her lips, for there was the object of her admiration standing patiently behind her, waiting his turn. A faint smile hovered at the corners of his mouth; but otherwise he gave no sign of having appropriated the compliment.

'Oh John, how dreadful! He must have heard me,' she cried as, withdrawing hurriedly from the crowd, they found themselves in the sunshine once more.

'And what if he did?' said her cousin stontly. 'I expect he was more pleased by that than by my judgment of him—though I have heard people say that he prides himself on his hard heart.'

A serviceable-looking turn-out was waiting at the post-office door, and the pair had not walked very far on their way up the glen before the steady ring of hoofs on the narrow road behind them warned them to step aside.

Lord Coalstoun was driving. He had enveloped himself in the folds of a rough Highland cloak for his five miles against the caller breeze, and a soft cap was drawn low over his brows.

Lesley, glancing up at him with heightening colour as the dogcart went past, fancied she detected a gleam of amusement still hovering about his lips; but he appeared quite unconscious of the presence of the two pedestrians.

John's tongue was very busy that morning, and he hardly had time to observe how random were the answers which his cousin vouchsafed to all his eager plans and aspirations for the future. The next day he was to return to his classes in Edinburgh, and to the room in Panmure Place which was his only home in the great city, and where he hammered away with such dogged

determination at divinity and theology as they are set forth in the tenets of the Established Church of Scotland. He was by no means a brilliant scholar; but, like many another of his kind, he had overcome the deficiency by perseverance—a perseverance which in his case had been attended by an unwonted measure of success, each ensuing session finding him gold medallist for his year. Only one more term and he would be free of college, and within easy reach of the actual goal of his ambitions—that is, a manse of his own, with Lesley as its mistress.

Ever since, fifteen years ago, she had been brought to his father's house a tiny orphan of three, he had seemed to nourish this dream; and as the years went by and Lesley grew into girlhood, the dream had grown too, and gradually filled the whole proscenium of his life. From the very first he had had the sole charge of her; the minister, a grave, silent bookworm, never interfering with his wishes or even attempting to criticise the lad's well-ordered and systematic methods of upbringing. Thus John had been father and mother and brother to her all at once. When the time should come for him to exchange this triple relationship for a closer, dearer tie, he had no doubt that she would agree as gladly as he to the change; and with a wonderful tact he had prepared her mind for the inevitable step, so that by degrees Lesley had grown to look upon her ultimate marriage with her cousin as a complete matter of course. It is seldom that a man has the privilege of bringing up and educating his future wife; and to say that John gloried in the uniqueness of his good fortune is to put it mildly. There had been a time when he had feared a possible interference with his plans—that was years ago, when he himself was reaching manhood and Lesley was still a child, and his college career threatened a fatal break in their intercourse; but after much deep thought and cogitation he had devised a skilful yet practical scheme for bridging the difficulty. He instituted a system of what he jestingly called 'correspondence classes,' whereby he managed to keep alive all the subjects of interest between them and maintain his influence over her unbroken.

Lesley never realised a tenth part of the pride he took in her answers to his questions, for the meed of praise he saw fit to bestow upon her efforts was wisely tempered, and offered her just sufficient encouragement to do a little better next time.

Now she had reached the age of eighteen, and John was twenty-four, and her increasing comeliness and beauty, and his increasing love, made the struggle to maintain the brotherly relation between them more and more difficult every time they met; but he manfully resisted the temptation to any demonstration of affection, fearful of prematurely breaking the spell of her innocence.



Only one more term and the long apprenticeship would be over, and he would be free to tear off the well-worn disguise and reveal himself in all the bravery of his new-old rôle of lover.

'It will be just going from one manse to another for both of us, Lesley,' he said at last when he had come to an end of the tempting enumeration of his future hopes; 'but I am afraid the poor old dad will be very lonely without you.'

Lesley made no answer to his remark, but sauntered alongside him silent and preoccupied for some little distance.

'Don't you think we've gone far enough?' he ventured presently as she still vouchsafed him no reply. 'We could sit down for a little, if you like, before we start back.'

'No; I want to go to the bend there,' she said obstinately. 'It is exactly half-way to Barhulican, and you can see the lodge from the road.'

John laughed.

'I should think you had seen it often enough before,' he said. 'Do you expect it to have been blown down in a single night or swallowed up by the Raith?'

They reached the coveted corner as he spoke, and Lesley paused and drew in a long breath of the pure austere air. The glen from end to end lay long and narrow before them—the mountains shouldering each other closer and ever closer as it deepened, till they locked at last in a fierce, inseparable embrace, shutting out the rest of the world. Hundreds of torrents seared their rugged sides, and far below the Raith river gurgled an harmonious accompaniment to the everlasting song of solitude. On a jutting spur of the opposite hills was perched the lodge—an unpretentious building standing four-square to the winds, and backed by a thick, dark clump of fir-trees.

'Now are you satisfied?' said John, with a light laugh. 'I think we deserve a rest more than ever.'

This time Lesley agreed, and, taking a few springing steps up the hillside, flung herself down on the heathery sward, John following her example more soberly.

She had tilted her hat over her eyes in boyish fashion, and as his gaze rested on the unconscious grace of her young outstretched figure, the foreshortened beauty of her face, he smothered a sigh and looked resolutely away towards the opposite hills.

'It does seem strange,' she began at last in a dreamy, abstracted voice, 'that I should have to live my whole life in a manse. Do you know, John,' she went on, addressing her cousin, but with her gaze still fixed meditatively on the lonely lodge across the valley, 'I almost wish

that you were going to be something else, and not a minister after all.'

There was a long silence, broken only by the merry splash of a burn far up the hillside and the distant bleat of a baby lamb from the shelter of some hidden corrie.

'What else?' asked John at last, in a voice which he strove to make natural: 'a lawyer perhaps?'

'Oh yes,' with sudden enthusiasm, 'a Judge like Lord Coalstoun; but then'—She broke off as the comparison of the morning came back to her.

Again there was silence, while John struggled to face with fortitude a certain ugly rift which had suddenly appeared in his happiness—the result of her idle words. The bright day seemed to have darkened all at once; the river's voice had grown dreary and monotonous to his ears, and the buoyant air struck chill upon his face.

At last with an effort he spoke.

'It is the first time you have said such a thing, Lesley; is it the first time you have thought it, dear?'

There was a note of tender anxiety in his voice; but Lesley was too much occupied with her own thoughts to observe it.

'Oh, I don't know,' she replied carelessly. 'I suppose it is. I didn't really mean it. I dare say it is just as nice to be a minister as anything else, and there is no difference between a manse and any other house, I suppose; only I was thinking in church this morning what a change it would be to live in a big town and have all the shops and the people to look at.'

'Yes, I quite understand that you should feel that sometimes,' agreed John hurriedly. 'It must seem dull for you always in the one place; but it will be different when we are married. A minister's wife has so much to do, so many things to interest her and fill up her time. Besides, of course, we will go to town for the Assembly every year, and then you will have as much of the shops and people as you want.' His voice had gathered eagerness as he spoke; but she made no response, and a look of disappointment gradually crept over his face.

At last, unable to bear the silence longer, he asked sharply: 'Lesley, what are you thinking of?'

She sat up with a start, rubbing her eyes; then with a vigorous movement settled her hat upon her head.

'I was thinking of dinner,' she said, turning to him with a provocative smile. 'Let us go home.'

John rose heavily to his feet, and she slipped her hand into his arm.

'Poor old stupid!' she said, and the next instant they were racing down the hill together.

## SOME NEW EDUCATIONAL METHODS.



THE subject of education has an interest for every one, more particularly the heads of families, who have to provide for their children's futures and to equip them as well as they possibly can for the great battle of life. The pressure caused by foreign competition and the higher standard required in nearly every employment render this a vital matter for parents. Yet many never trouble themselves about the methods which the schoolmaster employs to impart instruction and to develop the faculties of his pupils. The Code is settled by high authority the schoolmaster carries it out, and the general public accept the situation unthinkingly and without doubt or question. It would be better for interested parents to think over and examine occasionally the usual methods of procedure; doubts will follow as to the wisdom and practical value of some of them, and suggestions of better methods may arise. Plain common-sense is often a fine touchstone for estimating the true worth of new fads and theories.

For some years the present writer has had his mind exercised regarding the considerations he wishes to put forward; it may be they will find an echo in the minds of some readers, and that profit may result.

To begin with the infant school: let us consider first whether parents are wise in sending children to school before the age of six or seven. At this period children are rapidly developing mentally and physically; everything new they see, hear, taste, or smell awakens inquiry in their opening minds, and suggests questions and a desire for information which parents would be wise to answer as patiently and as fully as they can; some will be too deep for the older person. Now, is the school the best place to supply food for this mental hunger? My answer would be in the negative where children have home surroundings of culture and refinement, and where parents do not look upon this perpetual thirst for information as a bore and a trial. In school the minds of all are forced to run in a certain groove; through the circumstances of the case originality is discouraged. Up to the age I have mentioned little real instruction can be imparted there, while great harm may easily be done by stifling this natural thirst for knowledge, and forcing the sensitive child to 'be good, do what the teacher says, and ask no questions.' Of course, in the case of the unfortunate little dwellers in the 'dark places'—the crowded and public-house infested parts of towns and cities—the school atmosphere is immeasurably better for them; there they get some culture and come under refining influences.

'But,' it will be asked, 'where can children be

educated better than in some good kindergarten school? Are not all the great educationists agreed that the kindergarten system is the ideal one for forming the child's ideas? Does it not develop the mind and train the hand and the eye in a manner unapproached before Froebel and Pestalozzi discovered it?' Here I join issue, and say to paterfamilias, 'Examine this matter for yourself. See what your children are doing. Do not be dazzled by such high-sounding and sonorous names; though maybe the word "kindergarten" is well suited for the fallacy called "begging the question."'

Again, it will be said, 'But look at the Germans, the most highly and scientifically educated people in the world: is not the kindergarten the foundation of all their learning and science?' It will probably be news to many that there is absolutely no kindergarten instruction given in any of the German State schools. In that country the State education begins when the child has completed his sixth year; and as he is then so far developed physically as to be capable of work demanding concentrated attention, play (kindergarten) is banished, and the training in habits of continued thought and persevering work is begun and carried systematically all through the school life. Let us point out here that this is *the* most valuable endowment that can be conferred on a child, and is essential for success in after-life; the German nation, noted for steady, patient, successful plodding, is a standing monument to the success of their school system.

A recent writer in one of the Reviews, who states that he spent much time and a considerable amount of trouble in examining and comparing the relative merits of the British and the German school methods, gives it as one of his conclusions that Froebel is a striking instance of a prophet having no honour in his own country; that the Germans despise the kindergarten system. This is scarcely an accurate view to take. The kindergarten in Germany has its place before the child goes to the State school—that is to say, before the end of the sixth year. It is conducted by private persons who devote themselves solely to the work, and here neither books nor writing materials are used. In our schools kindergarten and literary work are combined in such a way as, to put it mildly, does not ensure the good result produced by either of them taken as it should be. In that country kindergarten work is kept absolutely apart from serious school work; as the name indicates, it is simply organised play.

What, then, is the effect of this combined method of ours on the education of the child? In my opinion the carrying on of kindergarten teaching

beyond the infant stage produces a disinclination for bookwork of all kinds, and brings the mind into a groove that unfits it later on for abstract thought and work. I do not speak without practical knowledge and experience of schools. The kindergarten system of drawing in particular, if practised by older children, injures them for freehand, which demands more thought and self-dependence; if it is carried too far they find great difficulty in acquiring skill in ordinary drawing when they have no mechanical aids such as the kindergarten system gives. Drawing is now generally taught in our schools. The old system of 'freehand' was a very fine one, so far as it went, and of course it can never be superseded by any other. For artistic work in the true sense it can have no rival; but for commercial needs—designing of all kinds—it entails an expenditure of time and an amount of labour that the business man cannot afford to devote to it. Accordingly, in many good schools it is supplemented by some mechanical system that vastly facilitates the work of designing. There are several of these in use, all good, the essential features of which are the use of paper divided into squares and triangles by lines or dots, and the employment of ruling and measuring, combined with freehand work. Scale drawing, too, is taught in many schools: a most useful department of drawing for the working business man.

When these new features are introduced there is a great temptation to dispense with more or less pure freehand: a course which would be ruinous to all drawing. It is doubtful whether, in the case of an ordinary schoolboy, the recent 'free-arm' drawing is of further advantage, or the American 'ambidextrous' system—that is, drawing with both right and left arms.

Writing is akin to drawing; both are 'hand and eye' subjects. To the man whose son is looking forward to obtaining a clerkship, either in the Civil Service or elsewhere, it is of great importance that writing be properly taught; it is notorious that in the higher schools, where preparation for a university is the main object, writing is shamefully neglected. The methods now employed in teaching it differ fundamentally from the old ones. In our young days engraved copperplate headlines were looked upon as a *sine qua non* for producing good handwriting—indeed, that was the case until very recently; but now these old friends are vanishing by degrees, and in some schools are quite discarded. The blackboard is freely used for teaching writing; and dictation, transcription, composition, are done in the time that used to be wasted with the old headline work. This is an immense reform, and practically doubles the time that heretofore was given to training children in composition and the fluent expression of their thoughts with the pen.

Some years back a style of writing called 'perpendicular' came into fashion in the schools;

but it has now almost disappeared. It looked nice when slowly and carefully written; but as soon as employed for rapid work it became a vile 'backhand,' and seemed to render those who had been laboriously taught it unfitted for acquiring a smart, quick business hand.

There is a general impression that children who draw well are also good writers, and that if drawing is well taught in a school the writing there will be good too. This theory does not hold in practice; a different kind of training is required for each of these subjects. Very frequently boys who draw well are bad writers, and we all know that professional artists sometimes write execrably.

Modelling in clay is another useful branch taught in some large schools to the junior standards; it trains in accuracy of perception, and develops the power of reproducing the images formed in the mind. A substance called 'plastine' is now usually employed instead of clay, which is messy and dirty.

Paper-folding is an occupation which forms a good occasional lesson for older children. The paper employed is thin tissue, generally coloured; it is supplied in various sizes and shapes. The training consists in folding these pieces into polygons and triangles, also into areas representing various fractions of the piece used: a quarter, one-eighth, three-eighths, five-sixteenths, &c. It helps to produce accuracy and delicacy of touch and manipulation, and may be made of great service, particularly to clumsy children. The polygon folding is also a valuable subsidiary to another branch of drawing intended for designing: as, by lining in the polygons and other pieces formed by the creases, very pretty designs can be rapidly and with little trouble produced, which would require much toil by the freehand method alone.

Another immense advantage that many of these new features of school work possess is that children love them, and would spend all the school time at them if allowed. The mechanical systems of drawing, the paper-folding, &c., have a perfect fascination for children, principally because they enable the little ones to produce a tangible result, and make them feel they are able to do work for themselves.

In America the educational authorities are working on much the same lines as ourselves regarding new school methods; but in one matter they are far in advance of us: the way reading is encouraged in school and home life. It is becoming a custom there to have meetings between teachers and parents, when the former discuss and explain the books they wish parents and children to read together at home. The United States Education Report says: 'No one thing can accomplish more in making the home what it ought to be than such home reading of books which are recognised by all as among the



best. The parents will be benefited as much as the children, for the books we have in mind are just as interesting and valuable for grown persons as for children.'

Another apparently small, but really very important, point—which is dealt with in the United States Report, but is completely overlooked by the English regulations—is the providing of books of reference for the use of the teachers. It is very

necessary for them to have such books; indeed, the questions a good schoolmaster has to answer are 'numerous and extensive;' and it is but fair to provide him with some help for supplying the answers. The official United States List of Reference Books for Teachers is headed, after *Webster's Dictionary*, by *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, a tribute to the worth of that great work of which lovers of *Chambers's* may well be proud.

## BODEN GARRETT: SPY.

By W. H. WILLIAMSON.

### III.—THE ADVANTAGE OF A WASH-TUB.



HE adventure of Boden Garrett which the Federals regarded as the most insolent and his friends as the most audacious was the one that he attempted at Front Royal. 'Stonewall' Jackson was in the middle of his Shenandoah Valley campaign, and information was necessary and urgent.

'Do you think you will be able to be back in twenty-four hours?' General Jackson asked Garrett, after explaining what was required.

'I will try, General.'

'If you want anything, get it. Colonel Bryant will see you are provided with anything you require. It's a risky journey, Garrett; but you're quite willing?'

'Quite, General.'

'Good luck to you, and God preserve you!'

Garrett saluted, and prepared for his errand. That it was risky he knew, for the Federals had been annoyed by so many spies that they were keenly anxious to lay hands on all and sundry who were engaged in the secret service of the Confederates. Besides, his escapade at McDowell had made many of the Northerners particularly desirous of putting a hand on—or a bullet in—him. Banks, who was in command at Front Royal, was not inclined to waste much time in dealing with spies; he had bereft the Southerners of five during the last ten days. It was the comparative nearness of Front Royal to McDowell that gave to this adventure one of its audacious touches.

Garrett prepared wisely and set off warily. He was now a Federal soldier belonging to the 32nd Ohio Regiment under Schenck, who had been defeated at McDowell. He called on his way at a quiet-looking farmhouse, that seemed also somewhat neglected. He advanced rapidly with a cautious step and a roving eye. A heavy negress was in the yard, washing clothes at a huge tub, and she turned on hearing his steps. 'Massa'—she was beginning to call out, when Garrett made a motion for her to be silent.

'Any Feds. here?' he asked in a whisper.

She pointed over her shoulder. 'Jest gone, Massa Garrett. Three.'

'Glorious, Aunt Chris! How are you? Do you like me in this?'

'But you're no Fed'l, Massa Garrett.'

'Sh! Don't mention my name. For the moment I am one of the Feds.; d'you understand? Not a word, not a hint to anybody. Massa John's with General Lee—isn't he?'

'Yes.'

'Do the Feds. trouble you here?'

'Dey come an' go, an' take what dey kin dat isn't 'idden. But Massa John'll come back soon.'

'You're right there.'

Garrett had been a kind of steward for Mr John Austin, who had thrown in his lot with the South; and this negress and her husband were the caretakers on the farm. These negroes were usually left unmolested by the Federals.

Garrett tried to get all the information he could from the negress; but he found it was mostly unreliable or useless. She guessed there were a million soldiers at Front Royal because she had seen a march past! Garrett knew he must go once more right amongst his enemies.

General Banks was busy. The defeat of Schenck and Milroy at McDowell by General Jackson, and the uncertain movements of the latter were matters of deep concern to the Federal General, who tried to keep himself well informed regarding his enemy and well in touch with the forces on his own side. Three or four bearers of despatches were kept waiting in his tent while he discussed matters with members of his staff.

However, he was not long in turning his attention to the despatches. The first was from Saxton, who was at Harper's Ferry, and in as anxious a mood as Banks himself, for he was wondering where Jackson was in the Shenandoah. The second was from Frémont at Cross Keys, and that General was anxious concerning the whereabouts of 'Stonewall' Jackson. The third was from Milroy, who gave what information

he could respecting Jackson's force; but he added: 'A desperately sharp lookout is imperative, as Jackson doubles like a fox and springs as suddenly as a shooting-star.' At the foot of the despatch, however, there was this addition: 'I have learned from two Rebel prisoners just brought in here that Jackson has a splendid spy-organisation, and that one of his most successful agents is the man who impersonated the Austrian attaché before me at McDowell, and then bolted on the train. His name is Garrett, they say, and he told one of these Rebs. he was going to be at Front Royal in a couple of days. It may have been Secesh brag; but if you do get a chance to lay hands on the creature, give him a few inches of rope for us. Our boys are very mad.' Then other matters were dealt with; and at the end of the despatch were these words: 'The bearer of this is a man who saw the Secesh spy at McDowell: perhaps he might help you to identify him.'

The other matters in the despatch were perhaps of more importance at that moment to General Banks; but we are most concerned with what relates to Boden Garrett.

'You know this Rebel spy—Garrett?' asked the General of the despatch-bearer.

'I should know him again, General.'

'Umph! What is he like?'

'I held his horse when he came, an' I was in the run in the train, too. He's a tallish man, General; moustache an' beard—not much of a beard. He's a quick look about the eye. A good many of our chaps 'ud like to shake hands with him,' he added with a kind of humorous grin.

The General nodded understandingly. 'We don't want him here,' he said. 'General Milroy says it is reported he may come here. If he does, we'll let him stay—on a tree. However, suppose you walk about the camp; keep your eyes open, and if you see anybody suspicious, who looks at all like this Rebel, arrest him.'

'An' if he objects?' said the man, more as a suggestion than an interrogation.

'Call for help if necessary, and, if you think fit, shoot. Here.' The General wrote on a sheet of paper: 'The bearer of this has power and authority to arrest any and all persons he may think necessary for the purpose of securing the person of one Garrett, a Rebel spy; and all loyal men are hereby called upon to aid the bearer of this in his task should opportunity be given.—GENERAL BANKS.' 'There,' said the Federal leader, 'that will give you authority.'

The soldier saluted and was going out when the General said, 'You'd better take a man about with you. Major Bentz will find you a companion.—Will you, Major?' he added turning to that officer.

The Major, of course, complied with the request, and the despatch-bearer and a sergeant from

the 2nd Connecticut went off together to lay hands on Boden Garrett.

'I guess it'll be worth somethin' ef I kin catch this durned Secesh,' said the man who held the warrant.

'E's slippery—eh?'

'Some! Did you hear what he did at McDowell?'

'Stole a train an' got away clear—eh?'

'He's too saucy to live long.'

'An' 'e's 'ere—in Front Royal?'

'He'll not be here an' alive long.'

'You're right, sonny. Say! Didn't the Rebs. drive you from McDowell—eh?'

Then they gossiped of the war in many of its phases.

'Say! I'm suspicious,' said the Ohio man who knew Garrett. 'That man sellin' pies has a queer look—eh?' and he pointed to a man with a basket on his arm.

'E's lookin' about 'im some,' remarked the sergeant. 'Is it the spy?'

'Let's march round him.'

They did so cautiously, and were satisfied it was not Garrett. They went on farther, and a man dressed like a Federal soldier attracted the attention of Milroy's messenger.

'That's his build,' he said, nodding in the direction of the man he was suspecting.

'But 'e's a Fed.,' said the sergeant.

'I wouldn't trust this firework of a Reb. He'll play any game. D'you know this man?'

They walked closer, and the sergeant did not know him.

'Is it 'im?' queried the sergeant.

'B'jimy! but it's like him. Let's watch some.'

They hung about the spot listlessly for some time, and watched the man; but he was not Garrett.

The camp of Front Royal occupied, somewhat sparsely, the Blue Ridge Hills, opposite to the Shenandoah Mountains. The region is rugged and wild, and even weird in some places: not a very desirable situation for the camp of a big army with much baggage. The two soldiers, after walking all over the camp, stopped near a clump of houses at the outskirts. They had not succeeded in running the famous Southerner to earth. Other soldiers were straggling about the place; and the despatch-bearer looked fixedly for a moment at one who was talking with two or three men a score of yards away. The eyes of the two men—the Ohio man and the soldier he had just noticed—met, and both stared. The Ohio man came to a decision first; but the other looked on the ground, ransacking his memory as to where he had seen the man he thus partially recognised.

Drawing his companion to the corner of a small building, the despatch-bearer whispered, 'There he is.'

'Which?'

'The man who's looking like as if he'd lost a dollar. We hev him! we hev him! Stand here—don't budge an inch, and don't let yer eyes wander. He's sly; but we'll do him now. I'll slip round here, and when you hear me call, close in. Don't let him fool ye.' Then the Ohio man went round the building.

Meanwhile the suspected Federal was baffled by his memory. When he looked up again he noticed that the man he had tried to identify as an acquaintance was gone. That disappearance seemed to assist him, for a light shone in his eyes as though the sprite of memory had come back with a laugh at the short absence; and he walked slowly towards the sergeant, evidently convinced. When he came to the corner, looking for the other man, and made as though he would run, the sergeant flung himself on him. There was a struggle; and as the sergeant grunted the other man cursed.

'Help!' called the sergeant; but the man he had been talking to had strolled round the building, and didn't hear. 'You think you'll fool me, you durned Reb. sneak! But you're caught this time.—Help!' he called aloud.

They were both calling for help!

'Who in tarnation are you?' asked the man as they stopped struggling for a moment, holding each other's arms. 'Are ye a Secesh or a Fed.?' 'I'm a Fed.; but you're a durned spy,' replied the sergeant. 'I know ye: you're that sneak Garrett.—Help!' he called again.

'You puddin'-'ead! 'E's foolin' us again. That's Garrett that's bolted. Let me go;' and he struggled.

The determined character of the man's struggles only made the sergeant more convinced that Garrett was a very clever man. They had a beautiful struggle for two or three minutes, and did the rest of their talking on the ground.

'I ain't goin' to let ye slip as long as I hev a finger to each 'and. You're a durned spy, an' I hev ye.'

The other man was breathing hard, and appeared much annoyed.

'God help 'im! Look 'ere, boss,' he said; 'I saw this man Garrett at Bull Run w'en 'e came from Beauregard, an' 'e fooled me there. 'E's playin' George Washington to the British army with ye now. 'E recognised me, an' thet's why 'e's expressed. An' now you're 'oldin' me in, durn ye!'

The sergeant began to doubt; but then he had been warned: Garrett was very sly and very clever.

'Ye don't fool me,' he said quietly; but there was not so much conviction in his voice.

The other saw this and hoped. 'We're lumber-skulls. They'll build statues for us, sure. The Reb. spy's managed to get two Feds. to fight while 'e bolts. 'Say, sergeant—general!—I'm 'ere

in the 1st Michigan, an' I've bin 'ere surely as long as you. 'Ow long's the other man bin 'ere?'

The sergeant hesitated. Doubt was beginning to get a good hold of him, and he loosed his hold. 'Hev ye got a revolver?' he queried, as he pointed to his own.

'Take it out of my pocket.'

The sergeant did so.

'Now surely you can believe me. Shall we vamoose? That spy'll be 'alf-way home to old "Stonewall" afore we git away from this claim.'

The sergeant was a stolid man, and still feared treachery.

'You'll swear you're a Fed.,' he said, probably not thinking of the value of such testimony.

'I'll do more. Where did the other man say 'e was goin'?' 'Round the block.'

'E's had time to go round ten blocks. 'E isn't 'ere yet: that's frosty—eh?'

The sergeant gave in.

They both got up and looked as if they had been engaged in an unprofitable business.

The man of the 1st Michigan, who had really had the encounter with Garrett at Bull Run, was quick to act. He had an opportunity now of recovering the advantage he had lost in his first encounter with Garrett.

'E's removed!' he ejaculated as they came round the houses and failed to see Garrett.

'An' 'e's fooled the General too!' said the sergeant, still aghast at the audacity of the whole proceeding.

'Jes' some! An' 'e's seen the camp, an' knows everythin'. Let's catch 'im.'

'B'jimini, yes! But where is the 'possum?'

They walked quickly and looked hard.

The Michigan man caught sight of a running figure nearly a mile away, seemingly going towards a farmhouse.

'There 'e is!' he cried out. 'We'll run 'im down yet;' and he set off at a run, with the sergeant in line with him, for the latter's pride was hurt and his vanity sorely wounded. He had escorted a Secesh through the camp, and practically helped him to get away!

Garrett, however—of course Garrett was the man who was escaping—had got a little start, and he was making the best of it. He knew he would soon be followed; but he ran speedily, and was almost without an ulterior motive of direction when he first started. As he went on his way he cogitated what he must do. He would have preferred to pass the farmhouse; but a regimental wagon was drawn up near it, and he was too prudent a man to run past openly. He was daring enough, however, to attempt the unexpected, and that trait was frequently his salvation. So Garrett made for the farmhouse, crept round to the farm buildings, and used his eyes and ears well. He could hear voices of men



inside the house, and he looked eagerly for Aunt Chris. There was also the danger that at any moment a pack from the camp might be at his heels, for he had caught a glimpse of the two figures racing after him. He crept to a window and listened.

Garrett clapped his hand to his revolver as he heard a door creak; but, to his joy, it was Aunt Chris. He motioned for caution; she realised the game quickly, and came to him.

'De Feds.—t'ree inside,' she whispered.

'They're after me from up yonder,' he whispered in reply. 'Where can I hide? They'll search here.'

'De stables,' she murmured in reply. But before they had moved away a voice called from the house on Aunt Chris.

Garrett and the negress both stopped instinctively.

The call was repeated, and the next instant Garrett prepared to face a very ugly situation, for his two pursuers from Front Royal might at any moment burst into view. However, fighting was his last resource, and he was not in his extremity yet. His quick eye had noted the larger tub that Aunt Chris was using for her washing, and his wit discovered the use for it. He rushed to it and upset the contents; then he jumped inside and snuggled into as little space as possible, pulling a few things over him.

'Cover me up and go on with your washing,' he managed to jerk out to Aunt Chris.

She was lost in wonder and amazement; but Garrett's injunction helped to bring her to her senses, and her own sympathies guided her to do right. She was almost delighted to be able to join in the little conspiracy, and promptly threw her damp washing on the top of Garrett, completely covering him from view; then she went on wringing a sheet as though cleanliness were her one joy in life.

The Federal soldier appeared in the doorway.

'Say! are you deaf? I reckon your late proprietor would have shaved your head if he'd called you twice.'

Aunt Chris ceased to wring the sheet, and looked sweetly guiltless and uncomprehending at the soldier.

'I've shouted twice, an' my throat's objectin'. We're dry, an' so's the jug. Understand, mother?'

'Yes, sah!' said Aunt Chris; but, not being an accomplished conspirator, she was very loath to leave the side of the tub. Still, her hesitation was of no importance, for the soldier's attention was withdrawn from her to two Federals racing down the road towards the farm.

'Say, boys!' he called to the men inside, 'come here; there's some fun on.'

His companions came to the door and looked.

'Is this a retreat?' said one ironically.

'Looks as if these two don't want to stay fer many more drinks at Front Royal,' said another.

'Are they after mischief?' asked the third dubiously.

Aunt Chris was uncomfortable and silent.

The two runners saw the three Federal soldiers at the door, and the 1st Michigan man called out as he came almost breathless to the yard-fence, 'Hev ye seen a man runnin' jest in front o' us?'

The three soldiers looked somewhat surprised at the question; they had been so quiet before.

'Nob'dy's run past here,' replied one.

'E's dressed as a Fed.; but 'e's a durned spy,' said the sergeant.

'Ain't seen him.'

'E turned in 'ere—didn't 'e, mate?' said the 1st Michigan man.

'E did. I saw 'im bolt for this place, an' 'e didn't cross the road again.'

'E's 'ere, sure enough. 'E's as slippery as quicksilver, an' 'e's durned sly; but 'e's 'ere somewere. Say, hev ye bin 'ere long?'

'Half-an-hour.'

'It's curious,' said the 1st Michigan man; 'but 'e's 'ere—'e must be. Hev you 'eard nothin', seen nothin'?''

The Federals shook their heads. One of them turned to Aunt Chris. 'You've seen nothin'—eh?'

'No, sah—no Fed'l soldier come 'ere;' and she felt she had not violated truth.

'It's durned queer,' continued the 1st Michigan man. 'Say, boys! 'elp us to run 'im down. 'E's the man that bolted with the train at McDowell.'

'Him!' said one of the Federals with such emphasis that Garrett, who heard all the conversation, felt flattered.

'Sure ye ain't seen a man runnin' towards 'ere?' asked the 1st Michigan soldier of Aunt Chris.

'Bin wid dese gen'men all de time, an' 'ere in de yard, an' don't see 'ow a man could come widout makin' a noise; an' we ain't 'eard no noise nor seen no man—eh, sahs? Per'ps de man's gone udder way.'

Aunt Chris was as subtle as a K.C.

'I reckon we're foolin' the time,' said the sergeant. 'Suppose we spread out an' look well about 'ere. I'll lay 'e's not far away—mebbe coverin' us now.'

The other men started at that. The 1st Michigan man said, 'Yes, 'e's quick on the trigger. Get your rifles, mates, ef you hev no sharp-shooters.'

Then they began the search. They went into the stables and ransacked the hay and everything within. They went to the outbuildings and searched laboriously.

When the men were out of the yard and in the buildings, Aunt Chris slyly kicked the tub that contained Garrett; and, bending down

to lift an article, she said, 'Massa Garrett, are ye all right?'

'Are they gone?' he asked.

'Dey're lookin' in de buildin's,' she replied.

'How many altogether?'

'Five.' She wrung a sheet very hard, and shook it ostentatiously.

'They're not in sight?'

'Can't see dem.'

'Take some of these clothes off carefully.'

Aunt Chris gathered up a handful of washing.

'Lift it up carefully and let one thing hang loosely,' whispered Garrett.

Aunt Chris, being devoted, became adroit. A coloured print petticoat hung from her dark grasp, and Garrett managed to get his head so neatly encased in it that he was able to see over the top of the tub. He heard voices in one of the outbuildings.

'Only five?' he asked in a whisper, as though he were considering the advisability of tackling that number.

Before Aunt Chris could reply a voice sounded louder, and steps were heard as though one came to the yard. In an instant Aunt Chris had dropped her armful of clothes, and Boden Garrett was merely an article in the washing-tub.

One of the Federals came into the yard muttering; it was the 1st Michigan man.

'It's durned queer,' he said.

Then he looked at Aunt Chris and walked across the yard. He went to a door that was fastened.

'Say, grandmother,' he called out, 'w're's the key to this?'

'De key, sah? Ain't got no key,' replied Aunt Chris, who wanted him to go away.

'Then this'll be the key,' and he lifted up his foot, which didn't look as though it would fit the keyhole. 'Jes' come and show me the ins an' outs o' this place.' Then he lifted his foot against the door, and it proved more than the equal of a key.

Aunt Chris walked after him doubtfully, for she was not sure whether she had better go from the tub or remain near it. She was given little choice, however. Moreover, her absence from the yard stood to her advantage, for Garrett did not wish to make her his accomplice, and for him to be caught in the tub with her near it would mean a short shrift for both. However, he had no intention of being caught in the tub if escape were possible.

The search was pursued desperately for ten minutes. Then the men met in the yard again.

'E's vamoosed,' said one of the three Federals.

'Seems to me,' said another, as ef 'e ain't come 'ere at all. I reckon I've ears, an' 'e didn't rattle 'em much.'

'E's 'ere,' said the sergeant. 'I'll swear 'e came 'ere.'

'E's playin' 'possum somewheres,' said the 1st Michigan man, 'an' mebbe listenin' to us now. Say!' he said, and he walked to the tub and began to haul out the clothes.

Aunt Chris gave a little cry.

'Hurt—eh?' asked one of the Federals unsuspectingly.

Aunt Chris lifted her foot as if in pain—the deception surely was permissible. 'A bunion, sah!'

'I thought perhaps this yer spy was on yer track,' said one of the men, with a laugh.

The 1st Michigan man stood with the clothes in his hand, looking into an empty tub with a rueful face. Aunt Chris was lost in amazement, and the next moment the five soldiers shared her feelings. There was the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road: it was a galloping horse. For a moment mild surprise animated the Federals; but the suspicion of the 1st Michigan man gave him an idea, and he went quickly through the house. He rushed back the next moment.

'Tarnation!' he said; 'e's done gone an' bolted with yer 'orse.'

The five men then hurriedly turned and looked along the road. 'B'jiminy!' was all their tongues could utter.

Pursuit was hopeless, as they had no horses, and Garrett was going with the utmost speed of a splendid horse. He had slipped out of the tub when Aunt Chris had followed the Federal, run quietly through the house, cut the traces of the horse, removed its collar, and—the rest we know.

The sergeant in telling the story that evening to his comrades said, 'I reckon as that durned spy would hev got out of the earthquake that swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.'

'Stonewall' Jackson was very delighted with Garrett's adventure and his information, and still further pleased when he led his victorious soldiers into Front Royal.

When asked how he got hold of General Milroy's despatch, Garrett coolly explained that it was his own production, that he had fac-similes of most of the Federal generals' signatures, and that they were useful occasionally. He also offered a pass through the Federal lines to any of his friends. The offer was not accepted.



## THE LESSONS OF THE ZOO.

By F. G. AFLALO.



It would perhaps be trite to enlarge on the wonderful opportunities which such an institution as the London Zoological Gardens affords to those whose ambition it is to stay at home and yet see in the flesh all the most wonderful beasts and birds and reptiles of modern times. Even intelligent folks who pay their shilling to-day and pass the turnstiles in the full knowledge that they will see all those living marvels from every continent rarely pause to recollect that not for the half of his kingdom could any monarch of a century ago have won as a privilege that which we regard as a right.

The amazing extent to which we who live at the centre of civilisation underrate the value of the Gardens, even in their merely spectacular aspect, was brought home to me for the first time a year or two ago when it was my good fortune to show some of their treasures to a highly intelligent Moor, one connected with the Shereefian Court. His unconcealed delight on being introduced to such fellow-Africans as the hippopotamus and giraffe, types that he never expected could exist outside of the realm of the Jinn, reminded me of the fact that, but for the Zoo and its cheap Monday ticket, ninety-nine Londoners out of every hundred would in all probability never see a live otter or badger. This lack of opportunity for making the acquaintance of such shy and interesting Britons has always seemed to me to call for the intervention of the educational authorities; and even our menageries might, one would have thought, have devised some means of housing some of our hardier furred and feathered countrymen under one roof. Such an arrangement would at least enable English visitors to pay their respects to the fauna of their own home before rushing off to gape at the tiger of the jungle or alligator of the tropic swamps. I suggested something of the sort to Lord Llandaff when, a few years ago, he was interested in the proposed new Zoo at Brighton; but on my return from Africa I found that the entire scheme had fallen through, my proposed British House with the rest.

In the absence of such a gathering of British beasts and birds, something may, of course, be done in the way of visiting these in their several abodes; and, indeed, the first useful lesson of the Zoo is to be learnt with the aid of the labels on the enclosures, particularly from that line which sets forth the natural home of the inmate. The evidence of origin is certainly somewhat variable in detail, for in some cases we are told precisely the country or province or state from which the sub-

ject was originally procured, while in others there is no more than a vague allusion to the continent. The latter form of geographical definition is unsatisfactory; yet such discrepancies are inevitable because of the various means by which specimens are acquired: by purchase, by gift, or by exchange. The detail given is, however, ample for certain simple deductions. A little discrimination, for instance, will show that Africa supplies every hippopotamus and every giraffe; but also that even that wonderful continent has its faunal limitations, seeing that it has never sent to the collection a single bear, wolf, tiger, puma, deer, wild-goat, ant-eater, sloth, armadillo, or kangaroo, while in the bird-world an even greater selection of missing interesting forms might easily be made. The tigers are all Asiatic; the pumas and sloths are American; the kangaroos are from the Australian region.

A little further familiarity with the geographical data on the labels warrants more general inferences. Most of the chattering parrots and monkeys are found to have their home south of the equator; on the other hand, the majority of bears, sheep, deer, and wolves come from the northern hemisphere. The antelopes and gazelles are, with few exceptions, Old World forms; the vultures may be found in greatest variety and abundance in those warm countries that most need their services as scavengers. A curious coincidence, too—the sport of chance rather than the outcome of clear design (since no scheme of anatomical classification could warrant such an arrangement)—has made the kangaroos and anthropoid apes near neighbours; and we may fancifully compare the intervening footwalk with ‘Wallace’s Channel,’ that profound waterway that sunders the island homes of the highest and lowest of the mammalian orders.

There are side-issues of the fascinating study of animal geography, to a clearer understanding of which the most cursory tour of the Gardens should prove most helpful. There is, for instance, the principle of ‘vicarious species.’ Stated in its simplest terms, this rather alarming phrase denotes nothing more than Nature’s provision that an absent beast or bird shall be represented by another equally useful in its own way and closely resembling the missing one. Familiar instances of this proxy are the three forms of ostriches found in the southern, central, and northern belts of Africa, and replaced in South America by the rhea and in Australia by the emu and the cassowary. Not only among birds is this ‘vicarious’ arrangement obvious; for the mammalian class furnishes equally striking examples in the boar and the wart-hog, the camel and llama, the badger and ratel, all of which may be seen and



compared at the Zoo, where the several corresponding forms are exhibited almost side by side. We hear from time to time much criticism of the arrangements of the Zoo; but, certainly, if it is as a rule most agreeable to seek the good things, it is also in this case much easier. There are people who criticise the Bible, but I never yet heard any one offer to rewrite it better than the original. The old Zoo will bear a lot of cavilling criticism before it finds itself called upon to haul down its colours.

Another outcome of the further study of animal distribution will be a close attention to the peculiarities of island types; and here again the Zoo shows us giant tortoises from Galapagos, which have obviously attained to their present enormous proportions only because their island home gave them immunity from man and his dogs. These we can compare with the degenerate Shetland pony, the limitations of whose island home, assisted no doubt by breeding and selection when these dwarfed horses found favour in the sight of buyers, have resulted in poverty of stature. Anglers are familiar with an alternative case in the fishes of ponds or lakes, some of which show a stunted development due to lack of varied food, while others, from opposite conditions, reach immense size. After all, a lake is the converse of an island, and there are considerable analogies in their zoological conditions.

Nor is the student of animal distribution done with the help of the Zoo even yet, for he may study to great advantage the contrast between types so widely scattered as the seagull and porcupine, occurring with little variation almost all the world over; and, on the other hand, the secretary-bird, restricted to Africa, and the aoudad, or Barbary sheep, which does not wander beyond the confines of a single mountain-range in that continent.

An establishment like the Zoological Gardens has, however, lessons that are necessarily of wider application and more practical value than these. The acclimatisation of exotic animals and the feeding and housing of suitable 'pets' are subjects that fall peculiarly within the province of the keepers, and on both they are well qualified and ever ready to give advice. The subject of pet animals was exhaustively discussed in *Chambers's Journal* for July 1901; and it is not desirable to revert to it beyond a general recommendation that no opportunity be lost of consulting one or other of the keepers when in difficulties. Clearly, the keepers most in request when such counsel is sought are those in charge of the monkeys and parrots, since those noisiest and most mischievous representatives of the higher vertebrates have for some unexplained reason chiefly commended themselves to many whose ambition it is to accommodate captive animals in their homes; and I have never

yet heard a single complaint of unwillingness or inability—if not consulted too late, as is sometimes regrettably the case—on the part of the keepers to advise on any difficulty that may present itself.

Far more important are the arts of acclimatisation; and in the pursuit of these our own Zoo necessarily takes second place to the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation, yet occupies in a measure a position intermediate between that and the Jardin des Plantes. Original programmes generally confess ambitions that a more mature mood gently and unobtrusively shelves. Such is the history of almost every public or private institution of the kind, and our Zoological Society was no exception to the rule. Yet, although some of its earlier objects have been found incompatible with its success in other directions, it nevertheless affords much useful information as to what animals best endure the somewhat trying and variable climate that, according to philosophers—most of them either live on the shores of the Mediterranean or else cannot by any means contrive to get away from those of Britain—has made the British nation what it is.

The domestication of beasts and birds is an allied process, and it is instructive to compare the beasts within the Zoo and those without in Regent's Park: the snarling wolf and subdued borzoi, the treacherous panther and amenable house-cat, the mild-eyed Hereford and savage gayal, the fleecy merino and the hairy burhel; and we own that it is sometimes better to tame animals than to kill them. Even those which we do not customarily pursue for their skin or flesh or teeth, or train for their labour, would benefit greatly by being brought within the pale of domestication, for at least it brings them under the aegis of the law. Nature, moreover, is not over kind to the wild creatures, and the jury's favourite verdict of 'death from natural causes' always seems to me to involve something of a contradiction, since what we call 'natural causes' are not quick enough for nature's impatience, and death from freezing or starvation or the murderous attack of some stronger foe, when age and disease have numbed the faculties, is the usual end of the wild sheep or ox. This is the proper answer to those who pity horses and dogs as the slaves of man. Of course, there are masters and masters, many of them not fit to own anything with life and feeling; but, given good treatment, the domesticated horses and dogs are infinitely better off than their wild relatives, and a visit to the Zoo on a winter's day illustrates the difference admirably, except that the inmates of that establishment have not even to work for their board and lodging. The possible recruits to domestication may also be studied there: the African elephant (about whose cause one begins almost to despair), the zebra, and one or two more. They are not many. That the

zebra will ever become a fashionable harness animal I hardly believe, and would as soon look on it as the coming park-hack. Still, the zebra is a beautiful animal, and all the existing species were not long since on view in the spacious new house built for their accommodation. One never knows, in fact, what new animal may not be trained to useful work. Take, for instance, the comparatively few animals educated as man's allies in the chase: the dog, ferret, and falcon in this country; the otter and cormorant and cheetah in the East. This, one thought, was about all that could be done in that direction. Not long ago, however, I learnt with the greatest interest of a tame fox that had been trained by its master, a man in the employ of the Midland Railway Company at Derby, to co-operate with a terrier in hunting the rats that infest the company's sheds. Hunting-men have before now reported Reynard as an admirable mouser, and have often been disbelieved for their pains; but this turning to practical account of the hunting instinct of the most hunted of all British animals is a charming instance of what patience will accomplish, and, if I may say so, reflects the greatest credit on the man who accomplishes it.

In the paddocks and cages at the Zoo, then, we may see the chief wild cousins of our dogs and cats and cattle. Most attractive among the latter, perhaps, are the wild white cattle of Britain, particularly a very handsome Chartley bull and a Vaynol cow, recently seen with her calf. These white cattle, which survive at Vaynol, Chillingham, and one or two other parks, are particularly interesting on account of the doubt thrown by their white colour on their alleged genuine wild origin. So far as historic records go, their pedigree is above reproach; but naturalists, who are a stubborn crew, object that, save in the Arctic regions, Nature does not produce pure white wild animals, however much man may delight in breeding white ducks and fowls and horses and cats, and that, therefore, these 'wild' park-cattle were not originally wild at all. More recently it has been advanced that Neolithic man brought them with him overland into this country; but such a theory argues a somewhat conceited intimacy with that hoary pioneer that will hardly commend itself to modest minds. In the Zoo, too, we can see the African elephant, and the keepers tell us that he is not a whit less intelligent or amenable than his Indian cousin. Well, we have let him lapse from his former state of useful subjection, and we shall bitterly regret having left ill alone when the time comes for us to clear the Central African jungle.

The Zoo shows us the difference between fastidious animals and those that are easily satisfied. In every class of animals there are the easy and the difficult. The chameleon will feed only on living insects, focussing them with one or other

of its independent telescopic eyes, gripping more firmly the supporting branch with its hand-like feet, then shooting out a tongue, harpoon and lasso in one, longer than its head and body together. I once voyaged in company with a good clergyman who had a number of pet chameleons, all of which he allowed to die of starvation rather than give them living flies. They were offered instead alternate meals of minced-meat and bread and milk, and they preferred death. The little egg-eating snake, the chameleon's neighbour in the Reptile House as it is in Africa, will feast only on eggs, those of the sparrow or pigeon being about the right size. The giraffe will eat only the best clover hay, with now and then an onion or a lump of sugar. The pelican will eat only fish; the kea must have its goat chop; the lions, when sick, refuse even horse-meat, and must then have beef. On the other hand, reptiles, beasts, and birds furnish us with many examples of more ready appetites and less discriminating tastes. The alligators once, it is recorded, consumed a cargo of dead and putrescent snakes. The wild-boar delights in a dreadful cold mess of meat, carrot, potato, and ship's biscuit. The hornbill eats either beetles, mice, smaller birds, reptiles, or fruit. In the Zoo the hornbills have to content themselves with the last, and they cleverly catch grapes flung at their enormous bills; but in their natural state they seem to devour just what comes first.

Another very remarkable lesson taught by watching the animals at meal-times is the ease with which they gain confidence in the protecting presence of man. The visitor sees on both sides of the Lion House the antelopes and jackals of Africa quietly munching their hay or gnawing bones without paying the slightest attention to those reverberating roars that, in their natural condition, would send them, with their meal left unfinished, to keep a pressing appointment somewhere over the skyline. With regard to the jackals and foxes, which can see one another through the bars that divide their cages, the nonchalance of the old inhabitants may possibly have its calming effect on the more alarmed newcomers; and a keeper once endeavoured to persuade me that such was also the case with the antelopes. I was able to show him, however, a quite small buck of some kind which had only newly arrived, and which could not possibly, even on its hind-legs, see over the wooden partition of its home; and if it was indeed the indifference of the others that accounted for its own disregard of the lion's voice, then one could only assume some wonderful instinct or silent means of communication where eyesight would be helpless.

Nor are the lessons of the Zoo confined to the animals within the cages, for the London mice and sparrows are a never-failing source of delight as one watches the assurance with which they venture within the dens of the larger cats and

eagles, knowing that the giants will not take notice of such puny game; and, on the other hand, the extreme caution with which they shun the cages of the smaller hawks and weasels and ichneumons, knowing that their lives would not there be worth a moment's purchase.

A very interesting lesson, too, of a walk round the Gardens consists in taking note of the wonderful diversity of size and shape and colour, and endeavouring to guess Nature's reasons for such differences. It is important, by the way, to avoid the flattering anthropocentric view, and to find reasons other than those making only for the benefit of man. As a case in point, it was not long ago discovered, or at any rate announced, that the eggs of a familiar English garden slug emit a phosphorescent light like that of the glow-worm. Some well-meaning person immediately persuaded himself that the explanation was simple: the light of the eggs was intended to guide the gardener to the easier destruction of his enemy *ab ovo*! But that will not do at all. Nature does not take the view which the magistrate expressed so delicately to the thief, that there is no necessity for some creatures to exist. She recognises the right of all to live and to struggle to keep alive with the best means at their disposal; so that if the luminosity in question is to be accounted for, it must be demonstrated as conferring benefit on the eggs themselves—no easy thesis. Other cases, however, on view at the Zoo present less difficulty. No one with the most elementary knowledge of the life of elephants, crashing through dense jungle, often pursued by tigers, at other times having to tear up tussocks of their juicy food as they go, can find much mystery in the great height and bulk, the long and powerful tusks and trunk, the small, well-protected eyes. No yacht-designer, Herreshofer or any other, ever turned out a craft more perfectly fitted to do its work than the hippopotamus. Not graceful lines are its ambition, for a body thirteen feet in length and other thirteen in girth cannot make for beauty; but its specific gravity and build have been studied to a nicety, and nothing could be suggested as improvement for an animal designed to live in the deep African rivers, sometimes sinking to the bottom and walking on the

mud, then rising noiselessly and tearing away great masses of the rank river-grasses for its meals. The great ears of the little fennec, most graceful of desert foxes, are easy to understand when we think how much more useful sharp hearing must be than long sight to an animal which stands only about a foot high, and which inhabits a flat country with no hill from which it can look out for the approach of danger.

Now and then, it must be admitted, Nature's warmest admirers find themselves nonplussed in this quest of her resourcefulness. Why the quills of the secretary-vulture? Surely that archaic and wholly unacceptable suggestion that they are meant to divert the attention of the snake while the bird more firmly grips it in its talons is now out of fashion in a generation that has learnt more of the cunning of reptiles. Why, again, the quills in the porcupine? Not to protect the species from the lion of one continent, the tiger of a second, and the jaguar of a third; for all these animals, albeit with inconvenience, eat it quills and all, and when shot at a later period, have been found with the quills piercing their viscera.

These are a few of the things to be learnt and studied at the Zoological Gardens. Some of us are sent by inclination or necessity on long travels, and it will happen that if we keep our eyes open we may learn direct from Nature some little lesson that not all the resources of the Zoo can teach us. This is undeniable. At the same time, life is short, and even to-day distances are great; and a single ramble round the Zoo will bring us in close touch with the beasts and birds and reptiles of every continent. Side by side we may study the lion and the puma, between which oceans roll if we would pay a visit to their homes; and to see them in their habitat is only to kill them. There are animals that are not fit companions for even the most humane; but at the Zoo all question of danger is eliminated. There we may study the fiercest tiger with but an iron bar between; nor has the deadliest cobra or the bridling rattlesnake any terrors when separated by a single pane of glass that, while keeping their venom at convenient distance, has no secrets for our eyes.

## CITY NOISE.



THE noise of the city and the quiet of the country have been the subject of frequent contrast. It is true that life in the country, and especially in a farmhouse, may be by no means noiseless; but a resting-place can easily be found sufficiently remote from stables and poultry-yards. Except in violent storm, the sound of wind and wave is nerve-

soothing and welcome. Very different is it in the town, and complaints of city noise are as old as the cities themselves. Not to go farther up the stream of time than the beginning of the Christian era, we find Horace in one of his odes begging Mæcenas to cease to set great store by or greatly to covet (if we may so paraphrase '*mirari*') 'the smoke, the wealth, the noise of happy Rome,' thus meaning humorously to con-



trast the advantages and disadvantages of city life. What the Roman noises were he describes elsewhere: the funeral wailing, the hawkers' cries, the hubbub caused by the transport of building material through narrow and crowded streets; and he ironically advises the poet to try to compose verses in such surroundings.

To any one who has to read or think, to the invalid or the light sleeper, city noise is a serious discomfort; and to these latter the trial is greatest in the hours of the night or early morning. Hardened city men may be found to declare themselves so used to the tumult of the town that they do not feel quite comfortable when away from it, and they laugh at the complainer as a dyspeptic; but are they quite sure that the laugh is on their side? We may remind them that the wear and tear of city life claims many victims, and that when the jaded man of business suffers, as he so often does, from nervous prostration, the doctor's first order is that he must go to the country for change of air and food, and for the quiet which it is so difficult to obtain elsewhere. That the last is not the least important part of the prescription is shown by the eagerness of the invalid to secure it; and we may well believe that to live constantly in an environment of noise is as inimical to perfect health as to eat unwholesome food or to breathe in a vitiated atmosphere.

If these things be so, an attempt to classify the various noises which are a nuisance to some at least of the dwellers in our great towns, and probably injurious to all, may not be unwelcome to the readers of this *Journal*.

Let us begin with the necessary noises, for such there must be in all cities. They will be found to be caused almost entirely by the exigencies of passenger and goods traffic by road and rail. The tramp of the pedestrian, the rattle of the spring-cart and the cab, the rumble of the loaded wagon, the clang of the tramway-bell, the snort or the shrieking whistle of the locomotive, the thud of the shunted trucks—all these are only too familiar to us; but they are all necessary, and for this reason we seem to get more readily used to them. The introduction of wood paving and rubber tires has greatly lessened the noise of street traffic in some localities, and our experience is that the railway whistle is not so freely turned on or kept on at night as was the case a quarter of a century ago. Among the necessary noises we may also count the whooping of sirens on board the steamers, and the booming of fog-horns so well known in misty weather to dwellers near the Clyde and other crowded waterways. We refuse, however, to regard as necessary the pandemonium of sound by which in our manufacturing towns the workers are summoned to the mills in the morning and after the midday meal. For a few shillings every worker nowadays can get his or her alarm-clock; and when

a person has to rise daily at a fixed hour the habit soon becomes so engrained that no alarm is necessary. At the most, the moderate toll of a town-bell is enough to warn the laggards, and this was all that was thought necessary till quite a recent period. Evidently when one millowner starts a whistle, the others have to follow suit; it becomes a question of rivalry and advertisement. The smallest mill generally has the loudest whistle, so the slumbers of the community are wantonly disturbed in the supposed interest of some pushing manufacturer. We would class also as quite unnecessary at the present day all forms of cries or noises by street hawkers of goods. The raucous shout of the coalman and the jangle of the milkman's bell are a terrible annoyance in some places. These tradesmen are expected at unvarying hours, and for the householder who wishes to buy their commodities no clamour is required to give warning of their coming.

Passing from the utilitarian to the æsthetic side, our next protest is against quarterly chimes and carillons which are made to ring all through the night. These have, as a rule, been presented by benevolent persons, to be placed in the towers of town-halls and churches for the benefit of the community, and they are a striking instance—we intend no pun—of the great evil which can be done by want of thought although with the very best intentions. To the light sleeper the quarterly chime by night is the greatest of all inflictions. Particularly is this so if he happens to be a traveller, and sleeping in a strange town. Carlyle said that it was not so much the crowing of the cock that kept him awake as the waiting for the next crow. In the case of the chime, the unfortunate victim of insomnia knows that 'the next crow' is coming in a quarter of an hour, and he finds that he cannot compose himself in that short interval. In some towns the complaints of the inhabitants have been so great that the ringing of chimes every quarter of an hour during the night has been prohibited, and we wish that the law were universal. At church bells we do not grumble. They are an ancient and beloved institution, and no one can fairly complain of them unless they are too aggressive or rung too early in the morning. We well remember the strong language certain undergraduates of Balliol College, Oxford, used to employ because they were awakened too early for their taste on the Sunday mornings by the loud bells of a neighbouring city church, known to them as 'The Archipelago' on account of its numerous 'aisles.' The collectors who came round to them on behalf of a campanological or bell-ringing society suspected to be art and part in the ringing of these bells did not reap a rich harvest from the 'undergrads' in the colleges adjacent.

From bells we pass by an easy transition to

street music, which at its best is a luxury for the few, at its worst a torture to many, and anathema to all lovers of quiet; we might almost say it is the last to all lovers of music, although we hasten to admit that an occasional player on harp, flute, or violin, and not a few of the German bands which frequent the squares at the fashionable evening dinner-hour discourse really good music. The grievance is that one is obliged to listen to it whether he wishes or not, and may listen most unwillingly to an excellent performance when he has pressing work on hand which he is obliged to postpone until it is over. It is the development of the piano-organ nuisance, however, which makes life in cities a burden to people with sensitive ears. It was bad enough in the days when Babbage, the famous inventor of the calculating-machine, headed a crusade against it, and Calverley wrote his 'Lines on hearing the Organ,' from which we cull the following:

Grinder—who serenely grindest  
At my door the Hundredth Psalm  
Till thou ultimately findest  
Pence in thy unwashed palm—  
Tell me if, as thou art buckling  
On thy straps with eager claws,  
Thou forecastest, inly chuckling,  
All the rage that thou wilt cause.

Then the 'winsome, grinsome grinder' could carry his own 'stupendous load,' and his sole companion was his monkey, 'Barbary's nimble son.' Now the weight of the infernal machine is so great that it must be trundled on a barrow, and the grinder has always with him a companion, male or female, to help him with his task. There are no monkeys now with this larger type of machine, perhaps because the 'sinewy Jacko' cannot live at close-quarters with the greatly increased volume of sound; but there is, alas! too often, an unfortunate baby at the end of the barrow to excite compassion and draw the pennies. Those who foolishly give money should know that frequently the baby is not the child of the woman who accompanies the grinder, but is hired for the purpose, and that of the money given only a small portion finds its way into the pockets of those who work the organ, the bulk of the profit going to the *impresario* who lends out the machine by the day or the week. Certainly the piano-organ is to the writer the greatest curse of all. He considers it unnecessary to make any excuse for doing as much as he can of his desk-work on a Sunday; for, although his windows look into a quiet square, that is the only day when he can reckon on a few hours of peace from his tormentors. Think of that, ye Sabbatarians, and restrain your households, if you can, from helping to bring about such a dreadful result by giving money to these Italians, who no doubt have only the loosest ideas of Sabbath observance!

The residents in flats or terraces have to enjoy or suffer the music produced by their neighbours

on pianos and other instruments. This may be endured without complaint so long as it does not begin too soon or continue too late. It is the reasonable privilege of the tenant of the house, and stands on a different footing from the outdoor nuisance.

We have dwelt so long on musical offenders that we have no space to dilate on vexation caused by dogs that bark or howl at hours when most people are asleep; or by the 'final *miaow*, that weird unearthly din,' of the nocturnal Tom; or by occasional drunks or roisterers who hear and make us hear 'the chimes at midnight.' The latter may be, and are sometimes, dealt with by the police, although the mischief is usually done before the local guardian of the peace finds it convenient to arrive on the scene.

It remains only to consider very briefly whether anything can be done to improve matters in regard to noise in our large towns. Obviously the first object is to create a more healthy state of public opinion. For this purpose citizens who love quiet might form a society, with a small annual subscription; this being the orthodox British method of starting a reform. They might call it 'The Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise,' or S.S.U.N.; and if they wanted a motto they could take it from the first line of *Juvenal*, '*Semper ego auditor tantum*.' Such a society would, we believe, attract many adherents, and be able to bring much pressure to bear on individuals to prevent them from making unnecessary noise, or encouraging those who do so; and it might be able to influence municipalities to pass new laws or enforce old ones with the same object in view. We make the suggestion for what it is worth.

#### BIEN-AIMÉE.

ADDRESSED TO A SISTER WHOSE NAME WAS AIMÉE.

In the woods I hear a whisper,  
Like a murmur on the sea,  
Or a spirit, breathing gently  
Through the space 'tween you and me.

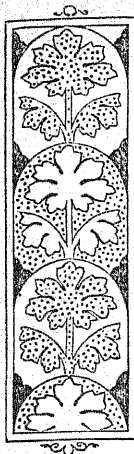
I am listening, always listening:  
I can almost see it pass;  
I can hear its gentle footfall  
On the leaves and through the grass.

What though my dull eyes are holden,  
Yet my heart is still with thine;  
Yet a bond, for aye unbroken,  
Ever links your hand to mine.

For 'whatever things are lovely'  
Shall be ours for evermore;  
Life begun is never-ending,  
Death is but an open door.

In my heart is ceaseless music  
From the ever-present past;  
Immortality enfolds us,  
Love unchanged shall hold us fast.

C. F.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.\*

By the Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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**U**NDER the old system, when the New York police force was the football of politics and a mighty engine of corruption, the force was managed by corrupt politicians in their own interests, and was used as much to blackmail criminals as to hunt down crime. I could hardly have advised any honest man to enter the force; but just as long as the present system of honest administration prevails the force will be a good one, and one in which an honest and able man can rise to very high position.

Most people do not understand the opportunities offered to an able man by a career in the New York police. In the first place, the police force gives a chance which is but rare nowadays—that is, a chance for a man to display the heroic qualities which we all admire, and must admire as long as we ourselves preserve the virile qualities common to the Anglo-Saxon race: courage, daring, readiness to risk life and limb in the performance of duty. These three qualities are continually called into exercise by the career of a New York police officer. He must, as a mere matter of business, continually face the 'toughs' and dangerous criminals. At times he has the chance to save life by rescuing persons from drowning or from burning buildings, or by stopping a runaway team. In other words, he has to show, very much as a fireman has to show, those qualities of hardihood and physical address which we admire in a soldier. The admiration thus called forth is amply justified. We ought, as a people, to admire courage and physical hardihood. The race which does not practise the great soldierly virtues never can succeed. We must be moral; we must be

straight and decent; but we must also be strong if we are to be a great people. No amount of cultivation or refinement, and not even morality, can atone for the lack of the fighting qualities: the qualities which enable man to face his foes, whether these foes be human or elemental. All of our teachers and preachers of virtue should keep this in mind, and should try to educate our young men to the understanding that they must be manly as well as moral.

A hardy and adventurous spirit, therefore, can always find a certain outlet for his energies in the New York Police Department; and it seems to me that this department could be well utilised in disposing of men who, if we had a war, would make good soldiers, but who in time of peace are rather wasted on ordinary trades. Of course, a good policeman, like a good soldier, must be sober, steady, temperate, and obedient; but to be the best kind of policeman he must have a little of the dare-devil in him as well.

The average mechanic or clerk of the class that should furnish the bulk of the applicants for the Police Department earns from one hundred and twenty to two hundred pounds a year. The policeman in New York earns much more. After he has served his noviciate in the force, he receives two hundred and eighty pounds a year; and, even if he never becomes anything more than an ordinary patrolman, at the end of the twenty-five years he is retired on a pension of one hundred and forty pounds. In other words, after working twenty-five years at very nearly double the salary which he would probably make outside, he is retired on a pension equivalent to just about what this outside salary would have been, at the very time he is getting old, and when, if he had not been in the police force, he would have begun to find it a little difficult to get the salary.

Nor is this all. He is well off, even if he never rises beyond the grade of patrolman; but

\* Written by President Roosevelt before his election as Vice-President, and while he was President of the New York Police Commission.



he has many chances of promotion, and there are within his reach some great prizes. The first grade of promotion is to roundsman. This increases his salary by twenty pounds, and gives him command over his fellows. The roundsman is an important man, for on him the discipline of the patrolmen largely depends. He must hold his men to a severe accountability, and in return he is held to a severe accountability by his superior officers. When a man has become roundsman he has already put his head up above the general level. He is a man of some importance, occupying a position of trust and responsibility, who is accustomed both to obey and to command. The next grade above is that of sergeant. Above this comes the police captain. The police captain earns five hundred and forty pounds a year. He is a man whose influence and whose responsibility are both alike great. The preservation of life and order in his district largely depends upon him. He is distinctly one of the men of note in that part of the city where he resides. A man who becomes a police captain can say very emphatically that he has accomplished something in life. His duties are as arduous, his responsibilities as great, as those of the colonel of an average regiment in time of war; and it is not too much to say that the average police captain who is fit for the position has qualities of heart and head which would fit him, under proper training, to command a regiment with credit. Above the captains come the inspectors, and then the head, the Chief of Police, who receives a salary of twelve hundred pounds a year. The whole force of four thousand police is under him: a command larger than that of the average brigadier-general, and one far more important than many brigadier-generals hold during all their lives. On his shoulders rests no small part of the task of protecting the orderly and warring against the disorderly classes in a city of nearly two million inhabitants. He is one of the men of mark in the city. He is a man of great power and of much consequence. In influence and weight he ranks well up among the great bankers and merchants and lawyers and railroad presidents, and they are all glad to be on good terms with him and to assist him, and to get him to assist them in return.

Now, exactly as in the days of Napoleon, when every French soldier was said to carry in his knapsack the baton of a marshal, so, under a clean and honest administration of the New York police force, every patrolman has before him the chance of some day being chief; so that every patrolman has not only his excellent position in the present, but he has always before him the chance that he will rise to be one of the men of mark in the city. In addition to this, he has opportunities for advancement on other lines. Thus, if he has detective capacity, he will prob-

ably be put in the detective bureau. Here is a life of extraordinary interest, and if he does something brilliant he can make a great name for himself.

Such are the rewards and prizes of the life. In return, the city necessarily demands a very high grade of quality among the police. First and foremost, we demand men of good character, as a matter of course. Under the old corrupt administration of the Board the whole force was plunged into an abyss of blackmailing and bribery and extortion; but so long as the principles put in execution by the present Board stay in existence, honesty, like courage, will be considered as an indispensable attribute of every member of the force from highest to lowest. Next to this, the officer must be of sound physique. He must be five feet eight inches in height at the lowest. He must be sound in wind and limb, without any defect of any kind, able to hold his own in a rough and tumble, and to hammer down obstacles. Accordingly the applicant is put through a very severe physical and medical examination. Finally, he must be quick and intelligent, possessing at least such an education as he would have if he attended one of the public schools. The mental examination is framed to test him on such points. If he passes all these examinations as to character and bodily and mental development successfully, under the present rule he is appointed and holds his position without regard to his politics or religion, or to whether he has or has not any influential friends.

By a few examples I may perhaps give a better idea of what a policeman can do and ought to do, and of the dangers to which he is either subjected or subjects himself.

First of all, to take the least pleasant side of the subject, I shall speak of the temptations and dangers which beset a police officer. He deals largely with criminals, and with the men to be found in every great city who lead vicious lives and wish the police to connive at or favour their viciousness. A gambler or a saloon-keeper who wants to violate the law would like to be protected by the police in so violating it. Consequently he is ready to pay blackmail, and it was this blackmail which before the present administration took office spread a festering corruption throughout the whole force. We have, however, almost entirely rooted it out, exactly as we rooted out the old system by which men paid money for promotion or got it through political influence, and have substituted instead a system of appointing and promoting men purely on their merits. Nowadays the average policeman is not corrupt; he is in no danger from corruption in the department. His troubles arise from growing lax in his duties or trying to shirk work, or, in especial, from drinking. Any man, whether a policeman or not, who becomes a

drunkard is useless to society at large, and a curse both to himself and his family; but a policeman has to do work for which drunkenness is a complete disqualification. Accordingly the Board is severe upon men who become intoxicated even to only a slight degree. Sometimes on a cold night, when alone on his beat, it is a very great temptation for a policeman to leave it and get warm inside a saloon. A policeman who yields to this temptation is done. He may escape two or three times, but sooner or later he is found out, and then is either fined heavily or dismissed from the force.

A policeman who shirks work or gets drunk may not be a brutal man; but there are some men who because they are vested with authority like to misuse it. These are the men who in the past have so often clubbed or abused innocent citizens in New York. To this the present Board put a complete stop. Every respectable citizen can now count upon being treated with courtesy by the police. The Board has not the slightest sympathy for 'toughs' and law-breakers. If a rowdy gets into a controversy with the police the Board is delighted to see him suffer, and should a policeman be attacked we are delighted if he uses his club in self-defence and so administers a severe thrashing to the man who has attacked him or has interfered with him in the discharge of his duty; but if he in any way interferes with or mishandles a law-abiding citizen, he is certain to be severely punished if the offence is found out.

Now let me turn to a pleasanter side of the subject, and show by examples taken almost at random how an officer can distinguish himself by serving as a policeman, and can thus win promotion; and I shall purposely take only those that occurred during my own term of office.

Shortly after I became president of the New York police force my attention was attracted by a clipping from a paper describing how one of our roundsmen had saved a woman from drowning. I immediately summoned the man before me. He came—a soldierly-looking, white-headed, erect old fellow, who had been twenty-one years in the force, and was a veteran of the Civil War. I found that he had for a long time been stationed on the river-front, being an excellent swimmer, and that he had saved no less than twenty-five people from death by drowning. He had many medals—gold, silver, and bronze—given him by life-saving societies and by the Police Department, and two granted him by a special act of Congress on behalf of the National Government. The man's career was without a blemish. He had been sober, industrious, and faithful in his duties. We felt that he had earned his promotion, and we made him sergeant.

Another case was that of a patrolman who

performed a deed of signal bravery at a fire. He reached the scene before the fire-engines came. The flames had already cut off a woman and two children. However, he dashed through the fire, ran up the stifling, smoke-shrouded stairs, got the woman and both children, and, bursting open a window, succeeded in climbing along a gutter to the roof of a neighbouring house, making the journey three times and rescuing all three persons. This man had two or three serious blemishes on his past record; but we finally promoted him, after having kept him waiting a sufficient length of time to impress him with the fact that gallantry could not atone for bad discipline, and that he must combine both qualities if he wished to win his spurs or to retain them.

Another man, a member of the mounted squad, had led quite a remarkable career, having stopped no less than thirty-seven runaways. He had also done good duty otherwise, and he got promotion accordingly.

Much of the most important part of a policeman's duty is to control and keep in order the turbulent portion of the population. Sometimes he has to deal merely with individual criminals; sometimes he has to deal with mobs, as in a strike or railway riot. In one instance we promoted a man chiefly because of an act which showed courage, physical prowess, and strong sense of duty combined. One night he surprised three desperate characters, all ex-convicts, in the act of highway robbery. He attacked them at once, and for a moment or two there was a regular pitched fight. His left hand was broken by a blow from a bludgeon, and one of the highwaymen escaped; but he knocked down both of the others, took them to the station, and they were afterwards sent to Sing Sing prison. He himself went to the hospital, and had his broken hand put in a plaster cast. He had a perfect right to stay off duty until his hand recovered, which would not have been within three or four weeks; but instead of doing so he returned at once to his precinct and resumed his work, never taking so much as a day off. There had not been a complaint of any kind against him, and he was promoted forthwith.

As an example of what a policeman can do by a combination of headwork and courage, take another roundsman. There was a strike and much rioting in his district. He was told to take six men and keep a certain line of railroad open. The mob had reached a point where it was sullen and dangerous; and finding this to be the case, the roundsman promptly took decisive measures, charged it, clubbing right and left, and without giving it a moment's chance to rally, drove it in headlong flight, and kept the whole railroad line clear. He had won his promotion to a sergeancy by a deed which was military in its efficiency.

For another variety of work take the following: One day, while one of our officers was returning home in plain clothes, his tour of duty for the day being ended, he noticed two men whose actions struck him as suspicious. Very many officers, when their day off comes, are so anxious to see their families and to enjoy a little leisure that they will not, if they can avoid it, do police duty or arrest anybody. But this patrolman was of another stamp. He followed the two men at a distance, they thinking him merely a citizen, and finally observed them receive from a confederate a bag which he was convinced contained burglars' tools. Watching his chance later, he suddenly seized and arrested them. They proved to be well-known burglars who were wanted because of the crimes they had committed. This started us to look up the officer's record, and we found that he had a real genius for detecting and arresting criminals, possessing not only keen intelligence but much nerve; and the aggregate of the sentences of the criminals he had arrested footed up to one hundred and eighty-seven years in States prison, not to speak of a murderer who had been executed for his crime.

With one final example I shall close, choosing this one to show how a man can raise himself by doing a little more than his duty. One night one of our patrolmen saw a man leap out of the window of a house and run down the street. He, of course, promptly chased him. The man was a burglar, and armed. The officer,

however, went after him, and was overtaking him when they came to Park Avenue, underneath which is the tunnel through which run the trains of the New York Central Railroad. There are a number of big openings in the top of this tunnel, and through one of these the burglar plunged. It was a long leap, and there was danger from the trains underneath, but a man whose liberty is at stake will take a heavy risk. The patrolman was following after. He was inspired by nothing but duty. His liberty was not at stake, and he could not have been punished or reprimanded for failing to risk his neck by jumping into the tunnel. Nevertheless jump he did. The burglar had the wind knocked out of him by the jump. The patrolman, more skilful or lucky in jumping, got off scot-free, seized the prisoner, brought him in, and thereby earned his promotion.

Promotion to the higher ranks must be won not merely by courage, honesty, and alertness, but by the display of executive capacity of no mean order. The present Chief and inspectors have won their places by the exercise of traits which show their fitness to lead and to handle large bodies of men. So long as the present conditions continue, the police force of New York ought to offer an attractive field to any young man who is poor, who wishes to obtain a good salary for life, and at the same time to have before him a career in which, if he possesses the requisite courage and ability, he may raise himself to a very high position.

## THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

### CHAPTER II.



NE bright, sunshiny afternoon a few weeks subsequent to the day on which she went with John for a walk in the glen, Lesley was sitting alone in the parlour of the manse singing in her blithe young voice:

'O saw ye bonnie Lesley  
As she gaed o'er the border?  
She's gaen, like Alexander,  
To spread her conquests farther!  
'To see her is to love her,  
And love but her for ever:  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And never made anither!  
'Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
Thy subjects, we before thee;  
Thou art divine, fair Lesley'—

when a scuffle in the lobby and the opening of the door by an old domestic interrupted the melody.

'Oh, it's only Miss Lesley,' broke in the disappointed tones of old Elspeth. 'The minister's no' here after all. I'm sorry, sir, for bringin'

ye ben; but ye ken it's near tea-time, an' I thoct, aiblins, to find him in the parlour.'

'Pray don't apologise,' returned a man's voice. 'If Miss Lesley will forgive my intrusion, I will gladly come in and wait for the minister's return.'

As he spoke Elspeth flung the door wider and stood aside, revealing a tall figure clad in the roughest of tweed knickerbockers, and with an amused expression on his stern and somewhat supercilious face.

'It's the gentleman frae Barhulican, Miss Lesley,' she exclaimed by way of introduction. 'He says he'll wait for the minister, so I'll just set the tea, an' you can gi'e him a cup in the hand to keep him frae wearyin'.—The minister'll no' be lang, sir; I can promise you that,' she added, with many emphatic nods in the visitor's direction.

As the door closed behind Elspeth, Lesley found herself joining in her guest's evident amusement.

'I never touch tea,' he said, 'so I am afraid if you do your duty you will have to invent some other antidote to prevent me from wearying.'



Lesley laughed again, more shyly this time, for was she not alone with the great man, the mere sight of whom had so aroused her interest in church that first Sunday morning, and the magic of whose reputation had since thrilled her through and through with a delightful dread?

Yet, notwithstanding her fears, there was a certain necessity stirring within her to rise to the occasion. It was as if by some unconscious power the stranger had given her challenge, putting her on her mettle and impelling her to equality with himself.

'I am sorry the minister is out,' she said as their hands met. 'Did you wish very particularly to see him?'

A slight look of perplexity crossed his face; then he said, with a smile, 'Very particularly indeed. I should have returned his call sooner; but the fact is'—

'Oh, my uncle did not tell me he had called,' interrupted Lesley, reddening with confusion.

'And so you very naturally imagined that I had come to consult him on the welfare of my soul,' he supplemented dryly; 'but if I may finish my apology—my soul is in no particular danger, I can assure you—I have been away off and on a good deal, and the fascinations of my trusty "greenheart" are still very strong.'

'But you have not had good sport,' said his hostess politely.

His lordship smiled. 'No. I see I have thereby earned your contempt; but how, may I ask, have my failures reached your ears?'

'Oh, they hear in the village every evening,' explained Lesley; 'and of course we hear too.'

'This publicity is fearful,' said Lord Coalstoun good-humouredly. 'It is said that "manners maketh a man;" but I fear they also make a hypocrite. Up to this I have prided myself upon the courtliness of my attendant gillies; but I shall trust them never again. They are Norse Highlanders, Miss Gordon: need I make any further excuse for them?'

He spoke easily and quietly, and with an air of friendliness which seemed to reduce the distance between them and put the girl completely at her ease.

'But I interrupted you,' he said suddenly during a pause in the conversation. 'Will you do me a favour, and sing "Bonnie Lesley" again from the commencement?'

If he had expected her to demur he was disappointed. She turned at once to the piano, and sang through the old ballad with spirit.

When she had come to an end he thanked her quietly, but offered no comment on the performance. Indeed, his thoughts seemed far away. 'I suppose your cousin is still in Edinburgh?' he remarked at last.

'John?' echoed Lesley in some surprise. 'Oh yes, he is at college; but'—

Lord Coalstoun uttered a sapient laugh.

'You were with him the first day I saw you,' he explained in answer to her evident astonishment, 'and I have heard a great deal about him since. They appear to be very proud of him in the village.'

'Ah! of course they are,' returned Lesley carelessly. 'He has gained the gold medal every year since he went to college. This is his last term, and then he will be a full-fledged minister like my uncle. I can hardly believe it. It is strange to think,' she added, with a friendly smile, 'that you and John have been so often together in Edinburgh without seeing each other—though of course he had heard of you.'

A flash of amusement lit up his lordship's gray eyes at her words; but the next instant he was grave again.

'Not so very strange after all,' he commented, 'when you remember that we are two busy men. The college, I suppose, swallows up your cousin from morning till night, and—well—my place of business pretty well monopolises me.'

'That is the Parliament House, is it not?' cried Lesley eagerly, seizing upon the opening his allusion had offered to learn something from his own lips of that life which to her appeared in such heroic perspective. 'John has often told me about the Law Courts,' she went on impulsively, 'and the great trials that take place there, and I have tried hard to picture you'—She broke off, overcome with a sudden sense of trepidation.

'Well?' he queried. 'Go on: you have tried to picture me—how? Ah, I can guess,' as she remained silent, covered with confusion. 'But I may as well inform you at once that there is nothing romantic about my calling. Unfortunately, there is no allowance made in it for illusions of any sort, and one gets out of the way of indulging in them; only when I am on my holidays I make-believe sometimes—just by way of practice'—He broke off, his eyes dwelling with trained appreciation on the beautiful, glowing face opposite him. 'But all this reminds me,' he added with an abrupt change of tone, 'that I have to go back to work to-morrow.'

'Then there is no use asking you to take a ticket for the concert?' said Lesley, recovering herself.

'What concert?' he queried.

'It is the only entertainment we ever have,' she explained, colouring a little. 'It is got up for the ministers' widows.'

'There appears to be a certain sameness about your interests,' commented his lordship *sotto voce*. But Lesley was busy prying among a stack of papers upon the mantelshelf, and did not hear his remark.

'There is a programme,' she said at last, triumphantly turning to him.

He scanned it with interest. 'I see you are lending your services,' he said, glancing at her as she stood before him, flushed and eager.

'Yes, I always sing the first song,' she answered, with a little apologetic laugh. 'You see, it gives the others confidence.'

'Which they stand in sore need of, I imagine,' he remarked. 'Well, may I have half-a-dozen tickets for the front row?'

'But you will not be here!' she demurred.

'You are a shocking saleswoman, Miss Gordon,' he replied, smiling as he folded up the programme and placed it carefully in his pocket-book. 'The next time I come to Barhulican I shall probably bring my sister, and perhaps a friend or two. Think of the enormous benefit of having an entertainment ready-made for their amusement in the midst of the unspeakable wilderness. And now for the payment,' he continued, rising to receive the tickets from her, and placing a sovereign on the table as he did so.

'But I have no change,' said Lesley frankly, 'and the tickets are only a shilling each.'

He shook his head. 'An absurdly small price for the privilege of being present. But may I confess something, Miss Gordon? I have become imbued with a sudden and devouring interest in all ministers' widows, and it must have an outlet, so I pray you do not balk my zeal; but if I may ask you one favour, will you make an alteration in the programme, and sing "Bonnie Lesley" instead of that effusion with the ridiculously sentimental name?'

'I am afraid I could not,' she replied, shaking her head dubiously.

'And why not?' he queried.

'Because it would sound conceited, you see'—and frankly—'my name is Lesley.'

'As I have been aware for three weeks,' he remarked with a gleam in his eyes.

His words brought an exquisite colour to her cheeks. 'I am sorry that I have to refuse when you have been so very kind,' she said with great dignity; 'but the people would think I had done it on purpose.'

'And if they did,' he queried, 'what matter? The people you have always with you; but I am a stranger and with but few opportunities of hearing a song sung as I like it sung.'

'You are very kind,' said Lesley again, her mouth taking on an obstinate curve; 'but still I am afraid it is out of the question.'

He smiled tolerantly. 'I see,' he said. 'Then I shall be obliged to make you.'

She felt the virile force of his will dominating her purpose, and instinctively she rebelled.

'Make me?' she echoed, throwing back her head.

Their eyes locked for an instant; then he smiled again.

'Wait and see,' he said. He held out his hand abruptly. 'And now I must be off. Will you tell your uncle how sorry I was to miss him?'

'It's just chappit the hour, Miss Lesley,' said Elspeth, putting her head round the door at this juncture.—'Oh,' with a reproachful glance in Lord Coalstoun's direction as she perceived his preparations for departure, 'surely you're no' gangin', your worship; the minister 'll be back in two minutes, I can assure you, an' the tea's just freshly masked.'

'I have already confessed this afternoon that I never touch tea,' said his lordship, laughing, 'and'—with an amused glance at Lesley—'I am afraid if I stay a moment longer I shall never be allowed to come back again.'

Lesley followed him to the door and walked beside him down the short avenue which led to the gate. On both sides was the straggling, old-fashioned garden, with its plots of flower-beds interspersed with strange specimens of the topiarian art—the especial pride of old Donald the minister's man. Beyond, again, stretched the glebe fields, gray and peaceful in the sudden twilight of winter.

'I suppose you love your garden,' said Coalstoun, glancing from the border of hollyhocks to the tall vivid slip of womanhood by his side.

'Oh yes, of course,' she replied vaguely, 'except sometimes when I am in a discontented mood.'

'Have you ever been in Edinburgh?' he asked suddenly.

She sighed. 'No. I have never lived in a town; and as my cousin hates town life, I don't suppose I ever shall.'

Lord Coalstoun cast a curious glance at her; then a faint smile of comprehension lit up his face. At the white barred gate, with its clumps of elms and sycamores on both sides shutting out the manse from the narrow loaning, he stopped.

'I sympathise with John,' he said, smiling inscrutably down at her. 'After all, the garden is best;' and with an abrupt raising of his tweed cap he was gone.

(To be continued.)



# OLD GARDENS.

By P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.



THE glory of summer is gone, the harvest is past, and heavy rains and dark skies and the damp and dismal days have come, which mark the approach of winter. Soon hard frosts and snow will clothe our trees with hoary whiteness. No longer does Nature tempt us abroad, though the gardener knows how precious are the dark November days for the developing of spring-time loveliness, and how much depends upon his winter's work. Now the study and one's 'ain fireside' have a charm that is all their own; and if we follow Lord Rosebery's advice we shall 'in our short Scotch winter days turn to the printed page, and from the literature of gardens conjure up something of our own summer delights.'

'The garden that I love,' quite as fervently as the Poet-Laureate loves his, is an old garden which has been much altered in the course of ages. Sweet sheltered walks with high and thick holly or box hedges, and gardens surrounded by walls and parterres and terraces, used to flourish with every old country house. Everything was beautiful, well ordered, and grateful to the senses. Then came a crowd of ignorant reformers, who cut down the lovely hedges, destroyed the walls, uprooted the flower-beds, and made the place a wilderness. This they called the 'new English fashion' of gardening, a return to nature, and deserved the gallows for their pains. Such gardens, so fashioned, look as if they had been laid out by an undertaker, and the designers of landscape-gardening were mere ignorant and visionary amateurs and a Grub Street poet who had probably no other garden than the pot of mint before his windows. Some foreigners say we borrowed the idea from the Chinese. Gabriel Thouin claims the doubtful honour for the French, and asserts that Dufresnoy, a Parisian architect, fashioned the first landscape-garden in the Faubourg Saint Antoine at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Malacarne of Padua says that Charles, the first Duke of Savoy, invented this style in a park near Turin, which Tasso immortalised in his poem on *Jerusalem*, which Chaucer copied, and which Warton and Eustace suggest as more likely to have given the first idea of an 'English garden' than Milton's description of Paradise. The poet Mason asserts that Bacon was the prophet, Milton the herald, and Addison, Pope, and Kent the champions of what he is pleased to call 'the true taste.'

It matters not very much to whom this doubtful honour belongs; at any rate the destroyers have scarcely left us a decent hedge or sheltered

walk to protect us from the east winds, and have killed many of the old flowers which delighted our forefathers and made our gardens earthly paradises. Few people admire now the degenerate formal gardens, the clipping of yews into fantastical shapes, which aroused the satire of Addison. He wrote in *The Guardian*:

'How contrary to simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of art itself; we run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals than in the most regular of their own. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants like those at Guildhall. I know an eminent cook who beautified his country seat with a coronation dinner in greens, where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

'For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. My correspondent is arrived at such perfection that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands in hornbeam. I shall proceed to his catalogue, as he sent it for my recommendation.

"Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing; the Tower of Babel not yet finished; St George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to strike the dragon by next April; a Queen Elizabeth in *phyllyrea*, a little inclining to the green-sickness, but of full growth; an old maid-of-honour in worm-wood; divers eminent poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a pennyworth; a quickset hog shot up into a porcupine by its being forgot a week in rainy weather," &c.

We derived this taste for clipping trees into odd shapes from the Italians, who inherited it from the old Romans; but to them our gardens owe much of their symmetry, beautiful formality, and exact design. The Dutch, perhaps, taught us much in the cultivation of absurdities. They certainly used to disfigure their grounds by absurd and frivolous ornaments and traps and snares for the unwary, which have been copied by some Englishmen, and are the apotheosis of bad taste.



At every resting-place some kind of conceit was formed for surprising the visitor. If he sat down, the seat was probably so contrived as to sink under him. If he entered a grotto or approached a summer-house, water was squirted from concealed fountains. The dial had a lens so placed that during sunshine the priming of a small cannon fell under its focus just as the sun reached the meridian, when of course the cannon was discharged. An artificial cave sometimes was fashioned like a lion's den, with the head of a lion cut in stone peeping from the entrance. Many will remember the mischievous fountain at Chatsworth which squirts water on all who are enticed beneath it; and in the days of my grandfather there was a very humorous garden at Ormskirk, where the host used to startle his guests by touching certain springs which caused hidden caverns to open and a stuffed lion or leopard to spring out upon them.

There was a curious garden near Antwerp which contained scenes of tonsile evergreens, vistas, canals, lakes, secret waterworks, caves, tombs, a lawn with a flock of stone sheep, a shepherd, and dogs, dwarfs, a drunkard, and other paltry contrivances.

These examples of the degeneracy of formal gardens paved the way for the introduction of the new style, which destroyed the wheat as well as the tares. Let us look at an old garden ere it was wrecked and cut about by these wanton innovators. Its design was based on Italian models, and these were framed after the pattern of the ancient Roman gardens. Pliny the Younger tells us of his winter garden at his villa Laurentinum, which looked upon the Bay of Ostia. It was surrounded by hedges of box, and where that failed, by rosemary. There were platforms and terraces, and figs and vines and mulberries. He delights to tell of the beauties of his woods, his rich meadows covered with cattle, the Bay of Ostia, the scattered villas upon its shore, and the blue distance of the mountains, his porticoes and seats for divers views, and his favourite little cabinet in which they were all united.

Pliny's Tusculan villa was his chief delight, basking amid the Apennines, whose lofty summits were crowned with forests of oak and their fertile sides covered with corn-fields, vineyards, copses, and villas. Before the house was the xystus or terrace, and from this descended a lawn covered with acanthus or moss, and adorned with figures of animals cut out in box-trees. The lawn was surrounded by a walk enclosed with tonsile evergreens sheared into a variety of forms. Beyond this was a circular place for exercise, ornamented in the middle with box-trees sheared into numberless different shapes; and the whole was fenced in by a wall covered with box. In another part of the garden was a small space of ground shaded by four plane-trees, with a foun-

tain in the centre. A plantation of trees met the eye in another direction in the form of a hippodrome formed of box and plane trees alternately planted and connected by ivy, the semi-circular ends being formed of cypress, and behind them were placed bay-trees. Rose-trees bordered the walks, which were in a winding direction, ending in a straight path, and then branching off into a variety of others, separated by box-hedges. These were sheared into a variety of shapes and letters, some expressing the name of the master, others that of the designer; while here and there were small obelisks, intermixed with fruit-trees.

There were endless wonders in this marvellous garden: an alcove of white marble shaded by vines and supported by marble pillars, and from the seat flowed several streams of water, as if pressed out by the weight of those who sat thereon; a fountain throwing out water to a considerable height; a beautiful summer-house opening on a green enclosure, and furnished with a fountain and many marble seats, each having a fountain near it; while rills of water flowed here and there, delighting the ear with their murmuring sound and refreshing the trees and flowers of the wondrous place. In addition there was a temple of Ceres, a farm, a park, a kitchen-garden, orchard, apiary, *cochlearium* or snailery, and *glivarium* or place for dormice.

Such was the marvellous garden of a noble Roman, which served as a model for the fashioning of pleasure-grounds in the seventeenth century. The representations of the gardens of Herculaneum show that the same plan was adopted in that ancient city. There were square enclosures formed by trellis-work and trees spread out like a fan, and fountains and vases and statues; and the same arrangement has survived to the present time.

Hawthorne thus describes the Medici gardens: 'They are laid out in the old fashion of straight paths, with borders of box, which form hedges of great height and density, and are shorn and trimmed to the evenness of a wall of stone at the top and sides. There are green alleys with long vistas, overshadowed by ilex-trees; and at each intersection of the paths the visitor finds seats of lichen-covered stone to repose on, and marble statues that look forlornly at him, regretful of their lost noses. In the more open portions of the gardens, before the sculptured front of the villa, you see fountains and flower-beds; and in their season a profusion of roses, from which the genial sun of Italy distils a fragrance to be scattered abroad by the no less genial breeze.'

Early in the seventeenth century the revived classic style of architecture was transplanted into England by Inigo Jones. This celebrated architect had carefully studied in Italy the works of Palladio, then but recently deceased, and effected a complete revolution in the arrangement of an

English gentleman's house. Italian villas became the fashion, and our gardens were modelled after the pattern of those seen in Italy. The terraces adjoined the house, the lawn declining thence; we see again Pliny's flower-garden with a fountain in the centre, the walk bordered with box, the trees sheared into whimsical artificial forms, together with fountains, alcoves, and summer-houses.

Sir William Temple thus describes what he considered to be a perfect garden: 'The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire. I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expense. It lies at the side of a hill, upon which the house stands, but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use and pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden; the great parlour opens into the midst of a terrace gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may be about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border set with standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange-trees out of flower and fruit. From this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, with a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues at the several quarters. At the end of the terrace-walks are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters open to the garden. Over these two cloisters are two terraces covered with lead and fenced with balusters; and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer-houses at the end of the first terrace-walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines. From the middle of the parterre is a descent by many steps into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees, ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness, which is very shady; the walks here are all green, and there is a grotto embellished with figures of shell rock-work, fountains, and waterworks.'

Here was a garden beautiful in every respect, charming in every detail. The Countess of Bedford was its originator, and Dr Donne says that it was 'the sweetest place he had ever seen in his life, before or since, at home or abroad.' It has, of course, long since been destroyed, and its place occupied by lawns and trees.

Horace Walpole tells the sad story of the devastation of these old gardens with many a sigh, which finds an echo in our hearts to-day. He wrote: 'No succeeding generation in an opulent and luxurious country contents itself with the perfection established by its ancestors; more perfect perfection was still sought, and improvements had gone on till Loudon and Wise had stocked all our gardens with giants, animals, monsters, coats-of-arms and mottoes, in yew, box,

and holly. Bridgman, the next fashionable designer of gardens, was far more chaste; he banished verdant sculpture, and did not even revert to the square precision of the foregoing age. He enlarged his plans, disdaining to make every division tally to its opposite; and though he still adhered much to straight walks with high-clipped hedges, they were only his great lines; the rest he diversified with wilderness, and with loose groves of oak, though still within surrounding hedges. As his reformation gained footing, he ventured to introduce cultivated fields and even morsels of forest appearance by the sides of those endless and tiresome walks.

'But the capital stroke, the leading step to all that followed, was the destruction of walls for boundaries and the invention of fosses: an attempt then deemed so astonishing that the common people called them "Ha! ha's!" to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk. No sooner was this simple enchantment made than levelling, mowing, and rolling followed. The contiguous ground of the park without the sunk fence was to be harmonised with the lawn within; and the garden in its turn was to be set free from its prim regularity, that it might assort with the wilder country without. At that moment appeared Kent, painter enough to taste the charms of landscape, bold and opinionative enough to dare and to dictate, and born with a genius to strike out a great system from the twilight of imperfect essays.'

Who was this wretch that dared such sacrilege? This Kent was a Yorkshireman, an apprentice of a coach-painter in 1719. He discovered a genius for painting, and was patronised by Lord Burlington, with whom he lived, after a journey to Italy, at Burlington House. He painted historical subjects and ceilings. The hall at Stowe was adorned by his brush. Then he took up architecture, and finally landscape-gardening. Claremont and Esher were his first efforts. Kensington Gardens were also manipulated by him, where he actually introduced dead trees in order to produce the appearance of natural woods. Could anything be more artificial, more antagonistic to good taste? Yet he won the approval of the men of his generation, and amongst them Mason the poet was warm in his praise, alluding to Kent's Elysian scenes in the highest style of panegyric. He tells how Kent prided himself in shading with evergreens his most cherished productions, and attributes to him all that had been done by 'the most deservedly admired designers,' Southcote, Hamilton, Lyttleton, Pit, Shenstone, Morris, and Wright. Had Kent never exterminated the bounds of regularity, never actually traversed the way of freedom of manner, these cultivated artists would never have found it of themselves.

Wright succeeded Kent in the cultivation of these barbarous methods. He is said to have produced 'an admirable effect' on a lawn at

Beckett House, the seat of Lord Barrington; decorated a copsewood with roses at Stoke, near Bristol; designed the terrace-walk at Oatlands; and constructed a river which was not infrequently mistaken for the Thames itself.

Then fashion fixed upon a poor gardener named Brown, and made him prime favourite. A worse choice could not have been made. He was an ignorant Northumbrian, and utterly devoid of taste. He became head-gardener at Stowe; but Lord Cobham very wisely confined his efforts to the kitchen-garden. By the influence of his master he became royal gardener at Hampton Court and Windsor. At Blenheim he constructed the large artificial lake and attained the summit of his popularity. The gardens he wrecked are beyond all reckoning. Improvement was the passion of the day, and there was scarcely a country gentleman who did not consult the royal gardener. Daines Barrington says of him that 'he had undoubtedly great merit in laying out pleasure-grounds; but I conceive that in some of his plans I see more traces of the kitchen-gardener of old Stowe than of Poussin or Claude Lorraine.' He was fond of planting crowded circular clumps of fir, which excited the ridicule of many, and was defended by the artist as being 'playful.' His general plan was to surround the ground to be cultivated by a narrow belt of trees, and fill in the enclosed space with these miserable round or oval clumps, and a reach or two of a tame river on different levels. This is the sort of plan which prevailed from about 1740 to 1790, when the whim ceased. Sir William Chambers declared that if it had continued for any longer period there would not have been found three trees in a line from Land's End to the Tweed. The only benefit which accrued from this curious method of laying out gardens was that which fell to the lot of Martin Brown—'Capability Brown,' as he was nicknamed—who amassed a large fortune.

There was naturally a revolt from this style of laying out gardens which was far more formal than the formal style which it displaced. An ancient garden had avenues, alleys, stars, *pâtes-d'oye*, pelotons (square clumps), circular masses, rows, and strips; but this degenerated Brown-designed garden had only a belt, a clump, and a single tree. The shafts of satire were levelled at these daring destroyers of old gardens and at the folly of fashion which permitted such atrocities. The author of *Village Memoirs* (1775) scoffs at the professor of gardening under the title of 'Lay Out,' and declares that most of the landscape-gardens were evidently planned by some general undertaker. Wyndham laughs at the idea that they should be arranged so as to look well in a picture. Salvator Rosa painted beautiful pictures of caves. Are we therefore to live in caves? Gainsborough's 'Country Girl' is more picturesque than a child neatly dressed. Are our children to go in rags? Places are not to be laid out with a view to their appearance in a picture, but to their use and the enjoyment of them in real life. With this view gravel-walks and neat mown lawns, straight alleys, fountains, terraces, parterres, and cut hedges, are in perfect good taste, and infinitely more conformable to the principles which form the basis of our pleasures in those instances than the docks and thistles and litter and disorder that may make a much better figure in a picture.

Thus thoughtful men were feeling after and finding a more excellent way; but, as in many other departments of life, 'the evils that men do live after them.' Revolutions uproot and destroy, and it is often impossible to restore what wanton hands have sacrificed to momentary whims and passions. Let us cherish the beauties that remain, our diminished inheritance, which time has spared, and resolve that no rude hand or devouring spade shall deprive us of them.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### RESTORING THOSE APPARENTLY DEAD.



ANY cases are on record in which persons apparently dead have been restored to life by the persevering practice of what is known as artificial respiration, and it is quite certain that in cases of drowning or other forms of asphyxiation hopes of restoration should not be given up until a long time has been devoted to the necessary work. Rhythmical traction of the tongue has been known to revive the respiratory function when other means have failed, and Dr Laborde, of Paris, has contrived for this purpose a small machine which can be worked either by clock-movement or electric motor. In

the course of his experiments to test the value of this remedy he chloroformed a vigorous bulldog, weighing thirty-five pounds, to such an extent that there was no perceptible respiration. After fifteen minutes' tongue-traction the dog recovered sensibility. In another experiment anæsthesia was carried to a much further point, and in this latter case the animal recovered its faculties after two and a half hours' tongue-traction. With regard to the human patient, he is laid on his back, while the little instrument is placed on a stand which projects over his chest. A pair of broad tweezers grasps the tongue, and is attached to the mechanism, which keeps up a continued pulling in-and-out action. Dr Laborde's experiments point to the assumption that although an animal organism may have



apparently ceased to live externally, the germ of life still persists internally, and can be made to assert itself by the means described.

#### NATURE-STUDY.

During the past few decades we have had a plethora of exhibitions, and all trades and manufactures have been represented in this popular form. But the Nature-study Exhibition, which was held at the Botanical Gardens, London, this autumn, differed from all its predecessors in its character and objects. It was to a large extent an experiment, the idea being to ascertain what steps were being taken to teach young people who are surrounded by bricks and mortar the truths of natural history, and to find out how far these efforts to study nature had been successful. The result of the appeal to various schools brought a hearty response, and both rich and poor sent in articles for exhibition, the various Board schools in the great towns and rural districts being well represented. Some of the work shown was most admirably done, notably the wax models of insects, plants, &c.; while the raised maps, modelled in plaster and coloured, showed how well the children in some districts are made to understand the nature of the district in which they live. Photographs illustrative of the geology of a neighbourhood as evidenced by quarries, railway cuttings, &c., were also in evidence. We trust that this exhibition is only the first of a number of similar institutions, for the public must be kept alive to the extreme value and importance of this method of teaching the young.

#### AN ISTHMIAN RAILROAD.

The long-projected canal at Panamá, which seems at last to have entered the domain of things practicable, has a rival in the railway which crosses the isthmus of Tehuantepec. A glance at the map of Central America will show that the barrier which separates the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is at this point somewhat broader than the strip of land at Panamá, while at the same time it is some hundreds of miles west of that place. Seven years ago the Mexican Government constructed a railroad here which has a length of one hundred and ninety-two miles; but it was very primitive in design, and quite unfit for the heavy traffic which would ensue if this route should ever become one of the world's highways. The Pearson Company, which has already carried out many important works, have undertaken to reconstruct this railway, and to establish a port at each end of the line for the accommodation of the biggest ships afloat, and the work is to be completed early next year. The few brick bridges which now span the line will be replaced by steel girder erections, which better withstand any seismic disturbance which may occur. Very extensive

harbour works and dock facilities both on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard are in progress, and these works will be fitted with electric cranes and other appliances of the most modern type.

#### REJUVENATED RUBBER.

Most persons know by personal experience that india-rubber goods are perishable, and that neither the popular 'mackintosh' nor the rubber wheel-tire has an unlimited lease of life. Many plans have been suggested for the renewal of rubber, so that old goods may be made to give up the worn-out material, which by certain processes is made fit to enter once more upon a commercial career. This rejuvenated substance is known in New York as 'recovered' rubber, and a factory for its preparation has recently been established there. The principal source of the rubber treated is the discarded galosh, a form of footwear used to a far greater extent in America than it has ever been in Britain; and there are two processes, the one mechanical and the other chemical, by which the rubber is 'recovered.' In the first process the material is ground between rollers, then run over magnets which extract from it any particles of iron; and next a current of air is employed to blow away textile fibres and dust. It is then heated, with or without the addition of oil—a process which to a certain extent devulcanises the rubber—and is finally rolled into sheets. In the chemical process the rubber is robbed of its impurities by treatment with acid; but this method has the inconvenience of leaving a waste acid product which is difficult of disposal. Old rubber can never be made like new; but there is a good demand for rubber goods of low price, and the new manufacture is now a regular article of export from America to this country.

#### CHAMPAGNE.

There is fashion in wines as in everything else. The sherries and ports in which our forefathers delighted have long ago given place to clarets, and now clarets are losing their position in the public estimation in favour of sparkling wines like champagne. However, real champagne is about as rare as real cognac; and as the demand must be met, various imitations find their way into the market. Some find their origin in the juice of the grape, but there is little doubt that a large number are prepared from other vegetable juices. According to the *Society of Arts Journal*, the owners of some vineyards in the Médoc country, recognising that their claret has found a formidable rival in champagne, are now producing sparkling wines made by the same process as that followed by the champagne-growers, and we are told that 'to the ordinary taste there is nothing but the label to distinguish sparkling Médoc from the best brands of champagne.' The colour of the

grape presents no difficulty if the dark skins be removed before fermentation, and as a matter of fact the champagne grapes are as black as those grown in the Médoc country.

#### OLD WATERWORKS.

In the course of some recent excavations in the City of London some curious wooden water-pipes were unearthed. These are formed of the trunks of trees nearly two feet in diameter, with a bore of about eight inches. One end of each length of piping is cut to a point, so that it might easily fit into the hollow of the next length in order. These pipes are supposed to be about one hundred and fifty years old, and were probably laid by the New River Company to convey water from their reservoir to Finsbury, which, although now a strictly commercial district of London, was once a fashionable neighbourhood bordered by fields and hedges. The early methods of supplying the Metropolis with water seem to have been of a very rough-and-ready description. Less than two centuries ago the supply was pumped up from the Thames at London Bridge by the action of water-wheels turned by the tide, which was very swift at this point. These wheels were designed by a Dutchman, and they form a prominent feature in some of the engravings of the time. Of course there was no such thing as filtration in those days, for the discovery of pathogenic germs had yet to await the invention of the microscope.

#### VACCINATION PREVIOUS TO JENNER.

The return of a well-known African explorer in the person of Mr J. Faux, who has had a long sojourn in the land of the Gallas, British East Africa, has given a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* an opportunity of recording some of this traveller's interesting experiences and discoveries. The Gallas, who are described as a race physically and intellectually superior to their neighbours, the Somalis, have a light copper-coloured skin and handsome features. Possibly the most remarkable thing about them is that for centuries past they have practised vaccination as a preventive of smallpox; and although this disease is not unknown among them, they are not susceptible to it, and are rarely pock-marked. The operation is performed not on the arm, as with Europeans, but on the side of the nose, the serum being rubbed into the skin after a slight puncture has been made. Should any of the Gallas be smitten with an infectious disease, he is immediately isolated from his fellows, while his neighbours cast lots as to undertaking the duties of nursing and feeding the invalid. The Gallas are a strictly anti-liquor people, and intoxicants in any form appear to be abhorrent to them. The land which they occupy extends from some distance east of the Uganda railway to the Juba river, and there have been found on their terri-

tory the ruins of a large city, now almost entirely hidden in the jungle, which speak of a former civilisation of a very high order.

#### WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Shareholders and others who are interested in the submarine cables which now form such a network over the ocean floor are naturally somewhat anxious to know whether the recent experiments of Signor Marconi indicate an impending change in our methods of electrical communication or whether they have simply an academic interest. It has already been proved beyond dispute that the wireless system forms an effective method of communicating between ships at sea and between ships and the shore, and in this employment it stands by itself; but whether it is designed to supersede cable messages is a point upon which the highest authorities do not seem to be able to come to an agreement. Professor Graham Bell, of telephone fame, believes that Marconi's invention will never take the place of telephone or telegraph on land, but that its usefulness will be confined to over-sea employment. 'I believe,' he is reported to have said, 'the invention will supplant the oceanic cables when it is sufficiently developed to be reliable for the transmission of messages.' Lord Kelvin, on the other hand, is said to be 'strongly of opinion that, however valuable wireless telegraphy may be for certain purposes, it cannot affect the transmission of messages over great distances through cables.'

#### NOW AND THEN.

Since the opening of the new century, the *Times* has made a daily practice of printing excerpts from its issue of one hundred years back, and many of these are most interesting, and often amusing, in their contrast to the life of the present day. Last month, for example, appeared a notice of Garnerin's balloon ascent from Lord's Cricket Ground, London, when we learn that the Prince of Wales was present to see the balloon depart. It rose from the ground ten minutes before five, and came to the ground seventeen miles away in fifteen minutes. This was rapid travelling; but the wind was high and the weather in other respects unfavourable. It would seem that we have made but little progress during the past hundred years in the art of navigating the air. Our newest machines are still balloons; and though we have, by the addition of oil-engines and aluminium fittings, learnt how to steer them in a given direction to a very limited extent, they are still of the most unwieldy character. In such a wind as Garnerin had to face, the modern machine could have done no better than the simple gas-bag which he employed. It may be mentioned that about forty years earlier Cavendish noted the extreme lightness of hydrogen as compared with common air,

and that soon afterwards Black of Edinburgh sent up the first model balloon in the form of a small bag which he inflated with that gas.

#### PORTABLE HOUSES.

In the early days of colonisation the brave men and women who ventured into unknown lands had to build their own rough log-huts as best they might. It is different to-day, for a family leaving home can take with them a house which fits together without the aid of tools, and which can be made weather-proof, fireproof, and even insect-proof if required. Such a house, or rather houses—for the designs for the building are of the most diverse kind—will be found in the invention of Mr A. Silbiger, who has now one on exhibition in London. The salient feature of the erection, which in this case comprises four spacious rooms, is the making of wall, door, and window pieces or panels all of one size, and interchangeable, so that the area of the rooms and the position of the windows and doors can be altered at very short notice. Thus there is no need to number the different parts of the house; for, once the framework is up, the panels will fit anywhere, and can be made rigidly fast by hand-screws. The building can be extended almost indefinitely, and in many places abroad hospitals, barracks, and other erections of a temporary or portable kind constructed on the Silbiger plan have been used with success. These houses are also used on private estates for bathing-pavilions, billiard-rooms, and as bungalows for temporary residence at the seaside. The makers are Messrs Farquharson, 85 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

#### TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT ELECTRICITY.

The electric telegraph and the telephone are now such common aids to communication between persons distant from one another that we do not often pause to consider what wonderful inventions they are. Even wireless telegraphy has ceased to interest the public, who are so surfeited with the true fairy tales of science that they seem to be losing the power of feeling astonished. There are, however, certain methods of secret signalling, or telegraphy—we hardly know what to call it—known to certain Oriental and semi-barbarous nations, which have long been a puzzle to those Europeans who have had an opportunity of observing their effects. It is said on good authority that the murder of General Gordon at Khartoum was known in the bazaars of Cairo, a thousand miles away, on the day of his death. Similarly, in the first Afghan war, the terrible disaster which befell the British army in the Khyber Pass was known all over the country before it became circulated through the ordinary means of communication. It is certain, too, that in the late war in South Africa the Boers were able, through their Kaffir scouts, to get news of the movements of our troops almost as soon as the order to march had

been given. A recent article in the *Spectator* gives some other instances of this 'natural telegraphy,' the secret of which, in spite of energetic inquiries on the part of many officers and travellers, and the proffer of heavy bribes, has never been divulged to Europeans.

#### FROM PARIS TO NEW YORK OVERLAND.

An expedition under Mr Harry de Windt started in December of last year from Paris, one of the objects being to survey a line of railway to Behring Strait in connection with the Siberian Railway, which is now pronounced quite feasible—however otherwise impracticable—except for the mountains of Verkhoyansk. Yakutsk, in Northern Siberia, was reached in February. Here the post sledges were discarded for light open sleds drawn by reindeer. Their next halt was at Verkhoyansk, the coldest place in Siberia, the average temperature in winter being fifty-three degrees (Fahrenheit) below zero. There are only seventy days in the year free from snow, and in mid-winter four hours of twilight to twenty of darkness. The journey from Irkutsk to Yakutsk occupied a month. The road was over precipitous mountains, and the cold was intense, the thermometer registering seventy-eight degrees below zero. At Kolymsk they found the lot of political prisoners pitiable. There were four suicides, and three had gone mad in two years. On the journey to Behring the party experienced great hardships, having to sleep in tents with the temperature forty degrees below zero. For twenty days they lost their way, were badly frozen, and suffered greatly from hunger. The Chukchis were unfriendly until they were near the Strait. The journey thither from Kolymsk occupied seven weeks, and was made in sleighs drawn by dogs. The party remained in East Cape five weeks, where they had a bad time owing to the drunken orgies indulged in by the Chukchis. They were taken off by the cutter *Thetis*, which landed them on the ice five miles from Cape Prince of Wales. The shore was quite unapproachable in the ship, and they had a perilous journey of four hours over floes and open water. They landed in America on 19th June, and were in Paris by the end of August, having accomplished over eighteen thousand miles in two hundred and forty-eight days. The European members of the expedition, besides the leader, are Vicomte de Clinchampe-Bellegarde and Mr George Harding, a former fellow-traveller.

#### LEAFY THOROUGHFARES.

Nothing improves the appearance of a city street more than the presence of trees, and there is the satisfaction of knowing at the same time that their pleasant greenery is conducive to health. London has of late tardily followed the example of the Continental towns, and its newer thoroughfares are planted with trees, which in



due time will equal in luxuriance those to be seen in the old-fashioned squares. There has recently arisen a cry of vandalism because several trees on the line of route taken by the Coronation procession have been cut down or mutilated, and the loss is one which cannot be repaired for a long time. They seem to understand these things better in France. To find room for the temporary buildings of the last

Paris Exhibition hundreds of trees were removed; but they are now back in their old places looking as green and vigorous as ever. More recently, in the course of street improvements, a double row of trees in one of the Parisian boulevards has been moved to a fresh position without any injury to structure or growth. It is difficult to see why, if such work can be successfully accomplished in Paris, it cannot be done in London.

## HUNTING METHODS OF THE BLACKS OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA.



THE Australian aborigines, though now extinct in the more civilised parts of the continent, and greatly reduced in number in the partially settled districts, still roam and hunt at will over extensive tracts in that part of Australia known as the Northern Territory. These regions are sometimes several thousands of square miles in extent, and are inhabited by the original owners only, who exist in that primitive condition in which unnumbered generations of their ancestors have lived and died. There the members of each tribe retain their purity of race, and hand down the traditions, superstitions, and customs imparted to them in youth; therefore those interested in the customs and folklore of the aborigines may pursue their studies in the Northern Territory to their hearts' content.

Although practically of one type throughout the whole of the continent, the native race is divided into innumerable tribes, each numbering from twenty or thirty to several hundreds. The tribes are again subdivided into clans or camps, each clan consisting of one or more families, numbering from ten or fifteen to about a hundred individuals. Every tribe inhabits its own particular tract of country, speaks a distinct language or dialect, and possesses its own laws and customs without any regard to contiguous tribes; though many of the laws of the various tribes are practically the same as those of their neighbours, and some customs are common to nearly every tribe. If the supply of game and other food is abundant the camps may be only a few miles apart; but in times of scarcity the clans wander farther afield. The camp, of course, is always located within easy reach of a water-supply. The people of the various camps see but little of their fellow-tribesmen belonging to other camps, as each community secures its own supplies; but occasionally the several communities belonging to the same tribe meet in one large camp, usually for the purpose of initiating the boys who are old enough, after they have undergone certain ceremonies, into the full privileges of manhood, with liberty to marry.

The aborigines subsist on the fish and game they catch, supplemented by various kinds of

yams and other roots. In the pursuit of game they exercise no little ingenuity; and, as is to be expected of a race possessed of only the most primitive of weapons, they have a thorough knowledge of bushcraft, which they use to the best advantage.

In that portion of the country bordering on the seacoast game is usually plentiful, and any creature that can fly, run, swim, or crawl is utilised as food. Among these may be mentioned such feathered game as wild geese, ducks, cranes, turkeys, quail, pelicans, jungle-fowl, emus, and crows; kangaroos, wallabies, opossums, and bandicoots of the marsupials; buffaloes, rats, wild-dogs, native cats, and other quadrupeds; while the amphibia and reptilia contribute large and small lizards, land and water snakes of various kinds, turtles, tortoises, and alligators—only some of the tribes, however, eating the last named.

Geese, ducks, and other aquatic birds are sometimes caught by the oft-described method of swimming towards them quietly, with the head concealed by a bundle of grass or a large water-lily leaf in which small apertures are made for the eyes. The swimmer seizes the bird suddenly, drags it under the water, and breaks its neck; and the act is performed so noiselessly and quickly that the bird has no time to give the alarm. On other occasions he utilises his knowledge of the birds' habits and the regular feeding-grounds—usually in the bed of some dried-up swamp—to which they return at the same time every evening. Just before their feeding-time the native conceals himself in the high grass, a fringe of which usually surrounds the swamps; and as the birds approach, flying low as they near their goal, he jumps out and usually secures several by means of his throwing-sticks. Sometimes rough stages are made among the tops of the highest paper-bark trees, which usually line the swamps, and there two or three natives lie in wait, while others stationed among the trees and on the opposite side of the swamp create a disturbance to frighten the birds and cause them to rise. Then, when the blacks on the stagings imitate the noise of flying geese, the frightened birds fly towards the tree-tops, where they are knocked

over and then secured as they reach the ground.

Another very ingenious method is often practised. A native will proceed to the feeding-grounds and there make a rough shelter of grass, in which he lies concealed. This shelter has a small opening on one side, around and within which pieces of water-lily-root, a favourite food of wild geese, are scattered. When the geese arrive, one sauntering along and feeding as it goes presently discovers the scraps, and follows them up until it finally puts its head inside the opening; then it is promptly seized and despatched by the native waiting for it. Several birds are usually secured in this way before the others become alarmed.

In hunting pelicans the natives take advantage of that bird's inability to fly immediately after feeding and with its pouch filled, as the whole or the greater part of the fish contained in the pouch must be disgorged before rising. When the pelican has finished feeding it will usually catch a further supply and store it in its pouch for future use; then it comes on shore near by and composes itself to sleep. Now is the watchful native's opportunity; he rushes out, and before the bird can shake out the extra fish he is on it, and both pelican and fish go to furnish him with a meal.

Wild hawks are often caught and eaten. They are very numerous in Northern Australia, and always fly towards smoke, the fire driving out lizards and other small reptiles and insects on which they feed. The native, if he wishes to dine off hawk, will make a small rough shelter of green boughs or grass for the purpose of concealment; he then lights a fire to windward, retires to his shelter, and makes a hole in the top, through which he elevates a lizard attached to a stick. When a hawk flies into the smoke and attempts to take the lizard it is either caught by hand or knocked over with a stick.

Occasionally in the dry season the natives indulge in a grand battue. When the grass, often nine or ten feet in height, becomes dry it leans over bent and broken by the winds, thus forming a dense shelter where innumerable lizards, snakes, quail, pigeons, and other small game congregate and breed. When dry enough to burn easily the natives in the vicinity send out to their fellow-tribesmen invitations to come in for a big feed, and then a large gathering takes place. A wide patch of this grass-covered plain is selected, perhaps two or three square miles in extent, and men are posted all round this area, with fire-sticks ready. The patch is first ignited in several places on the lee-side, where the flames, making only slow progress against the wind, drive the game into the heart of the patch, but do not alarm them much on account of the slowness of the progress. When, however, the flames have taken a thorough hold on the lee-

side and form a barrier to escape in that direction, the signal is given, and the natives at the sides and to windward run along the edge of the patch and light the grass as they go, thus forming a complete circle of smoke and flame, and enclosing their quarry in a death-trap. With the wind behind it, the fire swoops down at a tremendous speed, and in a few moments has passed over the whole area, every creature unable to fly being killed. The birds, stupefied by the smoke and driven out by the heat, make a dash for their lives, only to fall back into the flames or drop scorched and singed outside the conflagration, where they are killed by the waiting hunters. The natives follow up the track of the fire as soon as the ground is cool enough, and collect the half-charred remains in bags, usually in tremendous quantity. Then, after indulging in a feast lasting for several days, followed by a *corroboree* (native dance), they disperse to their respective camps.

Fish, which are plentiful in the rivers, swamps, and water-holes, are caught in various ways. In the water-holes and pools of stagnant water in the swamps they are stupefied or killed by means of various roots and barks which the natives grind between stones, adding water till the substance is of the consistency of paste, and this is thrown into the water. After a minute or two the gasping fish rise to the surface, and can be easily caught by the hand. There appear to be at least two kinds of root and three or four kinds of bark used for this purpose; one or two varieties kill the fish, but the effect of others is only temporary, and if undisturbed the fish will recover and swim away in a few minutes. One of the roots is like that of the aconite in shape and colour, but larger; the plant is a trefoil which runs along close to the ground, and is usually found in patches not far from the edge of a swamp. Another root thus used is procured from a kind of wild plum-tree which bears a small, green, acid fruit eaten by the natives. The barks are from various trees having usually very thick and rough bark; one kind is deep red in colour, and all appear to contain a large amount of tannin.

In running water the fish are either speared or caught with nets. The native practice is to lie on a bough overhanging a stream and spear the fish as they swim below; in shallow streams and swamps they wade in and spear as many as they can. If the water is clear they can see them and throw their spears direct; but if, as often happens, the water is muddy, they watch for ripples, and, knowing these are caused by the movements of the fishes' tails, aim their spear just in front of the ripple, very often with success. Rough hinged nets are made from the twisted fibres of the bark of the banyan-tree; and by splashing in shallow waters of small area the fish are gradually driven up to one corner,

where they can be easily enveloped with the nets. The natives discover where fish are to be found in a swamp by observing the favourite feeding-grounds of the pelicans, whose presence is a sure sign.

Turtles and tortoises of various kinds are plentiful, and are esteemed a great delicacy. Turtles are usually caught on sandy beaches when the females come on shore at high-tide to deposit their eggs. They are simply turned over on their backs as they are caught and left till the morning, when they are killed. Sometimes the natives hunt them, both in the daytime and on dark nights by torchlight, in canoes, and spear them when close enough. Tortoises are in the habit of burying themselves in the mud of drying swamps and lying dormant till the next wet season. They leave a small aperture for respiratory purposes, which is discovered by the natives or by their dogs. When the tortoise is dug up it is killed at once, as owing to the shape of its upper shield and the extra length of its limbs as compared with the turtle, it can right itself again if turned on its back.

Kangaroos and wallabies are usually speared on their way to water, to which they often have a regular track, near which the native lies in wait.

In the pursuit of larger game there is, in addition to the excitement of the chase, a spice of danger added, as wounded buffaloes and alligators are apt to attack the hunters, and the pursuer is in turn pursued. In hunting buffaloes, the dogs (which are always numerous in a camp of blacks) are set at one, the hunters hiding behind clumps of grass. As the buffalo rushes past, chased by the dogs or chasing them, the native will step out, seize the buffalo by the tail, and hamstring it with one or two swift strokes of a tomahawk or knife. The beast now sinks to the ground, when the other natives come up, and after blinding it with pointed sticks, they despatch it with spears and tomahawks.

Alligators are plentiful in the tidal rivers, where they subsist on fish, and can frequently be seen at low-tide basking and sleeping on the banks, a stretch of liquid mud lying between them and the stream. The natives use a special spear for this work, with an iron head, very often fashioned from an old shear-blade; and when they find an alligator asleep on the bank, will spear it, if possible, in the side behind the forearm, where the hide is thinnest. The alligator at once slips off the bank, sinks into the mud, and tries to make its way into the water; but the natives on the bank shower spears at it, being able to follow its course by the movements in the mud, and often manage to secure the reptile before it reaches the stream. Sometimes in shallow water the natives will spear an alligator from their canoes, and then it will often take to the land. A scene of wild excitement now ensues, as the natives surround the reptile a short way off, and

discharge spears at it. The alligator, which for a short distance can run almost as fast as a man, will perhaps charge one of his tormentors, who will fly for his life, and the others will follow, still throwing spears. The reptile, on feeling the spears, will turn and give chase to another man, who also takes to his heels; and the native first pursued turns and takes up the chase with the others. This goes on until the alligator is killed or gets back into the water and escapes.

Dugongs, which are to be found in shallow, sandy bays often near the mouths of the larger rivers, are killed with a special spear or harpoon, which consists of an iron head eight to ten inches long, fitted on but not fixed to a shaft of wood or bamboo from fourteen to sixteen feet in length, and a long line made from twisted banyan fibres is attached to the iron three or four inches from its junction with the shaft. When the dugong is found and harpooned, the length of the shaft gives extra impetus to the throw, and the head is completely embedded. The shaft usually becomes detached and floats away; and the line, being attached to the iron not quite half-down, on being drawn taut tends to fix the head crossways in the body of the animal, so that pulling on it does not cause it to be withdrawn. The natives, who hunt in couples in canoes, hang on to the line and thrust more spears into the body of their quarry until it is killed, and then it is towed ashore. However, if not struck in a vital spot, the dugong sometimes escapes, carrying away spears and lines, the natives having to let go everything to save themselves from being carried under water.

#### RONDEAU OF REGRET.

Oh, heart of mine! hast thou forgot  
The sands in moonlight stretching gray  
About the silver bend of bay?  
Laughter and love are forgotten not!

Passion and pain of after-lot:  
These may come; they are come this day,  
Oh, heart of mine!

But when with sadness overfraught,  
Will there not come to the soul, to stay,  
A dream of dunes in the moonlight's way,  
And the dear old love return unsought,  
Oh, heart of mine?

ISABEL KEITH CAMPBELL.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

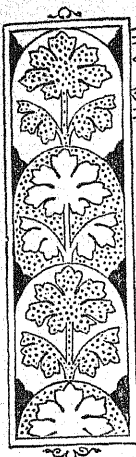
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# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

H U P E H.

By CARLTON DAWE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

**B**LOOD is blood and race is race,' said Hupeh; 'you cannot transform a nation in a year, nor in a hundred years. Your people have a wise saying concerning the leopard and his spots; and yet you foolishly hope to turn the yellow man white.'

'Not quite, though I might point to the change half a decade has made in you. Five years ago, acting on my advice, you went to Europe. I will not insult your august intelligence, my admirable Hupeh, by saying you came back civilised; but was there not a difference?'

'A greater difference than even you imagine, Forder,' he said, a grave look adding inconceivable solemnity to the utterance. 'It was wrong to send me to Europe; it would have been better for me, for Europe, had I stayed at home. Many things of which I was ignorant are now made clear, and I doubt if Europe is the gainer. For one thing, I know the limitations of the white man.'

'I doubt it, Hupeh. I doubt if he knows them himself.'

'He may be taught,' said the Chinaman, his strange dark eyes emitting a singularly fervent glow.

'And the yellow man is to teach him? Hupeh, the white man has still far to go, but not quite so far as that.'

'I have learnt much,' repeated Hupeh, with the stolid assurance of his race.

'In my country we say that knowledge is power. It is good to know.'

'Good for me, or for Europe?'

'For you, for Europe, for all concerned. It is this lack of knowledge which has made China the plaything of the Powers.'

'In a way, true; but those who play too long with China will cut themselves with the sharp edges.'

'I grant that a chip here or there matters nothing—I purposely refrained from commenting upon his singularly inappropriate joke—but continual chipping will reduce the most obstinate block of granite.'

'My dear friend, your people chip the edges only; the great heart of the thing is still untouched. You may dot our seas with warships, seize here and there a coast town; but the heart of the country, the stupendous stored-up energy of the millions—how will you chip or damage that?'

'But we do not wish to damage it. Put your house in order: that is all Europe asks.'

'Does Europe know what she is asking? Does she realise what this means: the putting of our house in order? Conceive, if you can, the enormous power of a race, thrifty, sober, industrious, four hundred millions strong. Is not Europe asking us to do a foolish thing?'

'A threat, Hupeh?'

'And why not? The high sport of civilised nations—with an unpleasant lingering on the word 'civilised'—seems to be the threatening of each other. You have your armies and your warships, your diplomatic notes and your open or covert threats. You are civilised—oh, most highly!—yet for a fancied slight you are ready to spring at each other's throat like a pack of wolves. It may be civilisation, Forder; but it is not too convincing. I am not so sure as I once was of the ineffable blessing of the Western method.'

'My dear Hupeh, I regret to see that your visit to Europe has not yielded the return I might reasonably have expected.'

'It has yielded the only return it could. There are many things to admire in your civilisation; but it is not the civilisation of the yellow man.'

'It has done much, Hupeh.'

'Then let it rest content. We are not of the West, and to adopt your manners or your clothes would be equally ridiculous. Moreover, we too have our pride, friend Forder, and are apt to resent your assumption of superiority. There is even such a thing as a national spirit, a dream of nationhood. You do not even smile, Forder. I am glad of that. So many of your ignorant compatriots would have jeered. But you understand us, you are a man of sensibility, and I am proud to call you friend.'

I believed him then, and later on I had cause to deepen that belief.

'You know my sentiments, Hupeh; you know that I am one who would not Westernise the Chinese, were it only as a matter of selfish policy. Naturally you resent the missionary, the diplomatic agent, and the gunboat. If a new Buddha or a new Mohammed were to descend upon England and tell us we were heathens doomed to perdition, and all that sort of thing—well, at first we should all laugh, then we should fling brickbats at him, and eventually we should lodge him in a lunatic asylum.'

'And were we to do likewise?'

'Of course the diplomatic agent would talk—and then the gunboat. Might is right, friend Hupeh.'

His black eyes gleamed ominously. 'That is the white man's gospel?'

'It is a gospel he does not publicly proclaim, but one for which he has a sneaking fondness.'

'And if that argument were used against him?'

'I am not so sure that he would appreciate it.'

'It may come sooner than he expects.'

I started at the tone. Hupeh's eyes flashed; his somewhat protruding lips moved nervously; he made an obvious effort to hide his agitation. Rumours of riots in the south and west had filtered to us from time to time. It was the old game of missionary-baiting, a game beloved of the Celestials; but so far the most exaggerated rumours had spoken of nothing but the uprising of a few local roughs. In China the authorities are always careful to saddle the local rough with official negligence: the one never objects, and the other saves his face.

'Europe would exact great reparation,' I suggested.

'And we should pay—in our own way.'

I felt that he was not frank with me, and the thoughts that lay behind those inscrutable slit eyes of his reflected an uncanny glare. Yet I must confess that my sympathies were more or less with him and his people; for an intelligent man such as Hupeh could not fail to grasp the trend of things, and, grasping, dread the outlook. Every nation believes it has an inalienable right to blunder in its own particular manner, and the Chinese were not yet a subject race; but already there were portents in the air,

and the banner of revolt was known to flap in secret places.

Hupeh knew that I was trying to pierce his thoughts, and he let his little black eyes, with their slow, sullen fire, play all over me, as though to say, 'Look well at me; make what you can of it.' That was just precisely where I failed. One had often heard these half-muttered threats, had encountered looks which were anything but conciliatory. However, neither threats nor looks break bones; and I could sympathise with the antipathy to the 'foreign devil,' and that longing which all true men must feel for the glory and the independence of their country. If Hupeh's country were only more worthy! But that was a thought I could not hope would meet with his entire approbation.

We were not a very large European community in Tsing-Fu, where I for my sins was stationed. There were, of course, the ubiquitous Protestant and Catholic missionaries, the differences between whom must have considerably puzzled the simple Celestials; for, though they all professed to worship the same God, they did not appear to be capable of living amicably together. Two or three merchants with their families completed the foreign community.

Being weak in numbers, we were consequently humble. The natives, having nothing to fear from us, treated us with good-natured contempt, and I do not think we ever ventured upon any undue ruffling of their complacency. It was here I met Hupeh; and as I recognised in him a man above the common, we became good friends. I gave him lessons in English, and he initiated me into the higher elements of his language. Even in those days he had dreams: crude, half-formed ideas beat themselves against the boundaries of his brain. Had I guessed the definite shape those fancies would assume I should not have preached assiduous cultivation of them.

When I thought him ripe to receive impressions I urged him to undertake a visit to Europe. He was a wealthy man, the son of a rich banker, and could consequently enjoy extreme facility in travelling. I was sure the experience would benefit him exceedingly, and in a way—for one can never foresee to what heights a man may rise—might prove of advantage to his country.

Just the opposite happened to what I had fondly anticipated. Hupeh went and saw, but he was not conquered. A closer acquaintance with the white man destroyed the reverence of years; the white woman, whom hitherto he had regarded as almost an angel, became—well, merely the mother of the white man. Ever after he was amazed at the presumption of the foreigner.

Upon his return I was not slow to notice this regrettable change in him, nor did I neglect the friend's prerogative in broaching it; but while he was willing to admit the scientific and

mechanical superiority of the white man, he would concede to him no superior morality. Altogether, I was sorry I had advised him to go to England.

Frankly, he disappointed me; and when he took to talking politics, wanting to know why the Chinese Government allowed itself to be dictated to by people on the other side of the world, I began to fear that Hupeh had been listening to irresponsible patriots. As a rule the ordinary yellow man, never having had a say in the government of his country, is quite content to leave high affairs in the hands of those who are supposed to understand them. Indeed, to question authority is something more serious than a blunder. But in every age and in every clime there have always been men of an infinite curiosity, and they not infrequently prove to officialism more deadly than all the plagues of Egypt. When the mass begins to reason it grows dangerous, and though at the time I little foresaw the real drift of things, I was not so devoid of perception as to be entirely free of anxiety.

Hupeh, I noticed, no longer devoted himself to business with that assiduity which commands success. Politics, and politics alone, seemed to claim all his waking hours; and I observed with no little trepidation that he had become extremely intimate with the people at the Yamen, the chief of which, one Cheng-Chu, was known to be a rabid anti-foreigner and adherent of the masterful Empress. This knowledge, coupled with increasing rumours of disturbances in the far south, filled me with an uneasiness I did not care to admit, for to those who dwell in the far interior the thought of a popular rising has many terrors. Held in check, the populace of the Middle Kingdom is no worse than that of any other

country, but imagination shudders at the thought of a break away.

Once Hupeh and I could talk of such a contingency with an admirable indifference to the gravity of the subject; but of late, and particularly since he had become intimate with Cheng-Chu, he avoided all such topics, or faintly expressed the hope that when the tornado came it would considerably spare Tsing-Fu.

'Do you think the Boxers are strong enough to march so far north?' I asked, referring to the secret society which had lately been making some stir in the south.

'They are here already,' he said; 'they are everywhere. Their society embraces men of all ranks. Never has such a national gathering been known in the Middle Kingdom.'

'And the real object?' I asked.

I could see by his look that he still mistrusted me.

'Who shall say? Much is possible.'

'From a mere revolutionary band?'

He marked the sneer, but it only made his mouth curl slowly into a deep, meaning smile.

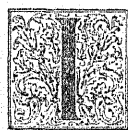
'And if it were not a mere revolutionary band? What if it had the Manchu influence behind it?'

'It would be very serious.'

'It is serious.'

Nor could I doubt it. Rumours of the Boxer rising grew and grew; but as yet nothing definite reached us in our out-of-the-way city. I was not slow to notice the changing demeanour of the populace, the furtive, evil looks of the common people, the insolent stare of the better classes. A few months ago they made room for me in the roadway; now they seemed to resent any and every assumption of superiority, withholding the ordinary meed of equality.

## NEW LIMBS FOR OLD ONES.



IT might reasonably have been supposed that artificial limbs, like the bicycle and the telephone, were refinements of modern civilisation. As a matter of fact, however, they illustrate the truth of the wise man's saying, that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' The College of Surgeons owns among its curios the skeleton of a man with a wooden (or rather bronze-cum-wooden) leg. It was found in a tomb at Capua, the contents of which were known to date back to 300 B.C. Coming to a somewhat later date, Pliny tells us that Marcus Sergius, Consul of Rome in 167 B.C., lost his right hand in his second campaign, besides receiving over a score of other wounds. Under such circumstances, most men would have had enough of fighting. Not so the gallant Sergius. After

taking part in four more battles single-handed (in a literal sense), he had an artificial hand made for him, and, thus repaired, fought with undiminished valour and success throughout the Second Punic War.

Passing to more modern times, the 'iron hand' worn by Götz von Berlichingen, one of the robber knights of the sixteenth century, may still be seen by the curious at Jagstfeld. It was so contrived as to grip sword or lance with equal facility, which in those days was no doubt the first consideration, though its weight (over three pounds) must have made it a trifle unwieldy for more peaceful purposes.

These, however, are isolated instances, and from Götz's time artificial limbs seem to have been neglected for about three centuries. Nelson lived for eight years after he lost his arm at Santa



Cruz; but no attempt was made to replace it, and for the rest of his days he wore an empty coat-sleeve. About the beginning of the last century, however, Baillif, a mechanic of Berlin, succeeded in constructing a hand weighing only a pound or thereabouts (in itself a great advance), and capable of picking up any light object.

There matters rested till 1845, which may be regarded as the real starting-point of the limb-making industry. In that year a celebrated French tenor, M. Roger, had the misfortune to lose his right arm. At first it appeared as if his artistic career was at an end; but an ingenious Prussian mechanic, Herr Petersen, constructed for him an arm with which he was able not only to use appropriate gesture in his performances, but to draw and wield a sword, use a pen, and pick up a piece of paper. The French Academy of Sciences appointed a committee to report on the achievement, and since that date the art of artificial limb-making has made rapid strides.

The 'Beaufort' arm, invented by the Comte de Beaufort some few years later, consists of a wooden hand affixed to a leathern socket precisely fitting the stump. The fingers are slightly flexed, the tips of the first and second fingers being brought in opposition to that of the thumb, which is movable, but normally pressed against the fingers by the action of a rubber spring. From the back of the thumb a cord passes up the sleeve of the wearer to the shoulder, and across the back to the opposite shoulder, where it is tied round the upper part of the arm. By a slight movement of the shoulders, or even by a trifling advance of the arm, tension is put upon the cord, and the thumb is drawn apart from the fingers, the wearer being thereby enabled to pick up any small object. On relaxing the pull, the pressure of the spring causes the thumb to return to its first position, and so to hold the object with a fair amount of grip. This, in proportion to its cost, which is very moderate, is one of the most effective appliances of its kind. It was largely distributed by the French Government after the Franco-Prussian war to soldiers who had had the misfortune to lose their arms in the contest. In England the appliance served out to soldiers similarly maimed consists merely of a leather sheath fitting the stump (rigid or jointed, according to the nature of the mutilation) and bearing on its outer end a socket for the reception of a knife, fork, or hook, after the homely fashion immortalised by that staunch old mariner, Captain Cuttle. The advantage of the French soldier is, however, more apparent than real; for, save in the case of exceptionally complicated and costly artificial limbs, these homely appliances, affixed to the stump, are found to be the most effective. Indeed, many artificial hands are worn for appearance only, and are made detachable at the wrist, that they may be temporarily replaced by one or

other of these contrivances, as may suit the immediate needs of the wearer. Among other appliances for this purpose are a ring (to hold a broom-handle or other like implement), a hand-vice, a button-hook, a penholder, a clip for paper or music, and a special contrivance for holding the reins when driving. Indeed, one gentleman, Captain Derenzy, who lost an arm at the battle of Vittoria, gives in a pamphlet called *Enchiridion*, written in 1822, the following list of appliances which he had in everyday use: (1) wash-hand tray, (2) ivory vice with ball and socket, (3) shaving-box, (4) lead cushion, (5) syringe, (6) nail-file, (7) file-holder, (8) boot-hook, (9) silver egg-cup, (10) steel egg-holder, (11) penknife, (12) quill-holder, (13) pen-nibber, (14) ruler, (15) steel vice, (16) hat-stick, (17) knife and fork, (18) nut-crackers, (19) card-holder. Some of these, such as 'wash-hand tray' and 'lead cushion,' are distinctly mysterious. The mention of knife and fork attached to the one wrist is at first slightly puzzling; but probably the combination was what is called the 'Nelson knife,' after its most distinguished user. The handle is like that of an ordinary table-knife; but the end of the blade, instead of being rounded off in the ordinary way, turns up at a right angle in its own plane, and is divided into four fork-prongs. The edge of the knife divides the food, while the points pick it up and convey it to the mouth. This appliance is largely used by disabled soldiers, but usually with the natural hand.

Reverting to the mechanical arm, we must not omit to notice what is as yet the cleverest achievement in this direction. It is the invention of Mr Heather Bigg, a surgical mechanician of exceptional ability. It will be remembered that in the 'Beaufort' arm the necessary 'pull' to separate the finger and thumb was carried to the opposite shoulder. The late Mr Heather Bigg, father of the present holder of the name, improved upon this, where the case permitted, by making the attachment of the catgut to the mutilated arm, above the elbow. Even in this case, however, some amount of displacement of the arm was necessary to extend the thumb, and the pressure of the spring which forced it against the fingers was of course a constant quantity. Mr Heather Bigg set to work to overcome these two drawbacks, and succeeded in doing so. We cannot do better than quote his own description of his amended appliance: 'An india-rubber ball filled with water is suspended in the armpit of the wearer, and from this ball a fine india-rubber wire-bound tube passes along the arm to the artificial hand. When the armpit muscles compress the water-filled ball it is obvious that a hydraulic force is generated, and can be carried along the tube to any mechanism that may be devised to convert this force into definite action. The mechanism, which merely consists of a piston working in a water-chamber, is placed within the

palm of the artificial hand and connected with the thumb by a proper tendinous arrangement. The power thus obtained can be used either to open the thumb against a spring or to close it against a spring, and being worked by the muscles at the armpits, can be varied at will, so as to be either gentle or forcible.' The necessary amount of compression in the armpit can be exerted in nearly all positions of the arm. It should be mentioned, by the way, that where the amputation is above the elbow, a joint somewhat after the Dutch doll fashion is made in the elbow of the artificial arm, enabling the wearer, with the aid of the other hand, to flex it at pleasure. This alteration of position would naturally alter the tension of a direct pull and render it, for the time being, inoperative; but it has no effect whatever on the working of the hydraulic arrangement.

In the case of minor mutilations, such as the loss of one or more fingers, so long as the thumb remains, a hand can be built up to it which is little less serviceable than the natural member. The loss of the thumb is a more serious matter, but in most cases a false thumb can be adapted which will restore to the hand the greater part of its natural functions.

Passing to the lower limbs, the problem of providing substitutes for these is very much simpler than in the case of the arms, for as long as the hip-joint and its controlling muscles are preserved, the action of the remaining leg-muscles in walking on level ground is merely to steady and stiffen the limb. The hip-joint in this case generates all the force required, and the remaining functions of the leg can be very easily and satisfactorily performed by an artificial substitute.

The simplest form of artificial leg is the familiar 'peg,' the appliance with which Mr Silas Wegg stumps through the pages of *Our Mutual Friend*; but of this there are two or three kinds. If the amputation is above the knee, the stump is fitted into a hollow casing of leather or wood, and the leg is known as a 'bucket' leg. If the limb has been cut off below the knee, a 'box' leg is the proper thing. In this case the upper part of the leg is shaped like a tuning-fork, and the patient kneels on the bottom of the recess between the two arms of the fork, the pin representing the handle. The arms are of unequal length, the outer being the longer, and by means of these the leg is secured to the body. The 'socket' leg is a smaller edition of the 'bucket' leg, appropriate to similar mutilations, but receiving the stump vertically, without any bending of the knee. Should any Tommy Atkins be in a like painful position to that of Hood's maimed hero—

At duty's call I left my legs

In Badajoz's breaches—

his choice for replacing the missing members will lie among these three, as they are the regulation

substitutes provided by Government. The two first described are regarded as the most satisfactory. They have the advantage of being extremely durable, their only drawbacks being that the wearer is compelled to make a semicircular flourish with the artificial limb in walking, and that when he sits down it sticks out horizontally before him in a manner which is at all times inelegant, and under special circumstances, say at church or in an omnibus, is decidedly inconvenient. In the better class of peg-leg, however, the peg has a hinge-joint controlled by a spring catch. Thus provided, the wearer can crook his wooden knee at pleasure. A further refinement in the peg-leg is that the lower portion of the peg is made telescopic, and forced normally downwards by the action of a spiral spring, this arrangement tending to diminish the jar with which the leg, if made absolutely rigid, would at each step reach the ground.

These, however, are at best but makeshifts, and scarcely to be dignified by the title of limbs. A well-made artificial leg is a very complete affair. The knee-joint is practically a hinge, with a 'stop' to make it rigid when the right point is reached, and to prevent its doubling over in the wrong direction. At the ankle more play is necessary, that the foot may accommodate itself to uneven ground, and the joint at this point is therefore of the ball-and-socket kind, with due provision against its yielding too freely. The action of a spring lifts the toe slightly as the foot leaves the ground, thus simulating the natural movement in walking. The *tendo Achillis*, the sinew which in nature prevents the body from pivoting forward on the ankle-joints, is replaced by a ligament of catgut, capable of supporting a strain of at least four hundred and fifty pounds.

A form of artificial leg still popular is known as the 'Anglesey,' being, with slight modifications, identical with that made for the Marquis of Anglesey to replace the limb left by him on the field of Waterloo.

Some little practice is required to use an artificial leg properly; indeed, the wearer has in a sense to learn over again to walk. Some learn very quickly, some slowly and imperfectly. When, however, the art is fully mastered, the wearer of a well-made and well-fitting leg walks very nearly as well as his uninjured brother.

An illustration of the extraordinary extent to which art may on occasion supplement nature is afforded by the case of Elizabeth Robertson, a young married woman, who in May 1869 was admitted to the Dundee Infirmary, and was found to be suffering from gangrene of both hands and feet, as a result, apparently, of malnutrition. The mortified parts were removed by successive amputations, the legs a little below the knee, the arms below the elbow. She made a satisfactory recovery, and Mr Heather Bigg was commissioned to provide her with artificial limbs.

This he did with such success that after a little practice the patient was not only able to walk fairly well, but to feed herself, to wipe her lips and brow with a handkerchief, to pick up a pin, to write legibly, and, last but not least, to do crochet-work, by the sale of which she supported herself for the remaining fifteen years of her life. Her late Majesty, who took great interest in the case, was one of her regular patrons. The limbs which did her such good service are still preserved in the College of Surgeons Museum.

Artificial teeth are everyday wear. Artificial eyes, noses, and palates are less common, but can all be supplied to order. Indeed, it would almost seem that so long as some fragment, however small, of the original frame remains, the good fairy Science will find a way to supply its deficiencies.

Our article would scarcely be complete without some note of the cost of the various appliances we have described; but this can only be given in a very indefinite way. A patient might stump about on a 'bucket' or 'box' leg of the plainest and simplest construction at an outlay of about a guinea, or, having lost his arm below the elbow, might flourish a hook, &c., for about the same amount. From this point prices tend steadily upwards, varying according to the nature of the mutilation and the amount of finish put into the artificial limb. Roughly speaking, a serviceable arm or leg will cost from ten to thirty pounds, and even fifty pounds is not an unknown figure. Max Adeler, in *Elbow-Room*, tells a story of an artificial leg which was priced, second-hand, at four hundred dollars, and ultimately offered for two pounds of biscuits and a nip of Jamaica rum. But such outside prices are exceptional.

## THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

### CHAPTER III.



ACCORDING to her usual custom, Lesley wrote a long and detailed account of the Law lord's invasion of the manse to her cousin in Edinburgh, not forgetting to make particular mention of their passage of arms over the disputed song, and her temerity in refusing to comply with his request. John's answer to her effusion somewhat perplexed her; it was so much shorter than his usual letters, and contained no allusion whatever to her principal item of news—a fact which in itself, had she possessed sufficient worldly wisdom, should have given her a clue to the mystery; but in her innocence she put it down to something quite different: John was in trouble; he had been working too hard perhaps, or else he was ill—certainly unhappy. Accordingly she sat down and scribbled off a tender, half-bantering appeal to the suffering one, winding up with the awful threat that if he did not at once and by return of post reveal the true cause of his discomfiture, she would never as long as she lived write to him again.

His reply was immediate—full of contrition and apologies, with more than a dozen mendacious excuses in claim for her forgiveness. In a post-script he added: 'I saw Lord Coalstoun driving in Princes Street to-day. He had a very grandly dressed lady in the carriage with him. They say he is to be married soon to Lady Marjorie Bruce.'

This time it was Lesley's turn to be silent, and for a whole week John had to possess his soul in patience before his tormentor saw fit to reopen communications. The letter when it did come was a mere apology; a few exuberant lines

about nothing at all, serving rather to mock at than alleviate the heartache which had been his constant companion since his return to work. It was written on the morning of the concert-day, and just after Elspeth had popped her head round the parlour door—where Lesley was busily engaged putting finishing touches to the simple gray frock in which she was to appear that night—with the startling intelligence that the Law lord had returned to Barhulican the previous evening, bringing with him a 'whene o' grand fowk frae the toon.'

Nevertheless her exultation was tempered by a considerable degree of nervousness as the time approached, and a mist seemed to gather over her eyes when at the appointed hour, led by her uncle and followed by a troupe of sheepish local performers, she took her place on the narrow platform.

The minister's long introductory address gave her an opportunity for overcoming the fears that had beset her; and when at last his hands groping their way back to his coat-tails warned her that he was about to sit down, she had so far recovered her equilibrium as to be able to face, with at all events a show of confidence, the hot and steamy multitude encroaching so nearly on the prescribed limits of the platform.

The precentor, who filled the post of accompanist for the evening, took his seat at the piano. He was a modest-looking young man with a ragged moustache and streaks of hair over his collar; a flamboyant blue tie relieved the monotony of his Sunday blacks for the occasion, while an achievement in scarf-pins added a touch of almost dissolute extravagance to his attire. As his fingers struck the preliminary arpeggio flourish, Lesley



stood up and with a fine return of courage compelled her eyes to the front row. Alas for all her former fears! it was empty. Six vacant cane-bottomed chairs met her downward glance. At the back of the hall people were standing in phalanxes; but out of respect for Lord Coalstoun's donation, the front row had been jealously guarded and reserved by the church officer, who was acting master of the ceremonies.

A passion of disappointment and humiliation took possession of her soul. What a fool she had been to imagine that Lord Coalstoun would keep his word! Probably he had forgotten all about the concert by this time; and even if he had remembered, was it likely that he would undertake a long five-mile drive after dinner for such an entertainment as this?

With an imperious sign to the precentor, she began to sing. The desperation of her feelings lent a certain dash and bravado to her performance which stirred the phlegmatic pulse of the audience. Even the minister was roused out of his ordinary, and glanced in some perplexity at his niece's profile. She seemed suddenly to have appeared in a new light. He had always considered her a bonny lassie like her mother at the same age; but this evening there was a fire and brilliance about her which her mother had never possessed. The sash of Gordon tartan wound about her lissome waist brought a remembrance of her handsome ne'er-do-weel father to his recollection. He had always chosen obstinately to regard Lesley as the sole product of his gentle sister; but to-night the father too had leapt to life within her, and the wild Lochinvar strain was speaking in every word and gesture. How he wished John were here! John would understand this new mood of the girl's. Ah, well! he would write to John to-morrow.

She had entered upon the last verse of the song, her fresh young voice ringing through the hall as she stood in an almost defiant attitude—head thrown back and red lips parted—when there was a stir at the farther end of the room. The knot of people gathered round the entrance-door divided, and a little procession of strangers in evening-dress advanced up the narrow gangway.

Lesley's heart gave a triumphant leap as she recognised the tall form and massive shoulders of the Law lord towering above the crowd as he pushed resolutely towards her. His eyes were on her face, and she responded to his gaze triumphantly conscious once again of that strange magnetic impulse to be at her best which she had formerly experienced in his presence.

As he reached the front at last, he turned to marshal the two ladies who had been following in his wake into their seats.

Lesley was aware of a soft profusion of furs and laces, the gleam of diamonds in dark hair, and a general impression of luxurious refine-

ment which seems to characterise the woman of the world at all times. Of a sudden her feeling of triumph deserted her, and her voice, which up to this had never faltered, fell limply on the last note of the song.

Amidst the loud plaudits of the assemblage, whose enthusiasm had gained fresh impetus from the advent of the gentry, she turned to reseate herself beside her uncle; but before she had time to do so, Lord Coalstoun, after exchanging a laughing aside with the younger of the two ladies, left his place quickly and came forward to the edge of the platform.

'I am afraid our entry interrupted your song, Miss Gordon,' he said in a voice which was distinctly audible in every part of the hall. 'My sister and Lady Marjorie Bruce would esteem it a great favour if you would sing as an encore "Bonnie Leslie."'

It was his turn to be triumphant, and the smile with which he accompanied his request dared her to refuse.

It would have been impossible for her to remain obdurate in the face of the loud and persistent applause with which the audience had greeted his request; so, with the best grace she could muster, she prepared to yield submission. As she sang, the palpitating emotion of her feelings was mirrored forth in her dewy eyes, and the wild-rose colour came and went in her face like the sunshine on an April day. Even Lady Marjorie was moved to unwonted enthusiasm, and, leaning forward, whispered in her companion's ear, 'How beautiful she is!' But his lordship only acknowledged her eulogy with a grave smile—his eyes were all for the singer.

Although Lesley had promised to write her cousin a full and particular account of the concert at the earliest possible moment, the next day came and went, and the next again, and she did not put pen to paper. John, waiting impatiently in his Edinburgh lodging for news, pushed aside his books and took to walking the streets in class-hours, always expectant on his return of finding the well-known girlish handwriting awaiting him.

At last on the fourth day a letter with the Tainish postmark rewarded his patience. But, alas! it was only from the minister, and his eyes roamed restlessly onward over the closely written sheets of commonplace about the parish until they halted at the last paragraph.

'You will have heard about the concert from Lesley,' wrote the old man. 'I've been wondering about the lassie since that night. She seems to have grown into a woman suddenly, and there's more of her father in her than I like to see. I suppose I have been perverse and foolish to make no account of heredity all these years; it is a strong and mysterious ordinance of the Almighty's, and we must respect its

workings like all the other laws of His divine providence.'

John read to the end, and then sat for a long while in silence.

At last he rose up. His hands were clenched at his sides, and his eyes had a fierce, frustrated look in them as he glanced round the meagre room, with its battered sofa, the threadbare strip

of carpet by the table, the broken clock, and the picture of the death of Nelson over the mantelpiece.

'It's my own happiness I have been thinking of all these years,' he exclaimed bitterly, 'not hers. But I can't give it up without a struggle. I'll have a fight for it, even if God Himself should be pulling against me.'

## THE PASSES OF THE PYRENEES.

**T**EN years ago, to have crossed the Alps on a bicycle would have been reckoned by most either a sheer impossibility or a dangerous and foolhardy feat; but even before the introduction of the free-wheel and rim-brake it was demonstrated—and that by a lady, Mrs E. E. Pennell—that the crossing of an Alpine pass awheel could be accomplished by the cyclist of average strength and endurance. At any rate, the glories of the Splügen and St Gothard, even the loftier Furka and Stelvio, are each season becoming more familiarised to the hardy rider of both sexes. A cycling tour in Switzerland is no longer the pastime of a few enthusiasts, but of yearly increasing thousands; not only British and American tourists, but French, German, and Italian devotees of the wheel finding thus a fresh delight in the playground of Europe.

Though many parts of France are keenly appreciated as a touring-ground for cyclists, no such popularity has as yet been accorded the Pyrenees. That stupendous mountain barrier, second only to the Alps in geographical importance, in grandeur of scenery, and in actual elevation among the ranges of Europe, possesses charms which even they cannot boast of: vast forests of oak and beech beneath the hardier pine, pastures fragrant with the commingled scent of box and sweet-brier, and the most wonderful natural amphitheatres in the world. Its countless valleys, so far as the French side is concerned, are traversed by splendid roads, kept up with the diligent care characteristic of the average highway in France. Native tourists, who seem to prefer any method of conveyance to the cycle—railway, diligence, mule, or electric tramway—frequent the leading health-resorts in large numbers. Such places as Pau, Canterets, and Bagnères de Luchon have their full share of British and American visitors; but the more remote valleys of the Pyrenees are seldom explored by the foreign wheelman.

From the cyclist's point of view the most striking thing about these mountains is the marked contrast between the Spanish side and the French. The same road of variable but generally good surface that has carried him across Switzerland brings him down into the fertile

plains of Lombardy; but means of communication between France and Spain, save by unrideable mule-tracks, better known to the smuggler than to the ordinary tourist, are extraordinarily few. The French Pyrenean village is connected with its neighbour and the nearest town by an excellent carriage road; and, as in Switzerland, the wayfarer will find decent accommodation at the remotest hamlet. But on the Spanish side the village disappears, the inhabitants almost invariably dwelling in lonely, dirty towns, a maze of narrow, tortuous, evil-smelling lanes, each a tiny world of bigotry, poverty, and exclusiveness. The *carretera*, or highway, when it does exist, passes at rare intervals a roadside inn, no longer the neat *auberge* of France, with its palatable cuisine and spotless bed-linen, but a tumble-down caravansary, its ground floor a poultry-yard and stable, its upper rooms often scarcely cleaner. Throughout the whole of Spain, in fact, one rarely finds a hotel, properly so called, outside the larger towns, the country inns of nearly every province presenting an indescribable scene of filth and wretchedness.

Nor is the contrast as to their natural features between the French and Spanish sides of the Pyrenees less remarkable. When the first Napoleon stated that 'Africa commenced at the Pyrenees' he gave utterance to no mere figure of speech, but a geographical fact, since at least one-half of the Iberian Peninsula is occupied by desert land. Entering the Spanish provinces of Navarre or Aragon, one soon misses the bright green meadows, the vast forests, the leaping torrents, and the fertile fields of the French side. Instead, the eye encounters illimitable arid wastes, a boundless panorama—so wonderfully clear is the atmosphere at ordinary seasons—of barren peaks and naked rocks; whilst everywhere is the scantiest of verdure and the sparsest cultivation. The many abundant streams give place, for the most part, to insignificant tricklings; and the farther one rides from the frontier the more numerous are deep beds of rivers, which, for all their brave show upon the map, have little or no water in them, save where a group of *lavanderas*, on their knees industriously scrubbing, reveals the existence of a dirty, drab-coloured puddle.

Such is the wheelman's first glimpse of

Spain as he crosses the frontier by the Port d'Urdos, the highest of the very few carriage roads connecting the two countries. In the French language the less expressive word *col* is generally used to denote a mountain pass; but its Spanish equivalent *puerto* (French, *port*) is here adopted. The Port d'Urdos resembles the Splügen in that as soon as the summit is reached, from either direction, the descent immediately and abruptly commences; the highest point, in which it may also be compared to that famous Alpine route, marking the frontier between two countries. In point of elevation (five thousand three hundred and eighty feet) the Port d'Urdos is somewhat lower than the principal Alpine passes; but in grandeur of scenery, though the view from the actual summit is limited, it is surpassed by few. Its great charm, as has been already indicated, lies in the contrast presented by the French and Spanish sides; whilst from a cyclist's standpoint it is by no means so difficult of access as many of the Swiss passes, even when the greater height of the latter is taken into consideration. Starting early from Pau, a fair rider can easily reach the summit of the pass before a summer's sunset, traversing good roads by way of the quaint little cathedral city of Oloron and the romantic Vallée d'Aspe, a beautiful wooded dale but little known to foreign tourists, if local innkeepers are to be credited. But between the little *auberge* at Urdos, the last French village, and the Murray-condemned *posada* at Canfranc, the first Spanish town, a weary nineteen miles, I met with no house of refreshment; a few ruined hovels in both countries near the frontier line alone suggesting more prosperous times for the road when it was better frequented. On the Spanish side the road is surprisingly good, so much so that with a continuous descent of thirteen miles, magnificently engineered, the wheelman reaches Canfranc almost before he knows it.

This route has long been selected for the construction of a railway which would shorten the distance between Paris and Madrid by some sixty miles, crossing the frontier by means of a tunnel at the height of three thousand nine hundred feet, an elevation which rather exceeds that of the great St Gothard and is considerably higher than that of the Simplon tunnel. Within the last decade one section of the line has been completed, that from Huesca to Jaca, two interesting old Aragonese cathedral cities. The distance between these two places, fifty miles by a good road, is nearly seventy by railway, the engineering of which is very striking in places.

Pre-eminent among the passes of the Pyrenees, however, is the magnificent Col du Tourmalet, connecting the Vallée de Campan with the Gave de Pau. This wonderful mountain road vies with the grandest Alpine route in the beauty of its scenery; and in height (six thousand nine hundred

and sixty feet) rather exceeds such passes as the Splügen, the St Gothard, the San Bernardino, and the Simplon, though so far as its engineering is concerned it cannot be compared with the first-mentioned, which is perhaps quite the most remarkable of any carriage road in existence; the long rock tunnels and avalanche galleries characteristic of many of the Swiss passes being avoided in the Pyrenees. The Col du Tourmalet, however, is probably quite as dangerous a pass as any to be found in the Alps, the descent to Barèges abounding in the sharpest of curves and the most abrupt of corners, and the road often traverses a narrow ledge above a precipice unprotected by any parapet. From a cyclist's point of view it is certainly not more fatiguing, perhaps less so, than the great Alpine passes of similar elevation; but it differs from most, if not all, of them in that both sides present about equal difficulties, there being a right and wrong way of crossing the generality of mountain passes. The descent to the Campan valley, however, is the best as regards surface, that to Barèges being loose and bad, and furrowed with a hundred little ravines torn out of the road by streamlets. It is a lonely highway throughout, served by no diligence, and frequented only in summer by a few tourists, who, if not content with 'shank's-mare' or a pony, must pay some fifty francs for a so-called carriage over the pass. I chose a perfect day in mid-September for crossing the Col du Tourmalet; and, despite the fact that it was a steady walk of some four hours from the little hamlet of Ste Marie, in the Campan valley, to the summit, scarcely a hundred yards being rideable for the steepness, I could never have wished for a more enjoyable experience. A thousand little streamlets trickled down the vale; the noise of falling water came murmuring through the beech-woods; the fragrant scent of a box-covered slope came wafted on the breeze; and above all the mighty shoulder of the Pic du Midi, the Pilatus of the Pyrenees, but a loftier mountain, towered towards heaven.

From Barèges, whose healing waters are said to be the most powerful natural springs in existence, the road, exceedingly steep in places, but of good surface, descends to the beautiful Gave de Pau. The cyclist can choose no better excursion than the ascent of this wild, romantic ravine to the frontier village of Gavarnie, whose wonderful Cirque, the grandest of the magnificent natural amphitheatres of the Pyrenees, is a sight unparalleled in all Switzerland. But, arrived at Gavarnie, he must retrace his wheelmarks; for thence there are only mule-tracks into Spain, and even the path from the village to the famous Cirque, a good hour's walk, is impassable for cycles. The Gavarnie road, however, is a splendidly constructed highway, with such skilfully engineered gradients that most of its length, a continuous ascent of some five-and-twenty miles from Argeles, can be accomplished by the average



cyclist with but one or two dismounts ; whilst in the reverse direction a better opportunity could hardly be obtained for appreciating the advantages of a free-wheel.

Among the passes of the Western Pyrenees the best-known is the Puerto de Roncesvalles, three thousand four hundred and seventy feet high, mostly on Spanish soil ; nestling beneath it is the little town of the same name, famed for paladin and poet. By this route the cyclist may ride from Bayonne to Pamplona by variable roads, approaching the latter town, the ancient capital of Navarre, accursed to all time for its holocaust of ten thousand Jews, through a wild and thinly peopled country. Arrived at Pamplona, the wheelman can hardly do better than make a two days' journey, *via* Tolosa, with its imposing Roman aqueduct, to that loveliest of European watering-places, San Sebastian, by roads which, if not perfect, are a good deal better than the average Spanish highway. It is a ride of great interest ; the road, ascending from the bare and thirsty acres of Navarre, descends into fair and fertile Guipuzcoa, one of the three ancient Basque provinces, whose scenery has no equal on Spanish soil. Their mountains, an indefinite extension of the Pyrenees, have for ages sheltered the oldest race in Europe. 'A blending of all beauties : ' their bare moorlands and craggy heights, dense woods of beech and fir, narrow cart-tracks deep in bracken and shaded by venerable oaks, leading to orchard-embowered villages, successively recall the Scottish Highlands, the Black Forest, and the winding lanes of Devonshire.

In the Eastern Pyrenees the scenery is less striking than that of the central or western regions, and the contrast between the French and the Spanish sides is not so marked, Catalonia presenting a more European aspect than the desert wastes of Aragon and Navarre ; but means of communication between the two countries are assuredly no better. The Col de la Perche, which attains practically the same elevation as the Port d'Urdos, is the principal pass in the Eastern Pyrenees. It is perhaps less sternly grand than the latter, though more beautiful ; but the road on leaving Puigcerda, the first Spanish city, degenerates into the almost inevitable mule-track before reaching any other town, a by no means infrequent characteristic of Spanish highways in other parts of the peninsula. The Col de la Perche lies on French soil ; but part of its southern approach runs through a curious little isolated tract of Spanish territory, ignored by most maps, oval in shape, and about four or five square miles in area. From Puigcerda, on foot or muleback to the tiny cathedral city of La Seo de Urgel, the

tourist may reach, circuitously, the miniature republic of Andorra, a little state whose lack of means of communication with the outside world makes it perhaps hardly worth the trouble of getting there ; the Ardorrans, for reasons best known to themselves, neither possessing nor desiring a rideable road into either France or Spain.

Lastly, mention must be made of the little Col du Perthus, a mere baby among passes, only attaining an elevation of nine hundred and fifty feet, but of interest as the route by which Hannibal is said to have crossed the Pyrenees. It lies nearest to the Mediterranean, and commands a prospect as lovely, if less grand, than its loftier brethren.

Though the French side of the Pyrenees is emphatically an admirable touring-ground for cyclists, it will readily be seen that the Spanish side of these mountains, from the scarcity of rideable roads, compels all but the most enthusiastic wheelman to leave his mount behind him on entering Spain, cheap horse-hire being available where the cycle cannot go. The cyclist, however, who makes up his mind to be satisfied with the variable surface of such highways as do exist in the Spanish Pyrenees may not have much to complain of. He should most carefully study his route beforehand, comfortable night-quarters being often inconveniently wide apart ; and it is generally better to take one's midday meal in one's pockets and eat it on the road than trust to the precarious accommodation at the dirty *posada* of the wretched hamlet where one chances to arrive at noon. The tourist need not have the slightest fear of either robber band or solitary thief, nor molestation of any sort save perhaps from the fierce sheep-dogs of the Pyrenees. I was once pursued by a couple of these huge animals, nearly as big as ponies, one on each hand, for the greater part of a mile, till a few judiciously projected missiles from a convenient stone heap made them desist from the chase. As a rule the cyclist will encounter but few wayfarers ; and these will form no exception to the rule in a land where every peasant is a gentleman. Perhaps, on meeting a group of brown-faced *lavanderas*—how much prettier a word than *washerwomen* !—he will be tempted to stop a while and air his Castilian. These damsels, always buxom without being invariably beautiful, will wash a pocket-handkerchief for the wandering stranger, and possibly decline payment with a saucy word ; but this must not be taken too literally. On the whole, the cyclist who ventures on a dash into Spain awheel will gain some decidedly novel experiences ; nor, to one who is not afraid of roughing it just a little, should they be otherwise than enjoyable.



## A CHAT ABOUT PIKE-FISHING.

By 'SANSTERRE.'



IN many respects the pike (*Esox lucius*) thoroughly deserves his title, 'the fresh-water shark.' He is indeed a voracious brute; and, when inclined to feed, hardly anything that moves seems to come amiss to him. I remember once, just as I was preparing to fish a not unpromising roach-swim, and was trying the depth preparatory to adjusting my float, a small pike seized the leaden plummet firmly in his teeth, and allowed me to bring him to the top of the water before losing his hold. I hardly need add that I decided to move on a bit farther before I commenced, as I well knew that such an unwelcome guest in the hole I was intending to fish would most certainly have driven away the roach.

In spite of his voracity, the pike is also one of the most capricious fish in the matter of feeding. I have many times fished in water known to be more than fairly well stocked, the weather has been ideal from a pike-fisher's point of view, my tackle has been fine, my baits in every way good, my skill passable, my perseverance undeniable; but yet not a fish could I move.

On one occasion I was spinning with a dead dace. There was a favourite reach in the river which had an excellent reputation for holding good fish. Indeed, it was such a tempting spot to the pike that no sooner had it been practically depleted by a successful angler than other fish from more remote parts of the water would come to occupy the places of those that had been caught. Carefully did I work my bait over the whole of this reach. I spun across the stream, against the stream, with the stream; I spun near the surface, in midwater, and near the bottom; but not a touch could I get.

Presently a veritable tyro (although an elderly man) came on the scene. He was, I think, pike-fishing for the first time in his life. He joined me, and told me his woes. Some fine dace had been caught for him by one of the villagers the day before. The tin in which he put them had been sunk bodily in the rainwater-butt, and in the night all the dace died. Not to be done out of his fishing, he had brought the dead fish down to the river; and when he showed me his tackle and the arrangement of it I could hardly repress a smile. He had first a big dace—quite dead; this was somehow hung on a toy-shop spinning-flight, but not so that it would spin. On the line was a small leaden plummet as weight, and above the bait at a distance of about three feet was a large and gorgeously painted pike-float. This fearful and wonderful machine was

flopped in and out of the water every half-minute or so. When he came to the reach through which I had been carefully spinning, I was curious to see if he would move a fish where I had failed. Not that I expected that his in-artistic lure would prove more tempting than my spun dace had been.

As I was lazily watching him—my own hopes of catching a fish that day having been dispelled, for I had been at work for several hours—I suddenly noticed a commotion in the middle of the river just opposite to him. At the same time an excited shout reached my ears: 'Bring your gaff!'

Putting down my own rod with scant ceremony on the bank, I unslung my gaff from my shoulder and made tracks for the scene of the sudden disturbance. Just as I reached the spot the game of 'pulley-hauley' was ended by the float and the bait coming away from the attacking fish. More in jest than in sober earnest, I said, 'Try him again.' Flop went the bait, and with a rush the pike came for it again. Once more 'pulley-hauley,' and once more the pike was disappointed of his lunch. Another flop. Hardly had the float righted itself when with a frantic splutter away went the pike again. 'Wait a bit before you strike,' I said to the excited fisherman. With difficulty he restrained himself; but he did as I suggested; and after half-a-minute or so I told him to strike for all he was worth. He was using only a stoutish fly-rod with a short top, and so his strike was not worth much compared with what it would have been if he had been using a pike-rod. Still, he struck, and by my advice held on. Once more a commotion; and soon he worked his prey to the top of the water for a moment. Then I saw that the fish was a good one, and he seemed to have several of the hooks fast in his mouth. He was not a very game specimen, and after three or four half-hearted rushes he turned on his side and allowed me to use my gaff, much to the joy of the angler. On testing his weight I found that he was just under ten pounds.

In the same river, not very far from the identical spot, but in another reach, I had an exciting ten minutes one day. I say ten minutes; but it seemed to me nearer fifty! I was fishing with a live snap, a medium-sized and active dace being my bait. I had a twisted-gut trace and fine gimp on my hook. My snap-tackle—made by myself—consisted of a medium-sized sneck-bend triangle, with a lip-hook bound on the gimp just above the shank of the triangle. This lip-hook was inserted through the skin on the dace's back so that the triangle hung loosely by the

side of the fish as he swam, with the points of the triangle just clear of the bait's belly. My float was in the middle of the stream, and was for the moment floating down with the current. Suddenly it disappeared. After waiting a few moments to give the pike time to get the bait well into his mouth, I struck, and struck hard. Then I knew that I had hold of a good one. Taking care not to allow the line to get slack, I reeled up. Slowly the fish came to the top, and I saw that my surmises as to his being a good one were not mistaken. To my horror, I distinctly saw the triangle hanging loose outside his jaws, while the only hold I had was by the lip-hook at the corner of the pike's mouth. I dared not put any pressure on, for I knew my hold must be very slender. Consequently it was merely a case of reel in and then let go. Five or six times this happened, and I began to fear the pike might take to boring on the bottom, as they often do when only lightly hooked, or run into some weeds, when I felt sure the triangle hanging from the mouth would catch in some obstruction, and, by giving the pike something to pull on, would enable him to break away from the slender hold I had.

At last I was able to use my gaff; but the ferrule into which the gaff was screwed came off with the pressure, the head of the gaff fell to the bottom of the river somewhere, and the pike once more scooted gaily off. What was I to do? I had no second gaff, and I knew the fish was only slightly hooked.

I promptly made up my mind as to the only course to be adopted under the circumstances; but I must say I had faint hopes as to the success of my plan. Reeling in again, I got *Esax* to the top of the water, where I distinctly saw that my hook had hold of only a strip at the side of the beast's mouth, and that this strip of skin was stretching in very ominous fashion. The only thing I could do was to tow him gingerly and gently along the surface of the water until I reached a spot where the bank of the river would allow me to grasp him with my hand. Fifty or sixty yards I had to take him like this, and I did it very gently and tenderly, keeping as far from the water's edge as possible, the pike meanwhile floating like a log.

At last I reached a convenient place. Holding my rod with my left hand only, I stooped down and inserted my right forefinger and thumb each into an eye, and gave a huge lift. I suppose the sudden darkness had an effect on the pike. He did not make a struggle. I noticed that the triangle was hanging against my bare wrist as I lifted the fish; and if he had kicked ever so little it might have been bad for me. Anyhow I determined that when once my finger and thumb had closed in the convenient hollows made by the eye-sockets, I would hang on at all costs. Carrying my spoil a yard or two from the river's

edge, I put him down on the grass. As I did so the strip of skin by which the lip-hook was holding broke, and the connection between line and pike was severed. Knocking him on the head with a little loaded boxwood bludgeon that I always carry in my pocket when pike-fishing, I proceeded to weigh him, and found that he pulled down thirteen pounds.

On picking up my tackle I found that the lip-hook was pulled out half-straight; and therefore, considering the slight hold I had, the loss of the gaff, and the size of the fish, I held myself very fortunate in landing him safely.

Although a pike-fisherman of over thirty years' experience, I have never been able to make any satisfactory rule about the fish feeding or not. I have caught pike in almost all kinds of weather, and certainly with the wind from every possible direction. I have caught them when the rings on the rod froze up so that the line would hardly run through. I have caught them in rain, fog, and drizzle, but not in snow. I have caught them with a north-easterly wind blowing hard. The ideal day for winter pike-fishing is when the wind blows somewhat strongly from any quarter between south and west, with sunny intervals and a warm feeling in the air. I have fished patiently and persistently on such a day as this in a river well stocked with fish and have not had even one run.

Personally, I like the water to be more than fairly clear, not too much stream, and the bait—when using a live snap—not too far from the bottom, say half-way between midwater and the bed of the river. Thus, in a stream six feet deep I should like four and a half feet between the float and the bait, provided the bottom was fairly free from weeds. It is not a bad plan when not meeting with success at one particular depth to vary the distance the bait swims from the bottom. I am speaking now, of course, of fishing with the live snap, which in my opinion is the most killing method in most waters. When spinning it is easier to vary the depth at which the bait is presented to the fish.

When fishing for pike with either live or dead bait, it will be better to try a small part of water thoroughly than to scamper headlong over a large portion, often leaving the best and most likely places half-tried. Some people, I know, cast their bait into the middle of the stream and let it float quietly down with the current, either holding the rod in their hands and walking along the bank opposite the float, or putting it down and moving it little by little as the bait travels down the river. By far the better plan is to take one's stand on the bank—not too close to the edge, and moving gently, for the vibration caused by heavy stamping frightens the fish almost as much as the sight of the angler wielding his rod—and then by a careful manipulation of rod and line to work the bait all over



the water in front, on the right hand, and on the left. Pay particular attention to the slight eddies and backwaters that are constantly being formed in the winter-time in most rivers, for there Master *Esox* may be lurking greedily on the watch for anything edible that may happen to pass by. Make the bait sail naturally past clumps of reeds and rushes, particularly after a frost which, though sufficiently strong to fringe the edge of the river with ice, is yet not severe enough to cover the water. If by chance your dace shows signs of being reluctant to pass any particular spot, and makes frantic efforts to escape either to the shore or to the middle of the stream, pay careful attention to that spot; for most likely a pike is there, and, although he may not take your bait the first time it goes past him, you may perchance, by presenting it to him in a slightly different form, worry him into taking it almost against his will. If the fish are not feeding in deep water, try the shallows. Good pike are often met with in comparatively shallow water, particularly as the season draws to a close.

Many a blank day would be avoided if the angler made up his mind not to cease trying—and trying his hardest, using every resource suggested by his experience—when the fish seem entirely off the feed. However, in spite of all ingenuity and perseverance, there *will* be blank days, even when the elements appear to be perfectly propitious. In winter-time pike do not appear to roam about much in search of their food. The reason for this, I think, is that they can exist for many days without taking a fish at all. The first two or three casts in a day's fishing are very anxious ones. I have noticed many times that when I have had runs from quite small fish early in the day I have not done much afterwards. Pike are horrid cannibals, and it may be that the wee pikelet of a pound or so finds it convenient to 'lie low' when voracious ten or twenty pounders are on the feed. I am speaking of fishing in rivers, be it understood.

A mistake that many pike-fishers make when using the live snap is in not giving the pike time enough to get the hook or hooks into his mouth before striking. The float suddenly disappears; and strike goes the angler immediately, with the result that the pike goes on his way rejoicing, while the angler wearily puts on another bait, and pops it before the nose of an already satiated fish. A pike invariably seizes a fish crosswise. He then, as a rule, moves off to his haunt. Arrived there, he turns the fish round preparatory to swallowing it head-first. When the bait is quite within the pike's mouth it is time to strike. The pike always faces the stream, and therefore it will be wise to strike across, trending down-stream, with the point of the rod. Strike hard, and more than once. It may be said

that the second strike might possibly pull the bait out of the pike's mouth, instead of fixing the hooks more firmly in his jaw; but this could only happen when the hold was very slight, and in that case the pike would in all probability shake himself free when the tussle began in earnest. More than once I have had pike of three or four pounds leap out of the water when being played; and it is no unusual thing to see them poke half their head above the water, pointing straight upwards, and try by shaking their head like a dog to get rid of the detaining hooks. In these cases the hold is generally very slight, and the manœuvre frequently meets with success—from the pike's point of view. Of course, when spinning there is no occasion to wait before striking. If the pike has fairly hold of the fish or bait crosswise, some of the hooks on the flight must of necessity be inside the mouth, and if you wait you may give the pike an opportunity of ejecting the bait (with the hooks) directly his suspicions are aroused by the pricking of the hooks even before the fisherman strikes. Therefore, when spinning, strike directly you feel that your bait has been stopped by something. If it is only a bit of weed you will do no harm; and you will soon be informed of the fact if you are on a good fish.

The question of baits is one that might be discussed at considerable length. Dace are brighter, more tempting, and more showy than roach; but they are tender and delicate. Too much hauling in and throwing out soon finishes them off. Here let me say that considerable skill and practice are required to cast out a live bait properly and to make it fall where desired. If you throw too hard you run the risk of casting away the bait off the hook, which goes through the strip of skin on the back; and if you cast with insufficient strength the bait will fall short and render a second cast necessary almost directly. Roach are much tougher than dace, but have not so much pluck. Pond roach are recommended by some fishermen for use in rivers. I have often tried them; but except that they sometimes prove hardier and longer-lived than river roach, I do not see that there is much difference. I have tried carp; but I do not care for them—neither did the pike. I remember once in the very early days of my experience in pike-fishing having five or six small carp sent to me in a little bait-tin merely wrapped in some wet pond-weeds and carried four miles by the village postman. When the tin reached me the fish were to all appearance dead. In desperation I turned them out into a pail of water, when one by one they slowly revived and soon were as lively as ever.

I took them down to the river next morning, and put one on the live gorge-hook. In a promising-looking hole I had a run; but the pike, after waiting a minute or two, declined to

pouch the unsavoury morsel, and spat it out. This happened three times in almost the same place. Presently I thought, 'How would it do to put the carp on a spinning-flight, and so check-mate Mr Pike if he tried his little games again?' Accordingly I hauled in my game little carp, killed it—as I thought—and put it on a small spinning-flight, and cast it well over the hole in the river in which I had had the runs. The very first throw was successful. A game little pike of about four pounds came at it with a rush, and after a little fuss was duly landed. By this time the carp was bitten about considerably. Consequently I thought a fresh bait would be desirable, and I took my carp off the hooks and threw it into the river. To my astonishment, the little carp swam gaily away as if nothing had ever been the matter with him!

Dace are, of course, from their shape better for spinning than roach; but a roach can be made to spin well with a suitable flight of hooks. I have mentioned dace and roach as baits because they are more readily procured in a general way. Bleak, gudgeon, chub, and even perch with the back-fin cut off can all be used. I have heard goldfish recommended; but I have never tried them, and cannot, therefore, speak from personal experience.

Artificial baits are too numerous to mention, much less to describe. In my opinion they are only useful when natural baits cannot be procured. Therefore I will only say that the best plan seems to me to be as follows: try several different kinds, and select that for general use which takes fish in the particular water to which you have access. As a rule artificial spinning-baits are not of much use after the month of October. At least this is my experience; but at the same time I must confess that I have not used them to any great extent. I have been told that white (or undried) sprats make excellent spinning baits; but I have not tried them. I should think they would be too tender to stand much wear and tear.

In conclusion, I must say just a word about

dress. First with regard to boots. When fishing from the bank the angler will have to walk through many a swampy place, often to stand for hours in wet grass and on soft, spongy meadow-land; therefore let the boots be stout, sound, and good. Tend them carefully after using, and remember that dry feet generally result in warm bodies, and that wet feet are always uncomfortable and often a source of real danger. An overcoat is a nuisance; therefore use a substantial 'sweater' under a tweed walking or shooting coat, which should fit loosely, have plenty of pockets, and not one unnecessary button. It is a good plan to keep a coat specially for fishing. Traces and flights of hooks can be wrapped separately in pieces of stout paper, and have their own particular pockets; while floats and the other small and necessary impedimenta can be stowed away in a similar manner so that they can be found when wanted at a moment's notice. This will render carrying a tin tackle-box unnecessary. The winch can go in the fishing-bag slung over the angler's shoulders. It is a good plan to have about sixty yards of line—well dressed and not too stout—on it, for when the bait-end of the line shows signs of wear the line itself can be run off the reel and turned, thus making, as it were, a new line of it. Then, when both ends are in a similar plight, the line can be divided in the middle, and the other two ends joined neatly together; in this way the sixty yards of line will make four distinct lines before being completely used up. The gaff—telescopic for choice—can be slung over the back, and thus the services of an attendant can be dispensed with.

Cold fingers are very troublesome, and gloves are worse. My plan has been as follows: on arriving at the river-side, turn up sleeves and plunge the hands into the water well over the wrists. Let them get thoroughly wet, and then dry them by waving through the air. Since adopting this dodge—which was told me many years ago by an old boatman—I have never been troubled with cold fingers when pike-fishing.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN MILITARY POLICE OFFICER.

### IV.—THE ADJUTANT'S MISTAKE—SIKH CUSTOMS—TWO HUNDRED CAMELS ORDERED—REGIMENTAL SPORTS.

**T**HE lesson we had given Luckwar and his gang, described in the previous article, had a very good effect, as many small gangs of guerillas lurking about the district broke up, threw away their arms, and returned to their villages to settle down as peaceful toilers of the land until a fresh opportunity occurred of going out on the prowl.

This gave us a chance of filling up our gaps in the ranks, replenishing broken-down horses, teaching recruits to ride, shoot, &c.—in fact, going in for the general improvement of the corps. The Government of India was so well satisfied with the good service the trotting camels had performed that we were ordered to purchase two hundred of the best animals that could be procured. This addition brought up our strength

so considerably that additional European officers were needed. The Government therefore decided to give us three, one to fill up the vacancy caused by the loss of our second in command, who was killed in the action with Feroze Shah, and two to do duty with the mounted infantry.

On these officers joining us we found two of them to be very young men, with hardly any experience of actual service; but they were splendid horsemen, and seemed very willing to learn what they had to do and to fall in with our ways. The third, having distinguished himself at the capture of Lucknow in a British Hussar regiment, had the adjutancy bestowed on him for his bravery. We soon found out that he was a very fine soldier and a jolly fellow all round, but a terrible martinet, and according to his ideas we wanted no end of brushing up. He therefore set to work in real earnest to smarten us; and I must confess he did a lot towards the appearance of the corps on parade; but in the midst of his glory he nearly came to awful grief, and in a most ridiculous manner.

I will briefly relate the circumstances.

One morning the commanding officer appeared on horseback in a most excited state in front of my tent, and called out, 'Turn-out Jack' (my nickname), 'there's the devil to pay in the lines. I fear that unless we are pretty smart in rectifying matters there will be a mutiny in the corps.' 'What on earth can be the matter?' I exclaimed. 'Why, I would as soon conclude that the world was coming to an end as that our men would mutiny.' 'Well,' he replied, 'it's all caused by that over-energetic adjutant of ours. He, with his head full of nothing but British soldiers and red tape, issued an order last night that every man-jack of the regiment must appear on the next inspection parade—which, as you know, is the day after to-morrow—with his hair cut short, like a Tommy; the consequence of which is, that nearly half the men have sworn that they will desert, and the rest are taking vows that if a single hair is touched they will mutiny to a man. I had forgotten to state that the adjutant had had it given out that if the men did not obey his orders and cut their hair, he would punish one and all of them. Hazara Sing has just been to see me in a great state of mind, and I have told him to rush back to the lines and explain that the whole thing is a mistake on the part of the adjutant; but he would not leave until I promised him to be down amongst the men, bringing you also, with as little delay as possible. So hurry up, old chap!'

My English readers will, I fear, begin to wonder why men should mutiny because they were told to cut their hair, and conclude that there could not have been much discipline in the corps. I therefore consider that before stating how we settled with the men I had

better explain why the order was so repugnant to their feelings.

As has been stated, our men were mostly Sikhs from the Ludhiana and Ferozpur districts. Well, a Sikh from his childhood never allows a razor to touch his face nor scissors to touch his hair, as his beard and his hair are sacred; and any Sikh who should cut his hair or shave his beard or moustache is an outcast for ever. All Sikhs dedicate their hair to one of their numerous gods; therefore to interfere with it is considered to be sacrilege. As a rule they let the hair of their heads grow as long as possible, taking great pains to brush and comb it whenever they get an opportunity. That it may not appear objectionable, they fix up their hair in much the same way as a woman would do; but instead of placing the knot behind their heads, they tie it on the top, and fasten a large turban over it, which keeps out all dust. Their beards they divide into two, commencing under the chin; then they plait them very artistically, and tie up the ends over their ears. On state occasions or during a religious ceremony they let their beards down, combing and brushing them very carefully. The longer a man's beard is the more respect he commands amongst his comrades and the priests.

Readers will now understand why our adjutant's orders should have caused such a hubbub amongst the men.

Well, to proceed. We went to the lines, keeping the adjutant out of the way, and in less than no time got the men to see that the misunderstanding was caused by the adjutant not knowing their habits and customs. One and all were satisfied, gave us three cheers when we left them, and so the matter ended.

The adjutant, of course, had to be put through his facings for his serious mistake; and he was fearfully down in the mouth about the affair. He had also to undergo a tremendous amount of chaff from his brother officers for a long time. Eventually he became the idol of the men, as he was a grand rider, a daring soldier, and good at games all round, which he always joined in heartily with the men. Poor fellow! we lost him in a very sad manner about nine months afterwards; he was killed at a game of polo, in which the regiment was competing against a squad of young officers of a British regiment which was passing through our station. I shall never forget the sad scene at his funeral. There was not a single man that was not in tears, out of the one thousand five hundred who were present.

The purchase of two hundred trotting camels was no easy task, as the kind of animal we needed was not to be obtained wholesale; but in about a month we succeeded in getting the required number. Then, of course, we had to break them in to stand men firing off their



backs and get them to work in the ranks as horses do. This occupied other two months. The work was hard; but it was done, and well done, too; many a man getting some nice croppers, and several camels had to be rejected as useless all round. It must not be assumed that during these three months we were simply buying and training camels; in fact, during that time three or four expeditions had to leave headquarters to hunt down petty gangs of rebels and highwaymen.

As soon as our commanding officer considered that the camel portion of the regiment was fit for active service, he asked the General of the division to inspect us.

The inspection came off with flying colours, and the General was pleased to remark that he was proud to have such a smart body of officers and men under his command. He added that the regiment—more properly speaking police battalion—had distinguished itself so often that he felt convinced that it would always continue to do so.

After the inspection was over we had a jolly good lunch, and then started off for the race-course, where we had settled on holding a small 'sky-meeting'—a gymkhana—strictly confined to officers and men of the battalion. The camel race, with two men fully accoutred on each, caused great amusement, and many of the cavalrymen performed wonderful feats on horseback. The infantry easily overcame the cavalry in a tug-of-war; but the race that caused the greatest excitement was the one in which our sporting doctor and one of our newly appointed officers had a match for a hundred rupees. The doctor's nag was fast on the flat, but it was blind of one eye. The distance settled on was a mile. Places were drawn for, and the doctor's opponent drew the outside, which happened to be on the good side of the doctor's horse. I noticed at the time that the doctor seemed to be delighted at this, and the reason will soon be apparent. One or two false starts were made—there are usually a few of these with non-professional jockeys—but at last they got off to a good start. For the first half-mile both horses were well together, after which the young officer could be seen riding all he knew to get ahead of the doctor. This went on until they got near the quarter-mile post from home; but the game little one-eyed horse was not to be beaten—in fact was leading by nearly a length. All the lookers-on were ready to bet a kingdom to a china orange on the leader; but all of a sudden we noticed that our young officer had eased his horse a bit, by which arrangement he fell back a little; then he changed over to the blind side of the doctor's horse, sat down in his saddle, and rode as Fred Archer could do. It turned out afterwards that he had ridden many a race before. At the distance-post he was close on his opponent's

girths, his nag straining every muscle to get ahead; and, amidst the greatest excitement on the course and in the stand, he landed his mount a winner by a short head. The coolness and judgment of pace displayed by the youngster was the talk of the mess for many a day; and I am glad to say that he distinguished himself over and over again in many a fight, in all of which his determination and judgment never failed him. In fact, before he left the service he rose to the rank of Major-General, and was one of the very ablest cavalry leaders that India ever had.

I must add that the doctor was game to run his horse again for any amount we liked to name, provided his opponent did not get on the blind side of his plucky little crock; but we knew only too well that we should not be in it under these conditions, so let the challenge pass.

#### A BRETON LEGEND.

According to Breton tradition, Cape Finisterre, a barren and storm-swept headland on the northern coast, was the point from which the souls of the dead took passage for the Isles of the Blest. The voyage was tempestuous, and the entrance to the haven was shrouded by a dense and terrifying veil of mist.

STRAINING eyes towards a darkening west,  
A sea full of pain and deep unrest,  
And never a sign of the Isles of the Blest.

And on the morrow's morn there fell  
A grievous mist on the ocean swell,  
Black as the adamant gates of hell.

Whereat there rose a bitter wail:  
'Back! Oh, guide through the merciless gale!  
We may not pierce this awful veil.

'Not for us are the forest aisles,  
The morning dews, and the sunset's smiles  
On the fragrant slopes of the Blessed Isles.'

But He at the helm drave steadily:  
'Ye shall not faint nor fail,' said He:  
'For Mine are the souls that sail with Me.

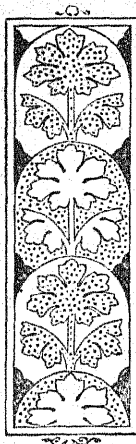
'Only be strong and void of fear,  
Make keen the eye and tense the ear;  
Listen, and gaze, and the mist will clear.'

And e'en as He spake the words fell true,  
For the veil was cloven through and through  
With flashes of opal, gold, and blue;

And the air grew warm and sweet and fine  
With breath of roses and eglantine,  
With balm of fir and spice of pine;

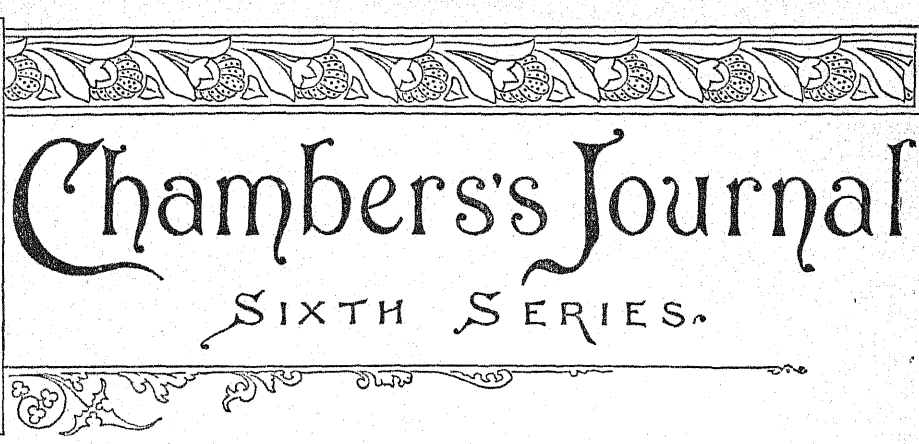
And the veil brake utterly, setting free  
Beyond the pain and the mystery  
That fairest haven where we would be.

ANTONIA KENNEDY-LAURIE DICKSON.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

By ALEXR. WM. ROBERTS, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., F.R.S.E., Lovedale, South Africa.

**F**ROM the time when men first turned intelligent questioning eyes up to the firmament of stars above them, thoughtful minds have speculated on the great riddle of the nature and extent of the material universe. What are the stars? How great is the sum of them? How far distant are they from us? are the main questions which go to make up one of the most profound problems in the whole range of scientific inquiry.

It is only in our day that a partial answer can be given to these questions. Previous to the discovery of the telescope men could not even give a partial answer to them. The wise men of the Middle Ages and the philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome had nothing but their imaginations to help them in coming to any conclusion concerning the nature, number, or distance of the stars; there was scarcely a single fact known that could in the least be made use of to correct the wildest excursions of the fancy. The stars were nails or holes in the roof of heaven, diamonds in Jove's crown or sparks from Vulcan's forge, angels' eyes or the glitter of their wings, according to the vision of the dreamer. There was no one who could prove which theory was wrong, and nothing could be adduced to show which belief was right.

It is indeed wonderful what progress in the direction of lifting up even a corner of the veil that hides this innermost of Nature's secrets has been attained during the past hundred years. Herschel, Huggins, Newcomb, Gill, and Kelvin are names that will be intimately associated with the long succession of important discoveries in this direction. The laborious star-gauging achievements of Sir William Herschel, the spectroscopic discoveries of Sir William Huggins during the past forty years (forty fruitful years in spectroscopic work), the arduous investigations of Professor Newcomb on star movements, the recent determinations of stellar distances by Sir David

Gill, and the still more recent and profoundly interesting researches of Lord Kelvin on the dimensions of the material universe have all been strong hands tugging at the curtain.

Although with all this effort only a corner of the veil has been lifted back, yet the ever-widening breach, the ever-decreasing shadow, the ever-clearer view of the end to be reached, and the way to reach it, is reason for believing that one day the riddle will be read and the problem solved; that we shall know where the limiting shores of our universe lie as surely as we know where the outer confines of our solar system are.

The present article, however, is not of the nature of a prophecy, except in so far as present achievements are prophetic. My purpose is to indicate the present position of our knowledge of the nature and extent of the stellar universe; and this can best be done, I think, by considering what answers we can give to the three questions which form the heart of the problem: What are the stars? How many are they? What is their distance from us?

#### WHAT ARE THE STARS?

The discoveries of the past sixty years indicate that the stars are bodies like our own sun; some considerably larger, others smaller, but on the average not much different in size and nature from the sun. They are, at least the visible stars are, great glowing globes of gaseous matter. As a rule these vast furnaces burn steadily. Sometimes, however, the fires seem to die down and then blaze out again as of yore. Three hundred such stars are known to astronomers; they are called *variable stars* because of the waxing and waning of their light. Now and again the seething fires prove too strong for the bonds of attractive force which hold the star together, and with one mighty upheaval the vast globe is shattered into fragments, blown into atoms, veritably 'dissolved into thin air.' Thousands of years after this explosion the record of the catas-

trophe reaches the earth, and a solitary watcher in the old Barony of Bonnington, in the year of grace 1901, sees a new star suddenly blaze out in the midnight sky, to fade away only as its predecessors had done, leaving, perchance, not a trace in the sky to tell the spot where once a world existed.

Among the millions of stars are to be found bodies in all stages of development. Some are glowing with an intensity of heat and light far beyond our utmost conception; others are slowly cooling down—already they are dull red in colour; some are cold and dark and dead. No telescope will ever perceive these latter bodies, and no camera will detect them. We only know that they are there by their influence over the light and motion of bright stars. One of the most interesting sections of the new astronomy deals with these dead, dark stars; and although no eye has seen them, or ever will see them, still we are able to ascertain their size, weight, and position just as if they were in the zenith of their glory.

Not the least wonderful discovery of the past few years has been some stars of the Siamese Twins type. They are in shape like two pears joined stem to stem. After the lapse of long ages these two masses will separate, and we shall then have the birth of a double star. Long before observation revealed these remarkable bodies, Professor Darwin, son of the great naturalist, pointed out that this is the manner in which our moon was thrown off by the earth; indeed, that it is the manner in which every double star is formed. It is surely passing strange to see the genesis of a stellar system before our very eyes.

The mammoth telescopes and the great cameras, some fifty tons in weight, of the present day reveal these facts to us. Thus we find that the myriad lights, the splendid gems of our winter sky, are suns and worlds in all stages of growth, decay, and death; double stars just forming, systems just being evolved, worlds grown old and cold and dead, suns in the noontide of their splendour, and suns whose life-history is abruptly closed by some sudden and awful catastrophe.

#### HOW MANY ARE THE STARS?

In the southern sky the writer has counted five thousand six hundred stars visible distinctly to the naked eye. There are, therefore, about ten thousand stars in the whole heavens which can be seen by the eye alone, without any other aid. An ordinary opera-glass will show close on one hundred thousand stars. As we use larger and still larger telescopes, more and still more stars are revealed. It is estimated that in the great Yerkes telescope, the largest in the world, two hundred million stars are visible.

Then, again, the sensitive photographic plate will show, under long exposure—Sir David Gill

has secured an exposure of twenty-five hours—groups and clusters of stars where the specks of light are like falling snowflakes on a still winter's day or rain-drops against the sun. A long-exposure survey of the whole heavens with one of the most modern photographic telescopes would indicate, I am convinced, no fewer than five hundred million stars.

Now, it may be urged, where does finality come in here? As we go on constructing larger and yet larger telescopes, more and yet more stars will appear. Each remove we are only seeing farther and farther down the great endless galleries of space, and the goal of our desire is as far off as ever. We may only be making visible the frontier realms of an infinite domain, the hinterland of which is a region so vast that no human invention can fathom it, and no human intellect can measure or comprehend it.

This does not at all follow. It is true that the larger the telescope the greater the number of stars made visible by it; but the question is, does the number seen increase in the same proportion as the size of the telescope would lead us to expect? If the universe is infinite in extent and the stars infinite in number, then in a telescope of a certain size we ought to see a definite number of stars. Do we see this number? This is the crux of the whole matter. Now, the answer to this question is, that the number of stars we do see in a very large telescope falls far short of the number we ought to see on the assumption that there is no limit to the number of stars; but, on the other hand, the number seen is quite in keeping with the contention that each increase of telescopic power brings our vision nearer and nearer to the outer fringe of our finite universe.

The same remarkable result is reached if we consider recent photographic research in this direction. As we increase the length of the exposure we do not obtain an equivalent increase in the number of stars registered on the photographic plate. Indeed, we sometimes reach a limit, different of course for different parts of the sky, beyond which we cease to photograph any more stars however long the exposure. We have, in short, photographed all there is to photograph. When any one pushes his way through a great London crowd, he finds the press grow less and less dense as he reaches the outer edge. If no stranger to such throngs, he will be able to gauge more or less roughly the size of the crowd from the appearance it presents to him as he passes through it. If a specialist in the matter of crowds, his estimate will probably be an accurate one. The telescope carries the astronomer through the stellar distances right on to the region where the stars thin out on the margin of the great ocean of space that surrounds the universe like a garment. From what he sees he is able to estimate all he could



possibly see. The part visible is to him a certain measure of the whole. And that whole how vast, how stupendous! The most modest estimates give one thousand million as the total number of stars in the universe—one thousand million!

If this be so—and the result is arrived at by a variety of ways—then a telescope ten feet in diameter will bring us to the foreshores of that vast, inviolate, untroubled sea of empty space that girds our realm of stars. Empty space! It may not be empty. Here and there island universes as large as our own may break the monotony of that shoreless sea: islands and islets that are visible in our largest telescopes as faint wisps and whorls of misty light, specks against the darkness. After all, the number of universes may be as countless and as diverse as the stars. There is nothing unreasonable in such a thought.

#### WHAT IS THE EXTENT OF THIS SYSTEM OF STARS?

The most recent investigations seem to indicate that the outermost rim of stars in our universe, the sentinels on the confines of space, are two thousand times more distant than those nearest our system.

Now, the stars nearest to us are only 'near' in astronomical language. They are on the average 'thirty light-years' distant from us—that is, light takes thirty years to come from our nearest neighbours among the stars. In some cases the distance is much less, in others much more; but the mean distance is about 'thirty light-years.'

If, now, the farthest-away stars are two thousand times more distant than this, a ray of light would take one hundred and twenty thousand years to speed across the whole sidereal universe. Sometimes distances like this are expressed in 'express-train years'—that is, we calculate how

long it would take a train to go across the grand trunk railway of the universe, if such a line could be made. Why distances are so expressed I cannot tell; for what profit is it for any man to know that it would take one million million years to cross from shore to shore of the universe in a train? We can only look at the figures and smile or frown as our manner is—understand it we cannot. It gives us a pleasant sense of vastness to compute how many tons of matter are in the universe. Does it make the matter any more understandable to say that there are a million times more tons of matter in space than there are drops of water in all the five oceans of our round earth? The comprehension of a statement like this far transcends our finite conceptions. We can only be amazed, bewildered. We never can understand it, for it is bordering on infinite relations. Yet, as has already been suggested, this great universe, so vast that the mighty orbs can be reckoned in number as the sand by the seashore, may only after all be a very small part of space; in all probability it is only as a single drop compared with the practically infinite ocean that surrounds it:

A dark

Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,  
And time and place, are lost.

Even if man explored and measured the universe of stars above him to its farthest reaches, charting, gauging, weighing, the riddle would be still unread, for beyond and barring his way would lie this 'illimitable' ocean. We here reach thoughts that had best be left alone. Let us content ourselves with the wonderful tale of the achievements of astronomers during the past hundred years in making evident so much knowledge concerning the nature, number, and distance of the stars.

## H U P E H.

### PART II.



ONE night Hupeh came to me, and I saw at once that he was labouring under great mental excitement. His usually inscrutable eyes had dropped their mask, and in them I read a great anxiety and a greater danger. Hastily closing the door behind him, he peered round the room, and then interrogated me with a look full of meaning.

'All alone,' I said. 'What has happened?'

'Forder, we have been good friends?'

'I have always hoped so, Hupeh. I know of nothing that should make us enemies.'

'Good. I am a yellow man, Forder; but I do not forget. You must fly instantly from Tsing-

Fu.' He seized me excitedly by the arm and peered earnestly into my face.

'That is impossible, Hupeh. I dare not. Why should I?'

'Because the Boxers are marching on Peking, and Tsing-Fu is in their line of march!'

'Well?'

'You do not understand. This Boxer movement has not for its object the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty; it is a national rising against the foreigner.'

'To what end?'

'Forder, if a foreign army were to invade your England, what would Englishmen strive to do?' His face was pale; his voice quivered with excitement.

There was only one obvious answer; and that, looking into his excited face, I was afraid to make.

'This is the warning of a friend,' he continued — 'the warning of one who fears for his friend. The cry is, "Death to the foreigner!" Do not wait until you hear it ring out in the streets.'

His extraordinary agitation still puzzled me; a suspicion wavered, then grew strong. I seized him sharply by the arm.

'How do you know all this?'

'Because I am a Boxer!'

'You?'

'Ay; why not? Is not a man justified of any means to free his country of the invader?'

'But, Hupeh, we are not invaders.'

'No, you are traders; but the warship and the soldier follow you. The people are afraid; officialism has stirred their prejudices, and one can foresee nothing but horror. Forder, you are in the greatest possible danger. Every foreigner in the country is standing over a volcano. If he had more sensitiveness he would feel the heave and fall of the burning crust.'

'Europe will call for a terrible revenge.'

'Admitted; but Europe stands a long way off, and even it cannot recall the dead. It will be too late once you hear the populace shouting in the streets. We have been good friends, Forder, and this is the last office of a friend. Go while there is time.'

'And the others?' I referred to the merchants, the missionaries, and their families.

He shrugged his shoulders. 'I have already risked too much in warning you. For once in a way be guided by me, Forder. Every hour you remain in Tsing-Fu is fraught with danger.'

'You would advise me to leave at once?'

'This very moment. Make your way to Tientsin. That will soon be the last refuge of your people.'

'It is impossible, Hupeh.'

'I am sorry, Forder. This is like a rising of the Hoang-Ho. No obstacle shall stay its course.'

He went as silently and mysteriously as he had come, and I was left to digest as best I could the alarming intelligence. At first I was disinclined to give entire credence to his story, knowing the Chinese love of exaggeration and the sudden political vanity which had violently agitated some of the most evenly balanced minds. Still, I could not entirely mistrust his friendship, which had stood the test of so many years; though, if what he said were true, the rising had spread with inconceivable rapidity. But yesterday it seemed that one had heard of the Boxers for the first time, and now they were threatening the life of every foreigner in the northern and middle provinces. To be sure the Government at Peking had proclaimed the society; but if Hupeh spoke the truth, Peking was playing a double game. The question was, would they dare to flout the

Powers even in secret? One knew of the Empress, and believed her capable of any daring; but in her counsel were men wiser than she—men who knew something of Europe and its power. Would the woman be foolish enough to defy that power? After all, she was a vain and ignorant woman, and to one who is cognisant of the vanity of the Oriental all things seem possible.

I went out and called on my nearest neighbour, a merchant with whom I had been intimate for some years. I found him surrounded by his wife and family. It was the baby's birthday, and the children, three girls and a boy, were romping and eating sweetmeats in honour of the occasion. It was a merry party, and for something like an hour I made a pretence of enjoyment; but as soon as the mother had retired with the children I broached the object of my visit, nor was I relieved to see that my friend Shelton received the communication with a look of the utmost anxiety.

'In my heart I have feared something like this,' he said, 'and for the last week I have been trying to make up my mind to send my wife and little ones down to the coast. But, Forder, I shall hesitate no longer; they start to-morrow.'

On the morrow they were in the hands of Cheng-Chu, the rabid anti-foreigner.

I left the house a prey to the most evil forebodings. Two or three shadows slunk out from an adjacent doorway and disappeared into the street; at intervals along the dark streets shadows seemed to accompany me. I began to regret that I had come out unarmed, and, foreseeing trouble, hurried onward. But nothing untoward happened, though I did not sleep well.

Early the following morning a runner from the Yamen came with a message from the *taotai*, Cheng-Chu, requesting me to present myself before his Excellency, who had some important news to communicate. I obeyed, and was received with every outward show of courtesy. Cheng had the reputation of being a bad man; but he possessed good manners, and these he could use when the necessity arose. He overwhelmed me with compliment, professed himself my devoted servant, and passed through all the genuflections of insincerity. Then by elaborate degrees he led up to the serious communication. It was rumoured that the Boxers had secretly entered Tsing-Fu, that their object was the destruction of the foreigners, and that he had sent to offer me the shelter of the Yamen.

I could not offend him by refusing his proffered hospitality, and yet I was not absolutely convinced of his honesty. He saw the indecision in my face, and his little black eyes blinked over me with monotonous regularity. They were wonderful, soulless little eyes, clots of black fire that smouldered sullenly.

Fortunately a diversion occurred at that moment. A noise was heard outside, and in rushed a mes-

senger, who, between quick gasps for breath, panted out the information that the Boxers were in possession of the city, and that the foreign houses were already in flames.

Cheng looked at me, and a singular smile curled the thick lips of his ugly mouth. It was no longer necessary to press his hospitality upon me.

'You will be quite safe here,' he said. 'I will keep you in hiding until the storm has blown over.'

'And what of the other Europeans?' I asked.

'All safe here in the Yamen—as safe as you are.'

'My Government will not forget his Excellency Cheng-Chu,' I said.

'I hope not,' he answered.

But though apparently safe from the storm which raged without the Yamen, I was not secure against that which raged within. Indeed, I quickly realised that I was the *taotai's* prisoner, and that my chances had not improved under official protection. When I requested leave to go forth I was met with a curt refusal, and all my protestations resulted in a shrugging of the shoulders or an ominous leer.

In this uncertainty I was kept for two days. Meanwhile strange rumours had reached me through my jailers—rumours which filled me with horror and prepared me for the worst that might happen. Indeed, I feared greatly that the other refugees were even in a worse plight, and one morning the head of my friend Shelton was rolled into my cell. My exclamation of horror drew shrieks of laughter from my captors, and I was told that on the morrow my own head would be treated with as scant courtesy. I did not doubt it. Cheng, having begun his deadly work, could afford to leave no witness to tell the tale.

About midnight I was awakened from an uneasy doze into which I had fallen by hearing the door of my cell softly open. I awoke instantly, feeling my time had come; but no ray of light illumined the darkness, and I peered towards the door, every nerve strung to the utmost tenseness. If it were the end, all I could hope was that they would spare me the torture.

'Are you there?' came a low, strange voice, and yet a voice which vibrated like that of a friend.

'Who is it?'

'Hupeh!'

I gasped, scarcely realising that it could be he.

'Is this the end, Hupeh?'

'I pray not. Come with me. There is still a little hope.'

He took me by the hand and led me from the cell, and presently we entered a room in which a light burned dimly. Pointing to a bundle of clothes which lay upon a bench, he said, 'Dress yourself quickly; you must be outside Tsing-Fu before daylight.'

Without more ado I changed my European dress for that of a native, making in the uncertain light a tolerable Chinaman, and silently we passed the gates of the Yamen. Then I began to breathe more freely.

'Hupeh,' I said, 'if Heaven permits me safely to join my people, I shall not forget this act of yours.'

'May it be so, Forder.'

'There is still danger from Cheng-Chu?'

'Danger, yes; but from Cheng-Chu, no.'

'I do not understand.'

'For my sake Cheng-Chu has permitted this. Surely, Forder, our friendship has been something more than a name? Remember this one act to his credit, and to mine. Now farewell. We shall never meet again. There is the open country. Make for the sea-coast and work your way to Tientsin. You will find money in your coat. Farewell!'

That was not the last time Hupeh and I were to meet. When, later on, the allies entered Tsing-Fu I accompanied them as interpreter, and in the compound of the Yamen I saw the head of the *taotai* Cheng roll in the dust; for the vengeance of the allies was swift and sure, and severe enough to strike terror into the yellow men. But in my heart I was glad that one of the ringleaders still remained at large, though the reward offered for his apprehension was tempting. Hupeh had begotten himself an evil name, and assiduous was the search for him. Every day I feared that they would bring him in; but as the time passed and no information concerning him reached headquarters, I sincerely prayed that he might be beyond the reach of human vengeance.

Then I accompanied a small expedition a week's journey from Tsing-Fu, the object of which being accomplished, we returned to the Yamen early one morning. Troops were drawn up in the compound, the natives clustering with frightened faces behind the men in khaki. Pushing to the front, I saw, kneeling in a row, some half-dozen men, their necks bared, their hands bound behind them. Even as I advanced the executioner's sword swished through the air and a human head went spinning across the paved courtyard.

'The last batch,' said an officer beside me.

'Any one of importance?' I asked.

'Yes,' he said; 'that chap at the end is Hupeh.'

'Hupeh! Hupeh! He saved me once,' I cried excitedly.

'The devil he did.' It seemed quite an unimportant matter to this automaton.

I rushed forward. The headsman, who had already accounted for three of his victims, stopped to look at me.

'Hupeh! I cried. 'Hupeh!'

He looked up at me dreamily, stupidly, like one



under the influence of narcotics; then, recognising me, he smiled.

'Forder! Back again in Tsing-Fu! You are in time to see your friend die.'

'You must not die, Hupeh.' I turned despairingly to the officer in command, who with a swelling face was angrily advancing. 'I implore you to reprieve this man if only for an hour. I have a story to tell. He saved my life; he would have saved us all had we only listened to him.'

'Impossible. Must obey orders. Fellow's a murderer.'

'That's a lie,' said Hupeh in the most excellent English. 'I have never murdered any one. I did as you would do if the enemy were within your gates.'

'Egad!' stammered the officer, 'the fellow speaks English.'

'I will explain. Delay his execution, if only for an hour!'

'Quite impossible.'

He waved to the executioner. Again the sword fell—and again. Hupeh was the last of the line. The executioner hesitated. Hupeh looked at me, and on his face was the sweet old smile of friendship I remembered so well.

'Good-bye, Forder,' he said. 'This man is only doing his duty. I have staked and lost. But it is a strange inversion—is it not?—that the heathen should save his friend, and that the civilised Christian should plead in vain for an hour's respite? I am ready, executioner. Strike!'

## THE ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

By E. A. REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.

From East to West the tested chain holds fast,  
The well-forged link rings true.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.



THE Canadian Pacific Railway has recently been much before the public in connection with the Canadian tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales; and every one has read glowing descriptions of the magnificent palace on wheels, the last word in the luxury of railway travel, which was the rolling home of the Royal tourists for nearly a month.

This famous trancontinental railway is closely bound up with the political, social, and commercial life of Canada. The history of this colossal enterprise, so full of vicissitudes, which has wrecked or made so many political reputations, and, indeed, upset Ministries, reads like a romance.

Although a private enterprise, one can scarcely overestimate the enormous political, social, and economical influence of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is, in short, virtually an *imperium in imperio*. It makes and unmakes towns and cities; in fact, Winnipeg and Vancouver are as much the creation of this company as are Crewe and Swindon of the London and North-Western and Great Western Railways respectively; and it 'holds the great North-West in the hollow of its hand.'

Few people realise that it is now possible to travel by a British overland route to Australia without crossing a yard of non-British soil; and that Yokohama can be reached by this veritable imperial route in three weeks from London, and Hong-Kong and Shanghai in a month. Even with the Siberian Railway, the shortest route, in point of time, to Japan and Australia

will probably be *via* Montreal rather than *via* Moscow.

The history of the Canadian Pacific Railway is remarkably rich in picturesque and even dramatic episodes. All through the seventies the construction of this line, on which the great question of Federation hinged—so far as British Columbia was concerned—was the burning question of the day. The determined opposition that the advocates of the railway had to contend against can only be paralleled by that of Palmerston's Government to the Suez Canal scheme. One of the strongest arguments of the political opponents of the line was the climatic one. It was declared that the severe climate would paralyse the traffic during the winter. The promoters could now, if any serious opponents to the Canadian Pacific Railway still existed, triumphantly point to a continuity of through services almost unequalled under similar conditions in the whole history of railways. Not a single day from the beginning of 1887 to the end of 1892 did the express from Montreal to Vancouver fail to run. Indeed, it is said that the English Great Western Railway has actually lost more time by snow blockade during this period than the Canadian Pacific Railway!

The Dominion Government first took the scheme in hand in 1871, undertaking to complete it in ten years. By 1880 they had only some seven hundred miles of line to show for their nine years' labour and profuse expenditure of capital, while even the surveying was only partially completed. In fact, to use a homely aphorism from the Western States, the Government had 'bitten off a bigger chunk than they could chew.'

In 1881 the enterprise, which was practically on its last legs, was transferred to a private

company, in which Sir William Van Horne (now the chairman) and Lords Strathcona and Mount Stephen were the ruling spirits. The fact that the preliminary surveys cost no less than two million dollars, and that for three hundred miles the track had to be cut through solid rock, while in one section the cost per mile was seven hundred thousand dollars, will bring home even to the unprofessional reader the stupendous nature of this titanic enterprise. In five years and a half the work was finished, the last spike being driven on the 7th of November 1885; while in June 1886 express trains were running daily from Halifax on the Atlantic to Vancouver on the Pacific slope, a distance of nearly three thousand seven hundred miles, in five to six days. We may compare this speed with the vaunted Siberian bi-weekly *train de luxe* service from Moscow to Irkutsk (three thousand four hundred miles) in nine days, and even this schedule time is often exceeded. The extraordinary energy of the contractors and engineers, who were five and a half years ahead of contract time at the finish—in itself a record in the history of great public works—will be better appreciated when it is remembered that the Siberian Railway took nearly ten years to complete, the Suez Canal fourteen years, and the Tower Bridge eight; while the comparatively trifling work, the new Vauxhall Bridge, will have taken over four years, even if completed in contract time.

Perhaps a more striking instance of the remarkable celerity with which all the work in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway system has been carried out is found in the new St. Lawrence Bridge near Montreal, a worthy rival to the famous Victoria Bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway. This bridge was completed in less than two years, at a cost of one million dollars. The Victoria Bridge, a few miles lower down the river, took six years to build, and cost over six million dollars. This economy is all the more creditable as the *mot d'ordre* of the directorate to the engineers was, 'Spend what you like, but get it through before contract time.' In one section alone over fifteen thousand men were employed at one time. Though a Canadian undertaking, heavily subsidised by the Government, yet the Canadian Pacific Railway might be described as a cosmopolitan enterprise. It was directed by Canadians and financed by American, French, and English capitalists; but the contractors and engineers were mostly Americans, and some thirty to forty thousand of the labourers were Chinese coolies.

The 'stiffening' of this article with a few statistical facts may perhaps be pardoned. The Canadian Pacific Railway, in whose system are over nine thousand miles of line, is, next to the Siberian Railway, the longest railway in the world under one direction; though the American

transcontinental line, New York to San Francisco, controlled by three companies, is some six hundred miles longer. In mere mileage, of course, the Trans-Asian line easily holds the record. The average speed of construction was two and a half miles a day, which compares favourably with that of the Union Pacific (two miles) and the Siberian (one mile). The first-class fare for the through journey of five days is ninety-two dollars, which is, however, proportionately more than the fare from Moscow to Irkutsk (eight pounds first class). The solidity of the track is indicated by the fact that there are one thousand six hundred sleepers to the mile in some sections, which has enabled a speed of over fifty miles an hour to be attained on certain portions. Statistics are, however, usually written to be skipped, so I will refrain from further wearying my readers.

The scenic attractions of the western sections of the line are too obvious to be insisted on, and, indeed, only the pen of a Ruskin or a Stevenson could adequately picture the sublime scenery of the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks. As Emerson said of the Yosemite Valley, it is perhaps the 'only scenery whose reality comes up to the brag.' It was during the surveys of these wild regions that most of the picturesque incidents in the construction occurred. One of these is indicated by the name of a famous pass, the Eagle Pass. The surveyors were baffled for weeks in the search for a route through the mountain barrier of the Gold Range. At length they decided to follow the flight of an eagle, which led them through this stupendous cañon.

It is mainly the romantic and picturesque aspects of the Canadian Pacific Railway that I am now concerned with, and I have little space left to touch upon the military and political significance of this great highway, for its commercial importance is sufficiently patent. The company could undertake to transport five thousand troops from Halifax to Vancouver in a week, with full equipment, including even the largest siege-guns. The strategic value of the railway was strikingly illustrated in the Riel rebellion of 1885. But for the ease with which troops were brought up to the disaffected districts it would perhaps have taken years rather than months to crush the rebellion. In the Red River expedition of 1870 it took ninety-five days to transport the troops from Toronto to Winnipeg. The Canadian Pacific Railway is of great strategic importance also in that it offers an alternative route to India to the Suez Canal route, should the 'great ditch' be closed to our transports; and certainly, though the transit would be a few days longer, it would be shorter than the Cape route, our only other alternative, while the moral effect on the native mind in India of English troops arriving from the East as well as

from the West would be enormous. Indeed, from an imperial or national standpoint, this great railway, which binds the Dominion to the mother country with its bands of steel, is almost as important a factor in the union of the British Empire as the political federation of the Canadian Provinces in one Dominion. It is curious, by the way, to remember that the title Dominion was not the one originally proposed by the provincial Governments. The 'Kingdom of Canada' was first suggested, and only dropped because it was thought that it might offend the susceptibilities of the United States!

Of late the Siberian Railway has been much boomed, and even compared with the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the latter's disadvantage, as a triumph of railway construction. But what are the facts? (1) No railway was ever made under more trying geographical and climatic conditions than the Canadian Pacific Railway. (2) As to speed of construction, the Russian average was about one mile a day; the Canadian two and a half miles. (3) The former cost eighty-five million, and the latter only twenty-eight million pounds. (4) In the construction of the Russian transcontinental line one hundred and fifty thousand labourers were employed at one time, in that of the Canadian only forty thousand. (5) The Siberian Railway has all the resources of the Russian Empire at its back, while the Dominion Railway is a private enterprise. (6) Then as regards the track, equipment, speed, and punctuality of service there is no comparison. So flimsy is the construction of the Siberian line—no chairs or fish-plates were used, the rails being merely riveted together—that on some sections the engine-drivers are not allowed to exceed a speed of six or seven miles an hour.

Perhaps no great railway in the world—certainly not the American transcontinental railway—had to cope with so many obstacles, political

and economical as well as physical and climatic. Unlike the Union Pacific Railway of the United States, the Canadian line was constructed over seven hundred miles of wild, mountainous country, which was in great measure unexplored; and for five or six months in the year the work of construction had to be carried on under almost Arctic conditions. As to the more obvious and apparently insuperable difficulties of carrying the line over the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk and Gold Ranges, what is there in the Russian undertaking to compare with these? Indeed, it is not, perhaps, overstating the case to say that the six hundred miles section from Calgary, the gate of the Rockies, to Vancouver on the Pacific slope, is the finest piece of railway engineering in the whole history of railway construction. There may be more sensational short sections of railway in the United States, India—the Darjeeling line, for instance—Ceylon, South Africa, or even in Europe; but there is probably no line of the same length as this wonderful section which can compare with it for grandeur of conception or daring in execution.

In short, the colossal enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is worthy to rank with the greatest engineering triumphs of the century, such as the Brooklyn Bridge, the Suez Canal, the Forth Bridge, the Severn Tunnel, the Eiffel Tower, the Assuan Barrage, and the Tower Bridge; while the chief claim of the Siberian Railway to be regarded as a stupendous enterprise rests on mere mileage (six thousand miles), in which respect it is no doubt unique among the railways of the world. Then, historically, the Canadian Pacific Railway might almost be regarded as the nineteenth century realisation of the sixteenth century dream of a trade route to China and India *via* America.

## THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

### CHAPTER IV.

**I**T was Sunday again, and the bell in the little kirk tower of Tainish was clanging out its persistent summons as if the welfare of every soul in the parish depended ultimately upon attendance at divine worship that particular morning.

In her bedroom in the manse Lesley was preparing with a heavy heart to yield obedience to the relentless edict.

It was one of those glorious days which so frequently occur in April in Scotland, where the fantasia of spring is a gayer medley than in the south, because of the memory of a longer, drearier winter.

The apple-trees in the garden below Lesley's

window were a frothy mass of dainty white and delicate green, lightened every now and then into almost supernatural brilliance by the fitful glory of the April sunshine; but Lesley was in no mood for apple-blossom that morning. She was ahungered for something—she knew not what—and the beauties of nature seemed but to mock at her want. When the heart is light, and it is springtime, and the apple-blossom is in bloom all at once, then surely life seems too good to be true; but if the heart is heavy, then in vain is all the fragrant freshness of a hundred springs.

At least so thought Lesley this morning. She was conscious of a restless, unsatisfied desire, the exact nature of which she did not know; but of this she was certain, that the future which lay



before her would never have the power of fulfilling it; therefore she turned away from that future with a sense of shrinking dread. Yet how could she escape when her conscience accused her every moment of base ingratitude? No, she was doomed—doomed to live a life which must always fall short of those possibilities which had just awakened into being within her.

Entering the church a few minutes later, she became conscious at once of Lord Coalstoun's presence. To her surprise, he was alone.

She had seen him almost every day since the memorable evening of the concert, but always driving with his beautiful guest by his side in the intimate solitude *à deux* of a dogcart. Lesley had avoided the chances of meeting as far as possible; but it seemed almost as if he had divined her purpose and selected all her hidden byways for his daily drives. Judging by the gay and confidential intimacy of their bearing, he and his fair companion appeared to derive mutual satisfaction from their excursions; and the sight of him in this new rôle had given Lesley a glimpse of that other side of his character by which he was best known to his associates, the brilliant, cultivated man of the world, to whom life at Tainish was but an incident, or at best an amusing novelty to be enjoyed—and forgotten.

According to custom, she did not leave her place until the church had 'sealed;' and when she reached the lichgate Lord Coalstoun was standing out on the dusty road giving some directions to his groom. As she approached, the dogcart drove smartly off, and his lordship turned to greet her.

'I think a walk would be good for both of us,' he said, raising his hat slightly by way of salute. 'I have sent the trap home, and shall lunch at the inn and walk out afterwards.'

'I am sure my uncle would be very glad if you would come and lunch with us,' said Lesley, her mind running rapidly over the contents of the larder.

'Oh no, thanks a thousand times!' he returned. 'I really didn't mean it for a hint, and I feel it a duty to patronise Macnab occasionally and pay London hotel prices without a murmur for his chops and blanc-mange.'

Lesley laughed gaily. Her former dissatisfaction had vanished as if by magic; the heavy purposeless feeling had left her heart, and in its place had come the thrill of true enjoyment.

'So your visitors have gone?' she said as they walked almost mechanically side by side in the direction of the loch.

'Yes,' he answered, striking in an aimless fashion at the little flints on the road with his stick; 'a country house in the wilds of Glen Raith naturally does not possess many attractions to the socially inclined.'

Lesley glanced up at him as he spoke to detect, if possible, any trace of bitterness on his face,

but there was none; its expression was unconcerned, almost cold.

'Besides,' he continued, 'there is a ball in Edinburgh to-morrow night—for which, by the way, I am supposed to return; and Lady Marjorie is the promised belle.'

'She is very beautiful,' exclaimed the girl with frank admiration.

'And charming,' he conceded. 'But shall we find a seat somewhere? The loch is a magic mirror this morning, in which perchance we may see strange marvels.' He pointed as he spoke to a fallen log by the margin of the loch, on which Lesley seated herself, he taking his place by her side on the hillocky grass.

The April sun burst fitfully through the soft clouds over their heads, lighting up the shimmering expanse of water every now and then into a million sparkles, while across the opposite hills gigantic shapes and shadows flitted noiselessly.

'This is a day after my own heart,' said Coalstoun at last. 'Do you see how its face changes every minute? It is easy to have illusions on a day like this,' he added almost below his breath.

'You always talk so much about illusions,' said Lesley impulsively, 'and I don't even know what they mean.'

'That is because there are no threadbare places in your life yet,' he explained. 'It is only when life becomes threadbare that one realises the existence of illusions. I suppose it is the contrast which makes them visible. Still, I don't think this last week has been exactly profitable for you either,' he added with abrupt significance.

The colour leapt into Lesley's face, and she turned away her head. He saw the effect of his words upon her; but a sort of reckless determination had taken hold of him. What matter whether he was only experimenting? The experience was worth enjoying. Lesley's apparent need had provided him with the temptation: for her as well as for him it was a good thing. It was high time that she should be awakened out of her girlish sleep; that uncouth log of a cousin of hers would never have the power, but would leave her to her mazy dreams for the rest of her life.

But her next words somewhat mitigated his assurance.

'And I thought you had been so happy,' she said.

'Happy, perhaps,' he acknowledged carelessly; 'happiness, however, is not always profitable.'

'But how did you know that I had been feeling like that too?' she questioned with sincere directness.

He smiled. She had voluntarily come back to the dangerous ground; on her own head the consequences.

'Oh, I am a bit of a clairvoyant,' he said; 'besides, I may as well confess that it was a venture. I was testing a curious feeling of telepathy

of which I am conscious with certain people—a very few: you are one of them. I chose to imagine your mood as part of mine. Great presumption, you will think; but, if you prefer it, it is easy to put it down to coincidence.

'I have been unhappy,' she acknowledged simply, gazing out over the loch; 'but I don't know why. I think I want something; but I don't know what it is.'

'That is the negative side of your troubles, is it not?' he said. 'But don't you think it would be lessened considerably if you could escape from the positive—I mean the something that you do not want, and yet which duty forces upon you?'

He spoke quietly; but Lesley felt the force of his words.

'How can you know all these things?' she asked in a low, constrained voice.

'Did I not tell you that I was a clairvoyant?' he replied. 'But have I really guessed the truth?'

'Yes, I am afraid so,' she said. 'Oh! I am a very wicked, ungrateful girl.'

'You have become a woman,' he remarked sententiously; 'that is all.'

'Then it hurts to be a woman,' she flamed, with a sudden note of rebellion in her voice.

'Yet some day you will find there are compensations,' he commented dryly. He had tilted his hat over his eyes, but he was observing her closely all the time.

'Tell me,' he began again in an altered tone—'I have not seen you to speak to since the night of the concert—were you angry with me for making you sing my favourite song?'

'Not angry.' She shook her head. 'But, please, I would rather not talk about it. I don't think I enjoyed myself very much that evening.'

'I can't say that I enjoyed myself particularly either,' he rejoined, sitting up and casting a stone with careful aim at a snag which protruded its black nose above the water at some little distance.

All Lesley's sensitive pride took arms at once. 'Of course you did not. I can quite understand what a poor little entertainment it must have seemed to you. I should not have asked you to come.'

'Now you are a child again,' he responded, sinking back into his recumbent position, 'and a foolish one to boot. But I make a point of never explaining my remarks when they are misunderstood, and I have a rooted and constitutional objection to apologies in any form.'

'Apologies!' she echoed in a horrified voice.

He smiled.

'Do you know, I believe you are a little afraid of me still,' he remarked.

Lesley turned and met his gaze unflinchingly. 'I am not afraid of anybody,' she said; 'but of course I never forget the difference between us.'

'The difference is all in your favour, child,' he

said; 'even in the mundane matter of age,' he added a trifle bitterly.

'But you are not old,' she said.

'Unfortunately old enough to be your father.'

'But it is not years that count,' cried the girl, her face flushing with eagerness. 'A man is only old when he has reached a certain time of life and achieved nothing. Look what you have done—already.'

Her eyes were shining with enthusiasm.

'And how, may I ask, have my achievements reached your ears?' he questioned with curious intentness.

'I don't know,' she replied vaguely; 'but when I think of all you must have seen and heard and felt, I'—She broke off.

He laughed.

'You have heard a little and supplemented much, I am afraid,' he remarked. 'I had no idea what a well of romance you contained; but I assure you there is nothing to envy me in my memories. They make an unpleasantly weighty burden sometimes, and one which, like the Old Man of the Sea, I can never get rid of; but what weighs heavier still is all that I have left undone. You think, no doubt, that I have reached the summit of my ambition, when'—with a short laugh—'I have hardly commenced to climb yet; and alas! alas! time is passing so quickly, and I am growing old.'

He sighed as he finished, then turned the sigh into a smile as he met the girl's beautiful, eager eyes. 'Ah, how I wish I could do anything, no matter how small, to help you!' she cried.

For a brief moment a reckless, almost passionate look crossed his face, then faded, leaving a grim, flinty expression behind. 'Rather, pray God you do not hinder me,' he said in a low voice, turning away his head. The next instant he was smiling again.

During the walk home Lesley was very silent.

At the manse-gate he paused.

'But we part friends, do we not?' he said. 'Perhaps some day, child, you will realise what it is to play with fire. Ah, that is right,' as she extended her hand gravely. 'This is good-bye for some time,' he added. 'I have made a sudden resolve to victimise myself to-morrow night. After all, "the ball's the thing"—especially when you are *growing* old,' with a special emphasis on the last words. 'You see your arguments have not been wasted, maid of the manse. Before I venture to call myself old again I shall ask you leave.'

He broke off, waiting for her to say something; but she remained silent. There was a bewildered expression on her face; and, realising her plight, he opened the gate with a little indulgent gesture for her to pass through.

'Good-bye,' he said again, and was gone.

## 'ON THE ROAD.'



ALAS! that breezy, suggestive term is now but an empty name. No longer does the happy 'commercial'—regardless of time-bills, 'connections,' excess luggage, and all the thousand ills of modern travelling methods that we are heir to—drive easily from town to town in jaunty gig or phaeton, as did his brother of former days. True it is that in some remote districts, where thriving villages innocent of railways are worth 'working,' he may revive for a brief hour reminiscences of former times by driving to his field of operations in a dogcart hired from the hotel. True, also, that certain firms are said to have tried the experiment—with success, we hear, in the matter of time-saving, and travellers on certain lines of railway will easily believe it—of sending their representatives from town to town in—oh, shade of Dickens's 'Bagman'!—a motor-car. But the glories of the 'road' are gone; of the road when that Bagman told his story, and of the times when George Moore, bagman, sportsman, and philanthropist, barely saved himself and his laces from the treacherous Solway tide.

The old road is gone, and with it the old bagmen—most of them; but though the old order changeth, giving place to new, there is pleasure on the 'road'—the new road—yet for those who love a roving life and constant change of scene. There are still with us inns which are not owned by limited companies. The 'George' at Grantham is still, I believe, 'one of the best inns in England,' as it was when those two prudent 'outsides' left the Yorkshire coach and 'turned in' there, while Mr Squeers and his wondering usher and shivering pupils pursued their journey on the snow-laden vehicle. The 'Green Man' at Ashbourne is, as Mr Birrell has assured readers of Boswell, 'still an excellent inn;' though we doubt if even the most honoured of its guests now receives the hostess's 'duty' and the quaint and simple appeal for recommendation which 'M. Killingley' proffered to Johnson's good-natured friend on his departure from her hospitable door.

Perhaps of all travellers, whether bound on business or pleasure, the 'commercial' lives at his inn more nearly as travellers lived in days gone by. The ordinary traveller is now but rarely an habitual guest at any country hotel. Suppose, for example, a solicitor travelling frequently from west or north to London. A century ago, more or less, he performed the journey by coach, and probably stayed a night, if not two, on his way up and down. Now he can reach the Metropolis in a few hours, and without a single stoppage. This applies to all classes except the commercial traveller, so that

he has come to be the one visitor who may be counted upon to appear and reappear with any regularity. To the wise host, therefore, he is indeed a *persona grata*, and one whom he delighteth to honour.

And honoured the bagman is. Nowadays, when 'palatial' is a popular descriptive term with hotel proprietors—as if any sensible person would desire to inhabit a palace!—no dweller in such caravanseries is one whit more comfortable than the bagman in a well-ordered country-town hotel. He has toiled, perhaps unsuccessfully, all the winter day, and is cold, probably wet, weary, and—more than likely—cross. But the very sight of the blazing commercial-room fire would melt the heart of an iceberg. 'Boots' has his bag out of his hand before he is across the threshold; the smiling waitress rattles off a dozen tempting delicacies awaiting his selection for tea; a friend makes room for him on the hearthrug that he may thaw himself in John Bull's orthodox manner; another looks up from his meal to greet him; while a third throws 'Hullo! you here,' over his shoulder from the writing-table without lifting his flying pen from the paper.

Kaleidoscopic variety is the great feature of the commercial traveller's life. Towns, the scenery of his journeys, the manners of his customers, the faces round the evening table, form an ever-changing panorama. Of the last-named, his brothers of the bag, some will have been familiar for years, others are always fresh. Some men work their ground with such clock-work regularity that they may be relied on to reach a town, an hotel, a customer's shop even, at a given day, hour, almost minute; such a man will casually ask the 'Boots' if Mr Blank has come in yet, as though he had last seen his friend half-an-hour before, instead of perhaps half a year. But across the track of such fixed stars of the road passes a crowd of more erratic lights that appear, join in the social talk, and disappear—who, whence, or whither bound their convives of an evening know not.

Possibly there is no trade or profession which is permeated by so large-hearted and genial a brotherly feeling and camaraderie as that of which we are speaking; none in which the novice is so certain of meeting with friendly assistance and 'tips.' The bagman is probably without a rival in his freedom—comparative freedom at any rate—from the reserve and stiffness which is generally supposed to be the Englishman's special prerogative. The word 'commercial,' the bag, great or small, that by its shape, make, even the way it is carried, says 'samples' as plainly as leather can speak, are sure passwords to the freemasonry of the road. Intercourse is essentially free and easy; men



who cross each other only at intervals, who very possibly do not even know each other's names, will greet and drop forthwith into what appears to the outsider the intimacy of long-standing friendship. They part and pass from each other's recollection, till the course of time brings them to the meeting-place once more, when the thread of intimacy is picked up as a score of like ones have been picked up and dropped in the interval.

So much for the pleasures of the bagman's life; but there is sport even in his work. The haughty owner of a deer-forest, who stalks the 'antlered monarch of the waste,' would not perhaps willingly brook a comparison between the two occupations; we may more safely take refuge with a follower of the gentle craft of which a linen-draper is the great apostle. Like the angler, then, the bagman has his 'weather.' Towns and districts under a cloud of bad trade, overbuilding, and similar causes of depression will repulse him with empty order-book after many a hard day's whipping of the stream. He, too, has 'flies'—his samples—suitable for different seasons and places. It will not be always possible to forecast with certainty whether his fish will bite or even rise. He may try one 'pool' after another, only to find the occupants leagued in an apparent conspiracy to lie sulking at the bottom. 'Patience, and shuffle the cards,' says the Spanish proverb; if the angler's version of the latter part of the recommendation is 'change your flies,' the commercial's is 'change your samples.'

With the patient reader's permission the simile may be pursued further. As the fish may swallow the bait without being safely hooked, so will the shy and skittish buyer admire a sample in the most delusive manner and yet fail to 'place an order.' Then what 'playing' is needed; what apparent and gently soothing indifference, and seeming wandering from the subject; what a sensitive finger on the pulse to note every change of wavering intention! Oh, it is undoubted sport, the bagman's; and a noble quarry withal, for does he not hunt man?

There is an insignificant-looking little book, for the recovery of which, did its owner mislay it, he would likely offer more pounds than the casual finder would deem it worth pence. It is the list of his customers which he made when first taking up the ground. There are cabalistic signs against the names, whereof the meaning is known only to the possessor: of some the meaning is complimentary, at any rate from a business point of view; of some much the reverse. Probably the whole list and the information it contains are indelibly impressed on his memory by long years of reference to it; but still he values the book, and, moreover, has a wholesome dread lest unscrupulous rivals finding it should, by putting two and two together, suck no small advantage from a perusal of it. Many a name

is there inscribed over which the traveller's keen eye will soften. Memories are awakened of record orders taken, of brilliant successes after much hard fighting; perhaps of no material profit, but of some kindness shown, some useful hint given. Many travellers can tell of men who order little and seldom, but have yet been their best friends in a town, by the giving of a suggestion as to where good business might be done, or a warning of approaching disaster in certain quarters. One cannot 'take the road' day after day, year in, year out, without meeting many a rebuff, not perhaps intentionally given, but yet sufficiently galling; sometimes, indeed, downright purposeful rudeness. Not often this latter, but still—sometimes. And against such a background bright spots are easily seen.

If the traveller works a ground on which his firm has been previously represented, there are names in that little memorandum-book on which he looks with a peculiar affection: those of men with whom *he* was the first to do business for the 'house.' He could give you twenty years later full details of all his dealings with them: of his first 'call,' probably by no means coincident with his first order; how he humoured, how he sounded them, finding out slowly for himself—never a hint from his predecessor—all their likes and dislikes, their idiosyncrasies and peculiarities. With them he feels his position to be unique; *he* is all they know of the firm, of which they had perhaps never heard before seeing him. So he comes to feel a personal affection, be it only for their 'account,' a responsibility for their satisfaction and fair treatment by his 'house' that has something in it besides mere sordid love of gain.

Some of us have seen *Jedbury Junior*, the old butler who, made the recipient of the most acrimonious of messages between master and mistress, softened them in transit into 'honeyed words of sweet intent.' The task of the traveller is more delicate still; for he has not only to render palatable communications of which he is made the medium, but also finds himself called upon at a moment's notice to soften and explain away amenities which have been unwisely transmitted by letter, exchanged, as it were, 'over his head.'

However, if the bagman's occupation has its own peculiar trials, it has also compensations. There is variety even in his worries. Has he a *bête noir* on his list: a customer—and such there are—who is always primed with some complaint, some quarrel with goods or firm, which he vents on the patient buffer? Well, the *mauvais quart d'heure* is soon over, and 'Our Mr Samples' turns his back on that particular trouble for a few weeks or months. Does he meet with reverses? He always hopes to find things better at his next call—in the next town—another county.

Not perhaps the least of his benefits is that

he cannot waste much time over brooding. It is not his lot to sit idle, and consequently depressed, in office or consulting-room, waiting for the client or patient who cometh not; nor yet to stand, a weary tradesman, behind a neglected counter. The less business the more work. Brighter, if wholly superficial, must be his cheerful smile; the more fluently must he 'toll the silver iteration' as he presses home his point to ears dull and unimpressed; more deftly and swiftly must his fingers display the alluring sample. The traveller who allows anxiety and failure to invade his countenance or manner is lost. He may perhaps 'take' an order, intercepting it, as it were, on its way to the letter-box; but 'get' an order, pumping it up by sheer hard labour from the depths of the giver's reluctance, he never will.

Good manners and good feeling will carry a man or woman satisfactorily through most of life's scenes. But every class, every clique, whether born of pleasure or of business, has its shibboleths, ignorance of which will betray an outsider. There are many such small items of unwritten etiquette 'on the road.' The ordinary sojourner at a strange hotel will on his arrival ask to be accommodated with a 'bed' that night; the bagman, if he asks for anything at all, expresses his desire for a 'number.' If he knows his house, however, he goes straight to the commercial-room and makes himself at home. At the one o'clock 'commercial dinner,' too, which holds sway especially in smaller towns where restaurant accommodation is limited, a man must 'know his way about' if he wishes to pass as 'one of us.' The bagman fraternity is conservative, and holds fast to old forms and ceremonies: no small tables or dinners *à la Russe* for its members. The commercial table has a president and a vice-president, even though the smallness of the gathering should leave those officers no company to preside over. And if our supposititious stranger sees three or four gentlemen carefully keeping outside the commercial-room door as the appointed hour approaches, he will do well not to intrude himself too rashly, unless he has a passion for carving and for a conspicuous position; for, failing the presence of some one who has stayed overnight in the house, the first inside the door will be called upon to take the head of the table.

Once seated, and served with his soup or fish, he may fail at first to fathom the meaning of a very possible remark from the president: 'Gentlemen, this is a free table.' Formerly it was the custom for all the convives to share alike, not only in the price of the dinner, but also in the cost of the liquor consumed; but the spread of total abstinence, as well as the not unnatural dislike of the modest ale-drinker to pay for the more cultured taste of his neighbour who prefers wine, has led to the almost universal

fracture of this rule, and the 'freedom' of the table is now usually taken for granted.

With the cheese a couple of money-boxes and a memorandum-book are placed before the head of the table, and each diner is seen to produce a penny which the waitress collects on a salver. 'One and twopence, gentlemen; shall I divide it?' asks Mr President; and forthwith the Benevolent Fund and the Commercial Travellers' Schools at Pinner are each the better by sevenpence. It sounds trifling; but remember that at the other hotels in the same town, at all the towns in Middlesex, and in every county in England a similar collection is daily made; and it will easily be seen what advantages these deserving institutions reap from the bagman's daily penny.

'Mine Host,' as a personality, in these days of company-owned hotels managed by hirelings, is sadly shorn of his ancient glory. Next, perhaps, to the cook, that despot of hungry humanity, the traveller depends most for his comfort and peace of mind and body on the table attendant—usually a waitress except at large houses—and that all-important functionary 'Boots.' More especially is the latter's capability of consequence to the man who carries large and many samples. 'Boots' will select for him that out-porter who will most briskly wheel his colossal pile of cases or 'skeps' from shop to shop. Railway time-tables are at his finger-ends. Nor does his utility stop here. He knows all the gossip of the town, while that of the 'road' flows to him in countless streamlets from the ever-passing guests, and forms an olla-podrida of information from which he can generally make a selection to suit all comers. Where a man has earned a reputation for reliability and promptness, many a traveller would prefer to find a new and unfamiliar house awaiting him at the end of his day's work to the shock of encountering a fresh 'Boots.'

The waitress, too, is no mere machine to fetch and carry; and it would rarely be possible to class her as 'dumb.' She usually knows her charges' tastes well; but it is not often that her care for their creature comforts carries her as far as in the following case—a story which is vouched for as authentic. At a certain hotel in a county town of the west country was an Irish waitress of a passionate but withal kindly temper. To her enter one evening an habitué of the commercial-room who bespoke a 'cod-steak' for his tea. 'Lucy' took the order without demur, and withdrew, but presently reappeared. The gentleman, who was somewhat deaf, was by this time deep in his newspaper. 'Listen,' said the daughter of Erin, shaking him by the arm to attract his attention; 'ye'll not have cod-steak. I've ordered a chop instead.' 'What on earth for, Lucy?' asked the naturally astonished guest. 'Because it'll do ye more

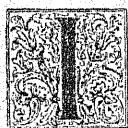
good.' The bagman paused; he felt rebellious, but he also knew that he would 'feel' Lucy's thwarted temper if he joined issue on the question. So Lucy's selection from the larder was consumed as meekly as by any 'Mr Henpeck' of the comic papers.

It doubtless goes without saying that the number of commercial travellers on the road has increased many-fold during the last half-century; but it is equally certain that the relative importance of all but a very small proportion of the number has greatly decreased. The reason of this, at any rate in the case of that large and ever-increasing class of goods which bear a known name or patented brand and are termed proprietary, is told in one word: advertisement. The 'catch-the-eye' poster, whether artistically attractive or painfully so, which faces us on the hoarding, at the railway station, even in the quiet fields; the leaflet which falls out of our new magazine or review: these are more silent yet more effective ambassadors of business than the most fluent and persuasive of commercials. The bagman proper can only reach the tradesman, who is after all

but a middleman. The advertisement steals its insidious way into the heart and home of the consumer. There can be but one result: the general public buys what it hears most talked about and sees most flaunted, whether it is a mowing-machine or a bottle of sauce.

However, the hotelkeeper, to whom the commercial traveller is an undoubted 'object of interest,' and others of us who may perhaps be still more reasonably anxious for his survival, need not fear his immediate disappearance from our midst. We do not all drink 'proprietary' tea and coffee as yet; and our wives will probably decline for many a long day to wear frocks on each length of which the maker's name appears. It is unlikely that engagement-rings and other love-tokens bearing such a brand, say, as 'Goldman's Unbreakable Guinea Binder' will win a swift way to popularity. Not yet will the 'commercial-room' be of the past. The evening tea-table will still hear the universal complaint as to the badness of trade, mixed with the chorus of cheerful joke and repartee which no trade seems bad enough to silence. And we are glad of it.

## HOW EDITORS SAY 'NO.'



It is related of a well-known author that he decorated the walls of his workroom with printed slips of editorial regret in order to 'keep himself humble.' Following his excellent lead, the writer of this little chronicle has formed an interesting collection of miscellaneous 'No, thank you' slips—the result of many unsuccessful attempts to dispose of literary wares.

Rejected contributions are usually sent back accompanied by a printed paper formally stating that 'the Editor regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution, for the kind offer of which he is much obliged.'

Much obliged indeed! This Editor, would you believe it, is so much obliged, and his regrets so keen, that the 'enclosed contribution' is used by him as a scribbling-block, by the sub-editor as a blotting-pad, and finally by the office-boy as a convenient register for thumb-marks. This, however, I am bound to say, is on the whole an exception; but it remains a fact, of course, that the thanks and professed regrets are mainly mythical. If the 'kindly offered contribution' is not suitable, then the sooner it is removed from the litter on his desk the better is the Editor pleased.

In this connection a rather curious fact may be noted. In order to secure the prompt return of an unsuitable contribution it is better that the author be inexperienced and that his contribution be exceptionally bad. Then, in the first

place, he will write a weak article; and, secondly, he will send it to the wrong paper. The poor article, naked in its incongruity, will not even pass through the advance pickets without instant detection. It will be promptly returned. If, on the other hand, the contribution is of itself good, but not immediately suitable, it may be many months before the unfortunate author gets it back again. Probably it is pigeon-holed, and as promptly forgotten. When, in the course of time, the manuscript is again discovered, the chances are that it is then out of date. Back it goes 'with the Editor's compliments, thanks, and—regrets.'

Among the very first papers I decided to storm with serried literature were the *Times* and *Punch*. Such is the splendid audacity of youth, inexperience, and mediocrity! The *Times*, I had read somewhere, paid five guineas for a column article; and *Punch*, I knew from a friend, gave half-a-guinea for bad puns—at least his were inexpressible. From the former I received a variation on the usual hypocritical formula; but from the latter, my first indication that the Editor is a personality and not merely a printing-press automaton. The communication, neatly written and initialed by Mr Burnand, the genial Editor, was as follows: 'Whenever you may happen to send anything on approval or otherwise to *Punch*, please observe the above printed and published conditions, otherwise it will be understood that the manuscript is not expected to be returned whether the article be used or not.—F. C. B.'



Inasmuch as the contribution consisted only of a poor joke expressed in two lines, and with which I had naturally not enclosed a stamped envelope for return, the warning and kind return struck me as being particularly courteous. However, this, as I found, was only an exception, as *Punch*, when returning manuscript in the usual way, dispenses with even the scant courtesy of printed acknowledgment.

However, there are other virtues in saying 'No,' and chief among them is to say 'No' quickly. The majority of the daily papers are quick in speeding the rejected, although in some cases they do not return manuscript at all. Allied to the latter class are one or two rather dull old weeklies, their motto being, 'No contributions returned under any circumstances.' Such papers, written by a staff and clique, usually present a monotonous sameness, and certainly owe their existence more to name and reputation than to present-day activity and attractiveness. Monthly magazines are usually long in deciding, and the majority of weekly popular journals uncertain and often inconsiderate. The following occurs to me as an instance: Some two months before last United States Presidential Election I prepared a pithy paper on the subject, and shortly afterwards submitted it to a certain journal, together with a stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. Six weeks passed, and I was counting my cheques, when, two days before the event, a shabby manuscript crawled shamefacedly into my letter-box. The trick was done. There was no time to get it retyped, and, as in the meantime several similar articles had been published, there was no chance whatever of the ragged return being placed elsewhere. If in the meantime my article has not been used to light fires with, it will be four years before it again becomes available. Such are the minor catastrophes caused by inconsiderate Editors. Of course it was probably a mistake, an oversight of the 'sorry-your-article-got-mislaid' order: it always is.

At the moment of writing, one of my articles is celebrating the first anniversary of its stay at certain editorial offices; and nothing less than a solicitor's letter, I am advised, will get me news of it. On another occasion I had a contribution kept without any acknowledgment for exactly a twelvemonth, then published and paid for. This is the sort of delay that one is more readily inclined to forgive. It is wonderful what a soothing effect a compact little cheque exercises. Inasmuch as I had long since given up the little brain-child for lost, it was indeed a pleasant surprise.

I wonder if Editors and managers ever consider that their treatment of correspondents must affect them proportionately. There is a journal, for instance, to which I would under no consideration submit material—the result, of course, of bad treatment received. As a single instance,

this I must admit is a laughable matter—one poor little journalistic worm on the turn! It is almost pathetic. But consider: one multiplied by an unknown factor may mean all the difference between securing entirely suitable matter and fairly suitable matter, between a rich choice of articles and a poor choice.

There are published in London three weekly journals boasting a combined circulation of nearly two million copies a week. They give the same rates of remuneration, and are severally run on almost exactly similar lines. It has happened to me very frequently that what one of these journals rejects is gratefully accepted by the other. I now come to the point. The Editor of No. 1 journal is careful and prompt with submitted contributions; he accepts and rejects alike quickly and courteously. The Editor of No. 2 journal thinks a month or two in accepting; but he rejects on the whole more quickly. The Editor (speakingly collectively in all three cases, of course) of No. 3 journal is lax and uncertain with all contributions. Is it to be wondered at that No. 1 journal has first choice among all suitable articles written by the person who has experienced the different business methods of the three? No. 3, of course, is only made use of as a last expedient. I regard it as a dumping-ground for rubbish—rubbish, by the way, which is not infrequently thankfully accepted. I know that the citation of this, a single personal instance, must seem incongruous; but I believe and maintain that, on the whole and in the mass, the policy of a paper in this respect must influence it in the manner briefly indicated. At any rate, there is consolation in cherishing the belief that editorial sins are in this way revisited upon them.

'Dear, dear, what a fuss and worry all about nothing!' I hear some reader exclaim. For this reader's benefit, then, let us find a commercial parallel. Supposing you were to send a tradesman a ten-pound note to open a deposit account. Supposing that he never acknowledged its receipt until after six months; or that he returned it after six months, having made no communication whatever to you in the meanwhile; or that—! But the whole thing would be impossible in commercial circles. Not so among the tradesmen in literary wares. At this moment I have at least ten pounds' worth—this is the market value I paid for them—of photographs and drawings out among various press tradesmen; some have been kept for a year, some for less, but none for less than a month. Of each and all these, accompanied by letterpress upon which I hesitate to place any money value, I have received no single word of acknowledgment! Nor am I to expect any, for this is apparently a recognised proceeding. As for writing letters of inquiry—well, one may as well put a note in the wastepaper-basket, and have done with it at once.

Now for a few variations on the eternal editorial theme. The following is a very crafty, tactful specimen: 'I have read your brightly written story with pleasure, but regret I have to return it, as I don't think it quite suitable for *The* —. Hoping my inability to purchase the manuscript will not deter you from giving shelter to an occasional copy of *The* —, and thanking you in anticipation, I am,' &c.

So much for an Editor who has learnt the besetting weakness of writers, and makes good use of it. Let us turn to one who shows a keen sense of humour. Quite recently I sent out to a popular weekly paper an article describing a new and peculiar railway. The report, labouring under the disadvantage of being without pictorial representation, became somewhat involved. It certainly sounded all very wonderful and impossible. The account of the very marvellous engineering exploit was returned to me, and with it the following printed slip: 'The Editor regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed. All arrangements for fiction have been made far ahead.' This was unkind. However, I can well afford to smile over the neatly veiled imputation, as I was subsequently able to place different accounts of the *fiction* with no less than four high-class London journals.

One of the illustrated weeklies makes a point of not wounding the tender susceptibilities of its contributors, as in the following manner: 'In returning the enclosed, the Editor begs to point out that such rejection does not imply lack of merit in the contribution, but merely that it is not available for his paper. In order, therefore, that it may be placed elsewhere, he returns it without undue delay.'

Here is rather a neat way of choking off unwelcome contributors; it is of the sort that would accompany totally unsuitable matter. The contributor is politely warned off the premises till further notice: 'In consequence of a vast accumulation of manuscripts of every description, the Editor is regretfully obliged to return the accompanying. He will be unable to accept further contributions for some months to come.'

The 'no space' apology is very often used by those minor journals that cannot so readily afford to be discourteous to correspondents and possible subscribers. The following is a specimen, and it is amusing that it emanates from a large, dull, eight-page local journal mostly filled with cuttings and advertisements: 'I should like your interesting article; but my space is so limited [!] that I could not use it. With best thanks for offer,' &c.

An American humourist suggests that, as a counterblast to Editors' return forms, the following printed circular might be sent on the return of a manuscript:

'The Author regrets the editor's inability to

appreciate a truly good thing. The rejection of a manuscript, however, does not necessarily imply that the editor is lacking in merit, merely that he is lacking in judgment. As many thousand manuscripts are returned to him annually, the Author cannot enter into correspondence with each editor personally concerning the deficiencies of his taste. Nor can the Author give his reasons for considering the editor blind to the best interests of his magazine. THE AUTHOR (per himself).'

This exquisite piece of humour—from the New York *Life*—will be best appreciated by those numbered among the great rejected.

Very frequently contributions just miss being quite acceptable, in which case the bald editorial regret is qualified by a hastily scrawled note, of which these are examples: 'If you could submit something of the kind next spring I might use it. Just now it is all *war*.'

'Enclosed good and facty, but is unfortunately out of date.'

'I cannot accept your "American N——;" but if you care to submit one of "English N——," I might be able to use it.'

To recapitulate the weary round of thanks and of compliments and of regrets formed in the collection would be both impolitic and monotonous. There they all are in my drawer, a jumbled litter—the *Times* regret, and the *Comic Bits* regret, and the *Technical Monthly* regret—a ghostly collection of empty, shuffled words: phantoms of cherished little hopes that were as suddenly and brutally crushed, of bright little pleasures of the moment's gained desire.

Come! we will close this drawer of musty memory; we will press our lips tighter together; we will bend over the virgin white of fresh foolscap, and perhaps—who can tell?—our next paper may sound a paean in praise of editorial benevolence, beneficence, and courtesy; may sing of the times when Editors accept, pay, and are pleasant; may describe, in short, 'How Editors say "Yes."'

#### DECLINED WITH THANKS.

THERE are three words that haunt my way,  
And break my rest by night and day.  
Wouldst know them, reader? These are they:  
'Declined with thanks.'

I wooed a proud and lovely dame—  
I trow you would have done the same—  
Alas! her answer quickly came:  
'Declined with thanks.'

I had a longing once to be  
What may be briefly styled M.P.;  
But, ah! they would have none of me:  
'Declined with thanks.'

I send this in, with deep-drawn sigh,  
To greet the editorial eye,  
Waiting the wearisome reply:  
'Declined with thanks.'

V. I. LONGMAN.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### THE SALVING OF THE 'SENATOR.'

I.

**T**HE ice-coated tramp slouched under her wheezing machinery through the gray seas and the dirty drizzle at an indifferent speed, and at three-minute intervals her siren howled dismally into the mists to give warning of her approach. Her second mate, sumptuously clad in oilskins and leather sea-boots—the trade-mark of the North Atlantic mariner—dodged the sprays that licked the bridge and stared fiercely into the weather. Surely, he thought, this kind of atmosphere was enough to put any Christian out of temper. This, however, was not the first cause of his ill-feeling; and, finding nothing more sociable on the bridge than the ice-streamed ledge of the canvas dodger, to it he addressed his misery:

'A second mate contemplating marriage on seven pounds per month! Well, that's all right so far as it goes; but a second mate designing matrimony on the same seven, who has proposed already to his girl, and then finds all the chances of sack from his job, is all very wrong so far as it goes—and it goes the dickens of a way.'

Walters sniffed the cold air sententiously, and tried to forget the hardness Fate held in store for him by zealously fixing his attention and eyes on the fog, and, by way of easing his feelings, viciously pulling the whistle-string, which sent discords of hideous music madly shrieking over the dark swells; but that first cause would return and be reasoned with. 'So you've got to do it—you've got to give her up,' it said; and at these especial moments the wish of the second mate was that a gray-bearded roller would wash him overboard into the Western Ocean and eternity. Then his uttermost thought was to treat himself to a good, sensible, all-round kicking; for a seaman, he believed, had no claim to sentiment. 'I wonder if that yarn's true the old man told me; if so, pack up your chest and trot, Mister Walters, when you're paid off at Newcastle.'

Thus, in uncomfortable thought-company his

hours of the watch slid by, and then the foreteller of Walters's bad luck cautiously scaled the bridge-ladder and groped along the slippery bridge to the compass.

Captain Larry glared savagely into the eye of the exasperating weather, and, crunching a block of ice underfoot, volleyed to Walters: 'Hang the eternal bad chances that dog us like hungry wolves! Hang the bad weather! Hang all! Put the engines "full ahead" and God bless the Board o' Trade Regulations. We've been steaming slow for three whole days, and the owner'll be everlastingly chewing the rag about his condemned tramp of tramps and her most unfortunate skipper of skippers. It's enough to make a man bald! I'm grayed already, and the sooner I go underground the sooner I'll pass from this vale of misery to a brighter beyond.'

Walters appreciated the sentiments of the master-mariner, and grinned; while with a willing hand he telegraphed the order received to the engineer on watch in the engine-room, and some time later the old tramp vibrated heavily to the new strain, and accomplished her racing speed of a few yards under seven and a half knots.

Larry watched the leaden seas hurl past with a face broadening to contentment. 'Lord! how she can go when she likes!' he commented. 'The engineer despises his bonus this voyage.'

Then the soaking nor'-west drizzle spat spitefully upon Captain Larry, which caused him to crouch under cover of the weather-dodger. Walters, in answer to Larry's bidding, spread sheets of torturing music about the seas with a generous hand. This generosity was necessary—very necessary.

That he was running tremendous risks no one knew better than the captain of the *Masterpiece*, for a steamboat's engines working 'full ahead' are as a rule very refractory to go astern at a moment's notice. The speed of 'full ahead' is a detail out of consideration. The ship was in the 'great circle' track adopted by the Western Ocean

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liners that plough it on a line correct as railway running. Moreover, Larry was acting in due contravention of the international law that says: 'In fog . . . all ships shall go at a moderate speed;' which means something below their average 'full.' Still, a tramp skipper cannot serve two masters, and Larry explained this to Walters, while both mariners said bitter things about sea-going and wiped the brine with mittened hands from their faces.

'We've two enemies to fight,' began the skipper. 'If we get into collision by steaming fast, I lose my ticket from the Board o' Trade. If I avert collision by steaming slow (granted the owner is able to meet creditors and keep his ship), I thus come late to port and get bundled out neck and crop, without thanks. So where's the odds? I lose my job in any event. But this is a special case. The owner's in bad straits, beating through 'em with Dutchmen's anchors.' Dutchmen's anchors, by the way, are those left at home.

Larry came confidentially close to Walters; and the second mate prepared himself to listen heroically to a story he now knew by heart.

'They're in debt for two thousand pounds, and can't raise it. They're young in shipping circles, and not well enough known at Lloyd's to obtain a loan; but they've got to raise the breeze somehow; and, so far as I can see, that somehow consists in selling up the ship. As a result, I go, you go, we all go. And I'm sorry for you and the girl. I'd advise you to write her from New York, and offer arbitration—patience. And if she's a good un—and there's 'eaps of 'em on the Tyne: I know a particularly nice one—she'll accept and wait. Otherwise, Mister Walters, overboard you go, and good riddance. If the girl clings to a straw'—Walters grinned—'and the worst happens—which is likely—why, you may perhaps pick up a job as a Methodist parson or a farmer, or go organ-grinding until you get your hand in, and then you know—oh! it's only a dream—start on your own with organs and monkeys and ice-cream carts; so with the girl's help (she'd mix the ice-cream) you might set up a kind of indiscriminate confectionery business, and have a plate over the shop with your name in gilt letters as large as those on the bows of the *Masterpiece*.'

Now Walters, unlike most men who hire the sea for a living, had no ambition outside his work. Besides, his ideas concerning shore-labour were just as sublimely foggy as those expressed by the master-mariner. Apart from that, during most of the time the steamship *Masterpiece* had kicked up her heels sky-high in the North Atlantic, Walters had served her in the capacity of second mate. For three voyages he had shipped as mate; still permanent promotion seemed a long way distant; but he never wavered in faith to her or her owner, though, to use his own expression of endearment, she was a 'hog' of a steamboat. He was proud of her, mightily proud of himself,

and prouder still to think of the day he should be her master on fifteen pounds per month and all he could fudge; but that woeful tale of debt dissipated all his happy thoughts of a rather gilded future, and dear-heart Nellie seemed to fade out of his life. He looked sourly upwards at the streaming blanket that cut short daylight, and listened to the spiteful siren blasts, and the echoes that came as the answering screech of an ocean sister playing in the game of Atlantic 'blind man's buff.'

Captain Larry further expounded the case of the financially struggling tramp. 'I know,' he said, 'the owner has some relation or other who has plenty of cash; but they're at loggerheads, and therefore wouldn't help each other if either were on the edge of the precipice of ruin. You know what relations are, Mister Walters, in these matters. I see nothing for it but a clean wipe-out for all hands, unless a very strange stranger steps in and saves the old wagon, and thus gives the vermin who eke a subsistence out of her beef and biscuits to rivet their bodies and souls.'

## II.

**T**HAT speedy conclusion of Captain Larry to disregard deep-sea rules was as quickly overridden. A big Cunarder was the cause; and a great scare, many maledictions, and the adoption of extreme caution aboard the *Masterpiece* the effect. The liner fled past the tramp's beam scarce a ship's-length distant, and her myriad electric lights flashed through the mist like those of a brilliantly lit town; she gave a tearing shriek on her quadruple siren, and then there came darkness all about, and the tramp was once more left to her own miserable cogitations. Larry reduced speed, and for seven days the steamer dragged wearily forward, and needled a course past the 'Banks.'

It was well for the ship and her crew that Larry took this action, for vessels sailed out of the gloom from all directions, sometimes barely leaving time for the *Masterpiece* to get out of collision-reach.

To Larry, through all those miserable seven days there loomed in the murky mists the apparition of a crying, angry owner, till at last the distracted skipper spoke with the engineer. Then that gentleman, having an affectionate spouse in New York, and understanding his business, manfully drove the big tramp at her best; going, indeed, like half the steamers she shaved past, especially the mail-boats, who should have known better even if they had excusably less conscience. 'Unless this dirty fog stretches from Heaven to Hades we'll run out of it,' was Larry's comment to the engineer.

So the 'white elephant' bumped over the swells under one hundred and fifty pounds pressure of steam and a lying telegraph. True enough they

ran out of the fog; and when the skipper boarded the bridge at three o'clock the next morning he found overhead a cheerful wintry sky powdered with dots of twinkling yellow, the air clear and sharp as crystal, and the wind whistling somewhat freshly out of the west-nor-west. Larry dropped into the chart-room, noted the barometer, and came afterwards to Walters, making no comment for a time, and staring gloomily into the west-nor-west, out of which rolled an ugly swell.

He broke out at last. 'Three weeks of torment,' he said fiercely; 'freight dwindling to the Lord knows where; a picture of my owner with his boots ready to do business with me at the end of the voyage, and yet the Atlantic isn't satisfied. Why doesn't it drown us outright? We no sooner clear the fog than we get the promise of a rousing gale. Are we ever to reach New York?'

'It's not impossible,' replied Walters. 'Old Howie says we've coal for three weeks' steaming.'

Larry did not resent this banter from his subordinate; for the skipper had hurled it at the tramp wholesale since the time of her advent from the yard. It was whispered that even her builders swore mildly under their breath as they watched her day unto day increase into uglier dimensions, and made prophecies and took affidavits for a tremendous coal consumption; and when Larry took her over on the Clyde at her christening he complimented the master-builder severely: 'The man who designed her, sir, is a genius; but the man who can rivet lobster-cans into a more horrible shape is a marvel.' And even the builder forgave the captain for speaking the truth. That is a part of her past history. At present she executed an extremely lively movement by taking a half-turn out of herself, and then ducked her bow and shipped a huge sea over her fore-castle that cataracted six feet deep in the well of the fore-deck, while the sprays lashed up and white-curtained the bridge and its crew, and snaked about the funnel and brined it so that the great iron structure glistened like a huge sheet of diamonds.

Larry and Walters shook the sea from their oilskins, and when the water seethed off the bridge, settled into the weather-corner for a quiet, contented growl; so that there was some consolation in the bad weather and the worse tramp.

'She's a blessing in disguise,' said Larry, grinning.

'Yes?' questioned Walters. 'But undoubtedly under any other raiment she's anything but a blessing.'

'Come to think of it,' philosophised Larry, 'it does my tar-pot soul good to have a bit of experience like this.'

'You are destined, sir, to be a martyr,' said the second mate.

'On the contrary, I'd like to be a seaman's agitator. I'm seriously thinking of starting a society, and spouting mercantile marine politics

on the top of a beef-cask at the back of the Liverpool Sailors' Home.

'Flock to my banner, O Brethren of the Sea!

And list to what a land-shark has to spout to thee!'

'That's prime, sir,' said Walters. 'Did you decompose all that at once?'

'Mere impromptoo,' laughed the skipper.

At this moment both men stared hard ahead; the next they dived amidships and secured binoculars from a teakwood box. And by-and-by, when the *Masterpiece* lifted, on the dark water there reflected a cloud of brilliant blue and yellow, shot with the seething white of the sea-crests; and, lastly, over the great seas the light itself hove up and revealed a distressed steamer.

'Salvation!' muttered Walters. 'Funnel white, top black; three sticks well raked. Can't distinguish the hull. But I'll call her a White Star liner—bless her!'

'Oil,' said Larry; 'struck oil, mister, I think; good iron all right!'

Then everything was lost to view; a sea tumbled over the bridge, and remnants became solidified into icicles in the tramp's rigging; but Walters resented the merciless wet not an atom. The old *Masterpiece* was for the nonce a confectioner's shop, and her bridge the counter, and somewhere about was dear-heart Nellie.

Meantime the steamer dived painfully on her zigzag course towards the signalling ship. Now she topped a mountain-surge, and now she raced madly down the great sea-wall into the trough, only to climb the next roller half-way and grope blindly through, while the enraged seas poured over her bulwarks. Once, as she mounted to the encounter, the bridge-crew observed another flare of light.

'They seem to be in a desperate hurry to leave the ship,' said Larry, with falling heart. 'My firm can't afford to blow off squibs as if it were a Guy Fawkes exhibition; so give a blast on the whistle, mister, as answer to her signal.'

Aggravatingly slow the *Masterpiece* crawled onwards, at times taking exception, when she gathered heart and speed and split the seas with abandon, and rent them into scud; then rose, her great iron body all aquiver, and the smoke of the broken water flinging in song to her lower mast-heads.

Through all this the captain and his second officer played hide-and-seek, and caught occasional glimpses of the lurching redemption ahead. The weather enjoyed the game, and grew fiercer; but the tramp struggled boldly, casting her nose skywards, and then heaving her bows deep, deep down into the Atlantic, while her stern hung high and dry in air, with the propeller wildly beating to the hysterical machinery that at every upheaval threatened to put an end to the steamer and her torture.

To Walters the staggering situation appealed strongly. He was in for 'neck or nothing,' but

was still buoyed with a faint hope of reaching New York with a whole skin in a whole ship. He spoke his thoughts: 'Hadrn't we better ease her down, else we may totally break up?'

The tramp's skipper eyed Walters savagely.

'Are we to give up now,' he cried, 'at the auspicious moment, and sling away wilfully the chance of making a few chips? What about the ice-cream bar? If this old box wants us to attend

her funeral, let it be so, and be hanged to her!' He pointed to a position where the other steamer lay hid deep in a seaway. 'Perhaps you'll be able to accomplish something great, mister. Don't let the chance by.'

So the tramp had to battle forward, and an angry sea sprang up by way of retort, and soaked and bruised against the wheel the man who had set her at defiance.

## THE MAKING OF DIAMONDS.

**I**T has been the custom to describe anything of unusual excellence as being 'worth its weight in gold.' It would give far greater force to such an estimate if for gold we were to say diamonds, for a diamond of even moderate size is worth many thousand times its weight in the precious metal. A gem which was exhibited not long ago in London, one of the finest ever yielded by prolific Kimberley, was valued by experts at two hundred thousand pounds, a sum which in gold would weigh just about two tons. The value of the gem becomes more strikingly apparent when we reflect that it weighed little more than an ounce, and could easily be hidden in a corner of the waistcoat-pocket, while its equivalent in gold would require for its portorage a trolley and a couple of strong horses.

Pliny, in his *Natural History*, speaks of the diamond as being the most valuable thing on earth, and as being of such indomitable hardness that if placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer the gem will remain uninjured, whilst the anvil and hammer will be split to pieces. Pliny also asserts that the diamond is incapable of being burnt. The world would have been richer in diamonds to-day had Pliny and his disciples been a little more particular in verifying their statements; for long after his time it became the custom to test the genuineness of a diamond by the hammer, and many valuable gems were thus reduced to fragments. A diamond is certainly very hard, but it is also brittle; and evidently Pliny and his followers could not distinguish between these two entirely different properties. Nor is the old philosopher more accurate when he speaks of the diamond being incombustible, for, as we shall presently see, it quickly yields to the action of fire. Many fine gems in past times have been destroyed in the attempt to show that they would stand the ordeal of fire, and many of smaller size have been sacrificed in the chemist's laboratory in the endeavour to discover the nature of the beautiful gem-stone.

It is now known to every one that the lustrous diamond is simply carbon in transparent crystalline form; and it is by no means difficult to put the

matter to the test of direct experiment if we are content to sacrifice a small gem in the operation. A glass flask is filled with oxygen, except for an ounce or two of clear lime-water, which is allowed to remain at the bottom of the vessel. The diamond to be tested is held in a tiny cage of platinum-wire, which is attached to two thicker wires that extend through the cork of the flask and are connected outside it with an electric battery. Directly the circuit is completed the diamond bursts into flame and ultimately disappears, while the lime-water becomes milky through the action of the carbonic acid formed by the union of the carbon and the oxygen. Precisely the same effect is produced if for the diamond we substitute a piece of charcoal or other form of carbon. In this way the chemist is able to assert most positively that the valuable diamond is identical in composition with one of the commonest elements known. The glittering stone which has been always identified with all that is princely and magnificent has, after all, only a very humble parentage. Its brother is the piece of coal that tumbles unheeded out of the fire-grate on to the hearth. The possibility of reversing the experiment which has been just described, by taking the charcoal and turning it into the crystalline form, has naturally occurred to many minds; but it is a problem by no means easy to solve. However, as we shall presently see, the task is by no means an impossible one.

The beauty and great value of diamonds have from the earliest times fired the imagination of writers. Sindbad the Sailor found himself in a valley where these gems strewed the earth instead of ordinary pebbles; and it will be remembered that Aladdin was conducted by his pseudo-uncle, the wicked magician, to a subterranean garden where the petals of the flowers were formed of brilliants. The chemist is the magician of to-day, and to his laboratory must we look for the production of diamonds, if they can be produced artificially.

The manufacture of imitation gem-stones was long ago carried to great perfection, and there are shops in most large cities where these are artfully displayed near hidden electric lights so as to make a brave show. Any gems can be well imitated in



what is known as 'strass,' which is a peculiar kind of glass of high reflective power. Imitation gems are also made of the different varieties of quartz; but the best of these fall very far short of the beauty of the diamond, and there are simple tests which at once reveal their true nature. Those who are hoping to reproduce in the laboratory the true diamond have no thought of these acknowledged imitations; they aim at making artificially a veritable diamond which is identical with the natural product in hardness, in specific gravity, and in resisting the action of acids.

We have seen how the chemist is able to analyse a substance. Wonderful is it to reflect that he can take a thing of complex composition and can tell us not only what are its constituents, but can give us the proportion of each one of them. Still more wonderful does it seem that he can in many cases build up those constituents so as to form a natural product artificially. To give only two instances of the chemist's power in this direction, we may name madder and indigo, the production of which in the laboratory has had the effect of revolutionising two important industries. It would seem a comparatively easy matter to induce charcoal to assume the crystalline form, and thus to make diamonds; but Dame Nature does not reveal her secrets too easily. Those who would win her confidence must study her methods and work hard, and even then she is most grudging of her benevolence.

About twenty years ago much excitement was aroused by the report that Mr J. B. Hannay, of Glasgow, had actually succeeded in making diamonds. Acting on the belief which is general among chemists that these gems are formed in Nature's laboratory by the joint action of great heat and immense pressure, he enclosed carbonaceous substances in a strong wrought-iron tube, which was closed at both ends, and submitted it for some hours to the fierce heat of a reverberatory furnace. In many cases the tube burst under the ordeal; but occasionally one was found to withstand the treatment, and it was subsequently cooled and sawn asunder. Within it was found a dark mass of hard carbon, together with some tiny crystals which were said to be diamonds; but they were quite useless from the jeweller's point of view, so microscopic were they in dimension. Even if they had been big enough for use as gems, the cost of their production would have been far beyond their actual value. The report that diamonds had been thus manufactured doubtless caused some uneasiness among the dealers and owners of gems; but when it was found that the artificial gems had no commercial value the scare was forgotten. Nothing has since been heard of Mr Hannay's experiments.

The Glasgow experimentalist was handicapped in his efforts to produce the diamond by being unacquainted with the nature of its matrix or

mother-rock. This is now believed to be the blue ground in which it is found at the South African mines, to which rock the name 'kimberlite' has been given. In the surrounding rocks a black shale (a form of carbon) is found; and it is noteworthy that pieces of this shale which have been altered by heat are found in the blue ground or kimberlite. It would thus seem to be possible, to some extent, to trace the conversion of the carbon of the shale into the crystalline form, the process having probably occurred deep down in the earth under high temperature and great pressure; for the huge pockets or 'pipes' in which the blue diamond-studded ground is found are the vents of extinct volcanoes.

The next one to take up the tale of experiment with carbon with a view to produce diamonds was M. Moissan, the French chemist, who is celebrated among other achievements for his success in isolating the element fluorine. He, too, determined to try the effect of intense heat and high pressure, his method of procedure being as novel as it was ingenious. Carbon, unlike easily crystallisable bodies, is insoluble in all ordinary solvents; but, as is well known, molten metals will combine with it. Bessemer steel, for example, is made by decarbonising iron and then adding to it a measured quantity of carbon. M. Moissan used iron as solvent for charcoal, melting the iron in the electric furnace and allowing it to take up as much of the carbon as it could—in other words, to saturate itself with carbon. The crucible in which the white-hot metal was contained was then plunged into a bath of molten lead, with the result that globules of the iron rose to the surface of the lead and were quickly cooled on their outer surface. Inside the hard crust the iron remained for some time in a molten condition; and, as iron expands on solidifying, the contents of those little globules were subjected to a pressure possibly not attainable by any other means. In due time the lead solidified, and bound up in its mass were several of these bullets of iron, the interior condition of which it became desirable to examine. By the action of powerful acids, first the lead and then the enclosed iron globules were dissolved, leaving a residue of carbonaceous matter which contained tiny crystals. These crystals were determined by careful tests to be true diamonds; but as the largest of them measured less than one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter, they cannot be said to have any commercial value.

It may be mentioned here that true rubies, sapphires, and some of the other gem-stones so highly valued as jewels have also been produced in the chemist's laboratory, and that such stones, although not large enough to be set in finger-rings, are much used for watch movements.

From the scientific standpoint the chemist is

content to have mastered a very difficult undertaking. It is a great triumph for him to have actually reproduced these wondrous flowers of the mineral world. As to the mere size of the crystals, that does not trouble him; he is content to know that they are true to nature. There

are thousands of persons in this world interested in keeping up the market price of diamonds, who are most fervently hoping that the chemist will continue to regard his successful efforts in the making of gem-stones from the same academic point of view.

## THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

### CHAPTER V.



BARHULICAN remained shut and deserted for long after that eventful Sunday. The fish had it all their own way in the Glen Raith reaches of the river, for the Law lord, for whose whims so many of their brethren had suffered and died, was engaged in another and more serious quest; though it, too, was concerned with life and death.

On the mountains the bracken was spreading strong and thick and green in vast irregular patches, interspersed with heather, and the whole of nature seemed to be toning up for the great summer festival of colour: the purple and golden pageant of a hundred glorious sunsets rolled into one.

In the manse garden the apple-blossom had all been blown away by a day of April storm, and the first delicate green of the foliage had ripened into a more sombre shade which somehow made the tints of autumn seem not so impossible after all.

'Winter is coming,' said Lesley over and over again to herself with set purpose, forgetting that the summer had yet to have its day; but she had lost faith in summers lately. To outsiders she appeared wrapped in a perpetual brown-study; as a matter of fact she was sternly preparing herself for sacrifice. The one thing in which she evinced any interest, outside her own thoughts, were the daily papers, and these she devoured late and early, carrying them by stealth to her own room, and there reading and re-reading certain passages again and again. She flattered herself that her unusual zeal passed unnoticed by any member of the little household, and as far as the minister was concerned she was right in her conjecture; but she had forgotten to take into account the shrewd, watchful eyes of old Elspeth, who let no slightest action of her adored young mistress go unheeded.

At first the old woman was sorely perplexed to find the motive of her sudden and mysterious interest in the affairs of the outside world; but she was not long in formulating her suspicions, and then came the question in whom to confide them. For some time she was torn with doubts as to whether it was her duty to lay the case before the minister; but her better wisdom bade her refrain, and at last one day,

in desperation, she sat down and unburdened her soul in a short though pointed epistle to Mr John in Edinburgh. She wrote:

'DEAR MR JOHN,—There's a sair change in Miss Lesley this last month, and I misdoot me it's that deil o' a Law lord that's done it. Ye ken the trial o' that muckle murderess Jane Silence, that's on in the Courts juist now, and that Coalstoun's the Judge, and how the papers are fu' o' the evidence and the smart sayin's o' his deil's lordship? Miss Lesley's aye devourin' them, and I ken fine it's no' oot o' peety for the prisoner, puir vile sinner that she is! Noo, ye'll likely laugh at my suspecions; but maybe if ye'd seen the grand buik that cam' for the lassie last mornin', a' dinkit oot wi' green ribbons and sic-like clamjamphrie, frae Edinburgh, ye'd think seriously enouch o' the maitter.

'It's got his name forenent, and a dinna forget sort o' motto below, wi' the date o' the widdy's concert, and a' manner o' Scottish sangs intill't; sic-like daffin', and him busy a' he kens blastin' the soul o' the unfortunate Silence critter! Ye'll kindly mak' no mention o' this, for it was by a chance happenin' it cam' under my notice.—Your respectful and loving

'ELSPETH MACROBIN.'

Unconscious of the betrayal of her secret, Lesley continued to make for herself a graven image in the likeness of heroic justice. All her thoughts were centred at this time in the gloomy court-house in Edinburgh, nearly two hundred miles away, where the grim travesty was then taking place. Her point of view was essentially from behind the Judge's bench, and only when the dreadful inevitable fiat had gone forth did her sternly strung faculties relent, and an inconsistent flood of tears swept away the Spartan glamour from her eyes.

Upon the termination of the trial the Judge had driven through the half-twilight of the sloppy, deserted streets to his beautiful house in Moray Place. Sheets of rain lashed against the windows of his carriage as he drove, and the north wind howled demoniacally at the street corners; but his lordship was not likely to be moved by a pother of the elements when the cries and lamentations of the condemned woman

as she was led from the dock had brought but a contemptuous frown to his face.

The dinner-hour was eight o'clock, and five minutes before that time he joined his sister, Lady Cariston, in the drawing-room. She had learnt all she wanted to know of the trial from the news-boys who, ever since the pronouncement of the fatal verdict, had, with opportunist greed, been sporting their extra special through the streets. The dismal cadence of their voices rising and falling and dying away in the distance had made her shiver in spite of her stout nerves; but when her brother entered the room she greeted him with a smile which betrayed no trace of previous feeling.

Instinctive tact and an accurate knowledge of his character bade her beware of any allusion to the subject which must necessarily be uppermost in his thoughts. Instead, she met him with a ready flow of small-talk, conscious as well as he of the necessity of bridging over the landslip in the emotions which was the inevitable result of the afternoon's work. It is a merciful Providence which inspires some people with the art of bridging over such gaps—the nervous man who sticks at them deserves no less than hanging.

Lord Coalstoun responded gratefully to her endeavours; the reflex action of his mind, after long days of brooding over the problem of life and death, made him especially talkative and brilliant that night, and the dinner *à deux* passed off with a swing of success. The footman, a new-comer from south of the Tweed, who had been looking forward all day to the gamut of private information as to the most thrilling and bloodthirsty details and incidents of the trial, which in his capacity behind the scenes would fall to his share, was ruefully disappointed, and passed a verdict of his own on his master, which condemned him as the most cold-blooded and heartless of his kind.

'A-drinking of his champagne—Heidsieck Dry Monopole '93—with that much gusto as if he had given the poor unfortunate creature a new lease of life instead of cutting her short in the midst of her sins,' said James indignantly. As a matter of fact, Lord Coalstoun's thoughts were very far indeed from the cell of the condemned woman. His powers of concentration on the subject in hand enabled him when the necessary result was achieved to fling off all thoughts of his past endeavours; and in this case he did so with a fine disgust and repugnance which left no room for pity. While the trial had lasted he had devoted himself body, soul, and spirit to eliciting the justice of the case; but now that he had succeeded conscientiously in that attempt, he felt he deserved relaxation. Accordingly, with the removal of his mental curb, he had allowed his thoughts to slip back into certain pleasant byways of the past, where all sorts of fragrant illusion had flourished, covering

as with a flowery pall the cold carcass of his ambition.

'Mark,' began Lady Cariston abruptly as he entered the drawing-room after an interval of solitude in the indulgence of his fancies, 'I want to know what I am to do about Marjorie.'

'Do about her?' he repeated, taking up his position against the mantelshelf and looking down with an amused smile at the handsome, perplexed face of his sister.

'You know that she expects an invitation—after—well, all this stress of work you have been having lately is over,' continued Lady Cariston, 'Shall I ask her to come here for a fortnight?'

Lord Coalstoun shifted his weight from one shoulder to the other, a slight frown contracting his brows.

'I don't quite see why she should have expected an invitation,' he said. 'The fact is, I had thought of running down to Barhulican for a rest, and if Lady Marjorie comes I am tied.'

'Not if I am here to look after her,' said Lady Cariston conventionally. 'Besides, you know, it is the last fortnight I can spare this summer,' she added in a more natural tone; 'and you could surely delay going to Barhulican for a little. You cannot shut your eyes to what everybody is saying, or be blind to the influence the Earl would have as your father-in-law upon your career. Personally, there is no one I should prefer more for a sister-in-law—if that is likely to have any influence on your decision.'

The frown deepened on Lord Coalstoun's face as she spoke. He left his place by the fire, and commenced to pace up and down the room with hands behind his back—a sure sign of mental disquietude with him, as his sister knew; but she was determined to stand to her guns, and force him if possible into some direct confession of his intentions.

'Perhaps it is because I have so much to do with deciding other people's affairs that I am tempted to shilly-shally where my own are concerned,' he said at last, with a short laugh.

'There speaks the man,' cried Lady Cariston. 'Do you forget, O egotist! that there is another concerned as well?' she added significantly. But before he had time to reply a knock at the door interrupted the discussion.

'There's a young man waiting to see you, my lord,' said James discreetly. 'I told him you were engaged; but he said he must see you, so I showed him into the library. Judging by his looks, my lord, I should guess he was a jurymen.'

Lord Coalstoun laughed outright at this evidence of the footman's perception. 'That will be all right, James,' he said.—'I will be back in a few minutes, Geraldine,' he added to his sister as he left the room, 'and we can fight it out to a finish then.'

The shaded light suspended from the ceiling in



the library seemed rather to emphasise than illuminate the darkness of the surrounding walls, with their solid fencing of calf-bound treasures; but as Lord Coalstoun entered, a man's figure rose from a dusky corner and stepped into the central arc of light.

It was John Mackenzie.

Lord Coalstoun recognised him in a flash, though illness and trouble of mind had wrought sad havoc with his appearance; but he gave no sign of having done so.

'Good-evening,' he said, as his visitor remained silent. 'Won't you sit down?' indicating a chair as he spoke, and himself sinking into his own particular seat by the table.

'My name is Mackenzie,' said John abruptly, taking no notice of the proffered chair; 'my father is minister at Tainish.'

'Ah!' said his lordship, 'I thought I had seen you before.' He rose as he spoke and held out his hand; but John's clenched themselves obstinately.

'I have not come to-night to seek for your friendship, Lord Coalstoun,' he said, 'but to tell you something which it is right you should know.'

His lordship's eyebrows rose. 'Still, that is no reason why you should not sit down,' he said imperturbably, and again he set the example, crossing one leg over the other in an easy attitude.

This time John yielded, and seated himself in an uncompromising manner on the chair indicated.

There was a short interval of silence, during which Lord Coalstoun's eyes were fixed with a calmly interrogatory stare upon his visitor's. His stern, heavily modelled face seemed like a mask, so impassive was it, and somehow John felt his courage evaporating. Here in this luxurious room with its soft, rich carpet and the sombre glory of its oaken furnishings, his cause of quarrel with the owner seemed to take on the nature almost of a presumption. The dominant presence of the great man, too, fresh as he was from dealing with the enormous issues of life and death, gave John a sense of his own littleness which served but to exasperate him into a loss of self-control.

'I don't know how you'll take what I've got to say,' he burst out at last; 'but perhaps you'll be honest with me at once, and spare the rest. My cousin, Miss Gordon, is engaged to marry me.'

His waning courage lent an air of rudeness to his delivery, which emphasised still more forcibly the difference between them.

Lord Coalstoun hid a smile with difficulty.

'That is no news,' he said. 'Miss Gordon informed me indirectly of the fact the first time I had the pleasure of meeting her. But before I proffer my congratulations, may I inquire the

date of this engagement? Miss Gordon is so young—I understand that she is just eighteen—that I imagine it must have been quite a recent affair.'

A dull red flush mounted slowly into John's haggard cheeks.

'We have been engaged always,' he said in a low, dogged voice; 'we are not like other people—there was no need for me to ask her; she has always belonged to me. Besides, I haven't come here to-night to seek your congratulations,' he added with sudden vehemence, his nostrils quivering.

'Ah, I see—my advice, then,' put in his lordship agreeably. 'Well, you are not the first one; and for the sake of my friendship with your father and—cousin, I shall be only too glad to help you—if I can. No,' holding up an authoritative hand, as John was about to burst into indignant denial; 'allow me to finish what I have to say.' There was a relentless gleam in his eyes though he was outwardly calm and unmoved. 'From what you have told me I gather that this engagement is founded upon a mutual understanding,' he began; 'or, to put it more plainly, though perhaps less politely, you have allowed the young lady no choice in the matter, but on the strength of that sole responsibility of which you boast, have blinded her to the existence of any other possibilities. I can quite sympathise with your desire to possess her; but I confess the means you have adopted seem to me hardly fair. Some day an alternative choice is certain to present itself—it is not as if she were in any particular an ordinary woman—and just as certainly after her marriage with you as before it. In either case your happiness must be jeopardised. The whole issue depends, of course, on the quality of her affection for you, and about that I am naturally quite incompetent to pass opinion; but yourself must have gained some idea upon the matter. Does she love you only as a cousin, or does she love you with that love which as her future husband you have a right to expect from her? Upon your answer to that rest the whole ethics of the situation. If you feel convinced of the latter you will be justified in marrying her blindly and risking the inevitable awakening; if you have any doubt about it, it is your bounden duty to allow her opportunities of making her choice between you and any other candidate who may present himself.'

He paused. While he had been speaking a vision of Lesley's face had risen up before him—young and sad, as he had seen it in church that morning, and he had been moved to further zeal by the thought that it was her unconscious cause he was pleading.

'You, to speak of possible candidates and future awakenings!' cried John with bitter indignation as he finished. 'You!'

Lord Coalstoun faced his vehement anger calmly.

'I presume, sir, coupling your intrusion to-night with what you have just insinuated, that your accusation is levelled at me?' he said.

'I did not mean to insinuate anything,' said John. 'I tell you to your face that you have taken her from me.'

His lordship uttered a short sardonic laugh.

'You have small respect for your cousin's name apparently,' he said, 'when you would have me believe that she has given her heart unsolicited to any man.'

'Unsolicited!' echoed John, leaping to his feet, the veins starting out like whipcord on his temples.

'Unsolicited,' repeated Lord Coalstoun.

'Then you are a worse villain than I thought,' cried John; 'for, though you have doubtless been careful not to implicate yourself by words, you have done the mischief just as surely. Read that.' So saying, he fumbled in his breast-pocket and drew forth a crumpled letter, which he thrust into the other's hand. It was old Elspeth's communication, and Lord Coalstoun took it with a faint sneer.

'Well, the old woman is more plain than polite,' he commented after he had read through a few lines. When he had finished he tossed it back to John.

'Young girls are proverbially known to have a thirst for sensation,' he remarked carelessly. 'It would have been wiser for Miss Gordon to have been debarred the delectable enjoyment in this case; but I really fail to see the corollary between the fact of her interest in a murder trial and her supposed secret devotion to the "deil o' a judge." In any case, I prefer to retain my respect for the young lady, and leave myself unflattered by the illusion.'

His coolness provoked John well-nigh to madness. 'But the book! the book!' he cried, snatching the letter with his open fingers.

'Ah, the book!' repeated his lordship in a reflective tone, a shadowy smile flickering round his lips as he spoke. 'After all, it was a small enough token of gratitude for a very pleasant memory,' he continued abstractedly, 'and from a man who was old enough to be her father. But,' he broke off with a sudden white heat of passion, 'what am I dreaming of to be thus stammering excuses to a raw college boy? Pah!'—with a short laugh—'let us bring this unprofitable interview to a close.' He rose as he spoke. 'I am sure you will excuse me; and as for yourself, I should recommend bed as the best place. You've been working too hard, I imagine,' scanning with careless interest his visitor's dejected visage.

But John was not to be so easily disposed of. 'You cannot put me off like that,' he said in a low, tense voice. 'You may blind others,

but you cannot blind me. You chose to amuse yourself with a simple country girl, when all the time your heart was set on a grand marriage. It was the first time a man like you had ever paid her attention. Is it any wonder that she compared us in her heart? You've little enough to boast of in your conquest after all,' he broke off with bitter humility, 'with me as your only rival.'

Lord Coalstoun's expression changed as he spoke, and an almost compassionate look stole over his face.

'You make a mistake,' he said; 'I am no rival of yours. I had not even thought of entering the lists against you; and if I ever do, rest assured that it will only be after you have had your trial and failed. Any interest which I may have aroused in Miss Gordon's heart must be of a transitory nature, for no word or suggestion of love has ever passed between us. I assure you it is my trappings and not myself which have been responsible for the mischief. Should you fail in your endeavours, it will surely matter little to you whether it be I or another who succeeds. On my life,' he finished, with a grim smile, 'there is only one objection which you could fairly raise to me, and that is my age. But if she agreed to condone it?' he shrugged his shoulders expressively. 'There, I have said my say. Go in and win. You need fear no rivalry from me—as I am a gentleman.'

If the contrast between them had been marked before, it was doubly accentuated now.

Bereft of passion and disarmed by the magnanimity of his rival, John's whole attitude was expressive of self-conscious inequality. He hung his head and appeared to be seeking for something to say in response which should emulate his host's generosity. But they were no longer speaking as man to man; in a flash they seemed to have regained their normal standpoints—Lord Coalstoun that of the brilliant man of the world, descendant of a long line of cultured ancestors; John, the divinity student, grandson of a crofter, with his peasant blood betraying itself in every gesture. At last he burst out with an effort:

'My exams begin to-morrow. If I am successful in them I shall ask her; and if I am unsuccessful in that I shall let you know.'

'Pray do not trouble,' said Lord Coalstoun coldly. 'Be assured that you have my best wishes for both endeavours,' he added in extenuation as he held the door open for his visitor to pass out.

'I have changed my mind, Geraldine,' he said, entering the drawing-room a few minutes later, where Lady Cariston was still seated before the fire. 'I shall not be going to Barhulican just now. You may do what you think best about your—visitors.'

## BELL ROCK, 1808-1902.

## SOLILOQUIES ON THE EVE OF ALTERATIONS.



THE tenure of your life, as witnessed for the last ninety years, is drawing to a close. In a few short days your upper walls, lantern, and dome, which have defiantly withstood the storms for that time, will, for the most part, be cast into the turmoil of waters raging beneath, seemingly eager to encircle and roll into unknown depths, or carry for ever out of sight, their share of the débris or spoils of destruction. Who can tell the boon your beaming eye of light has been to the mariner in that time? As he careered along before a raging gale in the vicinity of your treacherous reef, a sight of your beams has gladdened his heart and guided him to a safe haven. I see no reason why you should not have become a centenarian before any dissolution of your members should have taken place; but it has been otherwise decreed. True, you are getting too slow, scarcely moving with the times, and not up to date; and your upper story is getting rust-eaten, cracked, and feeble through occasional bleaching with salt spray. The idea of being outshone by comparatively youthful innovations in your vicinity is of itself enough to make you sign a new lease of life. The Inchcape Rock, of which poets have sung and historians rehearsed, you must still come to the front as conspicuous as any, though your bells are again—and for ever, it is to be feared—to go ‘down with a gurgling sound,’ fated never more to send their warning tones over the waters. Some are inclined to question the wisdom of putting a new head on old shoulders, and presage that your weight of ambition and lofty attainments will be your downfall. Your foundations are secure as ever; neither microbes, aches, nor pains have attacked your frame. You will, I doubt not, continue to rear your imposing head for the guidance of our children’s children when structures now building will be shapeless cairns.

Ninety years! How many long, dreary watches have the keepers spent within the octagonal stone-built wall which forms the lightroom, gazing on the square-paned lantern, revolving frame of red and white lights, and brass machine-case, all of which are now to be demolished! How often have they climbed the ladder—if not to fame and fortune, towards light and leading—to replenish the oil in the fountains, to trim or regulate the burning of their lamps! Sitting at his lonely seat at the table, or pacing the half-circle of the lightroom, six steps and a round-about turn, wherever his thoughts or imagination may have wandered, the keeper’s eye, intuitively, was directed upwards towards his lamps. How often has his foot rested conveniently on the

nose of one of the dolphins (four of which formed corner-pieces of the base of the machine-case), or his curiosity been roused regarding the alligators, serpents, flambeaus, and other mythological and allegorical emblems with which the panels and corners were otherwise ornamented! On this base rested the beautiful machine-case of polished brass, with fluted corners, top and bottom mouldings, and glazed doors, a veritable work of art, worthy a place as a show-case in any museum; but methinks its beauty would soon fade were its regular polishing neglected.

How oft have the keepers, nightly pacing to and fro within your walls, thought of their dear ones at home, and doubtless offered up silent supplications for the special welfare of some sick member of whom they were anxiously desiring to hear, but could not! How they have felt when assailed by the storms which have wrought destruction on our coasts during the ninety years of your existence; when the fierce westerly gales would sway you from your perpendicular; when the shrieking of the wind was such that the tell-tale bell of the machine could scarcely be heard, and when at the change of the watch it was a case of shouting to each other when in conversation! And when the mighty north-easter comes rolling in—the grandest sight of all—as the keepers stand viewing the turmoil from the balcony, advancing waves seem as if they would carry all before them, at times throwing the spray for a hundred feet to the lantern-glass, the impetus making the building tremble from its foundation, and causing doors to creak and utensils to rattle on the walls as during an earthquake shock! Naturally the keepers felt timid at first; but now, with perfect faith in your ability to withstand the strongest of storms, they only regard the visitations of the storm-king with awe and wonder.

There are, however, a few familiar and valuable articles which will be carefully preserved and restored to adorn the new lightroom for another century; but, instead of resting against the cold wall of Craighleith stone, they will hang on the warmer background of good pitch-pine. Chief among these is the magnificent timepiece, made, as also was the machine and case already mentioned, by James Clark, Edinburgh, in 1811. The works, all of which can be seen, are enclosed in a brass-framed case, glazed all round, with a mirror in back. Meantime it occupies an honourable position in the library of the lighthouse, on the bracket along with the marble bust of Mr Stevenson, engineer and builder. In addition to the usual hourly tell-tale, dials on the sides indicate the days of the month and week. Few



look on its face during the day; but I question if there are many so often scanned in the silent watches of the night, when keepers—cold, weary, or drowsy—are anxious for their watch to come to a close. And how often—and who can blame him?—has the keeper wished that its side-dials would quicker indicate the dates of his turn for being relieved! Fortnights are the great epochs of time in the lives of Rock light-keepers, for each fortnight reliefs are made, and it is the turn of one or other to go ashore.

The barometer, another old friend whose indications are at times carefully studied, shall in due course return to its usual position. Often is it scanned when favourable weather is anxiously desired at relief-time; and when the storm-king is careering along in his strength, and the mercury low and pulsating in the tube from the atmospheric depression, its face is often tapped to find its lowest reading, or to ascertain if it shows any signs of abatement of the elemental war.

Another familiar object removed from the sunny side of the stone parapet wall is the sundial, which will, in the most convenient place, be fixed to the new cast-metal structure, to regulate the time for a few more generations.

However, in future the Bell Rock will be a bell-less rock, for the two large bells on the north and south sides of the balcony are to be discontinued, having been superseded years ago by a more efficient explosive fog-signal. These bells, which each weigh five hundredweight, bear the inscription and date: 'Thomas Mears & Sons, London; *fecit* 1811.' They may have been useful fifty or sixty years ago, when hundreds of small sailing-craft were drifting about our shores; but as an aid to the navigation of the present-day class of vessels they are of little use. One of these bells, in response to a request by the secretary of the Arbroath Museum, has been presented to that institution by the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses. I see no shape of a bell about the formation of the rocks to give the place its well-known appellation, and consider that it must have got its name after the publication of Southey's well-known ballad, or from the fact of bells being on the rock.

The original album is not now in use—the one

in which Sir Walter Scott in 1814 inscribed his name and the following well-known lines:

Far in the bosom of the deep,  
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep:  
A ruddy gleam of changeful light  
Bound on the dusky brow of Night.  
The seaman bids my lustre hail,  
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

The present album dates back over forty years, and is full of interest and well worth an hour's study. The writer has during the last twenty-five years made the acquaintance of many old Bell Rock residents, and to him many pages bear well-known signatures, recalling old-time recollections and awakening thoughts of dear friends, many of whom have passed away. Apart from that, a look through the book is curiously interesting. Several have, like Sir Walter, left a souvenir of their visit in verse. The late Rev. D. W. Morris, Edinburgh, in 1861 wrote:

Oft have I watched thee from the shore, thou sentinel  
 of light!  
 As o'er these rocks, where billows roll, thou vigil keep'st  
 by night.  
 For many years thou hast held sway o'er this thy rocky keep,  
 When tempests raged or mists obscured the face of the  
 briny deep.  
 In the changing light of thy bright eye, or the deep  
 tones of thy voice,  
 The seaman learns when danger's nigh, and steers a  
 wary course.  
 Emblem thou art of Him who set the way of life to show:  
 Not only points where dangers lie, but shows the course  
 to go.

Last year, erected in Glasgow Exhibition, you looked down on thousands of all nationalities passing beneath; but now you come to solitude and desolation, but for a better, nobler purpose. The waves of the ocean will continue to thunder on your granite base; you will in due course receive your baptism of salt spray; the gale will whistle and shriek in your gun-metal astragals, funnel, and lightning-rod; the sea-birds will scream discordant around you, and migrants attracted by your rays dash themselves against your panes and die; but long may you withstand the tear and wear of the elements, and with your brighter light conduct and guide all who manage the transport of our increasing maritime commerce, and all others who have their business in your vicinity.

## SOME RABBIT-PROOF PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

By WALTER SMYTH, Author of *Hardy Border Flowers the Year Round*.



RABBITS give so much life to a landscape, with their little brown bodies and skipping ways, that it is a pity they are such depredators, in a general sense, to all green things. There are, however, some plants which they are not disposed to nibble at; and our object is to give the names and descrip-

tions of these, and also specify some suitable positions for planting.

The common furze or whin, with its prickly spines, does not appear attractive to rabbits save as a shelter; in fact, furze seems to grow very luxuriantly and to flower well in the neighbourhood of rabbit-warrens. It may be easily grown from seed, which should be sown in drills in

quantity, or it may be raised from cuttings. There are several varieties of *Ulex* or furze, all of which are useful for planting. Of these a dwarf variety named *U. nanus* makes a pretty shrub, flowering after the native whin at mid-summer. There is also a double variety which is well worth planting. Indeed, it is a wonder that more use is not made of the furze, as it is so hardy and useful.

For extensive planting in thickets and under-woods, dogwood, elder, and snowberry are very useful, as being proof against rabbits; and for more secluded and important shrubberies *Aucuba japonica*, with its green leaves variegated with yellow, may be depended on; but, not being quite hardy, it should receive the benefit of a sheltered position. Of the *Berberis* family, many are to be recommended; they are all handsome berry-bearing plants of much ornament in winter. The common box-tree, too, with its dark evergreen leaves, is very hardy and useful for this purpose. The *Cotoneasters* are also suitable. Ordinary soil suits all of them, they are thoroughly hardy and free in growth, and bear beautiful clusters of brightly coloured berries in autumn. They have been introduced from the Himalayas and China.

The noble pampas-grass appears to remain untouched by rabbits, and the handsome yellow-flowered St John's wort will never be entirely killed by them. Then it is only necessary to mention the hollies, the laurels, and the daisy-trees, which were introduced from New Zealand, and, being rather tender, require a sheltered spot. Two very beautiful shrubs, the mock orange and the purple plum, are also recommended; the former bears beautiful scented white flowers, and the latter is desirable for its handsome purple foliage. Of the rhododendrons, *R. ponticum* makes a fine cover-plant, and should be planted in quantity. *R. Auguste van Geert*, *R. concessum*, and many others are suitable. Some of the shrubby spiræas, too, may be planted;

also the sea-buckthorn, a beautiful native shrub which bears a profusion of orange berries.

Of forest trees it is merely necessary to mention the Austrian pine, Scotch fir, spruce fir, and the silver fir; and of coniferae, *Thuja* (*Arbor vitæ*). The hardy azaleas called Ghent azaleas, introduced from North America, are beautiful shrubs suitable for planting in shady woodlands, where rabbits frisk in and out; and butcher's-broom, a plant which produces beautiful red berries, and is suitable for planting in partial shade and under the drip of trees, enjoys immunity. Box-thorn also, so rapid in its growth, is suitable for covering walls or even making a hedge.

The Forsythia, or golden bells, is one of our most beautiful shrubs. It is of loose, rambling habit, and in a sunny spot gives a fine display of flowers in spring; and both it and the well-known hydrangea are considered to be rabbit-proof plants. The Hibiscus, or rose mallow, and the evergreen shrubby juniper have been noted as suitable for planting in sunny, sheltered spots in the south of England and Ireland. Peonies and privet are not sought eagerly after by the rabbit; and the spindle-tree, or *Euonymus*, (which suits any class of soil and thrives near the sea), as well as the yuccas, escapes.

Of hardy flowers untouched by rabbits we have noted the following: Arabises and anemones, aubrietias and aquilegias, Canterbury-bells, *Cineraria maritima*, and daffodils, dog-tooth violets, delphiniums, foxgloves, and grape hyacinths, irises, kniphofias (flame-plants), lilies of the valley, periwinkles and primroses, scillas, Solomon's seal, and montbretias in many varieties.

Mr Charles Warwick, land-steward to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, in sending a list, wrote me some time ago: 'In times of frost and snow the rabbit, like David of old, is not too particular where he gets his dinner; and if the plants want to be thoroughly protected they should be surrounded by wire-netting.'

## REMINISCENCES OF EDINBURGH SIXTY TO EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

BY A PIONEER RESIDENT OF VICTORIA FOR SIXTY YEARS.



**I** WAS born in 1818, the son of a well-known physician practising in Edinburgh during the first half of the last century. I must in infancy have been singularly precocious, for I can easily recall the nursery I occupied with an elder brother and sister, my parents' domicile at that period being in a flat at the corner of St Andrew Square, on the same side as St Andrew's Church. The nursery was heated by a small stove, on top of which my sister used to toast little cakes of moulded new

bread, and the process interested the children, and thus the surroundings became impressed on my memory. I was little over two years old when we removed to a larger house at the corner of Hill Street and Frederick Street, west side, where my now only surviving sister was born, and I recollect a scene there when she could not have been more than a few months old. By our area gate, on the pavement, was a form, on which sat, when disengaged, three licensed porters, having a sedan-chair, then much in request by ladies and children going to or returning from

evening parties or visiting, just as street cabs are now. These chairs were borne by two stalwart porters, one in front and the other behind, each holding two long handles. The porters were clothed in the costume of the eighteenth century—long coats and vests, shoes with buckles, and cocked hats—and each had a large metal badge of license on his vest or hanging from his neck. In 1822 I recollect being held up by our nursery-maid to witness in the evening the procession bringing the reigning king, George the Fourth, then on his visit to Edinburgh, to the quarters prepared for him in the Castle, Holyrood Palace being out of repair until restored some years later. I remember the band playing and the torchlights.

Later, while I was still but a little boy, my father's practice having greatly increased, we removed to a large house, No. 31 Queen Street, and from there I went to a small boys' school kept by a Mr Gilston. In front of Queen Street there was then within high stone walls a grass field extending to Heriot Row, in which was kept a bull that we could see resented any intrusion on his domain, and occasionally induced feats of agility on the part of the owner or keeper if he showed himself outside the shed at the entrance to the field when the bull happened to be near it and in a capitious mood. Gardens were being laid out between this field and Howe Street on the east and Wemyss Place, then in course of erection, on the west. At the foot of Wemyss Place there was the ancient domain of Moray Park, which was entered through an iron-railed gate, between dark-gray stone pillars, each surmounted by a stone lion couchant. These disappeared when the ground was feued in mansion sites. First excavations were made for the servants' apartments, kitchens, laundries, and cellars, and the foundations and cellarge under the pavement built in; and then Moray Place and adjacent streets towards Randolph Crescent, with its tall trees in front and noisy rookery, were quickly built. However, up to the date of my leaving Edinburgh at the age of twenty-two, in March 1841, there were no buildings north of Dean Bridge or of Ann Street towards Queensferry Road, except a row at Comely Bank; there was nothing but cultivated fields outside and between these, and between Lynedoch Place and Corstorphine Hill, which was reached by Lovers' Lane, a narrow road running alongside corn-fields, and leading to a stone seat inscribed 'Rest and be Thankful.' At the entrance to this lane a dear old lady we visited, Mrs Keith (mother of Dr Keith, then at Wemyss Place), had her country residence, her quaint, old-fashioned town-house being in the Canongate of Edinburgh, on the south side, below John Knox's house, towards Holyrood. The residences of Lady Keith of Ravelston and Lord Jeffrey, between Ravelston and Craighleith Quarry, were also near; and whether with my father as their family physician, in my holidays,

or occasionally when with genteel schoolfellows, the dear ladies there and at Ramsay of Barnton's and Hopetoun House were lavishly kind to me.

When St Stephen's Church was being built, the Circus Place School was inaugurated by a syndicate of gentlemen, of whom my father was one, and I attended it till I went to the old High School in Surgeons' Square. Going thither I occasionally met on the Earthen Mound, then only the site for wild-beast shows and such-like, the famed poet and novelist Sir Walter Scott, and noted the peculiar hop-and-skip gait his lameness occasionally induced. I also saw the execution of several criminals, about the time of the Burke and Hare tragedies, on the open scaffold in High Street. Surgeons' Square, with its anatomical lecturers' dissecting-rooms, and their horrifying odour felt by all passers-by, then became a terror; and the new High School at the Calton Hill, beyond the new jail and the castellated house of the jail-governor (Captain Rose), was projected, and when it was completed a grand procession of the boys in classes, with their teachers, took place, wherein I, then in Mr Pyper's class, walked in the procession.

Going to the new High School necessitated a new route along Queen Street, thence by St Andrew Square and Register Street to Waterloo Place. Near there, opposite a coach-office, on peering at an object on the ground I discovered it to be a bundle of bank-notes, probably dropped by some cattle-dealer going to or returning from Falkirk Tryst. I had stooped to lift it, when a man more like a thief than owner of such an amount of money thrust me aside, snatched it up, and disappeared quickly. It was too common a practice up to the time I left Scotland, in 1841, for drovers and graziers attending cattle and sheep markets to carry similar bundles of bank-notes for the settlement of their transactions; cheques seemed unknown, but amongst the then interested market attenders dishonesty was rare.

The teacher of writing at the old High School, Mr M'Kean, senior—his son succeeded him—was a martinet with the nickname of 'Hoppy M'Kean' on account of his peculiarity when chastising an evildoer of holding him by the collar with the left hand, and gyrating around on one leg, with the taws operating actively on some portion of the offender's person. He did not teach at the new High School, but at his house in Duke Street, on the west side. In his classroom entrance-passageway was a once well-stocked stone rabbit-house. I, with many of my schoolfellows, kept tame rabbits, but none of us could then imagine the universal scourge the liberation of a few score pairs in Victoria would afterwards prove to the whole of Australia, nor the enormous cost of merely thinning their ever-increasing and outspreading legions from the agricultural and pastoral areas.



When I emigrated to Victoria in March 1841 from Greenock, in a 700-ton sailing-ship of the round-bowed form of ocean tubs then in vogue, my voyage lasted one hundred and twenty days. On the 26th of July the ship anchored in Hobson's Bay, Port Phillip; and we were landed from it by a boat from the shore of Sandridge, now the populous town of Port Melbourne, but then having only one house in it, and no others within a mile. There was no jetty or landing-place. Each passenger was hoisted on a boatman's back and landed high and dry. A walk of about two miles brought him, following the edge of a reedy swamp in which the frogs made a noise almost deafening, to the punt over the Yarra River, without passing a single house or hut. Thence we entered on the partially built-up Swanston Street and Collins Street, the main business streets then in Melbourne; blank spaces or yards for bullock-teams separated the few one-story shops, one of which—now a palatial music warehouse—was a butcher's with a wooden block on the earthen floor, and with only a wide, shuttered opening for a window. In front, the unmade road had on both sides a gulf-like excavation, caused by rainfall, that would have engulfed a wagon. An Arab stallion was smothered in one. The Government House was a cottage on a hill now levelled and covered with a network of railway-lines. The blacks were dangerously hostile within a few miles of Melbourne.

Another 'Old Edinburgh Citizen' sends us the following reminiscences:

Though not by any means a Jacobite, I have a few links—slender ones, it must be admitted—with Prince Charlie.

A valued friend of mine in former days lived at Merchiston Castle. The old family coachman, my friend told me, had conversed with a woman who, standing at her cottage door, exactly opposite where Craiglockhart safety-pond now is, saw Prince Charles Edward and his Highland host march past on their way to Edinburgh. Bivouacking at Slateford the night before, they had ruined a bean-field. When the farmer complained, the Prince gave him a promissory-note on a future bank. That bank was set up in Inverness; but what its notes were worth after Culloden every one knows.

Another intimate friend of mine who carried on a lengthened ministry in Teviotdale numbered among his congregation an old man who had often heard his mistress, the farmer's wife, recount the following experience: When a little girl she was sent one day in 1745 on a message from the village of Ancrum to Jedburgh, some four miles distant. Emerging from a wood, she was appalled by seeing the road black with hundreds of fierce, strangely dressed armed men. As she stood petrified at the sight, 'a bonnie gentleman on horse-

back'—so she described him—seeing her alarm, called her to him, and told her to stand beside his stirrup. When the soldiers had passed he put spurs to his horse and rode on. Need it be said that this was the Prince? And one cannot wonder that when the girl grew old enough to understand about public events she was fond of referring to her short interview with him.

A Scottish laird informed a circle in which I sat that from the lips of a Highlander a hundred years old he had heard the following story: In 1746 this Highlander, then a herd-boy in Skye, was looking after his master's sheep when he saw two ladies approaching him. One he knew, because she was Miss Flora Macdonald, his chief's adopted daughter; but the other was quite a stranger to him. First of all they eagerly asked him if he had seen any of King George's red-coats on the island. That question having been answered in the negative, they next inquired if he had seen any Government ships cruising about. To that also he replied 'No.' Then, at their request, he led them to a spring, where the stranger lady, unhooking a small gold cup from her girdle, filled it, and offered it to Miss Macdonald. When she declined to drink first, the visitor emptied the cup, and then refilled it for her. The boy's heart having been made to dance by the gift of a shilling, they left. It will be unnecessary to say that the stranger was Prince Charles in female attire.

During the first half of the nineteenth century, while moving about in the south-west of England, I took up my abode for a short time in the village of Berkeley, Gloucestershire. This village, readers of English history will remember, is the place where Edward II. ended his troubled life, foully murdered, there is every reason to believe, by some of his barons. There was pointed out to me a window in Berkeley Castle from which cries were heard to issue one night in 1327.

As I conversed with the chatty landlord of the inn where I was a guest, he interrupted our talk by drawing my attention to an old man in a smock-frock who was passing in front of the window. As there was nothing striking about him, I naturally looked for an explanation, which was at once given. Towards the end of the eighteenth century Dr Jenner, of Berkeley, was, like other medical men of his day, often grieved by the havoc which smallpox wrought among the villagers. At last he observed that the milkmaids of the place either enjoyed immunity from the fell disease or were very slightly affected by it. Following out this striking fact, he came to the conclusion that something in their daily calling must render them invulnerable, or nearly so. What could it be? He traced it to the cowpox near the udder, the nature of which he did not know; but it is now familiar to the world as lymph. Could this be the substance

that protected from smallpox? That was the question, and it could only be answered by experiment. Dr Jenner then made known his convictions to the villagers, and asked for a boy-baby, a healthy child, as a subject for experiment with the supposed cure. The conditions were that if the child died—though Dr Jenner apprehended no such result—the parents would receive one hundred pounds; and if, on the contrary, he lived to the age of sixty, he was then to enter into the possession of a cottage, with a bit of ground attached to it, and to receive eight shillings a week till the day of his death. The old peasant whom I saw had been that boy-baby, and was now enjoying the provision made for his old age by Dr Jenner. Thus I had seen what may be called the fountain-head of vaccination.

Returning to Scotland not long after the incident just related, I came across a family partially French living in one of the closes of the Canongate of Edinburgh. The grandmother and her daughter were pure though humble Frenchwomen; but the husband of the daughter was Scotch, and their children, though of mixed descent, were undistinguishable from other young people of the neighbourhood. The old lady had accompanied her husband, a military prisoner in the great Napoleonic war, to Scotland, and after his death she remained in Edinburgh. She knew no language but French, and could not read. Conversing with her one day, I expressed surprise that, coming as she did from such a cultured country as France, she had not learned to read. 'Ah, monsieur!' was her reply, 'quand j'étais petite fille, Robespierre n'avait pas laissé des écoles en France.' The effect on me was positively electrical. I well knew the date of the Revolution; but its horrors were such as to make it seem far, far away back in the past. Yet here was I face to face with one who, safe in her obscurity, had lived at that time.

It may be mentioned in passing that one of my mother's earliest recollections was the death of Louis the Sixteenth. One day early in 1793 she, a little girl, was standing beside her father at the breakfast-table when the morning paper (the *Mercury*, I believe) was brought in. Glancing at it, he exclaimed, addressing my grandmother, 'Good heavens, my dear! the French have cut off their king's head.' Later in my mother's history, when she was a young married lady, and lived in what was then the extreme south of Edinburgh, there were hundreds of French prisoners of war at Glencorse. Some of these soldiers had been followed by their wives, who lived in cottages near the Government prison. Out of the mutton-bones which remained after their dinners the neat-handed Frenchmen made toothpicks, bookmarks, and other little articles; these their wives sold in Edinburgh, buying with the proceeds tea, tobacco, and a few simple

luxuries for their husbands. My mother got into the way of showing these women kindness. They used sometimes to embrace my elder sisters, then little children, as they thought of their own darlings far away. When an exchange of prisoners took place they came with joyful hearts to say 'Adieu' before returning to their own loved homes.

I must now ask the reader to accompany me to India, where I spent a few years. There, among other incidents, besides being introduced to Lord Canning and Lord Dalhousie, Governors-General of India, I had a conversation with Mr Elliott, son of General Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, who commanded at Gibraltar during its celebrated siege in 1782. In that year the Duke of Crillon, who had shortly before taken Minorca from the British, arrived on the scene. All the French Princes-Royal, with thirty thousand French and Spanish soldiers, were in the besieging camp. Ten floating batteries, mounting three hundred and ninety-seven guns, were specially constructed for the work. All their efforts, however, were frustrated by General Elliott and the British forces under him. As the fierce attack went on, when some of the floating batteries were set on fire by red-hot balls fired from the Rock, Captain Curtis, commanding a party of the besieged, saved the lives of thirteen officers and three hundred and forty-four soldiers. Vain were the efforts of the beleaguering army, which had to retire unsuccessful.

The Mr Elliott I have mentioned inherited no small amount of his father's courage and energy. On one occasion, armed with nothing but a horse-pistol, he faced an infuriated Madras crowd. He also, with great cleverness, detected the perpetrators of a daring robbery. All the plate of a leading hotel had been carried away, and as the loss was serious, the police were eager to apprehend the thieves. For some time they were quite baffled; but at last suspicion was concentrated on an eating-house near the shore, chiefly frequented by sailors. Having made his arrangements, Mr Elliott entered this house one day in the costume of a naval officer, and ordered a dish of curry and rice. The food was soon placed before him, but accompanied by nothing better than a pewter spoon. This was precisely what had been expected. Handling the spoon with a contemptuous air, he asked if they expected one of Her Majesty's officers to eat with such an article as that. Searching looks were then directed to him; but he succeeded in maintaining an appearance of ingenuousness and simplicity. Then, after a short delay, a silver spoon was brought bearing the mark of the plundered hotel. A few quick steps took the magistrate—for such he was—to the door, and a low whistle brought the waiting subordinates; then the landlord, landlady, and servants were seized, and the whole of the plate recovered.

## ELECTRICITY IN THE KITCHEN.



THE very latest application of electricity is to cooking. M. Moissan, of Paris, has been making experiments in raising heat by electricity. He has succeeded in inventing an electric crucible in which very great heat is generated, and the most intractable substances, that hitherto had defied analysis, are driven off into vapour; but more moderate heat can also be obtained for ordinary purposes. In fact, it is a mere matter of arrangement whether we get light or motion or heat from the electric current. If we choose heat we can have it, and we can use it as we desire, to smelt metals or to cook our dinner. An electric oven has been invented, in which electricity both turns the spit and roasts the joint. The fireplace has been turned into a small electric furnace, from which the heat radiates just the same as if it were a coal-fire. Vessels have also been made for cooking purposes, with an outer and an inner skin, the interval between the two skins being filled with a white metal which is heated by a current of electricity. In this way water can be boiled and food cooked. There are three degrees of heat according to the will of the attendant.

The vessels are provided with binding screws that connect them with the current in a moment. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this invention. In a few years we shall be turning on our room-fires for heating just as we now turn on the gas for lighting. Our cooking will be done without dust or smoke; and by being able exactly to regulate the intensity of the heat, we shall also be able to cook a steak to our entire satisfaction. At the breakfast-table the coffee may be made before our eyes; while soups and other preparations can be allowed to simmer any needed time, with the certainty that the fire will neither become too hot nor go out altogether. There is hope for scientific cookery under the conditions of the coming time! The housewife's labours will be lightened, and her husband's temper will remain serene. Already the applications of electricity as a heat-producer are numerous, and they are increasing every day. Among the first so to use it were tailors, who now employ it to heat their irons; and as these were formerly heated by gas, the workshops must now be healthier places to work in. The electric current, it seems likely, will be used extensively for many similar purposes.

## THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

Oh, the world has many wanderers!—the Pilgrims of Unrest—

Who press for ever on,  
Who come and then are gone,

As if searching for some wondrous distant Islands of the Blest;

But to me the old home-country has always seemed the best,

Though now I sojourn far,  
Where great pine-forests are,

In this vast and foreign country of the young and growing West.

And my heart goes back again—  
Ever back and back again—

To the little, low thatched cottage by the island sea,  
To the north winds blowing free,

To the shadows fast asleep on mountains far away,  
To the land of sullen gray,

To the rocky barren shore,

To the witching foam-white mists—the mists of Corrie-more.

I have crossed wide sultry prairies stretching out beneath the sky,

Have seen the night-winds pass  
Over the sun-dried grass,

Till I heard it stir and shiver as though spirits had gone by.

Yet, for me, I know the country where I'd choose to live and die,

Though in a narrow bound  
The mountains shut us round,

And we cannot see a wider world unless we look on high.

I have passed through great pine-forests, with their solemn, silent ways,

Have seen the sun-shafts fall  
Adown the pine-stems tall,

While the shadows lying blackly stretched themselves into a maze;

But to me there comes a breathing from some far-off childish days,

Of small birch-woods in spring  
With mossy carpeting,

And the smoke of burning heather in the air from hills ablaze.

I have seen wide western rivers flowing seaward silently,  
Carrying craft of every size,

And foreign merchandise,

With the calmness of a mighty land, whose best is still to be.

Yet I know a little country where small burns sing cheerily;

Here in the gracious West,  
These still I love the best,

Though they carry only music through the heather to the sea.

Oh, the world has many wanderers, and I have wandered far,  
And everywhere I find

The hearts of men are kind;

For well I know the road to these no race or speech can bar;

Yet from this kindly Western land my home is very far.  
I am with strangers here,

Not so my fathers were

In the little island oversea, where still their kinsfolk are.  
And my heart goes back again, &c.

LYDIA MILLER MACKAY.

LOCHINVER.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### OLD NEWGATE.

By the Author of *Life in a Convict Prison*.

**T**HE phrase 'Old Newgate' seems a little paradoxical; but it is thus that 'the man in the street' designates the ancient pile which the Government has taken over from the City authorities, in virtue of the Prisons Act, 1877, and which the 'house-breakers' have been busily employed in pulling to pieces. The total disappearance of this ancient City landmark calls for some comment, and information bearing on its history will be of interest.

As is well known, London was a walled town in early times. The City gates—closed every night when the curfew-bell was tolled—were Aldgate (which, as the name implies, was very ancient), Bishopsgate (built in 680), Moorgate (in 1415), Cripplegate (in 1010), Billingsgate, Ludgate, Highgate, and Newgate. The latter was originally known as Chamberlain's Gate, because of its connection with the City and its Chamberlain, and is the only gate now associated with a prison. Strype, in 1700, gave a very interesting account of it in his *Chronicles*. He mentions that it was first called Justices' Hall. 'It is,' says he, 'a fair and stately building; very commodious for that affair. It cost six thousand pounds to build; and in this place the Lord Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex do sit and keep His Majesty's Session of "oyer and terminer."'

The building thus described was destroyed by fire during the Gordon Riots of 1780; and the well-known architect Dance erected the new prison, which, of course, has been much altered and enlarged since. It is of this fire that Dr Johnson, writing to Mrs Thrale, says: 'As I went by Newgate, the Protestants were plundering the session-house at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, in full day, such is the cowardice of a commercial place.'

That the destruction of the old prison was not

an unmixt evil may be gathered from statements then made as to its insanitary condition. For instance, one writer tells us that it was 'seldom free from disease.' Another 'faithful chronicler' informs us that 'it was not only among the prisoners then overcrowding the jail that disease showed itself; but two judges, the Lord Mayor, several of the jury, and others, to the number of sixty persons, died in the spring of 1750 of the jail distemper, which was communicated to the session-house from the adjoining prison.'

After the Gordon Riots great progress was made with the new prison, and on the 9th of December 1783 the first execution took place there; the last one at Tyburn having been about a month before.

The most notorious part of the whole structure—and which yet remains—was the press-yard. Here it was that *peine forte et dure* was inflicted upon prisoners charged with felony who, with the view of saving their property from confiscation, refused to plead at the bar. This dreadful punishment of being pressed to death was, however, abolished in 1772. A Major Strangways, who was indicted for murder, having refused to plead, was condemned to this savage *peine forte et dure*. He died in eight minutes; and many of those who witnessed the dreadful sight threw stones at him to hasten his end.

In Old Newgate poor Ann Askew, Penn (the founder of Pennsylvania), Elwood (Milton's friend and amanuensis), Lord William Russell, and a score of other celebrities, were imprisoned. Here it was that Defoe commenced his *Review*; and here, in the very prison he had emptied and set on fire, Lord George Gordon died of the jail distemper in 1793.

That executions were constantly occurring at Newgate, and on a scale which—thank God!—is now unknown, is evident from both public and private records. Thus, Horace Walpole, writing to his friend Mann, says: 'It is shocking to think what a shambles this country has become. Seven-

teen were executed this morning after having murdered the turnkey and almost forced open Newgate.' Indeed, public executions had long been a great scandal; but since 1868 all executions have taken place within the prison walls in an iron cage-like erection, which, by the way, was recently carted off by the contractors.

It was at the Old Bailey that all the regicides were tried; and, besides those already mentioned, a *Newgate Album* would not be complete without the names of the Earl of Shaftesbury, Hardy, Dr Dodd, Savage, Elizabeth Cumming, Bellingham, Thelwall, Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, Governor Wall, Horne Tooke, Fauntleroy, Thistlewood, and many more.

Among the elaborate contrivances which went to make up the penal machinery of those days, the pillory occupied a prominent place. The last to stand in this unenviable position was a man named Bossy. He had been tried for perjury, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for seven years. Before transportation he was to be confined in Newgate for six months and to stand in the pillory for one hour. This sentence was carried out to the letter, and on the 22nd of June 1830 Peter J. Bossy stood up on high like 'unabashed Defoe.'

One of the most gruesome sights was the old graveyard of Newgate. This was situated between the prison and the court-house, so that every prisoner who passed from the one to the other literally walked upon the graves of the criminals executed there during more than two centuries. I have known of at least one man who walked over those rough flagstones on the first day of one month, and was put underneath them by the first day of the next, or thereby. This hideous passage was roofed over with iron netting—from which it received the sobriquet of Bird-Cage Walk—and was flanked on each side by high stone walls. For a long time my mind was exercised in deciphering the great number of letters cut in the side-wall. These, I afterwards learned, were the initials of the names of those buried there. In more than one instance I have traced out a whole name—for example, 'Flowery Queen,' &c.

To the uninitiated it may appear impossible that such a large number of interments could take place in this very limited space. The explanation is that quicklime was always thrown in with the remains, which soon disappear under chemical action. The depth of the graves was

about six feet, and the place might well be called the 'valley of bones.' After the inquest was held the body was encased in a 'shell' of plain deal, painted black; and into this the bags containing the lime were put.

'What is to be done whilst the new Old Bailey is being built?' may be asked. Well, the choice was between Wandsworth and Brixton, formerly a military prison. The authorities have already selected the latter, and a few months ago Brixton Prison was opened. It may here be stated that seldom have so many prisoners been confined in Newgate as within the past year, nearly one hundred prisoners having been located there lately. This was probably owing to Holloway Jail, the usual 'house of detention,' being crowded.

My earliest recollections of Newgate are associated with the public execution of five pirates for murder on the high seas; and I can recall the horrible sensation experienced when, as a mere boy, I witnessed the dead bodies dangling in the air. It was indeed a gruesome spectacle; and as I lived near the spot at the time, I suffered indescribable agonies on account of the hideous noises which, during the whole of the previous night, converted an ordinarily quiet neighbourhood into a veritable pandemonium.

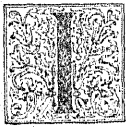
The *Times* commented on the subject of 'Old Newgate' thus: 'In view of the approaching pulling down of Newgate Prison, a number of articles of historic interest have been transferred from the celebrated jail to the museum at the Guildhall. The collection contains the following: Six volumes of the *Police Gazette*, 1828 to 1833; the Lord Mayor's minute-book, 1791; the visiting magistrates' book, 1814; two volumes of visiting justices' minute-books, 1843 to 1873; the committees' orders from 1871 to 1878; one set of leg-irons and four waist-belts; a bust of Sir John Sylvester; a whipping-block; a leaden cast of the City arms, dated 1781; and four ancient chairs from the chapel. The casts of the heads of some of the celebrated criminals who have been executed within the prison, and which are familiar to those who have visited Newgate, were offered to the Guildhall Museum authorities, but were declined as being too gruesome in character. These relics have been sent to Scotland Yard, where they have been added to the collection of famous criminal *curios* at the police headquarters.'

With the demolition of Newgate will pass away an institution around which scenes of historical and dramatic interest cluster thickly.



## THE SALVING OF THE 'SENATOR.'

## III.



T was when the high dawn slanted athwart the boiling ocean that the distressed vessel revealed herself in true colours, and Walters banged his glasses into the box with unmistakable disgust.

'A pot-bellied old coal-wagon bound to the west'ard.'

'Yes, she's a funny old sardine-tin,' compromised Larry. 'But she may be a valuable boat,' he added hopefully.

'She's too painfully built for that,' subtracted Walters.

Then a hoarse shout floated down to the *Masterpiece* on the streaming wind: 'Will you take us off? We're sinking!'

'Oh dear!' groaned the second mate. 'There's nothing to be earned there but a tin medal, and emphatically I didn't come to sea for honour.'

To the hail of the steamer to windward the skipper of the *Masterpiece* shrieked reply across the mad seas with the siren, forged half a mile farther, and then eased his engines so that his vessel lost headway. He looked at the second mate, and then overside at the great seas which screwed upwards the jerry-tramp; and when a great roller had swept the rusty side and left a momentary peace in its wake, the captain spoke:

'If you can get a crew to volunteer, go ahead; but it's a risky job, Mister Walters.'

'Beggars are not choosers, and might as well die fighting,' answered Walters, and grinned gloomily. He left the bridge, roused all hands, and arraigned them on the steering-bridge, where whisky was provided by the skipper to give the sailors encouragement. When the captain had assisted himself generously, he proceeded from pleasure to business.

'There's more whisky where this came from; but that's got to be earned. Astern of us there's a steamboat's crowd yelling for us to take 'em off. As I understand, there's no salvage, because the boat's sinking. But there'll be a smoking concert at the Liverpool Home if you fellows do the right thing; and any one bold enough to get only half-drowned will no doubt be awarded a good, solid, unbreakable medal. Don't you think it's worth earning?'

However, the hands appeared unanimous in adverse opinion; they were not quite so ready to volunteer manning a boat as they were to drink free whisky; and when Walters had waited impatiently two minutes for answer, he pitched upon the best man of the crowd.

'Griffen,' he said savagely, 'come out of that gum-sucking congregation. You're worth three pounds per month, and one-half your voyage is pay

to the slop-chest. If you get drowned now instead of a little later on, you'll die to wind'ard of your debts; in the other case you'll work for nothing.'

Griffen gave consent to the usurious proposal by striding across the bridge. 'Whisky,' he observed, 'will nerve a chap to do anything,' and he cast fond eyes upon the bottle; while Larry overcame his acquisitive scruples and kindly 'took the 'int,' as Griffen expressed it.

The crowd had been waiting for a leader, so that there was a full complement chosen to man the lifeboat. Then all hands set to work to sling overboard the craft of rescue, while to leeward the vessel in distress bleated on her whistle for help. Soon the lifeboat took the water, and, with a half-coil of new three-inch line in her stem, dropped astern.

The big seas caught her, and flung her into a chasm that yawned black and grim, and the boatmen held to the thwarts and wondered how many seconds would elapse before they should say 'Amen!' But marvellously the lifeboat swung up and over the seas, and rode them as a graceful albatross rides Cape Horners. All the time the skipper watched anxiously from the poop and slacked the line from the bits, and sighed relief when the staggering craft bobbed to his ken every other half-minute.

'It's not exactly a yachting expedition,' he defined; and the boat shot down, down, until Larry shook with a terrible fear—and then bravely out of the smoking trough the lifeboat climbed.

When the line came to a finish Walters put out his sea-anchor to lessen the drift and keep her head on, and for the next ten seconds no one knew precisely what happened. A great, green wall of water, white-fringed and ominous, rose over the stem, and as some person shouted 'Hold on!' an ice-biting sea snapped over the boat and its crew. At the limit of those ten seconds, Griffen, bathing neck-deep, came out of the salty smother and grasped the boat's gunwale; and the crew hauled him aboard and laid him, a shivering heap, upon the bottom boards.

After many editions of this, the lifeboat, with three men bailing her out for dear life, came alongside the steamship *Senator*, from which a line was thrown and many eager faces peered. Down ropes the *Senator's* crew came swiftly, with death above and death below—or at least a promise of it. A big man was the last to descend, and he came as coolly as if he were entering a ball-room. He squeezed himself on the stern thwart and smiled, which irritated Walters.

'I don't know what you see to monkey at,' he spluttered. 'Hi! shove her off there, some of you, unless you want us to be swamped.'



'I've been looking for adventure,' explained the big man, 'and I've found it—heaps of it. And I am not going to look for it any more.'

The second mate regarded the speaker with appreciation. 'Yes,' he said, 'you've about gone the whole hog, Mister Quixote, and I admire your effort to be drowned rather than buried and so save funeral expenses. It's a good idea, that adventure business; and my devout wish for you is that you get an epitaph in the Atlantic. It's a nice poetical place, isn't it? It's you passenger Jonahs that cause mishaps at sea, Mister Quixote, and that's my belief.'

Then Walters addressed himself to a black-whiskered man whom the rescued crew treated with some deference.

'I believe you are the *Senator's* skipper?'

'I am, my lad.'

'What's the matter with the bucket?'

'She's suffering from a chronic desire to sink.'

'Been in collision?'

'Yes. I think we must have struck something below water; perhaps a sunken wreck. Anyhow, whatever it was, it punched a big hole in her under the engine-room.'

'Much water in her?'

'Half-way up the cylinders and bunkers; the engine-room's fairly drowned.'

'But her Plimsoll's well above water.'

'That may be.'

'Any cargo in the holds?'

'Nothing. Ballast for New York.'

'How long do you suppose she'll swim?'

'A few hours.'

Then the lifeboat came to the side of the *Masterpiece*, which vessel had hung handy to leeward to pick up her crew.

#### IV.



LARRY'S face was decidedly long as he glanced out of the chart-room at the white hail and wind-squalls driving madly from the flaked hills in the westward.

'It's something more than desperate,' he said. 'We're barely provisioned for ten days longer, and now there's twenty-two more mouths to feed.'

Naturally enough, with a minus quantity of dividends, the owner could ill supply the *Masterpiece* generously.

'It's hard lines on you,' said the salved passenger, and then dived to the shelter of the weather-dodger, where Walters kept a lookout and made poetry upon this life of torment.

Two miles astern the *Senator* rolled in the long seas like a huge bucket, and buried her well-decks at intervals. Eight hours had elapsed since her desertion, and still she did not appear to settle deeper in the water.

'It's quite time she sank,' said Walters, 'according to her skipper.'

The second mate lost eyes for reality. Salvage gave him visions of dear-heart Nellie and a master's berth; but salvage looked very uncomfortable, not to say impossible.

All day the *Masterpiece* crawled west at a quarter-knot-an-hour speed, and the Atlantic piled up agony and wrought wholesale destruction about the steamer's decks; it tore out the chart-room, carried away stokehole ventilators and all but put out the fires, lifted the main winch from its deck-bolts, cracked and tore at the bulwark, and swept the whole business pell-mell into the sea. In the engine-room the big Geordie mechanics throttled the racing machinery, and swore at the fate that made them work knee-deep on the foot-plates in brine.

At 5 p.m. Walters took over charge of the bridge from the mate, and glancing across the purple swells to where still hung the ungainly *Senator*—no deeper surely, he thought, than at noon—experienced a most pleasant heart-throbbing which sent his half-frozen blood oozing to his face, and for a time he became dreamily thoughtful. Larry unpleasantly awoke the second mate.

'Things are worse than I thought,' he said. 'We've barely provisions for five days for one crew. I've inspected the lazaret, and there's no doubt at all upon the matter. Still, the weather's clearing, and we'll soon make good speed.'

Walters came quickly to Larry, and said, 'I've been thinking it over, and I've got an idea.'

'Let's hear it, man.'

'That deserted ship has all we require.'

'Well, what of that?'

'Hang on to her, and when the sea smoothes down I'll go aboard and get you all you want.'

'Surely you're not so mad. The *Senator's* sinking. Her skipper says so, and he ought to know.'

'He ought to,' replied Walters quietly.

Larry turned on the second mate quickly. 'Well?' he said.

'That ship is not sinking, and I've an idea what's saving her.'

'Go on.'

'That's all.'

'Are you sure of all you say?'

'Positive.'

The skipper stamped upon the bridge and strode athwart. At last he gave Walters a decision.

'The chance is yours. Ring the engines down "slow."'

They held tight to the *Senator*, and the weather slowly fined.

The late skipper showed some uneasiness, and asked, 'Do you mean to tow her, Captain Larry?'

'I've done worse things in my time,' was the response; and the captain of the *Masterpiece* went to the upper bridge and waited for the moon to clear the darkness. At midnight the yellow globe swung over the eastern swells and sent a pale,

golden light shafting over the heaving bosom of the Atlantic, revealing the *Senator* riding the seas quite comfortably. By the time the moon meridianed, the weather had decidedly improved and the sea gone down.

Larry ported his helm and brought the *Masterpiece* almost alongside the *Senator*, so that the drippings from her scuppers and plate-edges could be plainly heard aboard the sister-tramp. The *Senator's* skipper, leaning over the rail, interrogated Larry: 'What do you mean to do with my ship?'

'Board her and get provisions for your crew and yourself.'

'You're utterly foolish. The old box won't live five minutes.'

'Long enough for my second mate to take her in hand.'

'You'd pirate my steamboat?'

'Not for worlds.'

'I'll go aboard too.'

'With my permission. Oh no, sir; you'll stay where you are.'

A boat was put out; the lifeboat was drifting east in sections; and half-an-hour afterwards Walters returned with his boat loaded with tinned provisions.

'She's a safe salvage,' he exclaimed. 'Not a drop of water in the holds; her bulkheads have saved her. What water she has cannot be increased.'

Finally the ex-captain of the *Senator* was invited into the chart-room.

'Your ship's waiting to be salvaged,' said Larry.

'Rot!' replied the *Senator's* master angrily; 'and a man's a fool who says otherwise than that she's perfectly unsafe.'

'Very well,' replied Walters, 'I'm off aboard. I'll see you in New York.'

'Stop! stop!' cried the skipper. 'You don't mean she's all right?'

'I mean I want your apology, or your ship's mine.'

'I don't want to waste any more time,' observed Larry after an interval of silence. 'Come down your dignity or take the other consequences.'

Some time later the *Senator*, secure on a double hawser, was towing over the gilded deep, her former captain on her bridge, grateful but feeling small.

The pent-up feelings of the second mate found a sympathetic ear into which to pour their load; for surely disappointment had cut him with a cruelly keen edge.

'After all the trouble and worry and risk. By —, man! I thought I'd get something out of the business besides a tin medal and the sack. We've given that fellow our rightful salvage, and it broke me up to do it on account of the promise I made to my girl. Well—he was a shell-back, same as myself. Perhaps he's already got a wife and youngsters. The salvage on that old drag-

astern will be a mere nothing. If I could only get to that rich relation of our owner I'd boot him—no, boot him isn't strong enough—I'd kick him until he was black-and-blue in the face, and then heave him overboard. Well, never mind any more now; there's the steward banging the hash-hammer.'

'You like the *Masterpiece*?' inquired the salvaged passenger.

'She'll do, though she's a hog in a seaway. But she gives me six pounds a month and promises—substantial promises.'

At New York, where the authorities took over the *Senator* for repairs, the passenger left the *Masterpiece* and wished Walters luck.

Some days later the tramp steamed from Sandy Hook, set her course in the home-trail, and after battling for seventeen days, berthed at one of the Newcastle quays.

She had but tied up to the wharf-posts when a boy handed a note over the bulwarks. Larry read it with a lengthening face and approached the second mate, who was busy scouring the decks of lines and cork fenders.

'We're wanted at the office,' he said grimly, and stalked to his room without further explanation; and each man, attired in Sunday rig-out, was despondent and miserable as he stepped on to the quay.

'I'm glad Nellie's not here,' thought Walters.

'I'm thankful Bessie kept out of the road,' added Larry.

At the first public-house the two men obtained courage for coming disaster, and later entered the steamboat-owner's office, and were ushered into the presence of that gentleman, who smiled genially and presented a handshake of welcome to the mariners. He said:

'Mister Walters, I wish to appoint you as mate of the *Masterpiece* for a few voyages, when I shall be pleased to promote you to master. Captain Larry, when the transaction of my taking over the *Senator* is complete, I shall desire you to take charge of her, at, of course, an increased salary. The *Masterpiece* will be here only a fortnight; so I'd advise you both to skip and have a holiday while the opportunity offers.'

'He's the stuff,' Walters heard a voice he recognised say, and, looking into an out-of-the-way corner, discovered the big passenger regarding him. The man came across the private office.

'I am Mr Slade,' he said, 'the cousin of your owner, and upon whom'—the man smiled and put a greeting hand out to Walters—'you swore vengeance.'

For a moment things real faded from the eyes of Walters. He forgot about steamboats and hard fate, and all the rest of it; and in place there rose a vision of dear-heart Nellie hugging him on the quay at Newcastle and giving him, his fifteen pounds per month and all he had fudged, a glorious and longed-for welcome.

## WASTE.

**T**HE consideration of waste is very interesting, whether we think of waste as meaning manufacturing residuum or as the result of wear and tear.

Taking the first definition, it is wonderful how modern science has enabled us to utilise what in the past was useless and only fit for the rubbish-heap. The Romans during their occupation of this country worked and smelted the iron ore in the Forest of Dean; but so imperfect was their process that it has since been found worth while to resmelt the heaps of waste left by them for the sake of the unreduced iron remaining in the slag.

Amongst manufacturing processes, too, many instances may be mentioned of the utilisation of residual products formerly worse than useless. An example of this is seen in the manufacture of ordinary coal-gas. In the early days of gas manufacture the tar and ammoniacal liquor were subsidiary products of little if any value, and sometimes even entailed a loss by reason of the cost of their removal. Now, however, that aniline dyes are made from coal-tar, the tar is very valuable commercially; and the ammoniacal liquor can also be dealt with to a profit. It is even a question whether in the future the gas will not be comparatively valueless, and coal distilled for the sake of what are now called residuals. So far is this already the case that, whereas in the production of coke from small coal it was, and in old-fashioned establishments still is, the custom to allow the gas and residuals from the ovens to burn away freely in the air, it has been found economical to construct elaborate apparatus and carefully collect the residuals. Again, in the manufacture of silk it was at one time the practice, after winding off as much silk as possible from the cocoon, to throw out the cocoons for use as manure, though some remnants of silk still adhered. In 1857, however, Mr Lister of Bradford (afterwards created Lord Masham) invented a successful method by which these remnants of silk might be detached and spun up with the rest.

The towns of Dewsbury and Batley, with the districts round them, owe a large part of their prosperity to the utilisation of waste. In former days rags were of no use whatever except for the making of paper, and for that purpose only certain sorts were available; but now, in the district named, thousands of tons of woollen rags are every year converted into wool, and, with the addition of more or less new wool, again spun and woven into serviceable cloth. In washing wool and woollen cloth in the process of its manufacture a large amount of soap is used. Chemical processes now enable the manufacturers to recover from the soap-suds a considerable pro-

portion of the grease of the soap, which had run to waste and greatly polluted the streams.

A wonderful saving has been effected by the aid of modern science in perfecting old processes and finding out new ones with the object of doing the required work more thoroughly, and that with less waste of the material manufactured and less expenditure of fuel. The very refuse of our great cities is burnt, instead of being collected in heaps dangerous to health, and the heat produced is utilised. Cheap fuel is, however, an important factor in the utilisation of waste. Most of the regenerative processes are carried on largely by the aid of heat; hence the life or extinction of a useful process depends frequently on the facility for procuring cheap fuel. Small establishments for the treatment of manufacturing refuse spring up when coal is cheap, but are nipped off by a rise in the price of fuel, when, as often happens, there is no considerable increase in the value of the commodity recovered or produced.

The gradual wearing away of a thing by use or decay is our second definition. Chemists tell us that it is impossible to destroy anything. We may cause new combinations amongst the elementary substances of which a thing is composed, or add some further element to them; but though the apparent form of the object may be changed, or even made invisible, the elements still exist.

Over and above chemical waste of this kind, however, a wonderful amount of solid matter disappears, for all practical purposes, by mere wear without any chemical change. Take, for example, one of the great main roads which run through England, and have followed more or less their present lines for the greater part of a thousand years. Year by year the road is coated and repaired by the application of thousands of tons of material of various kinds. To coat a broad main road something like a ton of stone per lineal yard is required. This coating, taking from one thousand five hundred to two thousand tons of material per mile, may be done every three or four years where there is heavy traffic, and yet what becomes of it all? The road does not get higher and higher, till, from being on a level with the country round about it, it forms a ridge across the landscape; but if not, what becomes of so much solid rock and earth? The rock is, doubtless, ground into mud; but this is usually scraped off and kept in heaps at the side of the road, to be used at the next coating to bind the broken stone. One explanation of the gradual disappearance of road metal is that it blows away in dust; but this seems rather a weak explanation to give for the disappearance of a thousand tons per mile of road in, say, five years.

The wear and tear of a railway is another instance. In the early days of railways, when



iron rails were used they constantly needed renewing, being worn out by the light rolling-stock of those days. Even now, when steel rails and steel wheel-tires are used, the wear and tear is very great. Doubtless the chemical action of the air, in rusting the bright surface of the rail in damp weather, does something; but the real wear is much more than this; and it must be remembered that the wear is mutual between the rail and the tire, and that the friction between the two is tremendous when a train running at a good speed is brought up by a powerful continuous brake, greatly retarding the revolution of almost every wheel in the train. Where, then, does the steel of the rails and tires go to? Are we to suppose that geologists in the distant future, when railways have been abandoned in favour of flying-machines and forgotten, will be puzzled by a network of thin bands of iron ore spread over the country?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has almost

every year to ask Parliament for a grant to repair the waste of the gold coinage. In 1890 this loss amounted to about two thousand pounds. The mere transit of a box of gold coin from the Bank of England to Edinburgh or Dublin entails an appreciable loss of weight by the coins rubbing one against another. If this is so when the coin is carefully packed, how much greater must the wear be in the rush and bustle of business, when money is roughly thrown from till to counter and back again, and subject to constant friction in purses and pockets! Where does all the gold and silver go to? One might expect a Lombard Street dust-cart to have more gold in it than many a gold-mine floated with a most entrancing prospectus.

To our sorrow, we know how fast our clothes, and especially our boots, wear away. The amount of waste in individual cases is small, but in the aggregate enormous.

The mud of our great cities must be of wonderful composition!

## THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

### CHAPTER VI.

**P**ERHAPS the lists did not come out after all to-day,' said the minister, looking nervously up from the book he was reading. 'I think he would have telegraphed if they had come out,' he added. It was the third time since supper that he had volunteered the remark, and each time it had brought Lesley's thoughts back with a rude shock of self-reproach to her uncle's need of consolation.

The oil-lamp on the table flung its light on to the pages of the book she was reading; but, though her eyes skimmed the words, no sense of their meaning invaded her mind.

'No, they cannot be out yet, or he would certainly have wired,' she agreed for the third time.

'He has never failed to do so before,' said the minister; 'but then it was always honours, and he has warned me repeatedly in his letters of late not to expect too much this time. It is strange what difficulty the lad seems to have had with this last examination, when most men find it child's-play after the others.'

A still sharper pang of self-reproach went through Lesley's heart at his words.

She had only lately begun to realise the nature of her influence over her cousin, the events of the past spring having rendered her clairvoyant about such matters. But the knowledge did not persuade her to mercy; on the contrary, it seemed to have a hardening effect upon her thoughts of him, which was betrayed but too plainly in the

few and scanty letters now representing their once copious correspondence. Oh, what a traitor she had felt when again and again she had been called upon to join in the old man's glad anticipations of his boy's final triumph, knowing that in her heart was nothing but a sick dread at the prospect of his victorious home-coming! How could she deny him what he had been working for so zealously all these years? No. At all costs to herself she must fulfil her obligation and go through with her share of the tacit bargain which had existed between them from the commencement. The longing to escape had been growing and deepening within her every week which brought the dreaded event closer. Visions of herself as a hospital nurse, a governess, a lady's companion, floated enticingly before her eyes—the most menial servitude appearing glorious freedom in comparison with the inevitable future; but her conscience, like a strong wall, barricaded her about, shutting her off for ever from the joys of independence.

Silence had fallen once more upon the little room—the tense, nervous silence of expectation, when suddenly, as if in answer to the mute desire of the occupants for something to happen, the door quietly opened, and there was John upon the threshold.

At first sight of him Lesley recoiled in horror, for as he stood swaying to and fro, clutching at the lintel for support, he had all the appearance of a drunken man; but the moment he spoke she knew she had wronged him.

'Father! Lesley!' he ejaculated, and then

stopped; something seemed to be gripping his throat and choking back the words he would say.

'I have failed,' he added hoarsely at last. His eyes were burning out of the clay whiteness of his face, and his clothes hung in loose folds on his once stalwart figure.

Lesley remained riveted to the spot, her gaze fixed in uncomprehending fashion on the spectacle of misery at the door. The whole scene seemed to her like a petrified nightmare. Surely—surely it could not be true—this dreadful ironical response of Heaven to all her past rebellious longings.

'Failed?' echoed the minister, who had risen too at the opening of the door, and now stood erect and rigid by the table, his lips mechanically repeating the fatal announcement in vain endeavour to bring home to his mind the meaning of the word. 'Failed?'

'Ay, failed—the gold medallist a stickit minister,' cried John in a voice of misery. 'Oh Lesley, girl, for pity's sake say something!' he added, turning almost fiercely on his cousin. 'Don't stand there glowering at me with those frightened eyes. I'm not asking you for anything, God knows. Why, girl, you should be rejoicing. This night you're free—free; and I'— His head went down on his breast, and his voice died away in an inarticulate murmur.

Then for the first time Lesley realised the full significance of the tragedy. His words, piercing straight to her heart, brought about a total revolution in her feelings: all the dread and repulsion of the past few weeks were swallowed up in an absorbing love and sympathy.

Great tears of remorse welled into her eyes. She was hardly conscious herself that she was crying; but John, raising his head again, became suddenly aware of it.

'Oh lassie, don't greet!' he exclaimed with passionate contrition, his own grief melting at sight of her distress. 'There, there—foolish cry-baby that you are,' he went on, patting her tenderly on the shoulder as he spoke, and gently drying her eyes with his handkerchief; but the memory of the many other times when with like tender administrations he had comforted her childish griefs made Lesley's tears flow all the faster.

'Ah, poor lassie! poor wee thing!' he continued, looking sorrowfully down at her. 'I ken fine how the skies rain sometimes for relief when the day is at its bravest,' he went on, relapsing into his boyish vernacular, as if the past had truly for the time being supplanted the unhappy present.

'Let her weep, man,' put in the minister's voice sternly; 'it is natural that she should. Tears bring comfort to women; but men have no such outlet for their griefs,' he added bitterly.

'No, poor dad; it's hardest of all for you,' said John, taking a few steps over to where the old man still stood immovable by the table. He

staggered a little as he walked, and clutched aimlessly at a chair in passing; but neither Lesley nor her uncle noticed the fact. Both were too absorbed with their own grief.

'I was never clever like you, dad,' he pleaded, laying his hand with a little wistful gesture over his father's.

'Merciful Providence! the lad's fevered,' cried the minister, coming to himself with a start. 'Laddie, are you ill? You're burning like a furnace.'

John smiled vaguely, raising his other hand to his head in a bewildered fashion. 'I've been burning in hell so long, it's little wonder,' he said. 'Oh father!—Lesley!—I think—I must say good-bye—now,' and he fell in a prone heap on the little horsehair sofa.

For many days after that awful home-coming John lay unconscious to the summer world about him, in a mysterious region far removed from the utmost reach of tender human voices, alone with the imaginary demons conjured up by his diseased brain. There day by day he wrestled in mortal conflict with his unseen foes, and only by his muttered ravings were the anxious watchers by his bedside able to gauge the full extent of the torments he was enduring.

The one word failure was never off his lips. 'Failed! failed!' he would repeat again and again with monotonous insistence, and then would burst forth into unintelligible wanderings through the mazes of which his listeners could catch but distant glimpses of the truth. 'It was only at the end, I tell you,' he would cry; 'she was mine till then. But God pulled the hardest. I knew He would—He had so much on His side—that beautiful room, with all the books and the carpet—like velvet—and they had taken away mine when I got home that night—the strip by the table: my chair had made a hole in it, and Mrs Fasson was angry. But they all said God had a hard heart. He hanged Jane Silence, you know.'

'Lesley! Lesley!' he cried on another occasion when the girl was seated alone by his bedside, 'that day I took the thorn out of your finger you kissed me, little sister; but I said sweetheart under my breath; that was before the awakening. Oh! I have had such awful dreams, Lesley. I dreamt I had failed,' and his voice trailed away in a dry, hopeless sob.

At first Lesley had hardly been able to control herself as she listened to the wild outpourings of his tortured brain, every word of which seemed to pierce straight to her heart; but by degrees the stoical despair of the penitent took hold of her, and she would sit by the hour calm and apparently unmoved in the endurance of her punishment.

At last, one day when the doctor had gone, leaving a well-nigh hopeless verdict behind him,

John, who had been lying still and silent for longer than usual, opened his eyes, and Lesley saw in them for the first time since his illness the light of reason. In an instant she was down on her knees by the bed, pouring out the confession of her pent-up love and misery. If only she could disabuse his mind of this reproach of failure all might yet be well, and surely this God-given opportunity had not been sent in vain. But the awful days and nights of mental torture had made too deep an impression on his mind to be wiped away in a few moments; and, despite all her vows and protestations, the anguished expression still lingered on his face like a reflection from the gates of hell through which he had just passed.

At last a glimmering dawn of hope in his eyes rewarded her appeals, spurring her on to further efforts. A few moments later she burst impulsively into the study where the minister was seated in a dejected attitude by the table, his head buried in his hands.

'But have you counted the costs?' he asked sternly when he had listened in silence to her wishes. 'I would do anything to preserve his life; but we cannot tell—it may be God's will to take him from us.'

But Lesley was in no mood to count the costs; her whole idea was to make expiation for the terrible consequences of her ingratitude. 'Come—come! Oh, come quickly!' she cried with frantic impatience. 'Why, he is better already, and—who knows?—if he feels what it is to be happy again he may recover. Oh, come! come at once! He will never believe it till he hears you say the words.'

So the minister followed her to the sick-room, and there in a few moments more Lesley Gordon and her cousin were made man and wife. As the brief ceremony came to an end a contented smile crept over the sick man's face, and with Lesley's hand in his he was soon sleeping peacefully.

Two days later a notice of the strangely solemnised marriage appeared in the *Scotsman*. Lord Coalstoun read it at breakfast, and laid the paper down quietly.

'Lady Marjorie,' he said, addressing himself to his guest, 'do you remember a concert, when we were at Barhulic long ago, in aid of ministers' widows, and a minister's niece who sang a Scotch song at your request?'

'At yours, rather,' she corrected; 'and it wasn't so long ago at all. Of course I remember.'

She spoke pettishly. It was the last day of her visit, and she had become impatient of her host's dilly-dallying methods.

'To me it seems ages and ages,' he returned abstractedly.

'And why do you ask?' put in Lady Cariston from behind the coffee-urn.

Lord Coalstoun gave a start, and then uttered a short, half-apologetic laugh.

'Oh, only that I see in this morning's paper she has taken the first step towards qualifying for a future share in that night's profits,' he returned enigmatically.

'What do you mean?' interposed his guest.

Lord Coalstoun bent towards her with a smile.

'She has married a minister, of course,' he explained gravely.

'How dreadfully prosaic!' cried Lady Marjorie, rising. 'I thought you were going to tell us she had gone on the stage or bolted with the village schoolmaster—that dreadful man with the blue tie.—Now, dear,' turning to her hostess, 'if you will excuse me, I will run away and dress. I don't want to miss my train. Yes, do come with me.' So saying, she swept from the room, followed more slowly by Lady Cariston.

'And so ends romance the true and the false,' said his lordship in a low, ruminant voice.

That night he started on a long-projected journey to Russia.

A premature November frost held the old gray city in its relentless grip when he returned. The pavements rang crisp and metallic beneath the feet of the hurrying foot-passengers, exhilarated into greater speed by the familiar nip in the air. All day over the Castle there hung a yellow haze, which deepened and fell like a gloom upon the town in the later afternoon.

Lord Coalstoun had broken his journey on his way north at Dudhope to pay his respects to Lady Marjorie—now Lady Marjorie Maxwell—and the young laird, her husband. The flying visit left him absolutely unmoved. Not so his hostess. 'Poor Coalstoun'—he was always poor Coalstoun to her after that—'no doubt he had felt her marriage dreadfully. He had aged years in a few months. After all, when a man has remained single until his time of life, it is safer not to think of matrimony at all,' she confided to her very youthful spouse, who agreed with her laconically, as he always did with everything she said: it saved trouble—a fact he had discovered even in his few short weeks of matrimony; and if he did happen to have opinions of his own on the subject—why, he could keep them just the same. Old or not, Coalstoun was a deuced fine fellow, and the woman who got him might say grace with a thankful heart.

Certainly Lord Coalstoun had aged, though Lady Marjorie was mistaken as to the reason. His hair was grayer by far, and the lines round his mouth had deepened; but the virile force of his personality which had always constituted his chief attraction to both men and women remained undiminished: it was if anything rather increased and intensified by the rubs of fortune.

Whatever the condition of his feelings, his first evening at home found him in harness once more,



and settled down in the shaded sanctity of the library before the immense arrears of correspondence which had accumulated during his absence. The house was very quiet—after the din and rattle of months of incessant travel it seemed to him almost oppressively so—and he welcomed with some degree of pleasure the roll of the carriages over the cobbly stones as they rounded the crescent, bearing the guests to a dinner-party which was taking place a few doors off. He was conscious of that very human weakness which inconsistently desires to do nothing the moment a long-coveted opportunity to do much offers itself.

Still, he was not the man to allow his vagrant fancies to overrule his conduct, and he wrote steadily on until a knock at the door provided a legitimate interruption. With a sigh of relief he laid down his pen and turned half-round in his chair.

'A young lady, my lord,' said James, whose training was gradually adding discretion to his many other virtues. 'No, my lord, she won't give no name,' as his master interrupted him with an abrupt query; 'she said as 'ow I was to tell you it was a minister's widow, my lord.'

'Show her in,' was his lordship's curt command. But he did not turn round at once; instead, he remained with his back to the door, bending over his table, and pushing the papers upon which he had been engaged hither and thither in an aimless fashion until a soft swish of feminine draperies warned him that he was no longer alone.

Then he straightened himself and faced round abruptly.

For a moment there was silence.

'Is this a jest?' he asked at last, indicating the girlish simplicity of his visitor's attire.

Lesley smiled sadly. 'It would be a poor jest,' she said. 'It was one of my husband's wishes that I should not—not wear black.'

Lord Coalstoun winced.

'When did he die?' he asked in a conventional tone, his tired eyes scanning with relief every line and curve of her graceful figure, and dwelling thankfully on the vivid beauty of her face.

'A long, long time ago,' she returned.

He started. 'But you were only married on the 15th of July—four months ago to-day.'

'And he died on the 18th,' said Lesley.

'My God! then it was a deathbed ceremony.' There was a note of triumph betrayed in his voice in spite of himself.

'I did not know he was dying,' she explained in a low, monotonous voice. 'We were engaged always. Neither of our lives would have been complete if we had not married.'

She repeated the short sentences mechanically, like a lesson learnt by rote—though even as she spoke a pang of the old remorse which she would carry to her grave shot through her.

Lord Coalstoun observed her closely the while; but, whatever his thoughts, he suffered no sign of them to appear upon his face, and she continued hurriedly:

'You know that he had failed; but the day after his death came a letter from the University Court saying that as it was only in one of the smaller subjects, and as he had done so well in the others, they had agreed to pass him. So he was a minister after all, though he never knew it.'

There was a pause.

'Ah, well! you have had your romance, and it is over,' remarked Lord Coalstoun at last. 'And I have had mine, and it is over,' he added in a lower tone. 'We must both of us start afresh. It will be easy for you—you are young; but for me who am growing old—with a little reminiscent smile—it will be less easy. It is a difficult matter to make old love grow round a new name; but when it is only the name that is new'—he continued abstractedly, then broke off.

'Do you remember my sudden interest in ministers' widows that first day I called at the manse,' he began again abruptly, 'when you told me about the concert? I know you thought I was joking; but I assure you, though I had never given them a thought before, I seemed suddenly to feel a presentiment of future interest in—well—one at least.'

He finished with an interrogatory glance at Lesley.

She coloured faintly. 'Yes, I remember,' she said. 'My uncle has been very ill ever since,' she continued in a somewhat constrained voice, ignoring his former allusions. 'I have been nursing him; but he is better now, and I have come to Edinburgh to pack up the things John left behind him and take them home. The day he died he wrote a few lines to you, and made me promise to give you the letter with my own hand. I would have sent it by post otherwise, as I have not had time to get away before: that is my only apology for my intrusion to-night.' She handed him the letter as she spoke.

He took it from her and laid it down on the table.

'I only arrived from Russia this afternoon,' he remarked, with apparent irrelevance; 'and to-morrow I go to Barhulican,' he added, a gleam in his eyes.

Lesley coloured again. 'You have bought the place, have you not?' she asked, striving to speak conventionally.

'Yes,' he rejoined. 'I bought it because it is the brick and mortar personification of a certain airy castle of mine. My Castle of Indulgence I call it—the home of my illusions. I am glad I did so now. The deed has brought good fortune with it.'

'And I am glad too, for your sake,' she conceded; 'but I will not interrupt you any longer.'

She turned to go as she spoke, but he hastily interposed.

'Allow me just to read this first, and then I will see you home.' He took up the dead man's letter as he spoke.

'Oh no—no!' cried Lesley in a pained voice. 'I would rather not wait. There is no need for you to see me home. I am accustomed to looking after myself—and—I am tired.'

'Let me see you in my chair first,' he said, the old peremptory ring in his voice. 'Come,' he added, taking her hand in both his. 'This is my house, and you must do my bidding.' His

will seemed to be dominating her—rendering her powerless to struggle against it. 'There, that is right. Sit down. Oh, what a long time I have waited for this! And I will tell you a wonderful story about the future'—he leant over the back of the chair as he spoke, and taking her face between his two hands, he turned it up to his own—'of how Lesley married the Law lord,' he went on in an ever deeper, more tender tone, 'and how they both lived happily, shall we say—what a poor thing a vocabulary is, child!—in a heavenly place which is called Barhulican, ever after.'

THE END.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

**T**HE British Association opened its seventy-first session at Belfast, under the presidency of Professor James Dewar, whose name is so well known, more especially in connection with the low-temperature researches which have occupied the attention of science during recent years. His presidential address will be highly valued as an exhaustive history of the gradual approach by the march of knowledge to the absolute zero. The last time the Association met at Belfast was in 1874, when Professor Dewar's predecessor at the Royal Institution, Professor Tyndall, was president. There has been a good attendance at Belfast this year, and many questions of interest have been dealt with. Professor Armstrong's paper on educational reform will naturally attract much attention at a time when the same matter has so recently formed the subject of parliamentary debate. He condemns the modern system of teaching, and contends that, as progress depends upon research, the spirit of research should be the dominant force in our educational methods. The tendency of the modern system of education was, he considered, to kill the very power upon which the progress of the world depends. He blamed the Education Department for having allowed the present method of teaching, as pursued in our Board schools, to grow up, and he advocated a root-and-branch reorganisation of the entire system.

### OLD SHIPS.

Like all other mundane things, a ship has its limit of serviceable life, however strongly it may be built, and sooner or later it finds its way to the shipbreaker's yard. Nelson's old flag-ship, the *Victory*, is of course an exception; and while it is undoubtedly the oldest warship afloat, great pains are taken that it shall not fall into a state of decay, large sums being spent upon its maintenance. The life of a first-class wooden ship may

be reckoned at one hundred and twenty years. Iron ships should last longer; but improvements in their construction have come so rapidly that these ships get obsolete long before they perish from old age. The oldest steamer still in active service appears to be the *Swift* of Cardiff, whose years number seventy-one. We have no means of ascertaining the age of the oldest wooden ship afloat; but within recent years we have seen at Ramsgate a picturesque old ship which brought timber from Norway, and which was so ancient in appearance as to at once challenge remark. It may be assumed that such an old-world relic could not be entrusted with any other sort of cargo. A wooden ship carrying wood can be trusted to float under any conditions.

### HUGH MILLER.

The celebration of the centenary of the birth of Hugh Miller, which took place at Cromarty recently, was a significant testimony to the loving regard in which that great geologist is held by his compatriots. Although times, and ideas too, have changed with regard to many matters on which he wrote more than half-a-century ago, his books will always repay perusal, so fresh are they with the breezy air of hill, dale, and seashore. Well might Sir Archibald Geikie say of him: 'He clothed the dry bones of science with living flesh and blood. He made the aspects of past ages to stand out once more before us as his vivid imagination conceived that they must once have been. He awakened an enthusiasm for geological questions such as had never before existed.' It is noteworthy that, besides the British geologists who met to do honour to Hugh Miller's memory, there were present at Cromarty representatives from both America and Canada and from other countries.

### A NEW FIRE-RESISTING SUBSTANCE.

It is generally acknowledged by those who have given attention to the subject that an absolutely fireproof house is a thing impossible

of achievement, for although we may employ un inflammable materials in its construction, its contents will always present an opportunity for the play of flames. At the same time it must be admitted that our ordinary modes of building construction are open to grave condemnation on account of the unprotected woodwork which forms the foundation of walls, flooring, and stairways. Recent legislation has formulated certain rules which have to be adhered to by builders; but we have not as yet gone very far towards the realisation of a fireproof structure. A demonstration was recently given at the factory at Higham, Kent, of a fireproof material called uralite, which is made by the British Uralite Company. Its principal ingredient is asbestos, which is combined with chalk, water-glass, and other materials. The composition is rolled into sheets and boards, and can be used in place of wood in house construction, for roofings, ceilings, floors, and partitions. It can be planed, sawn, and worked with carpenters' tools generally, like ordinary wood, while at the same time it will stand the action of continued heat with impunity. We are without any information as to the cost of uralite as compared with timber, and cost is unfortunately an item of great importance in the adoption of any new material.

#### AN AUTOMATIC LIGHT-SHIP.

The ordinary light-ship which guards our coasts usually has a crew of twelve men, seven of whom are always on board while the others are resting ashore. It is a lonely and dangerous life, this, of guarding hidden sands and sunken rocks; for, strange as it may appear, it is not uncommon for these vessels to be run down by the ships for whose protection they exist. Possibly in the future the automatic light-ship will take the place of the old type of vessel, the new beacon riding at its moorings untenanted. Such a ship has recently been established at the Otter Rock, Islay, on the west coast of Scotland, and it remains to be seen whether its performance is equal to promise. The idea of such a ship seems to have been suggested by the gas-lighted buoy which now finds employment in so many places. The new ship carries a light on its mast which is visible for about twelve miles, and this lamp is fed with compressed gas carried in tanks in the hold of the vessel. The lamp will burn for many months without attention, and the gas-supply is so arranged that on its way from the tank to the lamp it will actuate a lever which rings a powerful bell. Thus through the medium of two senses the mariner is warned from the vicinity of danger by automatic means.

#### ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

If any one would care to follow the example of that idol of boyhood, Robinson Crusoe, he has now the chance of doing so, for Juan Fernandez, the island upon which Crusoe and his man Friday

were supposed to go through such thrilling experiences, is now, so to speak, ready for occupation. The island, which lies six hundred miles to the west of Valparaiso, belongs to Chili; and the Government are now arranging to make it one of their provinces, and to establish there a local civil government. The island is about fifteen miles long by eight miles broad; and it has at one side a good harbour. Its commercial advantages have not been overlooked, for a large canning factory has been established for the utilisation of the lobsters and crabs which are found on the island in inexhaustible quantities. There are also plenty of fur-seals to be found there, which the law allows to be killed from March to November, the skins finding a ready market at Valparaiso, whence they are shipped to Europe. Land can be acquired by intending settlers on the island free of cost; there is plenty of fresh water; fruit and vegetables grow wild, and are easily cultivated; and plenty of food-fishes can be obtained on the coast. The expenses of living are therefore very low. We are indebted for these particulars to the *Journal of the Society of Arts*.

#### PAPER-MAKING MATERIALS.

Only paper of the very best quality is now made from rags, the bulk of that employed for newspaper and book work being manufactured from wood-pulp. Other materials are also coming into use to meet the enormous demand for paper, and plants which were at one time supposed to be of no economic importance are contributing their fibre to the manufacture. Among the new materials may be named bagasse, the refuse of the sugar-mills, formerly a waste product save that it was employed for fuel. Rice-straw, long only used as bedding for cattle, is also enlisted in the service of the paper-maker. Spruce is the wood now generally used in making paper-pulp, and of this there is a vast amount not yet drawn upon in the Dominion of Canada, which is only waiting for railway facilities of transport. In the meantime protests are being raised against the quality of the paper made from these substitutes for rags. It answers the purpose of ephemeral literature; but there is good reason to believe that it rapidly deteriorates, and that books made of it will have but a short life. It is somewhat humiliating for us to have to acknowledge that our modern documents cannot compare in permanence with those written on Egyptian papyrus before our own historical period commenced.

#### A USEFUL FINGER-SHIELD.

Those who frequent public libraries are often inclined to feel some repugnance at handling popular books of reference on account of the very dirty condition of the leaves; and their disgust is not lessened by reflecting that much of the soiling is due to the common practice of moisten-



ing the finger as the pages are turned over. It is a matter of common knowledge, too, that infection can be conveyed by books, and it can be easily imagined that this very obnoxious finger-moistening practice is conducive to that end. The busy person of clean habits and clean ideas will therefore be thankful to hear of a rubber finger-stall, with corrugated surface, which has been introduced for their relief. From personal use we can testify to its efficiency in clinging to the paper with greater tenacity than the naked finger, and to the sense of comfort and cleanliness which it confers upon its user. The cost of this valuable little device is one penny, and we feel sure that it will meet with large demand. We think, too, that it will be found useful in certain industries, such as photography, where glass has to be constantly handled. It is manufactured by the Scottish Waterproof Company, of Cockburn Street, Edinburgh.

#### A NEW TURBINE STEAMER.

Some time ago, when the efficiency of the Parson's turbine system for steamships was first demonstrated, we ventured to prophesy that before long the Channel service between England and France would see the introduction of vessels propelled by that method. We now learn that that anticipation is about to be realised, and that the ensuing season will see launched a turbine steamer which is being built for the railway company under whose control the traffic is worked. There is no doubt that the change is due to the great success which the system has met with on the Clyde in the hands of Messrs Denny of Dumbarton. The length of the new vessel will be three hundred feet, with a beam of forty feet, and she will be built with every possible convenience which may add to the comfort of the passengers. Thus her spacious deck will be covered by an overhead shelter, so that in rough weather the horrors of the cabin may be avoided by good sailors. The turbine machinery occupies so little room in comparison with the ordinary engine that there will be increased space for passengers. The present quickest time for crossing the Strait of Dover is sixty-five minutes, and it is expected that the new boat will reduce this by more than one-third. To those who suffer the pangs of sea-sickness the saving of that twenty minutes will be a great boon.

#### THE PRICE OF SPEED.

The largest steamship in the world is the White Star liner *Cedric*, and a competitor with her for the Transatlantic passenger service will be the recently launched *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, belonging to Germany. The *Shipping World* has given some interesting comparative figures with regard to these two vessels, by which it will be seen that the highest speed can only be attained by a steamship at great cost. There are many pas-

sengers who cross the Atlantic who are willing to pay a big price if only they can travel quickly; and so long as this is the case ships will be devised for their special benefit. The German ship referred to is to have a speed of twenty-four knots, and its engines will develop forty thousand indicated horse-power. The British ship, with fourteen thousand horse-power, will have a speed of seventeen knots. To obtain her extra speed the German vessel will require to burn each day about seven hundred and fifty tons more coal than her rival, and will require two hundred and fifty-six more hands to do her work, the chief of these being mechanics, not sailors. At the same time, to make room for her coal, she must forgo the carrying of twelve hundred passengers and about twenty thousand tons of cargo every voyage. It will thus be seen that speed must be paid for.

#### TABLE SALT.

Although we too often hear of cases of food adulteration even in these days of inspectors and sanitary authorities, we are probably better off with regard to purity of food generally than were our forefathers, who had to be content with rough-and-ready methods of preparation. The manufacture of the commonest necessities for table use is now controlled by scientific knowledge, and we have the comfort of knowing that if a food-substance bears a reputable name its purity may be depended upon. We can many of us remember the time when table salt, for example, would always cake into a solid in dry weather, and become moist and semi-liquid when the barometer was falling: changes which were due to the presence of various chemical bodies generally associated with salt in its native state, which the mode of manufacture at that time failed to eliminate. We were thus dosed with various medicinal salts unknowingly, and no doubt suffered in consequence. We have recently received a sample of Messrs Tidman's digestive and dietetic table salt, which is quite free from the faults to which we have just adverted, and is as appetising to the sight as it is in actual use. Messrs Tidman's name is well known in connection with the rougher kind of sea-salt supplied for bath purposes.

#### DUST.

At the recent Sanitary Congress held in Manchester, Sir James Crichton-Browne dealt in an exhaustive manner with the subject of dust. 'We are,' he said, 'from the cradle to the grave encompassed by a cloud of dust;' and then he proceeded to show the various sources from which the different kinds of dust had their origin. Part of it comes to us from space, in the form of meteoric dust. Every shooting-star which we see slanting across the sky breaks up and finds its way as dust to our earth. The volcanoes, as we have all been recently reminded, send forth dust by thousands of tons. In the healthiest

places we find dust—two hundred particles have been counted in a cubic centimetre; and in London the number totals up to one hundred and fifty thousand particles. The greater the number the more disease; and this quite apart from any question of pathogenic germs. The dust of cities is made up of all kinds of incompatible items, such as sand, soot, salt, cotton fibres, vegetable debris, pollen of flowers and grasses, bits of straw, scales of skin, and other organic and inorganic fragments. Then in certain localities there are deadly ingredients added to the ordinary dust: tiny particles of lead which bring death to the workers in many trades, arsenical dust which affects others, phosphorus dust which attacks the match-makers, and the terrible anthrax dust which brings 'wool-sorters' disease.' Then there is the gritty dust which wears down the lungs by its irritating presence, and which is constantly present in other manufactures. With all these minute enemies warring against us in the air we breathe, it is a matter for wonder that the general death-rate is as low as it is.

#### THE CONTROL OF RAIN.

It is a matter of common knowledge that in hilly situations the rainfall is much above the average, and that a town may be so situated with regard to neighbouring elevations that it will receive two or three times the amount of rain in a year that falls on a place only a few miles distant. A case is quoted in one of Professor Tyndall's lectures, where the rainfall of one Irish town amounts to fifty-nine inches, and of another to only twenty-one inches, the difference being due to the action of the Kerry Mountains in forcing the moist winds up suddenly to a higher level, where they meet with the cold necessary to precipitate their moisture as rain. The Hon. Rollo Russell has suggested that we might control the rainfall artificially by the erection of immense walls, extending for some six or seven miles in length, and from three hundred to four hundred feet high. Such walls would act as natural hills in diverting the path of the moisture-laden air, and the clouds would be forced to yield their treasures. The idea seems to be theoretically sound, but the practical difficulties of building a wall of such dimensions would be insuperable.

#### THE NEW WATER-SUPPLY FOR EDINBURGH.

The story of Edinburgh water-supply, like that of all large cities, is one of gradual evolution. The sanitary condition of the wynds, closes, and streets surrounding the sky-aspiring tenements of the town three hundred years ago was often anything but satisfactory. When the draw-wells within the city walls became insufficient, water from the South Loch in the Meadows was brought in three hundred years ago. After 1681 water was brought from Comiston, then three miles outside the town, in three-inch pipes. The

Swanston springs were next annexed; then Bonaly Reservoir was made, and the waters of Glencorse valley, or 'Crawley,' were introduced. A supply of five million gallons daily was secured from the springs in the north Pentlands, and the reservoirs of Clubbiedean, Torduff, Harelaw, Thriepmuir, Harperrig, and Crosswood were formed in succession to supply Edinburgh, and also the millowners on the Water of Leith and the Almond with compensation water. One of the first endeavours of the new Edinburgh Water Trust in 1869 was to introduce water from St Mary's Loch; but the scheme was defeated in Parliament. In 1895 a Bill was passed to secure the water of Talla, in the parish of Tweedsmuir in Peeblesshire, and a drainage area extending to six thousand one hundred and eighty acres was bought from Sir Graham Montgomery and the Earl of Wemyss at the cost of thirty-six thousand pounds. A light railway of eight and a half miles was formed from Broughton, on the Peebles branch of the Caledonian system, to the Talla valley, where a reservoir extending for three miles up the valley, with a capacity of two thousand seven hundred and fifty million gallons, is being formed. The embankment for the reservoir, in order to withstand the enormous pressure of such a body of water, is being made very strong. At the base it is six hundred feet broad, with a core or puddle-trench of blue Carlisle clay. The embankment, ninety feet in height, will stand nine hundred and eighty feet above sea-level. This reservoir, it is expected, will be capable of supplying thirty-five or forty million gallons daily, although only from eight to ten million may be required at first, to give forty gallons per head to each person in a population of over four hundred thousand. The water-track extends from Tweedsmuir to Fairmilehead and Alnwick Hill (where it will be filtered), a distance of over thirty-two miles. It will be brought by pipes, tunnels, and aqueducts. When carrying the first instalment of eight million gallons per day, the water tunnel, which is of concrete, seven feet six inches high, and six feet wide, will only be flooded to a depth of two feet. The estimated cost was six hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds; but the expenditure has already risen above that sum owing to expensive whinstone tunnelling in the vale of Tweed and running sand and water in other sections, and it will ultimately cost about one and a half millions sterling. The works have been in progress for seven years; and three years may yet elapse before their completion, when Edinburgh will have a water-supply second to none in the kingdom.

#### ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM.

An interesting series of experiments has just been carried out very successfully near Rostock, under the auspices of the Prussian Minister of Agriculture, in the application of electricity to

farm-work, a plough and a thrashing-machine being used. These were of the ordinary type, the only difference being that they were driven by electric motors instead of steam-engines. The motive-power had been stored up in accumulators, and these were taken on lorries to the spot where they were needed. A lorry could convey accumulators with sufficient electricity to drive the windlass for the plough during four or five hours—that is, for one yoking; and during the dinner-hour the exhausted accumulators were replaced by a supply sufficient to last until the evening. The thrashing-machine was worked in the same way.

The water-power was supplied by a waterfall on a small burn on the farm, which had formerly been used to drive a turbine. The turbine now generated electricity, and was kept running constantly day and night.

For the farm-steading, accumulators were not needed. The electricity was simply led by wires, and put to various uses: in the dairy to work the churn, in the sheds to cut the turnips, and in the time of sheep-shearing to work the scissors. The ordinary servants on the farm seemed quite able to use the motors, and no accident happened; therefore, the experiments were considered so satisfactory that the farmers generally are likely to adopt motor-power. In the upper reaches of the Rhine, however, the method is different. The farmers of a district form themselves into a company, set up a turbine on the river, and distribute the electrical power by wires among the farms within a radius of fifteen miles, and it is used when needed.

In Germany two million five hundred thousand horses and fifty thousand oxen are employed in the cultivation of the soil; and it is calculated that if their labours could be dispensed with through the use of electrical power it would be a saving of eleven million pounds per annum. However, this is practicable only in places where water-power can be had to drive the dynamo.

There are many places in Scotland and England where these experiments would be as successful as they were at Rostock. With our abundant rainfall and numerous streams and rivulets, and with the system of accumulators, there is no reason why we should be behind other nations in the use of electric energy. Water-power is

cheap. It can be utilised by night as well as by day, and the turbine could be run continuously at certain seasons. The only difficulty would be to supply a sufficient number of accumulators; but even with merely sufficient to provide for one day's thrashing or one day's ploughing at a time, a great deal more work could be overtaken in seed-time and harvest.

No mention is made of the cost of such an installation; but it seems likely that it would cost less than steam-power, and it will no doubt become cheaper when it is more generally used. For the smaller class of machines like cream-separators and turnip-cutters the electric motor is sure to be most useful and economical. For heavy work, where expensive accumulators are necessary, it will be different; but most farmers would be content to set up a turbine or to use the power where it can be led. We shall watch with interest this new step in the progress of scientific farming.

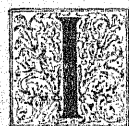
Consul Bergh reports from Gothenburg that an effort is being made to use electricity in agriculture after another fashion. A seed-field is covered by a network of wire, and a strong electric current is turned on during nights and chilly days, but cut off during sunny and warm weather. The system, which is yet on trial, is invented by Professor Lenström of Helsingfors, Finland.

#### AN ORCHARD PEST.

Some of the finest orchards in California are infected by what is known as 'scale,' the larvæ of a fly which multiplies with great rapidity. Many efforts have been made without success to rid the trees of this invader; but at last Mr I. M. Clark has devised a means which is effectual. This is evidenced by a photograph of two rows of trees, the one treated in the manner to be presently described and heavy with foliage, the other bare as in winter owing to the ravages of the scale insect. This photograph was recently published in the pages of the *Scientific American*. By means of a pump the trees are first of all sprayed with mineral oil, a process which kills insects and larvæ in a few minutes. This is followed by a spray of caustic alkali, which prevents the oil from having any deleterious after-effect upon the trees. The two agents combine to form a soapy paste which acts as a valuable fertiliser.

## THE OLDEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD.

AN ENGINE BUILT BY GEORGE STEPHENSON IN 1822, AND STILL AT WORK IN 1902.



T was in 1813, whilst following his employment at the Killingworth Colliery in Northumberland, that George Stephenson constructed his first locomotive, which he named 'My Lord,' evidently as an expression of his appreciation of the encouragement and financial support given to him by Lord Ravens-

worth, one of the principal partners in the Killingworth Colliery. The engine was placed on the Killingworth Railway on 25th July 1814, and, having succeeded in drawing eight carriages weighing thirty tons up a gradient of 1 in 459, was acknowledged to be the most successful working locomotive which had up to that time been constructed.



Despite the complete success attending the working of the Killingworth railroad, it was not until some five years later, in 1819, that we first see Stephenson in the rôle of a railway engineer, as up to this period he had been employed solely as an ordinary colliery mechanic. In 1819, however, the owners of the Hetton Colliery, Durham, decided to transform their wagon-way into a locomotive railroad; and recognising the abilities of the Killingworth engine-wright, they invited Stephenson to act as engineer of the undertaking, which, with the approval of the Killingworth Colliery Company, he agreed to do. The Hetton Railway was then the longest in that part of the north of England; it was eight miles in length, extending from Hetton Colliery, a few miles west of the city of Durham, to the shipping-staiths on the river Wear at Sunderland, and crossing in its course Warden Law, one of the highest hills in the district. The character of the country forbade the construction of a line with easy gradients, except by an expenditure much greater than the amount placed at Stephenson's disposal; and as heavy works could not be executed, it was necessary to make the line with but little deviation from the natural conformation of the ground, and also to adapt the mechanical methods employed for the working of the railway to the character of the gradients, which in some instances were unusually heavy. Stephenson carefully drew the line between the cases in which the locomotive could be usefully employed and those in which stationary engines were calculated to be the more economical. Consequently, on the Hetton line we find there were employed five self-acting inclines, the full wagons drawing the empty ones up, and two inclines worked by reciprocating engines of sixty horse-power each.

The Hetton line was opened on 18th November 1822, or nearly three years before the first public railway, the Stockton and Darlington, and on this date five of Stephenson's locomotives were at work. The speed of these locomotives was about four miles an hour, each engine drawing a train of seventeen wagons weighing about sixty-four tons.

It is of interest to observe that one of the stationary engines at Hetton, built by Stephenson in 1822 for hauling the wagons up one of the inclines, continued working until 1876, when it was withdrawn after nearly fifty-four years' service; also that one of the locomotives built by George Stephenson for the opening of the Hetton Railway in 1822 is, after nearly eighty years' continuous service, still at work at Hetton in hauling the coal-trucks. This is the oldest working locomotive in the world. It cannot be expected that much of Stephenson's original work remains in the engine; but its general design, excepting the cab, &c., remains as originally constructed. This is explained by the fact that at various times different parts have been renewed, the new pieces being made to correspond with those taken out,

whilst some parts, notably the steam dome, are actually portions of the engine as constructed in 1822. The principal dimensions of this old-timer are: diameter of the cylinders, ten and three-quarter inches; piston stroke, twenty-four inches; diameter of the wheels, three feet. The weight of the engine is fifteen tons; and it has a haulage capacity of about one hundred and twenty tons, at an approximate speed of ten miles an hour on a fairly level track.

Now, after its long and faithful service, it is not surprising to learn that the engine is unequal to the ever-increasing demands made upon it, and the directors of the Hetton Colliery propose to withdraw it from work at Hetton. With peculiar and commendable appropriateness, the old relic will find a permanent resting-place in the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where it will be preserved for this and future generations as a worthy specimen of the earliest period of locomotive engineering. No. 1 Locomotive, now placed on a pedestal at Darlington Station, was built by George Stephenson for the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway in September 1825, and continued working on the first public railway until 1850. It then passed into the hands of Messrs Pease and Partners, by whom it was used for colliery purposes until 1857, when it was placed on exhibition at Darlington. Therefore, in point of date of construction, and also in the number of years of active service, the engine used at the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway must give place to the old engine at Hetton constructed by George Stephenson fourscore years ago.

#### OCTOBER.

How fickle now the changeful autumn seems,  
That brings to-day the blue, unclouded skies,  
With late return of summer's languid dreams,  
While in her heart arise

Old loves and longings that shall move her soon  
To drive cold storms amid her tender vales,  
And, faithless, blast her trustful flowers at noon  
With sudden wintry gales.

When your eyes shone into my soul they made  
Fair Love to grow and blossom like a flower,  
Which now yearns outward from the deathly shade,  
But withers hour by hour.

J. L. SINCLAIR.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

#### \*\* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL*.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### MY AUSTRALIAN DUCHESS.

By GUY BOOTHBY,

Author of *Doctor Nikola*; *The Fascination of the King*; *The Red Rat's Daughter*; *Billy Binks—Hero*, &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

**M**Y wife declares that there are two good and sufficient reasons why I should not tell this story. The first is—so I understand—because it all happened a long time ago; the second is because she affirms the only people it could possibly interest are ourselves and our children. Now, it is not often that I disagree with my wife, perhaps because—after a fashion women have—she generally manages to get the better of the argument. In this case, however, I distinctly give it as my opinion that she is mistaken. A good story—though, mind you, I do not in the least defend my way of telling it—must always interest intelligent folk. I will go even further than that, and say that when you record a woman's heroism it becomes almost a matter of criminal neglect if you refuse to give that record to the world.

Now, therefore, you can understand why I am sitting here in my study on this beautiful September morning, determined to spend a couple of hours or so in giving you the story of my one and only love affair, instead of driving ten weary miles to attend a political meeting in which I do not take the least possible interest. What matter if the sunshine, as it streams in through the open window, falls upon some very gray hairs, or that that long youth, on leave from his regiment, now smoking under the cedar on the lawn, should give me cause to reflect that I am too old for the spinning of love-tales? Not a jot care I! My heart is as young at sixty as it was when I wooed and won the beautiful girl whose portrait by Millais hangs over the chimneypiece, and whom I can now hear chatting with her daughter and the vicar on the terrace outside. It is the law of nature that dukes should grow old as quickly as other people; on the other hand, I have more to be thankful for than most men.

So, all things considered, I must not complain. Now, with this long-winded preamble, let me get to my story.

It seems to me that nowadays every one travels. Royalty sails round the world with the eyes of the Empire upon it, peers and millionaires think nothing of visiting Alaska or Fiji, ladies of fashion plunge into unknown continents without a male relative to guard them; while little Smithson-Brown, late of Tottenham Court Road, tailor and outfitter, and Wilkins-Jones of Regent Street, both feel that it would be impossible for them to rest quietly in their gorgeous vaults in Kensal Green until they shall have estimated, by personal inspection, the value of the Big Bell at Kyōto, or have explored the wonders of the Yellowstone.

In my young days, when I quarrelled with my father in a moment of boyish passion, and went off to Australia in a huff, it was not so. The grand tour was a stately parade across Europe; Her Majesty's representatives in our Colonies were for the most part military men, and the soldier and the sailor were the only real travellers. Now look at the difference: my boy last year, when in India, went on a shooting excursion into Cashmere—a country which I am not sure I had heard of at his age—with as little concern as if he were walking to the home farm.

Beyond the fact that it took me out of England, my reason for quarrelling with my poor father does not in any way concern this story. One thing, however, I *do* know, and that is I have regretted that quarrel ever since. As most people are aware, I was the second son; Birkhardon being the eldest of the family and my father's favourite. Poor Birk! he was drowned whilst bathing, and that, of course, is how I come to figure as the head of the house to-day.

Having always had a desire for an adventurous life, and feeling that after what had happened

to remain in England was practically out of the question, I went up to London, secured a berth in a sailing-ship on the point of leaving for Australia, and three months almost to a day after bidding Gravesend good-bye, found myself in Sydney, wondering what I was going to do next. Had I stated the fact that I was Lord William Durrington, son of the Duke of St Columb, and brother of the Marquis of Birkhardon, I have no doubt I should have had no difficulty in obtaining lucrative employment—unfortunately a large proportion of the population of this world of ours are snobs; but I wanted to win my way on my own merits and without any adventitious aid. Perhaps I might have made a fairly good clerk in a merchant's office, or have become an employé in a bank, with the chance of rising to manager later on; but I argued that it was not worth travelling so many thousand miles to shut one's self up day after day in an office with its dreary routine. Then there were the goldfields—plenty of excitement there, and as rough and adventurous a life as the heart of a young man could desire; but they did not appeal to me. The fact of the matter was, I wanted to be among cattle and horses, and to know the existence of the stockman on the Great Plains. That was the life I determined to adopt.

I had still upwards of a thousand pounds left: not a very large sum, it is true; but many a man has started on less and found himself at my age a multi-millionaire. Having settled what I was going to do, the next thing was to endeavour to find a property. I called upon the various stock and station agents, but could obtain no satisfaction from them; I advertised, but the result was even less satisfactory. Had I possessed five times the amount of my capital I might have been able to secure something like the description of estate I was in search of. As it was, I found myself to all intents and purposes wasting my time in Sydney, with every week making further inroads into my capital.

At last, driven nearly desperate by my inability to find what I wanted, I determined on a bold stroke. I accordingly purchased horses and camp equipment, placed the remainder of my money on deposit in the Occidental Bank, and left the city to seek my fortune. Fortunately, during my stay in town I had kept my ears open in order to gather as much useful information as possible. This stood me in excellent stead now, for the Back Blocks of New South Wales in the early sixties were far from being what they are to-day. Bushranging and cattle and horse stealing were crimes as common as I understand they are rare at this moment of writing. Also, as you travelled farther inland there were the blacks to be reckoned with; and, as you may suppose, they constituted a formidable item in the list of chances it was necessary for a traveller to take. All things considered, the settler who was willing

to brave all dangers, and to venture out in the attempt to build up for himself a home in that new and dreary land, deserved whatever good fortune he received in return.

At length, after many wanderings, many queer experiences, and a few somewhat remarkable escapes, I found a resting-place. Yarradin, the station in question, was by no means a large one—that is, as such properties are reckoned nowadays. It was, however, well stocked, well watered, and fairly well manned. The owner looked after it himself, and from him I gained an insight into bush-life which was destined to be of inestimable value to me later on. By the time I had been on the place a year I had won a sufficient measure of his confidence to be appointed an overseer, and within three months of that important event my opportunity arrived. How well I can remember that time! It was late in autumn, and every day we expected the rains to break. Well, as our water had held out through the season, we were beginning to feel a little anxious concerning it. On another property some sixty miles farther down the river, we were informed that they were travelling their cattle in search of the precious fluid, and naturally we had no desire to be forced into following their example. Taking one thing with another, it seemed almost as if my luck were bound up with that of the owner, for on the very day that the first down-pour came the man who was destined to prove my greatest friend in the world—a man's wife, it should be distinctly understood, is more than a friend—Frank Farquhar, put in an appearance at the station and decided my fate. As I learned later, he was travelling south, and from the moment I saw him I liked him. People may say what they please about taking a fancy to strangers at the moment one sees them. It has only happened to me twice, and on each occasion I can with truth aver that I looked into the eyes of a person I have loved and honoured ever since. It will not be difficult for you to guess to whom I allude.

My meeting with Farquhar was a somewhat peculiar one. Not knowing when the rain would come, I had ridden out to inspect a water-hole some fourteen or fifteen miles from the head station, and I was still upwards of five miles from home when the storm, which had been threatening all day, burst. To give you anything like an adequate description of it is beyond me. In all my experience of Australian rains I cannot remember such another storm. Almost before one had time to become aware that it was falling, the dry and dusty track was a quagmire, with the deep ruts cut by the bullock-drays running like sluices wherever there was the least declivity. In less time than it takes to tell I was wet to the skin; but you may be sure I did not mind that, for had I not the delightful certainty to console me that the drought had broken?



By the time I was within a mile of the homestead the track had become so muddy and slippery that I was obliged to dismount and lead my horse for the remainder of the distance, lifting pounds of dark-brown soil on each foot at every step. Presently I became aware of a figure approaching me from the north. From what I could see of him he was in a worse predicament than myself, for the reason that, in addition to his riding animal, he was leading a packhorse which had plainly had about as much as it wanted of the road. As he came closer I noticed that the man was young, probably not more than six or seven and twenty, tall, with an honest and kindly face, and the curliest chestnut hair I've ever seen on an Englishman. Later on I found him to be a first-rate boxer, a fair rider, and second to none with stock generally.

When we had greeted each other after the fashion of the bush, I inquired if he was making for our homestead. On his replying that that was his intention, we trudged along together; and this was the beginning of our acquaintance.

As it turned out, the weather did not moderate for more than a week, and even then it was impossible for our guest to proceed on his way until the tracks had had time to settle a little and the creeks to fall. Work on the run during that period being practically impossible, I was enabled to see a good deal of him, and the more I *did* see the better I liked him. It was not long before he told me, in a burst of confidence, the reason that was taking him south. He had been out to the Far West to visit a tract of country he had chanced to hear of, and he was now on his way to Melbourne to endeavour to negotiate the lease from Government. Inspection had proved to him beyond doubt that the property was all that it had been represented to be—

more than equal, he declared, to anything he had hitherto seen, and capable of carrying a large amount of stock, even in a poor season. Over and over again we discussed the matter, and with each discussion I found myself wishing more and more that it were possible for me to go into it with him. My capital was still lying idle in the Sydney bank; I had saved my wages, and managed to bring off some effective deals in horse-flesh; therefore I could now lay hands on a sum totalling a little over fifteen hundred pounds.

Three days before his departure we walked down together to the new wool-shed, which we had used for the first time that year. As we went we as usual discussed his venture; and at last, unable to keep silence any longer, I blurted out my wish that I could go in for something of the sort myself. He clapped his hand on my shoulder.

'My dear fellow,' he cried, 'I would not wish to be associated with a better man. Let's see how it can be done. Have you any capital?'

I told him the extent of my resources.

'That settles it,' he answered. 'If you're satisfied with what I've told you, put it in, and from this moment we'll consider ourselves partners. The lawyers can do the rest.'

Then we shook hands, and he went on to say some nice but rather absurd things about always having liked me, and about feeling sure that we should pull together. After that, in our enthusiasm, we shook hands again and vowed that before a year should pass over our heads Yarley Plains—for that was the name of the property—should be the finest station, not only in the old colony, but in any of the other colonies as well. We were as enthusiastic and as sanguine of success as children; and, as this dear old place can bear witness, our hopes did not prove to be unfounded.

## ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

**T**HE lapse of three-quarters of a century is sufficient to give interest to many trifling circumstances that at the moment of occurrence would be of little importance. The following extracts are from a notebook in which the writer jotted down the events of the day just as they happened, and as the names of several well-known persons are mentioned, a perusal of the extracts will no doubt prove interesting.

It was in November 1825 that a young gentleman, aged twenty-two, journeyed to the city of Edinburgh for the purpose of studying at the university. He had letters of introduction to several well-known citizens, in particular to Mr Constable the publisher, with whom, indeed, he

made the journey northward. It is not necessary here to refer at length to the personality of the writer of the diary; but it may be mentioned that from all accounts he was a fine, handsome young fellow, full of spirit and intelligence. He had been a student in Trinity College, Dublin, and subsequently became a clergyman of the Church of England, holding an important living in one of the southern counties. The notes, written in a simple and natural manner, show that he was fond of society and appreciated pleasant company; and that he was very popular is indicated by the warmth of the invitations which were given to him.

So much for introduction of the writer; now for the circumstances of his times. He came to Edinburgh when a memorable crisis was about to

occur there; for it was in the early part of 1826 that the great publishing house of Constable failed, drawing into its ruin Sir Walter Scott, whose connection with the firm through the Ballantynes had not been generally known. The commercial speculation on the part of Sir Walter had been induced, it is said, by ambition to increase his fortune for the purpose of leaving his family a position and estate of importance. The large sums he had expended on Abbotsford and the comparative ease in which he lived were, his friends believed, provided for by the success his works had already obtained. The fall of the house of Constable was a severe shock to Scott; but no part of his life bears better telling than that which records the way in which he met the reverse, and how, from 1826 until his death in 1832, he laboured until from the product of his brain and pen he realised sufficient for the payment of all his debts, though in doing so he did not spare himself, and in the opinion of many shortened his days.

The little word-pictures we get in the pages of the diary are full of interesting gossip of the Constable family and other persons remarkable and famous in their day. The opening entry concerns Letitia Elizabeth Landon, who is so well known by her initials, L. E. L. This lady was regarded as one of the most eminent poetesses of her time, and was a writer of considerable repute. The sad story of the last days of the life of L. E. L. has ever invested her memory with a pathetic interest; and, seeing here the young girl full of the playfulness and vivacity of disposition for which she was remarkable, one turns with pain from the thought that years after, far away in Cape Coast Castle, she was found on the morning of 16th October 1838 lying dead on the floor of her room. Evidence at hand seemed to show she sought relief from the loneliness and uncongeniality of the position in which she found herself on her arrival there with her husband, to whom she had been married but a few months.

We open the diary at 4th November 1825:

'Before leaving home I had a great wish to meet L. E. L. in London, and made many inquiries as to the possibility; yet chances seemed against me. But the same Being who generally accomplishes my lawful wishes brought about this also; for I am now travelling with the said L. E. L. in a private carriage on her way to York, in charge of A. Constable, and eagerly caught every blossom of wit as it budded from her flowery imagination. She thinks that "Love is predestined," that it is the "scarlet-fever of the Heart," yet positively declares that she never felt the bitter arrows. L. E. L. believes there are such non-describables as "ghosts;" indeed, Constable told an anecdote which occurred to himself (evidently proving himself a true believer). This was that previous to his second marriage a figure appeared by the bedside, a fine

handsome female very like his present wife. Good figure; but he is a Scotsman. L. E. L. expresses a regard for Dr Maginn, who, she says, has addressed some lines to her eyebrows.'

This was the Dr Maginn so well remembered in connection with *Fraser's Magazine*.

Miss Landon married Mr George Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and on her death a votive tablet to her memory was erected there by Dr R. R. Madden, at the request of Lady Blessington.

'5th November.—Set out this morning at six. Talked very freely with L. E. L., finding fault with her mode of life, guarding her against her literary friends' free opinions of Religion. She said she could not believe that I was so sincere as I professed to be; abuses the idea of platonic love, yet she professes the greatest friendship for Mr Jerdan (friendship is platonic love when between the sexes); her friendship is built upon gratitude. Mr J. it is who has always been her best friend. "Gratitude is the memory of the Heart." Thus we find it rise from a pure source, and so continue its course until it arrives at what is called Platonic love. Would not L. E. L. be much annoyed if I told her that her friendship was perhaps mixed with the passion? Will not marry a medical man; will wait for me five years (she may wait fifty); will not have a man who sings or plays. Dreads death, yet wishes to be dissected; had an uncle who was buried alive—fears the same. Is an orphan; never went to school; is supported by her grandmother; her connections very good; is going on a visit to her uncle, Rev. Mr Landon, Rector, Abbeyfield, near York. We exchanged cards; promised to send her Wolfe's *Remains*; repeated the first verse of my parody on his beautiful lines, at which she laughed heartily; her conversation very like her writings, airy and trifling, "Writings upon the lines of a Rainbow," &c. We left her at her uncle's this evening; had to walk through a churchyard; she felt quite agitated. She is not handsome—no sweetness of expression; has read very little; some French.'

Mr Jerdan here mentioned was William Jerdan, a native of Kelso, who founded the *Literary Gazette*, and printed L. E. L.'s first contribution in 1820. She afterwards became one of Jerdan's chief writers and his intimate friend. Jerdan published an interesting 'Autobiography' in four volumes in 1852.

'7th November.—We arrived safe at Polton House, Mr Constable's county seat, at seven o'clock this evening (this day's scenery was particularly fine, and so much history connected with it). Four little bairns gave their fond embraces to their Papa. Mrs C. an agreeable, affable, lady-like woman—no foolish pride; the daughters in town.

'8th November.—We go to breakfast at nine. In a short time in walked the two Misses C.; genteel-looking girls, not beauties; one (Maggy) particularly sweet expression, reddish hair. We went to town; saw Tommy Moore, a gay young

chap. Hills about Edinburgh quite white and very bold. Returned to dinner. Mr C.'s carriage, a large comfortable one.

'9th November.—Went to town again. On our way Mr C. said he would write to L. E. L., and wished I would give him a few lines.

IMPROMPTU.

I do much like thee, L. E. L.,  
The reason why I must not tell;  
But this indeed I know full well,  
That I do like thee, L. E. L.

He repeated it to Tommy Moore, who was delighted with it, he says. We dined with Mr D. Constable, the son, a barrister, who has a very fine library. He is a delightful young man, of such general information. We had a *tête-à-tête* after dinner. He made a most admirable Whigish speech, delivered with much warmth, supported by good arguments; but still I remain a Tory. Miss C. is in town, living with him; an affectionate, interesting girl; Mrs J. Hurst's character of her was faithful. We returned early. On our way called on H. Broster; was sitting with his companion *Mr Gout*. He is better, and was very glad to see me; said he would give a dinner on my account.

It is hardly necessary to mention that the Tommy Moore alluded to was the son of the author of the *Irish Melodies*. His mother's sister, Miss Dyke, had been married to Mr William Murray, of Edinburgh, of whom we find mention later on.

'10th November.—A most happy day. Did not go to town; read, talked, and had delightful music in the drawing-room: "Isabella," "Bid me discourse," &c. &c. Captain Basil Hall dined with us; he is the author of the —. His good opinion of himself will not allow him to be so agreeable as he would otherwise be—indeed, as I understand he *was*; but the Scotch have spoiled him, and he thinks that he is a man of decided genius. Talking of correcting manuscript, &c., he thinks you cannot pore over it too much; but genius would not require this—more, would not *bear* it; the spirit is lost. The manuscripts of Sir W. Scott's *Waverley*, *Monastery*, and *Guy Mannering* were produced. Wonderful manuscripts; will bring at any time an enormous price. They are in good condition. Few corrections, which Capt. H. regretted; but I think it proves the genius. A fine property for Mr C. to leave his family, all the manuscripts. [These were sold in 1831. See this *Journal*, 1898, p. 19.] Capt. H., speaking of the Religions throughout the world (he has been nearly over it all), says that the "Religion of the Church of England is *vastly superior*." I had a pleasant walk with the Misses C. to Lasswade, a neighbouring village.

'11th November.—Mr C. is attacked with gout in the foot. The Misses C. go to town.

Captain Basil Hall, spoken of above, was the second son of Sir James Hall, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He was in the

Royal Navy, and had travelled over the island of Java with Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, and accompanied Lord Amherst on his China mission in command of the *Lyra*, of which he wrote an account. He was several times on a visit at Abbotsford, and showed in later days great sympathy and kindness towards his honoured host. He also suggested to the Government that a ship should be placed at the disposal of Sir Walter Scott during his last illness, a request that was granted, and gave great satisfaction to the recipient. Captain Hall was a man of decided ability, and wrote many scientific papers besides several books of travel.

Several entries follow recording the doings of each day, one of which states, 'Read in the Green-House for three hours, so comfortably;' and another mentions, 'Mr Cadell dines with us.'

It will be remembered that Mr Robert Cadell was a partner of Mr A. Constable's, and had married his daughter in 1817. She, however, only lived for a year after, and he married for the second time in 1821. In the diary of Sir Walter Scott, under date 25th January 1825, there is written: 'Constable without Cadell is like getting the clock without the pendulum; the one having the ingenuity, the other the caution of the business.' When circumstances arose that caused the partnership to be dissolved, Scott held to Cadell, and it is a matter of history that Mr Cadell bought the manuscripts of Sir Walter's works for eight thousand five hundred pounds, and reproduced the whole series with the most favourable results. He became very intimate with Scott, and according to Lockhart gave him 'delicate and watchful attention.' He died in 1849, and has been described as 'one of the most acute men of business in creation.'

'19th November.—Went to town on the Coach. Paid a visit to Mrs Siddons; promise to dine with her on Monday.'

This Mrs Siddons was the widow of Henry Siddons, eldest son of the great Mrs Sarah Siddons. He owned the Edinburgh theatre; but when he died in 1815 it was in anything but a prosperous condition. His wife, Mrs Harriet Siddons, who had acted with success in Drury Lane and elsewhere, then took over the management, and with the constant and able assistance of her brother, Mr William Murray, turned it into a success, and was able after her lease had expired to retire with comfortable means. She was highly esteemed, it is stated, in both public and private life, and 'surrounded herself with friends in the highest circles of society in the Scottish capital.' Her father, Charles Murray, was an actor of some note in his day, and her brother William made his last appearance at the Adelphi, Edinburgh, on the 22nd of October 1851. Sir W. Scott several times alludes to him; and his first wife, as mentioned before, was sister-in-law to Thomas Moore the poet.



'20th November.—Went to Lasswade Church alone; poor sermon. Professor Wallace paid a visit. Mr Hugh Murray, the author of — (who came out yesterday to stop till Monday), and a Mr —, together with myself, had some arguments on predestination. They three were opposed to me; but of course it was a fruitless one. Professor Wallace I like most; better than Leslie. Hugh Murray is a most unassuming man, just as Nature sent him.

'21st November.—Hugh Murray, the Misses C., and myself go to town. Dined with Mrs Siddons; saw her two sons, the younger a fine handsome lad of about thirteen, the other fifteen. Went to the theatre in the evening. *Paul Pry* first night. Mr Murray very good; a general favourite. The *Beggar's Opera*. Miss Noel a good actress indeed; the company very fair. Slept at Broster's.

'22nd November.—Breakfasted with Broster, and very pleasant. Dined with Mr D. Constable, where I met a Mr Mackenzie, a clergyman of the Scotch Church. Very Calvinistic after dinner. We had much argument.'

At this point the entries end for a time, and a lapse occurs, for the next bears date more than a month later.

'SCOTLAND, January 1st, 1826.—POLTON HOUSE.—This morning before one o'clock, while reading in my room, I was not a little surprised to see the Butler and housemaid walk in, the former with a jug of "*Hot Pint*," the latter with a tray having on it a glass and some biscuits. Rising from my chair, and according to instructions, I kissed the maid, shook hands with the Butler, drank my "*Pint*," and ate my biscuits. In other words, I did as Rome did.

'I went with Mr D. Constable to Roslin, a small village about 7 miles S. from Edinburgh. The Castle is nearly in ruins; stands on a peninsulated rock, and is only accessible by a bridge. There is an old R. C. Chapel, which was built for the family (St Clair), in very good preservation; numerous little figures ornament the roof, and it is Gothic architecture. It was a most delight-

ful walk, and philosophic of course. Received letters from home; a New Year's gift. So much for New Year's Day.

'2nd January.—Left Polton to reside in Edinburgh, after spending eight weeks with Mr Constable. The time passed over quickly; every one there so kind to me. There was one in particular who won my affections. Found it very difficult to get a lodging, &c., to please me; at last fixed upon one, No 8 Buccleuch Place, with two ladies; 55 gs. per annum. Dined with Mr D. Constable, where I met the Rev. Mr Mackenzie, an honest, steady fellow, and Mr Lyne. We had some theology. Mr M. and Ego had a hard card, too, to play against these sceptical but clever men. Mr L. went cunningly to work by sowing seeds of discord between Mr M. and me—Kirk of Scotland and Church of England; but all this we evaded, and finally had the best of the battle.

'3rd January.—Entered into my lodgings; had a plain but comfortable dinner. Miss Pantton told me she had lost her mother a few weeks since, her father being dead these twenty years. Miss Mt. Constable ill with a very bad cold; the Doctor called in.

'4th January.—We had a party this evening. Rev. Mr Henderson, Miss P.'s cousin, was here. He seems a very clever man, and is generally esteemed. We got together, and had a little controversy. In the course of the evening he read a chapter and gave us an extempore prayer: very good; he introduced the afflictions of the family. Cake, wine, &c. Home.

'5th January.—Commenced the classes regularly; Leslie's, Hope's, and Jamieson's. Heard Dr Gordon preach; liked him very much: *vid.* sermon-book.

'6th January.—Commenced the Hebrew this evening with Mr Noble. Saw Mrs Constable in town to-day; she seemed delighted to see me.

'7th January.—Paid Mr D. Constable a visit; promise to dine with him to-morrow; talks of going to London with his father in a few weeks.'

## A VISIT TO THE ZIMBABWE RUINS.

By A. HOFMEYER, B.A., Author of *The Story of My Captivity during the Transvaal War*.



HIS is not an attempt to describe these marvellous ruins: abler pens than mine have done so. I am only going to tell the simple story of a visit which to me is an ever-memorable experience.

I was at Fort Charter at the time. The ruins being only some twelve or fourteen miles distant, a party of us planned an expedition thither. It was at sunrise on a beautiful morning that we started. Our party consisted of ten men armed with rifles, and two Mashona 'boys' driving our

pack-oxen; we were equipped for a two days' outing. Off we went over hill and dale, enjoying the beautiful scenery around us. Every little hollow had its rivulet of clear water; there were flowers on tree and bush, for it was autumn. The air was so exhilarating, and it was such a real pleasure to tramp along the winding Kaffir-foot-path, that by eight o'clock it was no wonder every one had a fine appetite for breakfast. This was enjoyed under some grand *mapani* trees, the velvety grass affording comfortable seats and lounges. After a short rest the march

was resumed, and by one o'clock the famous Zimbabwe was reached. We had heard a great deal about this wonderful and mysterious spot weeks before, and great was the excitement as we neared it. Often I had interrogated old and intelligent-looking Kaffirs I came across regarding these ruins; but I never obtained any satisfactory answer. It was always, '*I kona*' ('I don't know'). Numerous stories and explications, learned and otherwise, were floating about; yet nothing definite was known. Therefore, the Chartered Company had secured the services of Mr Bent, a well-known archaeologist, to visit the ruins and try to wrest from them their secret; and he was there with his party at the time of our visit, and had already begun investigations and excavations. We were all eager to hear his opinion.

I must confess that the nearer I came to the spot the more a sense of awe and mystery stole over me. Who knows, thought I, what peoples, in olden times, have walked here, and how long ago? Who knows what wars were waged, what tragedies enacted, on this very spot where we are standing? Who knows? Will any one ever know? Thus musing and dreaming, I walked on till we reached the longed-for goal.

As we approached, a fairly high and abruptly rising granite kopje or hillock lay on our left. We skirted the foot of this almost half-way round, and then found another kopje, not so high nor so rugged, about a mile and a half off. These hills were connected by rising ground gently sloping down on each side between the hills, and level on top. On this little tableland we saw, as we ascended, the Zimbabwe ruins, and on the hill to our left we could see the remains of old walls and what looked like battlements of a castle. At last we had reached the mysterious spot. We encamped under some trees, close to the only entrance to the main ruin.

What I felt then I cannot describe. As I stood there, before I had seen anything or explored any part, I was awe-struck. A cursory glance revealed traces of a past greatness, of civilisation, and power. To-day all was barbarism in the country. The Mashona was a poor, miserable specimen of the Kaffir race. The Monomotapas before him were a mighty people, and had attained to a comparatively high state of civilisation. But the ruins showed traces of a superior civilisation, and of a time of which no record existed now, nor any legend, not even in the time of the Monomotapas. Who, then, were the wonderful builders? What was the place built for? Will the secret ever be known?

We took a hurried lunch, and then the exploration commenced. First we had a guide, one of Mr Bent's men, to take us all over the place and explain what had been discovered; and then we wandered about singly or in pairs. I was alone till evening. Some of us then dined with Mr Bent, and listened eagerly to what he had to tell.

He and his wife were both very enthusiastic, and eager to discover the secret; but up till then little had been discovered: only some arrow-heads, pieces of old china, &c. Months afterwards I saw all the wonderful things that were unearthed, articles of phallic worship mostly. The reader will find full descriptions of all this in Mr Bent's interesting book.

Let me continue my tale. The ruin on the platform is of oval shape—a tremendous oval, but I cannot remember the exact dimensions now. The outer wall is almost quite intact—some thirty feet high, and from ten to twelve feet thick, built of granite, the small stones cut to the size of a common brick. Neither mortar nor bricks have been used; but though the stones are only roughly hammer-dressed, the walls are so beautifully and symmetrically built up that they have successfully withstood the storms of centuries. The whole ruin reminded me somewhat of the Colosseum at Rome—its size, its solitude, and the scenes enacted within. There was originally only one entrance to the building. Within are remains of altars apparently, of a labyrinth, of a large tower, &c., all built in the same way as the outer wall. Round about are the remains of terraces, very likely cultivated as gardens. Then a roadway, now overgrown, led up to the kopje mentioned. This kopje had been a marvellously strong place naturally, and was so further strengthened by the construction of massive walls and ramparts that access could only be gained by one narrow pathway where a couple of men could keep hundreds at bay. Some of the walls are fifteen feet thick, with long and massive upright stones built into them at certain intervals, which looked at a distance like grim sentinels. Many of the stones were broken, but from the appearance of those still intact it seemed very likely that they were all shaped at the top in the figure of a bird. There was a spiral staircase entirely built of this stone, which led down into some secret hiding-place within the ramparts. The remains of large granaries or stores for provisions could also be seen. To crown all, there is a beautiful fountain of crystal water on the kopje. Our idea was that the hill had been a strong fort to protect the now ruined structure below, formerly a mighty temple. Who knows?

It was really wonderful, mysterious! I have seen the Colosseum, I have been through Pompeii, I have examined every corner of the Kentucky Mammoth Caves and the Oudshoorn Congo Caves in Cape Colony; but nowhere was I more impressed, more awe-struck, than when surveying these marvellous Zimbabwe ruins. I felt as if I stood among the Phœnicians or Egyptians of old; as if suddenly I had been transplanted to scenes and peoples of thousands of years ago. Many a time, as I stood there during that day and the next, though really I could neither hear a sound nor see a human being, the place seemed in imagi-

nation to be filled with the peoples of the past: I could see them and hear them, and I watched them with breathless interest; yet I could not find out who they were or what they were doing.

Let me tell you what happened as our little party was approaching the ruins during the forenoon. We were still some miles off when a terrible tragedy was on the point of being enacted. The kopje at that time was inhabited by a small tribe of Mashonas, under a rather important chief, who somewhat resented the visit of the white explorers. He had not exactly placed any hindrance in their way, but was keeping sullenly aloof. He especially disapproved of any investigation being carried on at the hill-fort, his residence. Early in the morning Mr Bent and his men began digging and examining the hill and its ramparts. The chief and a number of his men were around looking on, and showing their disapproval by their gestures. Whilst Mr Bent was at breakfast, the men accidentally, in digging for relics, struck an underground corn-store of this chief, and all at once there was a tremendous hubbub. The Kaffirs imagined they were going to be robbed, and surrounded the unarmed men with their assagais and axes. No explanation availed, and a fight seemed imminent. One of the men therefore ran off to call Mr Bent, who came up immediately, but also unarmed, as all felt sure they could pacify the Kaffirs. The chief, however, would hear of no explanation; he announced that he was going to take them all prisoners, and if they resisted he would kill them. The blood of both parties was now up, and the men, though they were but a handful, proposed fighting the hundreds of natives with their spades and pick-axes. They stood close together, expecting every moment to be attacked and killed, but every one determined to sell his life dearly. The Kaffirs had already raised their assagais ready for the onslaught, when a Kaffir, evidently a sentry on the hill, came running in, speaking and gesticulating fiercely. The chief and some of his men thereupon ran off and mounted some of the higher rocks. In a few moments they returned in great excitement, and after some palavering all disappeared as if the ground had swallowed them. There was reason for this, and very soon the little band of men who had been in such imminent danger discovered it. The sentry had seen an army advancing towards the *stad*, over the open plain beyond; he had seen the glint of the rifle-barrels in the sunlight, and there was a host of them! The chief ran up to see for himself, and also observed the dreadful sight. That is why they cleared in such a hurry.

The reader has already guessed, I am sure, that the mighty advancing army was our little company of ten men, two natives, and two bullocks! Of course our approach was hailed with delight—we were veritable saviours, as blood would otherwise certainly have been shed. The

chief, who immediately humbled himself on our arrival, afterwards explained that when he saw our little band advancing he made sure it was the advance-guard of an army coming from Fort Victoria, and that it was advancing in consequence of a message sent through the air—a telegram to Fort Victoria—to tell them of the threatened attack. 'The white chief is a great witch-doctor. I am afraid of him now. I will not trouble him again.' Needless to say, Mr Bent did not disabuse the chief's mind, and never had any trouble with him again. When it was all over we could, of course, afford to laugh heartily at the whole episode. I have played many parts in my lifetime; but never before have I been the commander of a relief-force. It is a pleasant rôle to play.

Long we sat talking round the camp-fire that night, and most interesting was the conversation. It was one of the nights I love to revert to. Towards midnight we retired to our camp—some five hundred yards from Mr Bent's. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and very soon every one had sought rest. Heavy breathing and snoring proved that the others had very quickly found it too; but I could not rest, for not only the excitement of the day but the weird surroundings kept me awake. I could not resist the temptation to walk back to the big ruin behind me. Alone I entered through the gateway whereby the mysterious and unknown people had also entered perhaps a thousand years ago. The moon was shining brightly, sending her beams through the branches, casting fantastic shadows on the ground. The whole scene was weirdly mystic. Here there was a bright spot of light, there a dark shadow. As the winds sougled through the trees, the shadows of branch and leaf moved to and fro. It required but little imagination to fancy the place alive with moving beings. I walked about slowly, looking, pondering, marvelling. Gradually I drew near the tower I mentioned, and leaned against its rugged walls in the shadow. Again I fancied that I was in the dim past, and saw the thousands of figures moving about engaged in one of their wild and mysterious religious orgies. I fancied I heard without on the hill the trumpet of war, followed by the crash of armies meeting. I heard the victors' cries and the victims' moans. Then came the rush of many feet towards the temple, to the tower where I was standing. I heard them sing their pæans of victory, and saw them offer their sacrifices. I was the only stranger amongst them, and therefore cried out, 'Tell me who you are, and from whence you come. What does all this mean? Tell me!' I must have uttered these words aloud, as they woke me out of my reverie. There I stood again, alone in the mighty colosseum, in the moonlight and the shadow—in the night!

It was four o'clock when I retired to camp again and lay down to rest. It is now many



years since ; but the impressions I experienced are still as fresh in my mind as they were then. When I close my eyes I can imagine I am again standing up beside that tower in the darkness, and still see the flitting figures, and cry out to them to tell me whence they came ; and I seem to hear their answer, floating towards me from out the moonlight dim : 'No, stranger ; never shalt thou know !'

Before leaving the ruins I, as usual, had a talk with the chief men of the Mashonas living on the hill. They told me many a tale of the fights they had had with the dreaded Matabele. Lobengula, the bloodthirsty chief of the Matabele, as every one knows, used periodically to swoop down upon the poor Mashonas, killing the old men, stealing their cattle, and carrying their sons and daughters into captivity. No wonder that the advent of the Chartered Company was hailed with delight by the poor oppressed Mashonas. Many a gruesome tale of cruelty and horror could these people tell the traveller, such as the one told to me that morning before we left.

'Moruti,' said one of the chief men, 'I can tell you of an awful thing that happened here many years ago, when the Matabele attacked our stronghold on the hill. Our chief, a young man himself, had a very beautiful young wife, a daughter of a neighbouring induna. She had come to our kraal a few years before, and, with her husband, was well beloved by us all. She was a tall and stately woman, with a voice as tender as her eyes were sweet. When she passed through our little village, carrying her first-born in her arms, every one looked on in adoration. Reports came in that the Matabele were devastating all the country round about us, and we began to fear that our doom too was sealed. We fortified the place as strongly as we could, and stored provisions for a long siege ; then we sent out our scouts to watch the movements of the enemy. All too soon these appeared upon the scene. Before daybreak one morning our outposts rushed in to tell us that the dreaded Matabele were on us. When the sun rose we could hear the ominous thud of marching feet, and soon our fortress was surrounded by a bloodthirsty, yelling horde.

'The attack began very soon, and fierce was the fighting. As you see, however, Moruti, the place is very strong, and can be reached only by that one path yonder coming up from the temple ruins. We were consequently able to beat off the attack, and I am sure they would never have succeeded in taking our fort ; but, alas ! black treachery was at work. I told you before how we all loved our beautiful queen, and how faithfully every one followed our brave chief. But every one did not ! There was one man, our chief's half-brother, who had a black heart. Ever since the chief had brought home his beautiful bride this man had desired her for himself. Carried away by his passion, he had one day told the queen of his love, making insulting overtures

to her, when she had spurned him with words of scorn. Knowing that it would cost him his life if the chief heard of his conduct, he professed repentance and begged the queen not to report his dastardly behaviour to her husband. She promised this, because she had a kind, noble heart.

'The cowardly cur, however, was determined to be revenged on brother and wife and child. His time came during this attack on our fortress by the Matabele. No one had suspected him of any sinister design, so well had he succeeded in disguising his feelings. Thus it came that during the early hours of the next morning he relieved his brother, the chief, who had been guarding this pathway since the evening before. When our chief left him I well remember his words : "My brother, guard this pathway with your very blood. Remember your people's honour, your chief's victory, his wife's life, depend on you." The brother promised faithfully to execute the charge entrusted to him. Oh, the black-hearted villain ! Shall I tell you how he kept that trust ? Towards morning, on some pretext or other, he sent the two warriors who were with him back to us on the hill with some message. Then he crept down to the Matabele outposts, told them that he could lead them on to the fortress, and that the place would be theirs—on condition that they should spare his life and give him his brother's wife. The promise was given, and before the messengers sent by him to the fortress could return, the Matabele were swarming up the secret inaccessible pathway, and had reached the very place you and I now stand on, ready when daylight came to overwhelm our garrison with superior numbers.

'Woe is me that I have to tell the tale ! When day broke a frightful yell rent the air, dusky forms rushed out from behind every rock, and we saw, to our utter dismay, that defence was useless. Our chief rushed in and out amongst us exhorting us not to surrender, which would mean cruel death at the hands of the Matabele, but rather to fight on to the bitter end and die the death of warriors. We did so, and even more desperately did we fight when we heard the Matabele shouting to us, "Why do you fight ? Your own chief's brother has betrayed you. Surrender, and we will spare your lives !" On we fought till but a handful of us remained alive, though even these were all wounded already. Our chief was dead, and there was talk of surrender amongst the survivors, when our beloved young queen, with her baby-boy in her arms, rushed in amongst us crying out, "Fight on, brave men ! I know why your chief's brother has betrayed you. The coward, because I spurned him, has to-day acted the traitor. He has killed your chief, my husband. He has dishonoured our people, our forefathers. Fight on, brave hearts ; let no man surrender. Die like heroes !" No need to tell you, Moruti, that we

fought on with renewed vigour and strength, like very lions. On yonder parapet, between those two stone sentinels you see standing there, our noble queen took up her position, exhorting us with inspiring words to continue the fight. But, alas! it was of no avail. One by one the warriors beside me dropped. I too was desperately wounded, and sank down bleeding on the ground when the Matabele rushed in upon us to finish their deadly work. Before I swooned away for very faintness I saw the traitor leap forward in amongst the dead and dying, jump on to the parapet, and rush towards the queen. "You are mine at last," he shouted; "mine at last, cruel beauty. Come to me; your life will be spared if you come. I only can save you; come to me, long-loved one!" He ran towards her; and, Moruti, I will never forget the expression on her noble face—scorn, hatred, contempt. There she stood erect in her queenly beauty, and every one could hear the burning words that hissed through her lips: "Come to you, monster, murderer, traitor, coward! Come to such as you! No, never, as long as there is breath in my body!" And then, as the wretch still attempted to approach her, followed by cruel Matabele warriors, she lifted her right arm, and, with all the power she could exert, she thrust an assagai into the heart of the miserable villain, and he sank to the ground like a log. With a yell the Matabele rushed upon the unfortunate woman; but before they could reach her, clutching her babe to her heart, she cried out, "My husband,

your death is avenged: your queen is yours; your child and I are coming!" The words were still ringing in our ears when we saw the brave woman leap forward over the parapet wall down into the valley yonder. Yes, Moruti, she and her babe had gone to the Great Spirit-land, where there is no insult and no treachery. Come here, Moruti; look down. You see yonder, far down? Well, on that rock there the mangled bodies were found; but they were left by the cruel Matabele for tigers and wolves to devour.

"When I woke again it was dark night, and the Matabele had gone, taking with them whatever was valuable. A few women and children, some wounded men, and myself were all that were left behind. I was young then. I am old now; but in the silent watches of the night I can still see our beautiful queen stand there. I can still hear her farewell shout of victory as she leaped down the precipice and went home."

Thus spoke the old man, and I could see that his spirit was deeply moved. Yes, reader, even in the land of barbarism you find hearts that beat true and strong, but also hearts foul and treacherous.

The Government of South Rhodesia has appointed Mr R. W. Hall, joint author with Mr Neal of *The Ancient Ruins of Rhodesia*, as temporary curator at Zimbabwe. Various architectural discoveries have been made in clearing away the rubbish; a gold bangle of wire-work has been found, and a beaten gold cup or ferrule, with pottery and iron tools. The place is three hours' journey in a Cape cart from Victoria, in the south of South Rhodesia.

## SIR HENRY IRVING'S TUTOR.

By J. F. HOGAN.



WHEN I was in the twenties I held the office of day sub-editor on a Melbourne morning paper. I came on duty at ten o'clock in the morning and left at six in the evening, when the night sub-editor arrived. I had to open all letters addressed to the editor and prepare a synopsis of their contents for his information, make provision for the reporting of any unforeseen important event during the day, read 'exchanges,' revise copy, and receive visitors. I was thus brought into contact with not a few remarkable characters. I had a chat with Lefroy, whom I thought a rather prepossessing, well-informed young fellow, never dreaming for a moment that I was destined to see his waxy duplicate at the other end of the earth in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. Lefroy did not look in the least like a possible murderer. His case was one of the sight of means to do an ill deed making that ill deed done. The responsibility largely rests with the stupidly conservative English system under which any one of us is liable to be boxed up in a

narrow compartment with a homicidal lunatic or somebody in desperate need of money. Had Mr Gold and Lefroy been travelling between Brighton and London in an American corridor carriage there would have been no murder. Lefroy had just arrived in Australia when I met him, and was on the lookout for a journalistic situation. He showed me a book of English newspaper cuttings—specimens of his work—and at the other end were press criticisms of certain pantomimes and plays he had written. He did secure a brief engagement on a Melbourne evening journal, and he contributed to its columns some capital descriptive articles on the Chinese quarter of Melbourne: its opium-dens, its lottery-shops, its vices, its squalors, and its quaint Orientalism in the heart of the modern city. Another of my visitors was Kate Kelly, the sister of the redoubtable Ned, 'The Ironclad Bushranger of Australia,' to give him the title by which he is best known to the numerous London readers of the *Deadwood Dick* school of literature. At that time she was the most daring of horsewomen and the most expert of 'bush telegraphs,' as the conveyers of informa-

tion to outlaws concerning the movements of the police are called. A third notable visiting personage was Mr James Anthony Froude. He called to see my editor; but as that walking cyclopædia of colonial information was not accessible at the time, I had to deputise and answer questions from the famous historian for half-an-hour or so. I had some little difficulty afterwards in recognising my information in the pages of *Oceana*. Froude's method during his colonial tour was to examine all the prominent people whom he met at Government House dinners, in the clubs, and in the editorial rooms. He took no notes at the time, but towards midnight he would jot down all that he could remember of what he had heard during the day. In the case of a man endowed with a retentive memory this plan might work fairly well; but, judging by results, Froude's memory was the reverse of retentive. In the copy of *Oceana* I saw in an Australian parliamentary library, almost every page has marginal notes of correction. Froude's account of his tour of Greater Britain is eminently readable and sometimes eminently inaccurate, fact and fiction deftly interwoven.

One afternoon there was ushered into the sub-editorial room a tall, pale-faced, clean-shaven, clerical-looking old gentleman, dressed entirely in black, with a certain air of distinction and refinement, and a strong suggestion of the scholar and the student. Had his long black coat been supplemented with gaiters he would have looked the Church of England dignitary to the life. As a matter of fact he belonged to a profession that is still supposed to be held in abhorrence by the strictest sects of English Christianity. He was Mr William Hoskins, who in the far-away forties and fifties was a leading member of the famous Shakespearian company that Samuel Phelps gathered around him at Sadler's Wells, and who was the first influential actor to help, advise, and encourage a certain aspiring London youth whom we all now know and admire as Sir Henry Irving. At the time I refer to he had practically retired from the stage, and was conducting a dramatic academy in Melbourne. Several of his pupils are now well-known actresses in England and the colonies. One of them was about to make her first appearance in Melbourne, and he naturally desired a little preliminary paragraph. That was the object of his visit, and it was duly attained.

The foster-father of the leading actor of our time was the son of Abraham Hoskins of Newton Park, Derbyshire, and was educated at the University of Cambridge. He was not yet nineteen when in 1834 he joined a provincial touring company. On 25th July 1846 he made his first appearance at Sadler's Wells, as Poins in the First Part of *King Henry the Fourth*. On the following 4th of November he impersonated Lucio in *Measure for Measure*, the character—to quote the

biographers of Phelps—'that made his reputation, in which and other eccentric parts he was without a rival in this theatre.' Other characters played by Hoskins under the Phelps régime, in which he won praise from the London critics, were Modus in the *Hunchback*, Gratiano in *The Merchant of Venice*, Guiderius in *Cymbeline*, Slender in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Roderigo in *Othello*.

It was on the eve of his departure for Australia at the beginning of 1856 that he performed the kindly action for which he deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by all lovers of the drama. He had known young Irving as a member of an elocution class connected in an informal way with Sadler's Wells; he had seen him in small parts at rehearsals for amateur performances; he had been favourably impressed with his assiduity, his intelligence, and his manifest determination to succeed; he had given the neophyte a number of hints and suggestions that were promptly acted upon; and, finally, Hoskins, before sailing for Sydney, handed young Irving a letter of introduction to his friend, Mr Davis, the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland. The letter was duly presented, and it led to an early engagement and to Irving's first appearance on the regular stage as the Duke of Orleans in *Richelieu*. The rest is history.

Curiously enough, the play in which his protégé started what was destined to be a brilliant career at Sunderland was also the piece in which Hoskins himself, enacting the title-rôle, made his first appearance in Australia at the Victoria Theatre, Sydney, on 14th July 1856. He was announced to the Antipodean playgoing public as the 'great London comedian.' He achieved an unqualified success at the start, so he decided to settle in Australia, and for nearly thirty years he was one of the most conspicuous figures on the colonial stage. He was particularly popular with the diggers, and as the actor-manager of the principal theatre on the Ballarat goldfield he cleared fifty thousand pounds, most of which he subsequently lost when he left the golden city to become lessee and manager of the Melbourne Theatre Royal. In New Zealand he had a second period of combined artistic success and financial prosperity. There he sojourned for some years, building two fine theatres and raising the standard of the drama to a very high level. He was so highly respected and esteemed in that colony that, on the occasion of his marriage to a popular actress, Miss Florence Colville, the ceremony was honoured by the presence of the Governor, Ministers of the Crown, Members of Parliament, and leading citizens. He thus had the unique distinction of being the only actor of the Victorian era who was married in the presence of the representative of the Queen and the Throne.

I was only a boy when Hoskins was at the height of his colonial popularity. My recollec-



tions of him are associated with spasmodic revivals of Shakespeare and the legitimate drama in Melbourne. I have a distinct remembrance of his Sir Peter Teazle and his Polonius, both thoroughly effective, well-studied, and highly finished performances. He excelled as a Shakespearean actor, and it was his proud boast that he could recite the Bard of Avon from beginning to end. His declamation of Shakespeare's lines was a model of stately elocution. He set an exceedingly high standard in this respect, and woe betide the erring or indifferent actor who failed to rise to it. Mr Brewer, in his *History of the Australian Stage*, narrates an amusing anecdote in this connection. Hoskins was playing Macbeth to a crowded house in Sydney. A super, to whom had been entrusted the small part of Lennox, corroborating the stormy character of the night on which Duncan was murdered, thus rendered the lines of Shakespeare :

'The night's bin unrooly; where we laid,  
Our chimbleys was blowed down.'

Hoskins was paralysed by this wholly unexpected Cockney reading, but he managed to struggle through the rest of the act. When the curtain came down sounds of commotion were heard from behind, and people in front fancied that somebody else would be murdered as well as

Duncan. As a matter of fact, the infuriated Macbeth did commit a violent assault upon the provokingly careless or stupid Lennox.

Hoskins in his old age was naturally disposed to exaggerate the importance of the services he had rendered to young Irving, and to revel in an unreasonable amount of reflected glory when his former friend and pupil reached the pinnacle of his profession. At the Melbourne Garrick Club he was wont to pose as the creator or the discoverer of Irving, and to emphasise the prominent part he had played in the evolution of the greatest of contemporary actors. But these harmless little septuagenarian vanities did not detract in the least from the solid and abiding fact that Hoskins was the man who placed Irving's foot on the first rung of the ladder of success. That is his one claim upon our recognition and regard.

He passed away in Melbourne on 28th September 1886. Shortly afterwards the profession he had adorned and elevated met in the Princess' Theatre, Melbourne, to perpetuate his memory. The first communication read to the meeting was a most sympathetic message, accompanied by a subscription of one hundred guineas, from Sir Henry Irving, the 'youth of striking personality and eager, handsome face,' whom he had befriended in London thirty years before.

## THE BETHEL STONE.

By JAMES PATEY, Author of *The Gurnard Rock*, &c.

### CHAPTER I.



ONE Sunday morning Mr Julian Danvers stood in the bay-window of the parlour of the 'Plume of Feathers,' and looked down the steep, winding main street of Langissack. He was lodging at the inn—its solitary guest; for the place, though picturesquely situated, has few visitors. Sometimes a belated commercial traveller will spend a night there; and occasionally an artist, reluctant to leave, will stay a month.

On week-days the little town wakes early and noisily enough, with a clatter of feet on its rough cobble-paved ways, the rattle of jolting carts, the greeting of men in from the night's fishing, and the salutations hurled from open doors across the street by shrill-voiced women; but a befitting calm sits upon the place on Sunday, when Langissack hangs up its sea-boots and anoints its head with oil.

If the street were reasonably straight the inn would command a view of beach and bay; but Langissack is locally admitted to be as crooked as a corkscrew; nevertheless Danvers as he smoked his pipe was contented with the limited prospect, and resolved to make a sketch of it before he

departed; for the houses are oddly picturesque, and the hill dips so suddenly that thresholds are on a level with neighbouring roofs.

A stickler for hygiene gazing on Langissack might cry aloud with the Psalmist, 'Down with it! down with it, even to the ground!' But artists love the place, and condone the redolence of its gutters for the sake of its quaint gables and weather-scarred walls and eaves of lichen-thatch; even the terrible cobble-stones, that bruise the toes of the uninitiated pedestrian and provoke the anathema of the stranger, have found their apologist in an enthusiastic sojourner who insisted that they picturesquely broke the foreground and would be distinctly valuable in an etching.

Danvers strolled up the quiet street, odorous in places with the frying of fish and rhythmic with the potato-chopper. Everywhere there was filmy sunshine and the promise of a cloudless day. There was nobody astir but a few gaily-dressed children, prematurely despatched to the Sunday-school by emulative mothers.

Presently there clattered up the acclivity a troop of boys carrying chairs, and Danvers watched them pass with considerable curiosity. Soon a wagon came along, heaped with forms and benches. Then

came another contingent with chairs—wooden-seated chairs, cane-bottomed chairs, chairs of all sorts and conditions, some of the kitchen variety so delightfully antique that he was tempted there and then to make a bid for them. The queer procession reached its climax in a donkey-cart laden with a harmonium and a pile of books.

His interest keenly aroused, Danvers walked back to the inn and called to the landlord:

‘Mr Bolitho, what’s up this morning?’

Bolitho came to the door, a voluble old man, jovial and rotund, with a face like a russet apple.

‘Why, ’tis quarry-praichin’ to-day, sir; they’m whitewashin’ the chapel, and the praichin’ to be in the quarry. ’Twas a reg’lar instootion, backalong, quarry-praichin’; but, like other old things, ’tis grawin’ out o’ fashion. ’Tis said that Jan Wesley praiched wance in Langissack quarry, and they can shaw ’e the very granite stone he stood ’pon; an’ when ’tis a quarry-meetin’ the praicher always stands ’pon Jan Wesley’s stone.’

Danvers seated himself in the porch and refilled his pipe, while Bolitho rattled on.

‘Iss, I’ve heard some famous quarry-praichers in my young days. There was Jerry Trebartha, a remarkable chap, sure ’nough; you could hear the voice of ’en in two parishes to wance. An’ there was old Will Peniddick—“Whosoever Will” they called ’en, an’ a delighted in the name—a quieter man, but mighty convincin’. When Peniddick praiched there wed’n be no sort of iniquity stirrin’ in the place for more’n a week. Nowadays, sir, seemin’ to me, they’m a tamer lot; there ed’n a man among ’em that can blaw the trumpet in Zion like the men that be passed away. They mane well, I b’lieve; but there ed’n the old heloquence.’

Half-an-hour later, finding Mr Danvers still smoking in the porch, Bolitho asked, ‘Was ’e thinkin’ o’ walkin’ up to the old church this mornin’, sir? Because I warn ’e there weant be a sawl there, unless ’tis a few old women for the ninepenny doles. The folks be quarry-mazed. The Independents an’ the Particulars might so well keep the doors locked for all the worshippers they’ll get; an’ as for the Brethren an’ the Seekers After, they’m all gwain to the quarry in a company.’

‘You seem to have a good many sects for so small a town,’ said Danvers, with a smile.

‘Iss, sir,’ replied Bolitho sadly. ‘I b’lieve there’s so many soorts o’ religion in Langissack parish as there is soorts o’ fish in Langissack Bay. Some folks like a choice; but for my awn part, sir, I’m no runner after new things. I like to putt my feet where other men have putt their feet before me.’

Bolitho, in his local pride, was anxious that his guest should not miss the meeting, which is accounted a great event. The young fellow had come to Langissack avowedly for a week’s sketching; but what were the rocks and cliffs and caverns

compared with the supreme interest of the quarry-preaching?

A gray, eager-faced man passed along the street.

‘There goes Doctor Trewarne,’ cried the landlord. ‘He’s organist o’ Truro. I reckon he’s come to hear the singin’.’

‘Singing?’

‘Iss, fay! there’s brave singin’ to a quarry-meetin’; an’ there’s a hecho there—a double hecho—’tis reckoned the finest in Cornwall; an’ when they hundreds o’ folks do rise all to wance an’ sing number nine-nine-wan, trumpet-metre, an’ the hecho answereth, the power an’ the glawry o’ it wed stir the sawl o’ a Devonshire horse-dailer. If you’m minded to go, sir, an’ you’m partial to singin’, ’twill do ’e good; for ’ted’n ordinary singin’ that tickleth the ears, but ’tis singin’ that shaketh the innards o’ a man so’s ’tis no mortal odds to ’en how much a droppeth in the collection.’

These persuasions prevailed, and an hour later Danvers found himself in the wake of the Langissack folk, walking quarrywards. The way lay through Brimble Lane, a tunnel of foliage scooped deep by centuries of traffic, with high hedges that harboured an infinite variety of vegetation, from dank mosses to clambering dog-roses.

‘Fine praichin’ weather, sir,’ said old Roskriggin the thatcher, hobbling slowly because of his rheumatism.

‘It is indeed,’ answered Danvers pleasantly.

‘What I do call a ’eavenly mornin’,’ added the old fellow; and Danvers felt the appropriateness of the adjective. It was a delightful pilgrimage; the route was lined with battalions of foxgloves, and everywhere there was the scent of scattered hay. Gradually the road became steeper, till from the deep shade of the lane he emerged into the open sunshine, and felt in his face the fresher breath of the moorland; then, following the grass-grown wagon-track, he came to the quarry.

The old granite-quarry of Langissack has not been worked for many years. The grasses and mosses have crept over its abandoned terraces, and in the clefts grow bramble and whortle and heather.

When Danvers reached the place the service had already begun. The bed and slopes of the quarry were strewn with a great company, and detachments of the congregation lined the terraces. The stretch of moorland was dotted with the carts and tethered horses of those who had driven from distant villages and farms. Most of the people were seated, for a seat at a quarry-meeting is a *sine quâ non* of Langissack respectability. The eminences were occupied by such adventurous hobbledehoys as considered a precarious perch an aid to devotion, and rows of pendent legs made a restless fringe on the ledges of rock.

Danvers seated himself on a boulder at the skirts of the meeting, and watched the strange scene. Standing on the traditional stone of John Wesley, a tall black-bearded Boanerges was reading and

expounding; but the words of the man were lost in the reverberations. A hymn was given out, the inadequate harmonium droned the air, and with a great stir and flutter the multitude rose to its feet. Hitherto Danvers had looked on with somewhat languid interest, but his pulse quickened at the first burst of singing; by some wonder of acoustics the hundreds of voices sounded like tens of thousands. The tune was 'Ascalon,' a favourite at quarry-meetings, selected probably on account of the opportunity it gives to the famous echo. It was sung vehemently, as becomes the militant air, each verse culminating in a staccato climax that was almost a shout; then amid breathless listening the great hewn concave flung back the tumult, and a vaguer repetition came from the amphitheatre of hills beyond. There were old people there who could count such gatherings by the score; but even these listened for the echo with the eagerness of children, and smiled with the wonder of children at the unfailing miracle. It may be that to some it bore something of supernatural response.

As for Julian Danvers, he was strangely moved; there was a vigour in the voices of these Cornish folk that thrilled him; and as the great hymn thundered along its course the multitude swayed to the rhythm, and the singing became more and more charged with the fervour of the Celt.

An open hymn-book, passed by many hands, reached him where he stood; for the presence of the bookless stranger had been courteously noticed. But he had no eyes for words or notes; the scene and the music held him spell-bound.

Then a flash of inspiration fell upon Julian Danvers. Here was the great subject he had been waiting for, the theme of the great picture that was to make him famous: The Quarry-Predaching!

When he had done for the *Graphic* his full-page drawing of the fishing riot at Penzance, John Hillier of Newlyn had said, 'That fellow Danvers will be doing something great some day; he knows how to handle masses, and can tackle a crowd with the best man living. Mark me, Danvers will be doing big things in a big way.' Since that day he had dreamed of fulfilling the prophecy of Hillier; but his ambition had taken no definite shape, and he had continued the production of those charming little pictures of fishing life which he painted and sold with an equal facility.

Yes, here at last was his opportunity. His eyes drank eagerly in the details of the scene: the many-coloured multitude, the women gay with rural finery, the blue-smocked fishermen, the impressive background of gray granite, and beyond the varied greens and purples of the hillside. The picture was full of colour and life, the motive was novel and interesting, and it gave him ample scope for his rare gift of composition. Instinctively his fingers sought a pencil to roughly

sketch the groupings of the people, and to make such brief notes as would afterwards aid his memory. Alas! he had not a scrap of paper about him, not even an envelope.

Then in his emergency he did a wicked thing: he filled the blank leaves at the end of the borrowed hymn-book with rapid pencillings, incoherent notes in pictorial shorthand.

Meanwhile there was a long exhortation, mainly inaudible, and more sonorous hymns, notably the famous 'trumpet-metre' of Bolitho's predilection, in which Dan Jago, first cornet of the Langissack town band, blew a series of astonishing blasts. Then, while the ubiquitous stewards gathered in the tribute of silver and copper, a tall, white-robed girl, standing on a ledge of rock by the harmonium, sang alone, and sang divinely, 'Oh for a thousand tongues to sing!'

Danvers thought he had never heard anything so glorious. The woman's clear voice went up in the great space like the voice of a lark; it seemed a thing of the sunshine. He listened entranced; the thunders of the hymns had not stirred him like this girl's singing.

When all was over, with a rush of remorse he realised the depth of his iniquity in sketching in a stranger's hymn-book: it was impertinent; it was indefensible. All he could do was to seek the owner and express his contrition.

'Can you tell me to whom this book belongs?' he asked one of the crowd as the congregation was surging out of the quarry.

'I b'lieve 'tis Miss Trethewey's book,' said the man; 'she's sittin' 'mong the choir.' Then, looking in the front of the book, Danvers read the inscription: 'Zillah Trethewey. 1893. — "Unto Thee will I sing with my whole heart."'

He made his way to the centre of the throng, which was now rapidly dissolving, and inquiring for Miss Trethewey, was directed to a tall girl in a dress of white muslin—none other than the singer who had so enchanted him.

'I am very sorry,' began Danvers, standing hat in hand before the girl; 'I'm afraid I have taken an unpardonable liberty. I am something of an artist, and was so impressed with the strange scene of the gathering that I was seized with a desire to make a sketch of it; and in the impulse of the moment I used the blank-leaves at the end of the book you so kindly passed me. It was an abuse of your goodness, and I can only plead the temptation of an artist to carry away some impression of your beautiful service.'

The girl took the book and looked at the offending scribbles, expecting to find, perhaps, some intelligible sketch; but the rough pencillings conveyed nothing to her; so, with a smile, she said, 'You're welcome to the leaves, sir, if they're of any use to you;' and with her gloved hand she tore away the pages, and passed them to the artist.

She was beautiful. Danvers thought her the



handsomest girl he had ever seen. Tall she was, and finely built; there was steady frankness in her brown eyes, and splendid health in her face; and the wind had freed little waves of her brown hair from the bondage of coils, which gave her an air of exuberant loveliness.

'Thank you,' said he, pocketing the leaves; 'these little notes are of no value to anybody but the perpetrator; but I shall find them of great service.'

She smiled again—a smile of complete forgiveness; and there was, perhaps, a gleam of amusement in her brown eyes.

It was a morning of emotions for Julian Danvers; and when he returned through Brimble Lane there was a smile of 'Eureka!' upon his face, for he had struck the subject of the picture that would bring him fame; moreover, he had heard some marvellous singing, and looked upon the loveliest face in the world.

## THE TABLE AND THE EMPIRE.



THE late Professor Seeley, in his work on *The Expansion of England*, has much to say in criticism of other historians who fail to take a philosophical view of their subject. Seeley showed in his delightful way how great events in widely separated spheres acted and interacted. The fortunes of Virginia, for instance, are probably only to be properly understood by reference to something that transpired at Versailles or Simancas. That was his philosophy of the Empire in its wider aspects. That there is a philosophy of the Empire in its more intimate and domestic sense is not generally recognised, though every potato one eats, every sprinkling of pepper over one's Australian mutton, and every cup of tea or coffee one takes is there to encourage reflection or jog one's memory. A belief exists that sooner or later vital Imperial issues will turn on the new corn-duty, and that the registration fee of threepence per hundredweight may be the first step towards preferential tariffs with the Colonies. Such a development is not impossible, whatever views as to its expediency may be held by alleged economic orthodoxy. A fiscal revolution, in other words, would result from an impost amounting to a fraction of a farthing per loaf consumed. In such a fiscal revolution four hundred millions of British subjects would be concerned. Yet the average man regards the impost as a question affecting the British breakfast-table mainly. Not for the first time have momentous Imperial issues depended on a matter apparently so entirely domestic. Raleigh, wandering in South America, discovered not El Dorado, but the potato, and introduced it into Ireland, where it became the staple of Paddy's food. Two hundred years later Adam Smith was busy attempting to educate an Imperial race in its duty to over-the-sea possessions on the one hand, and in the economic advantages of Free Trade on the other. Adam Smith's Imperial views did not prevail; but half a century of agitation, maintained by men like Villiers and Cobden and Bright, secured the partial adoption of Free Trade. Strenuous opponents of the demand that food

should be imported free surrendered in a night. The volte-face was not due to a sudden realisation of Free Trade truths, but to the urgent need of saving Ireland from starvation. Raleigh's potato had failed at a critical moment in our economic history, and the legislation carried in consequence has influenced the whole subsequent course of our Imperial history. Sir Robert Peel's action was so palpably justified in the circumstances that the nation speedily swung round to the belief that free imports were indispensable for all time; and that belief, as Lord Beaconsfield recognised in his great Crystal Palace speech in 1872, was largely responsible for the unbusinesslike views taken of Colonial affairs throughout the middle years of the nineteenth century.

As the potato was the determining factor in an economic crisis, so to pepper we owe in no indirect degree our Indian Empire. The sixteenth century was the century of the adventurer *par excellence*, and foremost in any dare-devil scheme afloat was the Englishman. Drake and Hawkins, Raleigh, Gilbert, and Grenville, were merely a few of the best-known leaders of thousands of gallant spirits eager to seize a Spanish galleon or discover for themselves a land of gold or of hardly less precious spices. The rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by the Portuguese and the discovery of the West Indies by the Spaniards at the end of the fifteenth century induced Pope Alexander VI. to divide the known world between the two. The twin monopoly was challenged at the peril of his life by any daring interloper from other lands. Spain and Portugal secured the first right-of-way to the Eastern spice-lands, whose produce found a ready market in Europe. Venice hitherto had been the European *dépôt* of Eastern goods. The opening up of the sea route delivered her trade into Iberian hands.

Not for long were Spain and Portugal to enjoy the advantage unopposed. The Dutch, emancipated from Spanish control, embarked on enterprises in the Far East, and defied Papal ordinances and Portuguese pretensions, with profit to themselves and service to others, including England. Only a fairly vivid imagination can conjure up an idea of the courage and resource

demand of the Dutch, who undertook to dispute this right to exclusive trade with native lands ten thousand miles away. If they had been content with reasonable profits they might have developed their trade indefinitely; but they no sooner grasped the fact that they were capable of successfully challenging the monopoly rights of others than they sought to be monopolists themselves. English adventurers in Eastern waters, the exhibition of bull-dog devotion notwithstanding, secured little credit, and the majority of the ships which left English ports for the East either went to the bottom or failed in their quest. England therefore welcomed the spices and other Eastern commodities which they obtained through the Dutch. When, however, the traders of the Netherlands, deeming no doubt that they were masters of the position, decided to raise the price of pepper in London from three shillings to eight shillings per pound, they roused those feelings of resentment and irritation which English Chancellors of the Exchequer have always had to reckon with when new taxes have been necessary. The Lord Mayor of London instantly called a meeting of merchants to discuss the exactions of the Hollanders. 'On the 21st of September 1599,' says Mr R. W. Frazer, 'Sir Stephen Soames, the Lord Mayor, sundry aldermen, and others of less dignity, such as grocers, drapers, vintners, leather-sellers, skimmers, and haberdashers, met together at Founder's Hall, Lothbury,' and there agreed with their 'owne handes' to embark on a 'voyage to the East Indies, the which it may please the Lord to prosper.' Rather more than a year later the charter of the first East India Company was signed by Queen Elizabeth, and in three months more the Company's first fleet of four vessels set out on the voyage which was to pave the way to Empire. The Dutch, by their attempt to make pepper a luxury in the London market, called into existence the most remarkable trading corporation in history, which was to last in one form or another for two hundred and fifty years, until the Indian Mutiny rendered it necessary for Queen Victoria to round off the work which Queen Elizabeth had begun.

If pepper brought us an Empire in the East, tea was made the instrument of our undoing in the West; but by way of compensation it saved another part of the Empire from bankruptcy. The cup that cheers has left an indelible mark on the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. When, a century and a third ago, British statesmen, in their wisdom, drove the American colonies to rebellion, the issue turned on tea. It was in the hope of maintaining the principle that the mother-country was within her right in imposing taxation on the Colonies that one article was retained out of the list at first drawn up. The result was that the contents of the tea-chests found their way not into the Colonial teapot

but into the waters of Boston Harbour, or were left by the colonists to rot in damp cellars. When we remember how much tea meant to every home in either the old country or the Colonies, we seem to see in the decision of Lord North to adhere to an obnoxious principle a determination to bring an Imperial question to the very doors of the individual. That instance of blundering statesmanship is happily not the only Imperial event which is associated with tea. In other directions it has proved an Imperial blessing. It has been the means of rescuing parts of India from a state of nature that was neither attractive nor profitable; it has saved Ceylon, one of the most interesting and valuable of British possessions, from a worse fate even than that which foreign bounties have inflicted on the West Indies; it has provided the Imperial Exchequer with enough funds, if need be, to pay for the construction yearly of three or four ironclads; it has contributed materially to our manufacturing industry, thus bringing wages and profits to the pocket of the Briton at home; above all, it has afforded the Briton who turns his attention and his capital to the outlying portions of the Empire an excellent opportunity of showing the grit that is in him. The story of the rise and progress of the tea industry in Ceylon supplies one of the best instances on record of British refusal to be beaten. When coffee, the chief article of Cingalese produce, was attacked by a virulent disease, and when the blight was followed by a decline in the public taste for coffee, the future of Ceylon seemed dark indeed. The pluck of the planter, who raised new capital, tried tea, and won in the very teeth of disaster, is a proud memory to those who know what Ceylon was a quarter of a century ago. Ceylon tea has gone far to drive the Chinese article from the British market, and there is not a tea-drinker at home who cannot claim to have assisted this great Imperial triumph. That it is an Imperial triumph will not be disputed by any one who understands the importance of Ceylon to the British Empire.

#### THE HAMMER OF GOD.

BEFORE my soul unrolled a pageant vast:  
The mutable mysterious scroll of life;  
Whose glorious images, with colours rife,  
Emerged from out dim caverns of the past,  
Then faded like a cloud, till there appeared  
An anvil filling space, a mountain flame,  
And One that stood beside, Whom none can name,  
To wield the Hammer that all men have feared.

I saw the molten soul and body in fire  
Prepared for that dire Hammer's fashioning,  
Heard the eternal spaces echoing  
Harmonious sound, and saw the sparks aspire.  
My soul awoke and cried, 'Take all of mine,  
And shape me to Thy purposes divine.'

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE TRUTH ABOUT THE 'COTTAGE-COUNTESS.'

By ARTHUR O. COOKE.

**T**HE immortalisation of a story by a poet-laureate does not necessarily ensure perennial interest in the germ of fact round which the filigree web of fiction is spun; still less does it imply accurate statement by the singer, or minute and careful verification of each detail by his readers. The admired superstructure not unnaturally hides the substantial but insignificant-looking foundation upon which the building rises. When Tennyson wrote *The Lord of Burleigh* most people admired the verse, accepted the story as a pleasing tale more or less true to history, and pursued the matter no further. The poet did not descend to particulars as to the locality of the 'landscape-painter's' wooing; and, as a matter of fact, the scene is not on one of those great highways of note along which the average tourist makes his pilgrimage to the historical or the picturesque.

Of late years occasional magazine articles have been presented to notice purporting to give the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth of the matter; and a further statement of the case might not, under ordinary circumstances, seem loudly called for. But the recent marriage of a scion of the House of Cecil may have recalled to some that this is not the first time that Romance has presided at the family nuptials; and to the student of heredity it may also serve as an instance of the 'outcropping' at long and irregular intervals of curious 'faults'—I use the word, of course, in a purely Pickwickian (that is to say, geological) sense—in the strata of families of rank. As George Eliot's characters—so many of them—would say, such things 'run' in great families.

Not the first, nor yet the second, of such faults is the recent example. To find the first recorded romantic marriage in the Cecil family we go back three centuries and a half, and lay our finger on no less a person than Elizabeth's Burleigh himself: a man, surely, whose subse-

quent career hardly points him out as likely to have committed matrimony in an unexpected or irregular direction. Nevertheless such was the case. Entered at St John's College, Cambridge, in 1535, he became the close friend of that famous Fellow and Grecian, John Cheke. Cheke was a son of the people. His father had, during his lifetime, been the university beadle, and the widow now supported herself and her family by keeping a wine-shop in the town. There was a daughter, Mary, with whom young Cecil proceeded to fall in love; and although his indignant father packed him off to London, he returned within a couple of months of his entry at Gray's Inn, and married her when he was barely twenty.

Two hundred and fifty years later we come to Henry Cecil, afterwards Earl and finally Marquis of Exeter, and his 'Cottage-Countess'; Countess only, for she died four years before her husband's elevation to the marquissate. Readers will doubtless have noted and wondered at the inverted commas of my title-line. In sober fact, the so-called 'Cottage-Countess' was no cottager, as we now, or she then, understood the term. That title, so alluring in its alliteration, has been too much for the accuracy of more than one chronicler. Doubtless a more captivating and attention-arresting headline could not be desired; and if the story were not deliberately written 'round it,' the writer at least kept a sidelong look upon it as he wrote. Facts, or legends, which fitted in nicely were not called upon to undergo any very searching medical examination before being 'passed,' while others that seemed to threaten contumacy or contradiction were not pursued.

However, let me follow that wholesome precept of the immortal Jorrocks: 'Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses.' Henry Cecil, afterwards tenth Earl and still later first Marquis of Exeter, met, wooed, and married Sarah Hoggins at Bolas Magna, Shropshire. This out-of-the-way village is best reached from the little town of Newport, six miles away; though for the infor-



mation of any future pilgrims it may be added that there is a nearer roadside station at Crudgington, on a branch of the Great Western Railway. But let not the visitor count unduly on the beauty of the romance's setting. All the wide county of Shropshire is fair—to the present writer perhaps the fairest and dearest of English counties; but Bolas Magna is not a strikingly picturesque or in any way attractive village. It lies in pleasant, open country, with a view southwards of the Wrekin—and also of the ironworks and coal-pits of Wellington. The Tern, a sluggish and insignificant stream, winds about and past it on its way to the Severn. It is all pleasant, commonplace country; certainly not ugly or squalid, yet making no fatiguing demands on our powers of admiration or exclamation. A quiet, peaceful village set in a countryside, heraldically speaking, 'of the same;' a land secluded and unexciting, where 'it is always afternoon.' A damaging blow to sentiment is also given when it is added that the church is externally a hideous little structure of brick, like not a few Shropshire and Staffordshire churches. Within, however, it retains the virtue of old-fashioned pews, some registers of the time of Elizabeth, and, more to our present purpose, those of the first Cecil-Hoggins marriage in 1790, which certain writers on the subject might ere now have consulted with much advantage in the matter of accuracy.

This first marriage—for, as will be seen, there was an ultimate and necessary repetition of the ceremony—took place at Bolas on the 13th of April 1790; and as he stood at the altar, Henry Cecil, *alias* 'John Jones,' knew full well of a fact that rendered the marriage illegal, for he had a wife still living and undivorced, though proceedings for the latter relief seem at the time to have been pending. Cecil's life could hardly be called commonplace matrimonially. Married in 1776, at the age of twenty-two, to Miss Vernon, a Worcestershire lady, it was fifteen years later (1791) that he obtained his freedom and married Sarah Hoggins—this time validly—at the City church of St Mildred's, Bread Street. Not fully six years later the 'Cottage-Countess' died; and after three years the widower espoused a divorcee—sometime wife of the eighth Duke of Hamilton.

Whatever may be said of Cecil's illegal marriage as 'John Jones,' that he had no dishonourable intentions towards the girl who became his second wife is clear from his prompt remarriage of her on the completion of the divorce. Nor, happily, did any questions as to the legitimacy of the children arise. Henry, the eldest, was not born till 1793. He died the same year; but his brother Brownlow, born two years later, lived to succeed his father in 1804, and enjoyed the newly acquired dignity of the marquise for sixty-three years.

Now, to return to the lady and the circumstances of the wooing. The lonely seclusion of Bolas, and the fact that probably there was then, as now, no house of public entertainment in the village, brought Henry Cecil to the Hoggins's door, but not in the manner usually described and believed. Far from arriving in the waning light of a summer evening, drawn thither by the peace and calm of the scene, he came upon their little world in a November snowstorm; and instead of strolling, staff in hand, he came in a travelling-chaise, with horses foundered by heavy byroads and a postillion who had hopelessly lost his way.

Nor was the Countess that was to be engaged in any such plebeian if picturesque work as the feeding of chickens or milking of kine when she first met her lover's eyes; rather at a pastime which would certainly be a useful accomplishment in her future rank. She was, in fact, dancing. But here let me give the whole story as told by the lady's niece, not many years dead. There are gaps; but the gist of the plain, unvarnished tale is here, and may be relied on as authentic.

'I will now,' she says, after giving some particulars of the Countess's one sister and four brothers, the second of whom, John Hoggins, was the narrator's father—'I will now say something of the mysterious stranger's first appearance in Bolas, which was late in November 1788, about 8 p.m., in a heavy, driving snowstorm. A loud knock was heard at the door of Manor House Farm, which my grandfather opened; when he saw a tall, striking figure, wrapped in travelling-costume, who begged to be sheltered for the night. A chaise, he added, was at the door; the driver had lost his way, and they could go no farther. At first my grandfather refused him admittance; but after much solicitation, and assurance that he was making a tour of the country for the change, he was taken in. On that remarkable night the young people of the parish, as was then the custom, were assembled in the large parlour, taking dancing-lessons, preparatory to Christmas, from a master who was also the musician. The stranger said that he took a great interest in young people, and asked to be permitted to go in and see them. My grandmother had her best bedroom prepared for him, of course concluding that he would leave next morning. However, morning came, and many days passed, but he still lingered, taking an interest in the farm and the pursuits of the family. His prolonged stay caused much rumour in the neighbourhood as to who he was; he had plenty of money, and was a gentleman in manners, appearance, and conversation. After some weeks he left, returning again unexpectedly, and with more money. On this his second visit he purchased ten acres of land from Mr Taylor, and commenced building Bolas—now Burleigh—

Villa. The marriage took place, as the register shows, on the 13th of April 1790. It was then, or very shortly after, that Mr Jones, as he had called himself, revealed his true name to my aunt and her parents, when they were married again, but where I never heard. Soon after the second marriage they went to reside at Bolas Villa, where Henry, the first child, was born and died. He was interred near the pulpit in Bolas Church, a small tablet being placed over the spot.

It needs surely no great stretch of credulity to believe, what is well known locally, that the Hogginses were no rough labourers or cottage-farmers. Is it likely that in 1788 such a man with a family of six children would have had a best bedroom in which to accommodate 'Mr Jones'? Cecil, as the above narrative shows, came to the Hoggins roof-tree entirely by chance, and in ignorance of what attractions it sheltered. There was no sweet face at the window, no girlish figure in the poultry-yard, to arrest him. Other substantial farmers lived in the village, as one historian has gone out of his way to show. That being the case, is it likely, again, that the postillion or driver would have selected a little cottage as the most likely place at which to obtain shelter for his employer, his cattle, and himself; or that, had he done so, the occupant would not have directed him to more substantial hospitality?

Thomas Hoggins was, in fact, a well-to-do farmer or yeoman, and probably quite as proud of his family and pedigree as was the future Earl of his. Looking down—especially in 1788—an Earl might fail to see much difference, matrimonially considered, between farmers and labourers. Looking up, farmer and labourer alike would regard a coronet with reverence. But Sarah Hoggins did not come to Henry Cecil as a labourer's daughter would have come. She wrote a better hand, as the register shows, than could well have been acquired in eighteen months; and as the eldest girl, and consequently the drudge, of a labourer's family, it is improbable that she would have been able to write at all in November 1788. She had certainly not been 'finished' at Paris; but to the present writer's knowledge even that would not have been quite out of the question for the child of the remote Shropshire farmer.

In November 1788 Sarah Hoggins was fifteen and a half years of age, having been born on the 28th of June 1773. She was thus almost seventeen at the time of the Bolas marriage. The ages also of her brothers and sister are not without interest, as I hope to show. When Sarah's lover first saw her and them, they were as follows: William, nearly fourteen; John, eleven and a half; Ann, nine and a half; Thomas, seven; James, four. Of the two younger boys, Thomas became a captain in the 89th Regiment, while James died in 1845,

rector of Eltham, Kent. Both were so young at the time of their sister's change of circumstances that their education and cultivation with a view to advancement in life would be a comparatively easy matter; but what about William, aged fourteen? As a clod-hopping ploughboy, which the labourer's son was likely to be, he would surely take a great deal of polishing before he was at all fit to become, as he did, a captain in the 92nd Regiment. Doubtless, indeed, he owed his profession to his brother-in-law's influence; and if such were the case, the poor lad had little ultimate cause to be thankful for the family's brilliant alliance. He went down with the ill-fated transport *Aurora* when she was lost on the Goodwins in 1805 while conveying troops to Holland.

Those who take the trouble to peruse the Bolas marriage register will find it signed by a witness, John Picken. This gentleman, who gave the bride away, had married her mother's sister. Sarah's mother and aunt were the daughters of a clergyman named Bayley. Now, Macaulay's brilliant account of the social condition of the country clergy of a century before 1788 has come to be regarded as more showy and amusing than strictly accurate; and we may be pretty sure that in 1770 or thereabouts it was not a usual thing for a parson's daughter to marry a labourer.

There is a legendary story current that Sarah's father insisted on the suitor carrying a pig to Aqualate Hall, six miles away, as the price of his daughter's hand. I am not concerned to offer either denial or confirmation of this tale, having, like Andy, only 'heer'd tell' of it; but as a proof of the lowly station and vulgar breeding of Thomas Hoggins it is hardly a success. Such a wager or exhibition of muscular prowess would have been after the very heart of another Salopian of unquestionable pedigree, if eccentric manners and customs—one Mr John Mytton. Readers of the *Memoirs* of his meteoric and hardly edifying career can well imagine his accepting or proposing such a challenge with delight.

Finally, it will be seen that, however sudden was the impression made by Sarah's face on the future Lord of Burleigh—and it seems quite as likely that his love grew out of more mature acquaintance—Henry Cecil was at any rate not guilty of the indiscretion of marrying in haste. Doubtless he waited in hope of getting the wished-for divorce. Moreover, his bride, as we have seen, was still young—too young, indeed, when, after eighteen months of probation, he married her. He had ample time to look before he leapt; and it seems only fair to deduce from the facts that, supposing it to have been an instance of love at first sight, the farmer's daughter only developed in the year and a half traits which the more endeared her to her future husband.

'Thou shalt find there is nothing so irksome in life as a female fool.' These rather ominous

words from the husband of Mary Cheke are apt to suggest the fear that the future statesman did not find the beadle's daughter all his youthful fancy had painted her. But Burleigh was but twenty when he 'stooped to conquer,' while Henry Cecil was thirty-seven, had already experienced fifteen years of matrimonial life, and had probably more fully developed powers of selection. At any rate he paid his dead Countess what is, according to Dr Johnson, the highest possible compliment: he took a successor.

Letters of the Marquis written after his third marriage point to the fact that he was a careful and enthusiastic farmer, and also that he was on terms of friendly correspondence with at least

one of his late wife's brothers. In a letter of 1802 to John Hoggins, the only brother who followed in his father's footsteps as a Shropshire yeoman, the Marquis enters into minute detail on the growing of chicory as a farm-crop (a subject dealt with in this *Journal* at page 652) and on the value of cattle as substitutes for horses in team-work. Lovers of animals may like to know that his teams for the plough consisted of five oxen 'of the large Holderness breed,' that one of the five was thus always enjoying an off-day, and that 'all rest on Sunday!' A nobleman conscious of a fatally false step matrimonially would, one thinks, incline to drop the lady's family five years after her own death.

## MY AUSTRALIAN DUCHESS.

### CHAPTER II.



THE matter of the lease once settled and the partnership-deed drawn up in our respective names, nothing remained but to purchase the necessary stock and to set off to the place itself. After that would come the real work, and work indeed it proved. My son, fine soldier and fine fellow though he is, will never have a similar experience. Sometimes now, when my vanity runs away with me and leads me to believe that I have something to say that may be of interest to my brethren in the Lords, and I rise and propound my views, I find myself wondering if it can be possible that I am the same man who helped to build the homestead at Yarley, who proved himself a very fair top-sawyer, and whose cooking was so bad that Farquhar was compelled at last, in sheer self-defence, to take the office over. However, that is neither here nor there. Let me come to what I consider the most important portion of my story.

I should here explain that, while to the east we had a neighbour, we had none on the other sides. The country thence—north, south, and west—had not then been taken up, and was all primeval bush. Our neighbour on the east was an Englishman; but it was not until we had been settled in our homestead some three months that we made his acquaintance. What rumour had told us of him we did not altogether care about; but as the information had filtered through several hands before it reached us, we were not disposed to attach too much importance to it. I was the first to satisfy myself on the subject, and this was how it came about.

For some few months we had had a considerable amount of trouble with the blacks on our western frontier, and we were resolved to put a stop to it at any cost. Our available force amounted to only eight men; and two of these,

we had satisfied ourselves, were worse than useless.

'What about Bencliff?' inquired Farquhar when we talked the matter over. 'They've been harrying his southern boundary, so I understand. Perhaps he'd join us in punishing them. Why not ride over to-morrow and find out what he thinks about it? You could put up there for the night and be back here the night after. If he's agreeable, we'll teach the beggars a lesson they won't forget for years to come.'

This I willingly agreed to do; and, as soon as it was daylight and I had breakfasted, I set off on my errand. Little did I dream that I was undertaking the most important ride of my life.

I camped for a couple of hours at midday, and rode up to the station just as dusk was falling. Whatever Bencliff's faults may have been, it struck me that he had an eye for the picturesque. The homestead was charmingly situated on a slight eminence overlooking a lagoon. To the right was the stockyard, beyond it the men's hut, and behind all the scrub.

I rode up, and in the usual bush fashion was greeted by a pack of dogs, who made as if they would eat me and my horse as well. However, I dismounted and was about to enter the veranda, when I became aware that some one was coming towards me. I looked up and found myself confronted by a young girl, possibly eighteen years of age. So taken by surprise was I that I am afraid I stood and stared at her longer than was quite compatible with good breeding. I had not expected to find so beautiful a creature in such a place. She came forward to receive me without a trace of embarrassment. I introduced myself, and inquired for Mr Bencliff.

'He is out on the run,' she answered; 'but I expect him home this evening. Won't you unsaddle and come in? It is not often we see a visitor.'



Before I could stop her she was unstrapping my valise from the saddle. I begged her not to trouble; but she assured me, with a laugh, that she was used to such work. Then, when we had turned the horse loose, I followed her into the house. It was a strange dwelling, and unlike any other I had met with in the bush. What Bencliff's history may have been I did not then know, but the possessions he had brought with him into the wilds afforded me opportunity for reflection. On the walls of the broad, wainscoted hall were two or three pictures of undoubted merit. There was a moth-eaten fox's mask over one of the doors, and an antlered head above another. There were books of all sorts and descriptions in the dining-room; and, what struck me as having a certain significance, a cavalry sabre suspended above the chimney-piece.

'You have a charming homestead,' I said, turning to my hostess. 'When I compare ours with it, I must confess to a feeling of envy. Your father must be proud of it.'

'Mr Bencliff is not my father,' she answered, I thought almost sharply. 'He is my guardian. My father and mother died here when I was a little girl. This station is my property—not Mr Bencliff's.'

This came as a surprise to me; and yet, for some reason, I was conscious of a feeling of satisfaction at the news that she was not the man's daughter. However, before I could say anything in reply she had offered to show me my room; so, picking up my valise, I followed her down the passage to a room looking out over the back veranda. It was small, nicely though plainly furnished, and scrupulously neat. I wished now that it were possible for me to make a better toilet, but that couldn't be helped; so I washed off the stains of travel, and then went in search of my hostess.

I found her in the veranda, feeding with sugar a horse that had come up to the rails. I ventured to suggest that she was fond of horses.

'It would be strange if I were not,' she replied, 'seeing that I have been brought up among them. I understand them, and I think they understand me. But see, here comes Mr Bencliff. He is earlier than I expected. Whom can he have brought with him?'

I looked in the direction she indicated, and saw three men riding swiftly towards the house. As they approached I glanced at my companion's face, and discovered an expression of annoyance upon it.

When they reached the veranda-steps they dismounted, and two of them saluted my hostess. I argued, therefore, that the smallest of the trio must be the man whom I had come over to see. I am prepared to admit that I did not care much for his appearance. As I have already said, he was not a big man; his face was clean-shaven, and his complexion sallow; his eyes

were his worst feature: they were small, set too close together, and had a shifty expression that I did not at all like. He seemed surprised to find a stranger waiting to greet him; and, if I could judge by his face, he was not at all pleased to see me. His manner, however, was cordiality itself.

'I am delighted to make your acquaintance,' he said. 'I was wondering when we should meet. Permit me to introduce you to my friends, Mr Grimshaw and Mr Evans.'

Though I shook hands with these two gentlemen, it must not be supposed that I was in any way glad to make their acquaintance, for two more unscrupulous-looking individuals I had never set eyes on. However, they were good enough to profess themselves delighted to see me. Meanwhile my hostess had taken no notice of them, save to give them a curt nod as they came up the steps into the veranda.

'Just an appetiser before dinner, Mr Farebrother,' said Bencliff, taking my arm as if we were old friends; 'it will wash the dust down and conduce, I hope, to our better acquaintance.'

For a moment I felt like declining his invitation; but as my hostess had retreated into the house, and I should have had to remain alone, I saw nothing for it but to accept. It appeared, however, that the decanter needed replenishing; and, asking us to excuse him, Bencliff left the room. An awkward pause followed his departure, which was not rendered any the more comfortable when we distinctly heard the girl ask Bencliff why he had brought those men home with him, when he knew that she had strictly forbidden it.

From the way she spoke I gathered that the young lady not only possessed a will of her own, but also that she could assert it to some effect when occasion demanded. What answer Bencliff made her I did not hear; but, from the way in which the two men nudged each other, I could see that they had overheard what had passed.

It was not until the evening meal was over and we were seated in the veranda that I broached the subject of my visit. Bencliff immediately professed himself as ready to assist, while Messrs Grimshaw and Evans were also good enough to offer me their services.

'I've been wanting to have a go at the brutes for a long time,' said Bencliff, 'and we ought to be able to teach them a lesson that will keep them quiet for several years to come.'

The expression upon his face as he said this was by no means a pleasant one. Badly as we had suffered, I pitied the wretched aboriginal who should have to rely upon such mercy as he might show him.

Later in the evening our hostess, who had been missing since dinner, made her appearance. She did not join our party, but strolled out into

the open space before the house. When, therefore, Bencliff left us to go indoors in search of spirits and glasses, I took advantage of the opportunity and joined her.

It was a beautiful night; not a sound could be heard save the voices of the men in the veranda and at the hut, and the cry of a night-bird in the scrub behind the house. A certain person has confessed to me since that she liked me from the first moment she saw me; so far as I am concerned, however, I will go further, and admit that I loved her from the same moment. Her name I had discovered earlier in the evening was Christine, and her father, Colonel Urquhart, had once commanded a well-known cavalry regiment. Being unable to go the pace, as it is called, he was compelled to sell out; whereupon he set sail with his wife and daughter for Australia, resolved to seek his fortune in that new land. The fortune, however, did not come quite as quickly as he had expected, and eventually they took up the station on which I was now a visitor. How Bencliff came upon the scene I have never been able to discover, and still less can I understand the reason that induced Urquhart to appoint him guardian to his only child.

The walk that evening was one of the most delightful I have ever known; but when we returned to the house, I could see from his manner that Bencliff did not altogether appreciate my sudden intimacy with his ward. However, he was wise enough to give me no hint of this.

Next morning I was easily persuaded to stay on and take a look at the run, possibly because Miss Urquhart offered to accompany us on our tour of inspection. Messrs Grimshaw and Evans had taken their departure before daylight, on some mysterious errand to the east, the details of which were not disclosed to me. After breakfast we set off, and in the course of our perambulations examined a wool-shed and some hundreds of very fine sheep, and later rode off across the plain to take a look at a certain deep water-hole which Bencliff declared he had never, even in the worst season, known to give out. It was at this point that a curious incident occurred, which was eventually to have disastrous consequences.

When we reached the hole in question some eight or ten horses were drinking at it. They were a nice-looking lot, and I was expressing my admiration when it struck me that one of them seemed strangely familiar to me. We had lost a beast very like it a month or two before, and had been unable to discover a trace of it. Yet how could it be? I looked again and again until I became convinced that it *was* the same animal. Bencliff, who had been watching me, now began to edge his horse away, with the evident intention of inducing me to follow him.

'You've seen enough of this—haven't you?' he asked; and then, consulting his watch, 'I see it's time to be getting back to lunch.'

But I was by no means satisfied.

'I was looking at that chestnut with the white stockings,' I said, pointing to the animal in question. 'He's a fine brute.'

'Not bad,' Bencliff replied, with a carelessness that I felt was assumed. 'I got him in a swop with a man some months back.'

While he had been speaking Miss Urquhart had rounded the mob up and had driven it towards us. As it happened, the horse in question trotted slowly past me. It was then that I was able to convince myself that the brand on his shoulder was our own.

'I thought so,' I said in a low voice, so that the girl should not hear. 'That's our brand, Mr Bencliff. The animal has been missing for a couple of months, and we couldn't trace him.'

'By Jove! you're right,' he cried, as if the fact had only just struck him. 'It *is* your brand. I never noticed that before. As a matter of fact, I haven't set eyes on the brute since I took him in exchange; otherwise I should certainly have sent him back to you.'

Unfortunately for him, Miss Urquhart had overheard what he said, and now came towards us.

'What is the matter?' she asked. 'What did you say about that horse, Mr Bencliff?'

I left my companion to explain. The situation was a decidedly awkward one.

'I was just telling Mr Farebrother,' he began after a moment's hesitation, 'how sorry I am that I did not notice before that this horse carries his brand. He tells me they lost it some months ago. Had I seen the horse lately'—

She looked at him in a peculiar way, and I saw her lip curl.

'You rode the horse nearly every day last week,' she said. Her face was as white as a sheet of note-paper.

What reply he would have made I cannot say; but I solved the difficulty by suggesting that we should hasten back to the homestead for lunch. I had no desire that this generous, high-spirited girl should share even in the imputation of having had a hand in the horse-stealing. If, as I expected he would do, Bencliff returned the animal, I was quite prepared to let the matter drop; but, as it happened, we had not done with the wretched affair. After lunch the man was called away for upwards of an hour, and Miss Urquhart and I found ourselves alone together in the veranda. For a time we talked on all sorts of subjects: England, which she could not remember; her life in the bush; and many others. As may be supposed, there was one topic that I desired to avoid. I was soon, however, to discover that she was determined not to shirk an explanation.

'Mr Farebrother,' she said, speaking slowly, 'I

want to tell you how ashamed I am that you should have discovered your horse on this station, and that it has been used by my trustee.'

'Please do not say anything about it, Miss Urquhart,' I hastened to say.

'But I must,' she replied. 'Had I known it before, the animal would have been returned to you at once. I hope you will believe that. I cannot think what Mr Bencliff was doing to have kept it here.'

I thought I could hazard a very good guess; but I was not going to put into words what I had in my mind; so I hastened to assure her that I was quite satisfied with Bencliff's explanation. Whether she believed me or not I cannot say; but it had the effect of putting an end to a discussion that could only have been painful for both of us.

Next morning I bade them good-bye, and returned to Yarley as thoroughly in love as any man could be. At supper that evening I described the success which had attended my visit, and I suppose, from my way of telling my story, must have permitted Farquhar to see that I was by no means anxious to avail myself of Bencliff's assistance.

'It's very evident you don't like the man,' he said. 'Are you inclined now to believe the rumours we have heard about him?'

'I am prepared to believe anything,' I stated. 'If you want my candid opinion, the man is a scoundrel of the first water.'

'That's rather strong, isn't it?' was the answer. 'But, as I know you wouldn't bring such a charge against a man unless you had some very good reason, may I ask what is the reason in this case?'

This was the question I had been dreading; but so far as I could see, there was nothing for it but to tell him everything. I thereupon set to work and got the business over as best I could. He drummed with his fingers on the table for nearly a minute before he replied.

'It's a bad business,' he said at length, 'and it's made all the worse by the fact that the man is our neighbour and Miss Urquhart's trustee. If he hadn't told the lie about not having seen the horse since he got him, one might have believed his story concerning the exchange. As it is, I think we'll omit him from our force when we go for the niggers.'

As it turned out, however, the arrangement we were thus planning was destined to fall through, for two days later the man in question put in an appearance. We were just about to sit down to our evening meal when I saw him riding up to the homestead, accompanied by his two precious friends, Messrs Grimshaw and Evans, and a black 'boy.' The last-named was leading the horse that had caused all the trouble. Bencliff and the other two men greeted me effusively, and were evidently determined not to be offended

by the coolness of my welcome. According to custom, they turned their horses loose and placed their saddles in the veranda. From the fact that they had brought rifles with them, I gathered that they had come with the intention of carrying out the promise they had given me a few days before. Then Farquhar made his appearance, and I performed the ceremony of introduction.

'I told our friend Farebrother, here,' said Bencliff, 'that if we could be of any assistance we were quite ready to give you a hand in teaching the niggers a lesson. As there is not very much doing, we thought we would ride over to-day and find out whether you were ready to commence. The sooner they learn that spearing cattle and firing shepherds' huts is not an amusement to be indulged in with impunity the better it will be for all parties concerned.—What do you say, Grimshaw?'

Mr Grimshaw quite agreed with his friend, and capped his assertion with an oath; while Mr Evans inclined to the belief that if all the aboriginals on the continent were to suffer instant death he would not be grievously concerned at their departure.

As they had come to help us in response to our own request, it was impossible for us to refuse their assistance. Accordingly we arranged that on the morrow we would pay a visit to a portion of the station where the blacks had made themselves particularly obnoxious during the last few weeks. As soon as it was light, therefore, we set off, hoping by nightfall to reach a stockmen's hut on the left bank of the river, some forty miles from the homestead. The two men who occupied it had been in our employ since we had taken up the country, and were both fine, fearless fellows. Times out of number we had warned them to keep a sharp eye on the natives, and to run no undue risk. Our horror may be imagined, therefore, at the discovery we made on reaching the hut. The place had been fired, and only the bare slab walls were standing. Wilson, the elder of the men, had been speared, and lay dead upon the threshold; the other was still living, but so badly wounded that he had scarcely time or strength left to tell us how it had happened. It appeared that the blacks had come down on them about ten o'clock on the previous night, in number something approaching a couple of hundred. After several ineffectual attempts, they had at last succeeded in lodging a fire-stick on the dry wooden roof. The end came very soon then. Wilson opened the door, and was speared immediately; the other had remained inside until the heat drove him out, when he was speared and clubbed before he had gone many yards.

'The brutes shall pay dearly for this,' said Farquhar savagely as he knelt beside the dying man.—'My poor fellow, is there nothing we can do for you to make you easier?'



'I am afraid not, sir,' the man replied. 'It's all over with me. Well, thank God! I'm alone in the world; but I'd like to have had a go at them rascals, if it was only for what they did to poor old Bill there.'

In something less than an hour he was dead, and we buried the two men together a short distance away from the hut where they had lost their lives. Then we went on, and camped a mile or so farther up the river. Neither Farquhar nor myself talked very much on the way; we did not feel in the humour for it; but Bencliff and his two companions made up for our silence with threats of what they would do on the

morrow. Once I thought my partner was going to bid them hold their tongues; but he checked himself in time.

As you may suppose, we were careful to keep a good lookout that night; but we saw nothing of the miscreants. Next morning, however, the smoke of their warning-fires could be plainly seen on the hills across the river. From this it was evident that they were aware of our arrival, and were watching our movements. At midday we camped again for a meal and also to rest our horses. We were now drawing closer to the Ranges, as wild and desolate a stretch of country as the mind of man could imagine.

## LIFE IN A HAMMOCK.



WHEN the discoverers of America first landed in the West Indies they found that the natives used a kind of bed hung from the trees, and manufactured of a fibre which was hardly known to the adventurers.

It is to the Indians of the Western Hemisphere, therefore, that we are indebted solely or mainly for these two articles now so common in all parts of the world, but especially in the tropics: cotton fibre and hammocks. For, though cotton was imported from India and from Spain and manufactured in various parts of Europe for centuries before the discovery of America, the trade was of small importance till import from America began.

The word hammock comes from the Spanish *hamaca*, derived from the language of the aboriginal West Indians, and is not related, as might be supposed, to the German *Hangematte* (literally, 'hanging mat'), which is of independent origin, probably suggested by similarity of sound.

Although hammocks as we know them may be said to be an invention of the Indians of tropical America, hanging beds of various kinds have been in use from the remotest ages, their simplicity and convenience doubtless suggesting them independently to people in all countries. In no part of the world, however, is the science of life in a hammock better understood than among the natives of the West Indies and the Spanish Main, especially in Venezuela. To the native the hammock is probably his most valued possession. It is his chair and lounge by day and his bed by night; it can be extemporised into a kind of covering for his nakedness, though in his opinion this is the least important of all its uses; it is his cradle at birth, and the sofa in which at a later age he conducts his courtship, for a hammock is both luxurious and convenient for a *tête-à-tête* interview. It is easy to understand how much time is spent in the hammock in tropical countries, so productive of languor and inimical to physical exertion. Then at death

the native is enveloped in the folds of the hammock in which he had so often rested during his lifetime, and consigned to mother-earth. Some Indians, however, are said to bury their dead in the water; and among ourselves this custom is not unknown, as the bodies of sailors who die at sea are sewn up in a hammock or piece of canvas, and so consigned to the deep.

Some of the Indian tribes inhabiting the regions of the Orinoco have a curious mode of disposing of their dead chieftains. The body is placed in a hammock of netting and lowered into the water, where it is at once attacked by a number of flesh-eating fish, which in a short time completely consume the more perishable parts, leaving only the clean-picked skeleton, which is then taken out of the water and preserved. These fish, known as 'caribs,' are so fierce that they will even attack bathers; and on this account bathing in some parts is dangerous. The designation 'carib' seems to be not unconnected with the Indian race so called, who were known to be man-eaters; indeed, our own word 'cannibal' is said to be a corruption of their name.

In warm climates hammocks may be considered a necessity rather than a luxury. On hot nights, when not a breath of air is stirring, lying in bed becomes a torture and sleep an impossibility. In these circumstances a hammock becomes indispensable. It is at all times cooler than a bed; and as it is swung to and fro it creates a gentle and refreshing current of air, which also tends to banish inquisitive mosquitoes. Where these insects are very numerous, a mosquito-curtain, which can be easily attached to a hammock, will be found necessary; and mosquitoes are not the only insects that may be banished by the use of a hammock.

Though a very simple matter, comparatively few people understand the art of lying in a hammock; it must be learnt from the experienced. The hammock should be suspended from strong hooks about eight or ten feet above the ground and from fifteen to twenty feet apart,

the length of the ropes by which it is hung being so adjusted that when one is sitting in the hammock the feet may rest on the ground; but allowance should be made for sagging, as it will sink slightly under the weight of the occupant. When one is reclining in a hammock the proper position is not lengthwise, as is generally assumed by a novice, nor crosswise, but in a diagonal position. In that position the body is perfectly straight and horizontal, thus affording greater comfort and freedom of movement. This position, however, is only practicable in a properly constructed hammock of sufficient width; and most of the hammocks sold in the shops in England do not come under this category, some of them being mere instruments of torture in which sleep is impossible. Many seem to consider it necessary to stretch out the hammock transversely by means of wooden spreaders fixed near the ends; but in tropical countries these spreaders are never used, nor is it easy to see how they are consistent with comfort or the maintenance of a correct position.

The occupant of the hammock may rock himself to sleep by a very simple device. A rope is fastened at a point a few feet off, at the same height as the sleeper and at a right angle to the hammock, when a continual oscillation may be kept up by pulling on this rope from time to time; and if the hammock is well and freely hung, one or two pulls on the rope will keep it swinging a long time like a pendulum, thus rendering it possible for the occupant to rock himself to sleep. A sick patient finds a hammock invaluable, as it enables him to lie in reclining positions which would be impossible in a bed. It is also cooler, and its gentle rocking motion is very soothing to the sufferer. The hammock is much more portable than a bed or litter; and when slung on a pole borne on the shoulders of two men, it forms an admirable means of transport for the sick and wounded, as it ensures a minimum of motion, all jolting being avoided and a perfect equilibrium maintained. This method of transport is still in common use among the American Indians and the natives of the West Coast of Africa, and also in other parts of the world, for the conveyance of the healthy as well as the sick. We can well imagine it to be a luxurious mode of travelling in a tropical climate; and for the conveyance of sick and wounded it is commended to the attention of our military authorities. A friend of the writer who travelled thus on the West Coast of Africa stated that so little motion was felt that he could sleep placidly in his hammock even while traversing long stretches of rough and broken country.

The Japanese, certainly a cultured people, have shown us how it is possible to live comfortably without beds, tables, or chairs. At night they sleep on the scrupulously clean matting-covered floor, enveloped in suitable coverings,

which are rolled up and laid aside during the day. A people who sit cross-legged require neither chairs nor tables. Thus the frugal Jap needs very little household furniture, and with the rural native of South America it is much the same. It has been the writer's lot to travel day after day in the remote interior of South America, in parts where beds were almost unknown. On alighting at night at a humble wayside hostelry, exhausted after a long day's ride, he would be shown to his sleeping-quarters, the only furniture in the room probably being a washstand and basin; but two strong hooks were fastened in the walls for suspending the hammock, which, like every other traveller in these regions, he carried with him. Sometimes the room contains a chair and table; but such articles are looked on as quite unnecessary, and are furnished only in deference to the tastes of the fastidious foreigner. Travellers in the forest frequently swing their hammocks from the trees, and so pass the night *al fresco*. A fire is kindled to keep off mosquitoes and wild animals; but this is not always effectual, as in one case known to the writer, notwithstanding this precaution a traveller was seized while asleep in his hammock and carried off by a jaguar, or South American tiger.

In tropical America many kinds of hammocks are used. There is the Brazilian grass hammock, hammocks of cloth of various kinds, of canvas, and of netting; and no little ingenuity is spent in the decoration of some of them, especially in costly ornamental fringes, sometimes made of feathers of variegated colours. These hammocks are of all sizes, ranging from those intended for new-born infants to large ones in which a whole family may take their siesta. In Yucatan netting hammocks made of sisal-hemp may be bought of the Indians for a trifle. The Venezuelan Indians make hammocks of cotton fibre, not netted together, but interlaced in a peculiar fashion, and giving way like a spring mattress to every motion of the body. Europeans who buy them complain that the buttons of their clothing get entangled in the loose strands; but then Indians are not much troubled with buttons, nor indeed with clothing of any kind. There is another very luxurious kind of Venezuelan hammock called the Margarita hammocks, from the island of that name, where they seem to be manufactured. They are made in all sizes, of a peculiar cloth resembling silk, soft but very strong and durable, and are sold by weight. The writer has only seen them in Venezuela; but it would appear that they can also be obtained in the neighbouring British colony of Trinidad.

Hammocks are sometimes recommended as a preventive or palliative of sea-sickness; but their efficacy in this respect has not been proved, though it is true they always maintain a vertical position. This, however, is not sufficient, for the following reason: a vessel at sea is subject

to three different motions—namely, rolling, or swinging from side to side; pitching, or a seesaw motion from stem to stern; and ‘scending,’ the up-and-down, lifting and sinking motion as she alternately rises on the crest of a billow and

sinks again in the trough of the sea. It is the latter motion which is the most distressing and most productive of sea-sickness, and the ‘scending’ motion is increased rather than diminished by the use of a hammock.

## THE BETHEL STONE.

### CHAPTER II.



EXT morning, Danvers, carrying his sketching equipment, climbed the flight of eighty-seven granite steps, known as Jacob's Ladder, that leads from the High Street of Langissack abruptly to the cliffs.

He had said to his landlord, ‘I must make good use of this glorious weather.’ And Bolitho replied, ‘Iss, fay; for we do get more’n our share o’ wet in these parts. When the windows o’ heaven be a bit open other places, in Langissack they’m clean out o’ their sashes.’

At the top of Jacob's Ladder are the allotment gardens, and beyond is a wind-swept, grassy table-land much used for the spreading of nets and drying of linen. Danvers rested a minute at the top of the Ladder, and looked down on the curious little Cornish town—strangely huddled in some parts, strangely straggling in others—over which the blue smoke hung languorously in the sunshine. On the heights there was a fresh breeze, and the festoons of linen flapped and bellied in the wind.

The morning fitted his mood, for he was in an ecstasy of inspiration. Already he had settled in his mind the main features of his picture. His fancy ran away with him, and he saw in imagination the painting finished, framed, and honourably hung in the Academy, bringing him fame and fortune.

A white thing, like a huge butterfly, fluttered past him in the breeze, and he heard behind him the screams and laughter of women; and, looking back, he saw a girl running in pursuit of the fugitive linen. She had almost captured it when the malicious wind lifted it to a farther flight, and it seemed likely that the garment would be swept out to sea. Dropping his easel, Danvers joined the chase, and arrested the truant at the very edge of the cliff. When the panting girl approached and gasped her thanks, taking the garment from his hand with a modest air of embarrassment, he saw to his joy that it was his acquaintance of yesterday, Zillah Trethewey, the girl of the hymn-book who had so gloriously aspired for a thousand tongues. She was flushed and breathless, and looked lovelier than ever in her dress of workaday print.

When Danvers regained his easel he asked politely, ‘Can you tell me by what path I can reach the quarry, by the cliffs?’

‘I will show ‘e the path, sir,’ answered the

girl, addressing the stranger with the frankness of the peasant. Then, as they drew nearer the women and the lines of linen, she called, ‘Agatha! I’ll be back soon. I’m showing the gentleman the quarry-path over Braddock.’

Agatha smiled; she held four clothes-pegs between her teeth, and the smile was consequently expansive. ‘Seemin’ to me,’ said the woman to herself, ‘what wi’ Sunday prachin’ an’ week-day goings-on, the old quarry’s gettin’ ‘most so busy as ‘twas when they digged the stone there.’

As Danvers and the girl walked together over the cliffs there came on the wind the shrill reproach of Agatha: ‘‘T’es a merracle thee hasn’t lawst thy best broidered’— But the tail of the sentence was blown away to sea.

The artist stole many appreciative glances at his companion, though the prospect might well have claimed his undivided admiration. Northward there were upland farms and tracts of heathery moor; and to the south a glorious stretch of sea graduated in colour from an immediate green to a distant ultramarine; there were brown-sailed fishing-boats in the bay, and the heavy smoke of a far steamer smirched a league of the horizon.

‘Are you going to sketch the quarry, sir?’ asked the girl.

‘Yes; in fact, I’ve a larger project in my mind. I was so impressed with the scene of your quarry-service yesterday that I hope to make a big picture of it. I may have to claim the kindness of the good folks of Langissack, for I would like to introduce into the painting some of the real people of the place, and shall want many models.’

‘I’m sure everybody will be delighted,’ cried the girl. ‘My father is chapel-steward—Mr John Trethewey, up to the tannery; and if you will come to see him, he will be delighted to hear about the picture.’

‘And yourself, Miss Trethewey? May I hope to include you in my picture?’

She flushed with evident pleasure, and said demurely, ‘Yes, I reckon I would like to be there—with the rest.’

The path led over Braddock Moor, and they left the shining sea behind them. Zillah Trethewey was conscious of a tall figure following them at a distance; and a smile played about her mouth, and there was a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

They passed the old British encampment—



the site, perhaps, of grim fights in prehistoric times: the scene, certainly, of the less sanguinary battles of differing antiquaries; then the path grew very steep, and the quarry lay at their feet like a broken cup. They stood for a minute at the rim of the cup, and Danvers, pointing to a rude stone structure half-way down the slope, asked, 'What is that building?'

'Tis the old quarry-house,' said the girl, 'where they kept the tools and the blasting-powder.'

'And that curious stone?' he continued, indicating a strange, egg-shaped mass of granite that stood nearer.

'Tis the Bethel Stone,' answered she; 'it first stood here where we stand; but once when they were blasting the rock it fell over into the quarry. 'Tis balanced like a logan-stone, and a strong man can budge it. Folks say the Druids first set 'en up; but 'twas named the Bethel Stone in the old preaching days, for many saws were brought to conviction at the quarry-meetings.'

They scrambled down, and Danvers curiously examined the ancient stone, patched with yellow lichen and seamed and scarred with the storms of ages. He set his shoulder against it to test its movability; but he could not disturb the gravity of the great mass. Zillah Trethewey watched the attempt with a smile, and said with something of derision, 'It takes a strong man to shift it; 'tis beyond 'e.'

Looking up, she saw against the sky at the rim of the quarry a tall man pacing to and fro, and occasionally looking down at them. She fluttered her handkerchief, and the man stopped; she beckoned him, and he stood hesitating at the brink; then she made a trumpet of her hands, and screamed, 'Da—vid!'

'Tis David Pentreath,' she explained as the man approached; and Danvers perceived that he was a veritable giant in stature and finely formed. The artist's eye was quick to note the singular beauty of the man's face, clean-shaven, dark, with passionate eyes. His dress indicated the fisherman; yet there was a certain air of distinction about him, and he looked like a gentleman masquerading in coarse garments.

'David,' said the girl, 'this gentleman would like to see you move the Bethel Stone.'

The great fellow placed his two hands against the rock, seemingly without much effort, and the mass of granite distinctly oscillated.

'You must be enormously strong, my friend!' cried Danvers. The girl cast a proprietary glance at David, and smiled proudly as though she herself had moved the stone.

They descended to the bed of the quarry, and Danvers pitched his easel near the spot where he had witnessed the service.

'Be 'e coming home-along, Zillah?' asked David; but the girl lingered while the painter unpacked his sketch-box.

'Be 'e coming home-along, Zillah?' he re-

peated impatiently. She did not answer; she seemed fascinated by the display of tubes and brushes.

A flush crept over the olive face of David Pentreath; and, turning on his heel, he strode angrily away. Once he looked back, and saw the painter already busy with his sketch, and Zillah Trethewey watching the work over the man's shoulder.

Then Pentreath remembered that he had some business with Bolitho at the 'Plume of Feathers,' and walked rapidly into Langissack.

When the steamer *Magellan* was lost on the Mullet Ridge off Langissack in the memorable storm of November 1873, among other wreckage flung ashore was an immense section of Californian timber—intended, it was thought, for some botanical museum, so large was its girth of bark—which lay upon the beach above high-water-mark for several weeks, till Bolitho conceived the idea of hauling it home and making a big outdoor bench of it. He fixed it at the back of the inn by the skittle-alley; and on fine days the men would use this great table for their mugs and glasses. Its expanse of surface irresistibly invited the pocket-knives of the diligent, and the table was soon scored with names and initials till in time it was covered; and a newer generation, for lack of space, impiously cut deep through the letters and emblems of their elders, and the table was a carven palimpsest.

David Pentreath was seated at this bench, discussing with Bolitho the freightage of some barrels to Porthillian, when he abruptly paused in his bargaining, and striking the wood fiercely with his fist, asked, 'What fool hath been carving thy table?'

The landlord looked up in amazement, and said, 'Tis purty late in the day to putt that question, considerin' that every man-jack in the town hath scored 'en these eighteen years. What fool hath abeen carvin'! He! he! he! What fool hathn't?'

But the gaze of Pentreath was angrily riveted on some newly-cut letters, littered with fresh chips; and the letters spelt 'Zillah.'

'Dicky Pascoe was in this mornin',' said Bolitho. 'I reckon that's his handiwork.'

Oblivious of the half-settled question of the freight, Pentreath abruptly left the astonished landlord, and scoured the town in search of Pascoe. He found the culprit upon the beach, busy with a can of white paint on the stern of an old boat.

Dicky Pascoe was a little fat man of thirty or thereabout; his red face was round as an infant's, and his trousers and guernsey fitted him with a skin-like tightness; the curves of him were cherubic. It was as though Cupid had grown up and become fisherman.

'Dick Pascoe, I want a word with 'e!' cried Pentreath savagely.

'Wan minute!' answered the little man. 'I'm a-titivatin' the old girl; I got a bit ashamed o' her.' The name *Susanna* gleamed in wet paint upon the stern, and Pascoe was retouching the half-obliterated flourishes that flanked the letters. 'When I've finished this twiddle I'll attend to 'e.'

Pentreath gave the boat a mighty kick that moved her two points upon the sand. 'I'll teach 'e to carve letters on tavern-benches!'

'Carve letters! Bless my saw! who made 'e lord an' maister o' the alphabet?'

'What business hadst 'e to score the name o' Zillah at the "Feathers"?'

'Business? No business; 'twas a pleasure; 'tes the purty name o' a purty maid, an' 'tes a brave, purty bit o' carvin'. Did 'e notice the hangles o' the Z?'

'I'll knock the bones out o' 'e for that job!' cried David, advancing.

The little man rolled up the sleeves of his guernsey over his plump arms; and, assuming an attitude of defence, he confronted the aggressor.

The absurdity of the situation was too much for Pentreath; he relaxed his clenched fist, and said, 'Darn 'e, Pascoe! you'm too small to smite!'

Pascoe beamed. 'For the matter o' that, Dave Pentreath, there's two sorts o' smallness: there's littleness o' body an' littleness o' mind; an' for all the length an' width o' 'e, you'm a bit narra-minded. As for the carvin', there's no harm in it—'twas just a passin' fancy. If you reckon the maid's yours I'll apologise; if she ed'n, I won't.'

Pentreath turned away, and was walking across the beach when Dicky ran up beside him. 'We won't quarrel, Dave; you an' me ha' knawed wan another too long for that.'

David did not answer, but walked on with vast strides, so that the other had to break into a little trot to keep pace with him.

'Tell 'e what, Dave,' said the little fellow; 'you'm a bit too sober-minded for the women. 'Tes no good to go courtin' with a frown so

black's a tar-brush. You must tickle the fancy o' 'em; you must coax 'em, Dave, an' you must flatter 'em; for they all do dearly love a 'il sawft word, even if 'tes a bit o' a lie. I do knaw what I'm tellin' 'e, for I've courted scores o' maidens in my day: I was always a worshipper o' the women. Bless thy saw! I make rhymes to 'em; not book rhymes, but fitty rhymes out o' my awn head—all hextempor', like a super's sermon. There's Jago's maid, up to Penidden. 'Twas only yesterday I said to her, "Dinah, my beauty, I be terrible fond o' 'e!" "Since when?" asked the maid, knawin' I'm a bit o' a wanderer. "Since the mornin'," says I; "for love's like fish, my dear: the fresher the better." "An' how long will it last?" saith the maid. An' what do 'e think I answered? The words flashed into my mind so quick's lightnin'':

"Till the hills be flat,  
An' the moon falls scat."

There's a rhyme for 'e, Dave; there's inspiration for 'e. Aw, iss! I was always a terrible worshipper o' the women. So long, Dave!' And the chubby Lothario went back to his boat and his paint-pot.

That night, as was his solitary habit, Pentreath paced the deserted quay of Langissack, smoking his last pipe. It was notably clear, and the sky was aglitter with stars; but David had no regard for the firmament; his gaze was towards the constellation of lights that sprinkled the upper region of the town, and focussed on one faint, luminous square—a white window-blind, dimly irradiated by a candle; and when the square was suddenly blotted out, indicating that Zillah Trethewey had gone to bed, David knocked out the ashes of his pipe and heaved a mighty sigh. There ran through his brain the absurd jingle of Pascoe:

Till the hills be flat,  
An' the moon falls scat!

The big fellow half-wished that he was nimble of thought and speech, and a master of such trivialities of wooing.

But cannons are not loaded with rabbit-shot.

## ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS.

### PART II.



HE Professor Leslie alluded to in our last part was the great mathematician who was later Sir John Leslie. He was the friend of Adam Smith, and travelled with Wedgwood and Robert Gordon. He succeeded Playfair at Edinburgh in the Mathematical chair in 1805, and in the chair of Physics

in 1819; he discovered the process of artificial freezing, and was the author of many learned papers. He died in 1832. Dr Thomas Charles Hope was Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, and held several high scientific appointments. He died in 1844. Robert Jamieson, mineralogist, was Professor of Natural History in the university from 1804, and was very

instrumental in improving the museum there, and contributed many papers on his own subject to the Natural History Society. One of the most remarkable men in the clerical world of that day in Edinburgh was the Rev. Robert Gordon, D.D. He was appointed minister to several of the principal churches in succession, and in 1825 was at the New North Church. He was a saintly man, an acute and original thinker, and an eloquent preacher. He seceded with most of his congregation of the High Church at the Disruption, May 1843, and became known as one of the 'Disruption Worthies.' The Mr Alison whose chapel is alluded to in the next paragraph was the celebrated writer on *Taste*, and was regarded with much esteem by the learned society of the time. The father of Sir Archibald Alison, he wrote many sermons and essays, and was minister of the Episcopal Chapel, Cowgate, which congregation moved afterwards to St Paul's, York Place.

'Sunday, 8th January.—Went to Mr Alison's chapel; heard Mr Williams preach on the Divinity of our Saviour. Dined with Mr D. Constable. Miss C. received a letter from Laint saying she would be in town to-morrow. We had Mr W—— at dinner, and a son of Professor Wallace came in the evening; he is preparing for the Scotch Church (Kirk); his deafness would prevent his succeeding in any other profession. He is more attached to the Church of England.

'9th January.—Paid a visit to Miss Constable. Walked to the Hills. Coming from College on my way home, when I had just passed Professor Wallace's house I heard some rapping at the window, and on looking round saw L., who beckoned to me. I of course returned, when she asked me would I wish to be introduced to Miss Wallace? So I went in; was introduced to Miss W., a nice little girl about nineteen, with two beautiful dimples. L. asked me had I not often seen Miss W. before? Miss W. said she was sure I never had; but I said I had. Miss W. then said she never saw me before. I told her that was very possible, but that he would be a stupid fellow who could pass her by without seeing her; told her that I had seen her in the early part of the day. She asked me had she music in her hand? Told her it was not at that I was looking. She gave me some cake, and introduced me to the Professor (Mrs W. is dead). L. asked her would she go on Friday to see the skating? We were to go, but I prophesied it would be a bad day (and so it was for me).'

The next two days are recorded as being excessively cold, and the entries only mention his having 'got a bad cough and cold;' but, feeling better on the 12th, 'walked to Princes Street; but while talking to Mr Constable grew very faintish; was obliged to go back in a carriage;' and the next evening 'felt better, yet rather weak; went down to the drawing-room; had on

my surtout, but nothing on my head;' while the following morning, 'a fresh cold in my head. The Misses P. very kind; wanted to send for their doctor, but I would not; afraid he would order bleeding, which I intend to put off as long as possible.

'16th January.—Up at ten; much better. Surprised that Mr C. had not sent to inquire after me.

'17th January.—Went to Princes Street, and, to my great astonishment, was told that Mr C. went to London last Friday. Went to St Vincent Street, but was informed that Mr D. C. was gone to London and Miss C. to Polton. Felt sorry for this, as my friends were scarce, but are now fewer in town. Called into Maclachlan and Stewart's. Heard a person say there that Constable had failed. L. asked me did I hear of it? But I told him that it was nonsense, and the report originated in consequence of his going to London. Would not believe it; but having heard it at home in the evening, I began to think it must have some good foundation.

'18th January.—On my way to College met Mr L., who asked me had I heard anything since about Constable? Told me it was quite true. When I went to Princes St. one of the clerks told me of it. Paid a visit to the Siddons; they were aware of the fact. Got a great scolding from Miss Siddons for not coming oftener: told me her mamma would not ask me again; for having often asked me and also given me a general invitation—which very few ever got—yet I only dined with them once though ten weeks in Scotland. Went to the theatre in the evening: *Twelfth Night*: feel a growing taste for Shakespeare. Wrote to my father to acquaint him about Constable, who also wrote to him a fortnight ago.

'19th January.—Walked out to Polton. Rev. Mr Mackenzie came half the way; indeed he is a delightful fellow, a man quite after my own heart. When I came up to the house, perceived the drawing-room window-shutters closed. It made me hesitate, for I thought all within must be very sad. First saw Miss C., who did not allude to the calamity, though we had a *tête-à-tête*; nor did Mrs C. until after dinner; but Miss Anne C. did, and it was like her. She spoke very feelingly: said she did not care provided her father could pay all; but if he did not she would be unhappy. Asked me what she should do with her pony. Told her to send it to grass. "But who will pay for it?" she immediately said. Told her to send it to Miss Wilkie. Said she was thinking of that, but of course would make it a present to her. I said there was no occasion for that, as Miss Wilkie would have the use of it, without any expense or trouble. Said in either case she would consider herself indebted to Miss W. Mrs C. told me that Mr C. had failed partly in consequence of Hurst & Co., and also of Ballantyne and Sir W.; but this only proved how ignorant she was of the business,



for this last house . . . quite in consequence of Constable. Dined with them; returned by the coach. Called on Mr Mackenzie according to promise.

'20th January.—Heard from one of Constable's head-clerks that his affairs were very bad. He talked of the stock being sold. It is reported to-day that Ballantyne & Co. will continue, as the Royal Bank and Sir Walter's friends will assist.

'21st January.—Called on Mr Mackenzie. We took a walk to Leith; talked a great deal of the Constables and then the "Predestination." Called on the Siddons, and invited myself for Sunday.

'22nd January.—Called on the Misses Siddons to go with them to church, but was late, for they were gone. However, I was in quite time enough, and got a good seat in their church. Heard Mr Shannon preach; it was on the good effects produced by affliction. Went again in the afternoon (two o'clock), and heard Mr Ramsay; it was on the three Creeds; he is going regularly through the Articles. Dined with the Siddons; met a Mr Noel, a near relative of Lord Byron: he was brought up for an independent gent., but now must study medicine.

'23rd January.—Mr Constable returned to-day, but was not visible; did not go to his own house, but to Mr Cadell's. The weather is quite soft and mild.

'24th January.—Mr C. did not go to Princes St. to-day. Great rumours of large failures. A meeting to be held on Saturday of Mr C.'s creditors.

'25th January.—Mr C. in Princes St. I felt somewhat awkward on seeing him, and stayed reading in the shop until he called me; he seemed very low-spirited and quite unconscious how things are to go on.

'26th January.—Went to Princes St. Saw Sir Walter with Mr C. Asked Mr C. was he in good spirits? Said he was, all things considered; but Sir W. really looked miserable. Spent the evening with a Mr Ramsay. The next day commenced translating the Hebrew Bible; think it rather easy.

'28th January.—Paid a visit to Mrs Siddons; heard some delightful music. There were two Misses Wilson there, who sang the melodies beautifully, particularly "Rich and Rare." A Mr Gregory, very young, played the guitar and sang. It was all delightful. Mrs Siddons asked me to dinner. Went to the theatre in the evening. *Elizabeth; or, The Exiles*. Mrs S. was Elizabeth; it was very well acted.

'29th January.—Went to hear my friend M'Kenzie preach at the Canongate Church; text, "Be thou reconciled to God." It was good, but there was too much logic. Diction good; prayers good; but why not introduce the Lord's Prayer? Good to pray for Great Britain, but why omit Ireland? Went with the Misses Siddons to church; heard Mr Ramsay (see Ser.-bk.). Dined at home.

The Mr Ramsay here referred to was doubtless the well-known and popular Dean Ramsay, so

highly regarded for his zeal and tolerant disposition. He came to Edinburgh in 1823, and was incumbent of St George's and St Paul's in succession, and was later assistant minister at St John's. In 1846 he was made Dean of the diocese, and refused the bishoprics of New Brunswick, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. He wrote a biography of Dr Chalmers, but is best remembered by his delightful *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, first published in 1857, which has gone through many editions. Dean Ramsay died in 1876, aged eighty-three.

'30th January.—A holiday in College. King Charles went to a party at Mrs Ramsay's; saw the Scottish reels danced for the first time; don't much admire them.

'31st January.—Saw Mr Constable. He was very dull. Said he was much obliged to me for my visits; that he wished to know who his friends are. Said he was disappointed that many of his friends had not called. Told him he should make allowances; that people seemed to think he was too much occupied to see a visitor. Told him Professor Leslie had been inquiring of me for him. Desired me to tell the Professor he would take it as a great favour if he would call. Asked me did I call at St Vincent St. often? Said they were very dull there. Went there immediately; saw Miss Anne: not looking well. Went into dining-room; the table was covered with books preparing, as I understood, to be sold. Mr D. C. seemed in tolerable spirits. Asked me to dinner, but could not; gave me a general invitation for every or any day in the week. Miss A. gave me a hint that Miss Wallace was to be there Thursday; to bring her to dinner, it being her brother's birthday.

'1st February 1826.—Saw Mr C. again to-day; he told me of Kay's great failure, but seemed to have expected it. Went to St Vincent Street. Met Mackenzie; we dined there; had more "predestination," or rather fatalism. We were at it from five to ten o'clock; then we walked home together. Heb. doing well.

'2nd February.—Mr C. not able to come to town; went to St Vincent Street. Saw Miss Wallace. Walked with them to Argyle Square, where Miss W. lives. Poor Miss C. feels awkward meeting her friends, though they are, of course, very kind to her.

'3rd February.—Saw Mr C. He again expressed much gratification at my visits; gave me a warm squeeze; told me Miss Margt. C. was in town, but that Miss C. is very poorly. This I was very sorry to hear; she is a delicate plant, and has but a short time to live. Went to St Vincent Street to see Maggy, and was delighted; it was mutual, for she came forward a second time and shook hands. In the evening went to Mrs Drybrough's to tea. No letters from home, nor the gown yet come. Read every morning till one; get up soon after eight.

'4th February.—Had a ride for two hours

after Dr Hope's class, which is the only one on Saturday. Met Miss Wallace; she talked of Dr Brinkley, Dr MacDonnell, and Dr Lardner; knows them all; is rather musical, but cannot have a refined taste, for she prefers, after the Italian, Scottish. She is English. Went to the theatre in the evening, gratis; saw *Paul Pry* and the *Irish Tutor*, but did not wait for the Farce. Saw Combe's collection of busts, heads, &c. to-day; the system seems gaining ground here.

On 6th February mention is made of another visit paid to Mr Constable, who asked, 'Did I not think he was keeping up his spirits wonderfully well? Told him I was glad to see it; it was true philosophy.'

A walk round the Calton Hill on a very blowy day fills another entry, and on the 8th is written, 'Saw Mr C., who gave me a message for Mr D. C. Met Miss Wilkie there; a nice-looking girl; good complexion. Miss Wallace soon came in; she is a quiet lamb. Then Miss Hill tumbled in. I left them soon; the Hebrew not to be neglected for young ladies. Coming along met Mr Rees in St Andrew Square; turned back with me. "Just dropped in" to be introduced to Mr Black, B/S. Then the Hebrew.

'9th February.—Breakfasted with Mr Rees at nine this morning in his lodgings, MacPherson's, Princes St. Asked him to breakfast with me on Saturday, but business prevented him. Told me Mrs Siddons asked me to dine with her on Sunday next. I asked a few young friends to breakfast with me on Saturday.

'10th February.—Dined with Mr Noel, a cousin of Lady Byron. Met a Mr Grant, who is to be an advocate; a nice young man.'

Mr Grant is probably he who became later Sir Francis Grant and President of the Royal Academy. He was born in 1803, and was educated for the Bar, which he abandoned for painting, and among his large portraits are those of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. He died in 1878.

'11th February.—Had Mr Noel, Mr Grant, Thomson, the two Siddons, Mr Martin, and Rev. Mr Mackenzie. The Misses Panton prepared a very elegant breakfast; every one admired it and seemed to enjoy it. The fish was in great demand. After breakfast went with Mr Noel to Arthur's Seat; it was quite delightful; amused ourselves by rolling big stones down, then went to the well (St Anthony's), where Mr N. had a drink and we washed hands. Paid a visit to Mr D. C.; he was anxious for me to accompany him to Polton, as he was going out. Said I would go if I thought Mr C. would like it. Saw Mr C., and determined not to go. Went to the theatre. Saw the *Wheel of Fortune*; admired the fool's philosophy; he was the wisest man amongst them. Better to be a witty fool than a foolish wit.

'12th February.—Went to church with the Misses Siddons; afterwards paid a visit to Miss

C. in St Vincent Street. Dined at the Siddons'; met Mr and Mrs Vandenhoff; Mr, Mrs, and Master Murray; and Mr Rees. Liked Mr V. very much; he seems to study his manner of speaking too rigidly; quite the stage; it may be that it is natural.'

The next day, 'Did not wake till the servant called me at nine o'clock, so was too late to breakfast with Mr Rees as promised. Dined with Mr D. C.; assisted him with arranging his books, &c.

'15th February.—Delivered a letter from Councillor Ellis to Dr Thomas; he was out, but I saw Mrs Thomas and Miss Thomas. Mrs T. was delighted to see an Irishman; she was born in Ireland, but has not been there these many years; has resided in the Ionian Islands for some years back; told me Mr T. was an intimate friend of Lord Byron. They were very near him.

'16th February.—Went to Polton. All dull. I had lunch at two, but could not wait for dinner, as I had an invitation for the evening to attend a Baptism, where I was to meet Dr Gordon. Being anxious to get back early, and not liking so long a walk, I had the pony with Miss A. C.'s leave; but unfortunately coming along the Dalkeith Road I lost my gold watch-chain, seal, and key; the ring on which the links of the chain fastened was bad, and they got out of it. I made a search; knew where I had it out last, a quarter of a mile from where I missed it.'

Thus ends the pencilled records of seventy-five years ago, and four decades have well-nigh passed since the hand that wrote them was stilled.

The connecting links in these realistic glimpses of a great publisher's life will be found in his son Thomas Constable's book, *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, published in three volumes in 1873. Alexander Blackwood wrote at this time to William Blackwood from London: 'This business will make you the first bookseller in Scotland, and I think the Whigs will feel this most dreadfully.' After Constable's failure Sir Walter Scott gave his patronage to Cadell, who made a large fortune from the sale of the various editions of the Waverley Novels. Although there was a breach with Scott from the date of the failure, yet he bore testimony of Constable's house that 'never did there exist so intelligent and liberal an establishment.' Archibald Constable after his failure carried out a scheme in 1827 about which he had previously been very sanguine, *Constable's Miscellany of Original and Selected Works in Literature, Art, and Science*. But his spirit had been broken by his downfall, dropsical symptoms supervened, and he passed away on 21st July 1827 in his fifty-fourth year, having, as Lockhart says, crowded vastly more than the usual average of zeal and energy, of hilarity and triumph, and 'perhaps of anxiety and misery' into his career.

## EGG-PRESERVATION.

By MRS SANDERS.



THE successful preservation of eggs is of paramount importance to the British householder; and in no department of domestic economy is there greater scope for thrift and good management. When it is considered that eggs can be bought at from sixpence to eightpence per dozen from March to May, and that they rise in price to one shilling, two shillings, and even more from October to December, it will at once be conceded that some method by which a more uniform price may be obtained becomes almost a matter of national importance, placing the producer and consumer on more equal terms, encouraging home-production, killing foreign competition, and thereby helping agricultural prosperity.

Many systems, both chemical and mechanical, for the preservation of eggs have been in use; some tolerably successful, others miserable failures. It is unnecessary to enumerate these; but for the last fifty years lime, either in a creamy state or as lime-water, has been most largely adopted, and found to answer well, so far as kitchen and cooking purposes were concerned, but not for the egg-cup, as the shells become injuriously affected and the eggs are apt to acquire a slight taint of the lime.

In quite recent years a silicate of soda, known under the commercial name of water-glass, has been proved to be by far the best and simplest of all preservatives; and because of its cheapness, its easiness of application, and its efficacy, it well deserves all the praise that is given to it. It is an opaque fluid, tasteless, colourless, and of the consistency of treacle, but readily dissolves in warm water. It can be obtained in tins of any good chemist, with full directions as to the proportions of glass and water.

The following quotation from the *Lancet* will at once show how it affects the egg, and at the same time gives most valuable testimony as to its merits: 'Water-glass owes its preservative effects to the formation of a hard, glassy silicate of lime within the substance of the shell, forming, so to speak, a perfect envelope of glass. It is well known, further, that water-glass possesses a powerful antiseptic action. Eggs treated in this way are said to preserve their fresh milky taste for six months, and to be indistinguishable from an egg taken straight from the nest.'

An expert of some years' standing also writes thus of water-glass: 'It is not possible for us, in our variable and cold climate, to provide any but a very limited number of fresh-laid winter eggs; but if our summer eggs, or some of them, can be preserved so that they shall, for all practical

purposes, be as nearly as possible equal to new-laid, the difficulty is overcome, and we need not suffer either from scarcity, quality, or increased price. Many progressive private families have already adopted the water-glass system, and all declare it to be highly successful.'

Some difference of opinion exists as to the best kind of vessel in which to store the eggs; wood, zinc, and stoneware all being recommended. The latter, however, is the best. Wood is apt to leak, and leave the eggs stranded high and dry; zinc is affected chemically by the silicate; but for private use, at any rate, a stoneware crock answers every purpose, and if evaporation takes place nothing is easier than to fill up the vessel anew, as the liquid should be kept at about two inches above the eggs. When taken out for use they should be washed in cold water and dried, after which it would be impossible for any one to say from their appearance they were not new-laid eggs; and, as stated in a paragraph on 'Egg-Preservation' in this *Journal* (vol. v. p. 478), an unchanged condition of the eggs is ensured for about twelve months. What more can be desired?

One evil seems to loom in the future regarding this wholesale and effective preservation of eggs. The British public are mainly dependent on the shops for their supply, and the superiority of the new system might lead to unfair dealing by the grocer and also by the producer. No one would like to pay for a preserved egg the price of a new-laid one, however good the former might be; but the consumer must protect himself by dealing with honest people or by preserving his eggs at home instead of buying them in the shops.

## NIGHT AND MORNING.

You turned the glory of your eyes  
And woke a world of light!  
I saw the regal morn arise  
On dim, far heights of Paradise,  
And take from flaming seas and skies  
Their sacramental rite.

You turned the glory of your eyes  
And left—a world of night;  
For now, though other mornings rise,  
Dusk-haunted are my daily skies,  
And lonely is the path that lies  
Before my lonely sight.

But when night's legions hold the skies  
In rapt, attentive light,  
Then, in the land of dreams grown wise,  
I see through your remembered eyes  
God's morning sweet and stainless rise  
On life's forgotten night.

EDGAR DEWEY.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### NATURAL WISDOM.

**L**ORD BACON gave it as his opinion that the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are to be discovered in its saws; and William Penn affirmed that its wisdom is discernible in the same. Neither of these high

authorities, it will be noticed, defines them as either a measure of civilisation or a standard of education, well knowing that neither of these ingredients is concerned in their production, since some of the wisest sayings ever uttered have emanated from rude and untutored minds.

Many may not have heard the aphorism that was uttered before a parliamentary committee some years ago by a shrewd member of the labouring class, that 'Charity creates much of the misery it relieves, but does not relieve all the misery it creates.' Wholesale philanthropists may regard this in the light of a sophism rather than an aphorism; but it is nevertheless only too true.

The Hindu proverb that 'The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the greatest palace in the universe,' is a salutary reproof to narrow-minded men who have not a thought beyond the sphere of their own vision.

'Softly, softly, catch monkey,' is a good example of negro proverbial philosophy, a flowery rendering of the Latin *Festina lente* ('Hasten gently').

The wild, illiterate Zulu has produced several aphorisms, of which a couple of specimens will suffice: *Kaliko isela elingalunguziyo emgodini walo* ('There is no toad which does not peep out of its hole'), by which the native means that each one looks after his own interest. *Imbila yaswela umsila ngokuyalezela* ('The rock-rabbit is without a tail on account of having ordered one'), arose out of the supposed treatment of the rock-rabbit by the rabbit. The anecdote is that in days of yore the two quadrupeds held a conference to arrange how to supply themselves with tails, and they agreed that the rabbit should sally forth to

procure them. The rabbit consequently journeyed out on the sea of life, and supplied itself with a tail; but, having got into its own business and interests, completely forgot those of the rock-rabbit. It subsequently was so ashamed of its behaviour that it dared not return to the rock-rabbit, which, in consequence, has remained without a tail. By this proverb the Zulu means that we must attend to our own business if we wish it to be worthily done.

Those who, like Sir Hurricane Bustleton, appear always to be in a hurry, who invariably conclude their communications 'In haste,' and who are for ever complaining that they have no time, cannot do better than lay to heart the wise reply of a poor Indian chief to a New Yorker who excused himself on the plea of 'No time' from the performance of an uncongenial task. 'Well,' said Red Jacket, 'I suppose you have all there is.' Readers who have digested their *Marcus Aurelius* may recall the passage, penned some eighteen and a half centuries ago, in which he tells us that he learnt 'from Alexander the platonic not frequently nor without necessity to say to any one, or to write in a letter, that I have no leisure; nor continually to excuse the neglect of duties required by our relation to those with whom we live, by alleging urgent occupations.' The procrastinating proclivities are well illustrated in this little rhyme:

'When I get time—  
I know what I will do:  
I'll cut the leaves of all my books,  
And read them through and through.

When I get time—  
I'll write some letters then  
That I have owed for weeks and weeks  
To many, many men.

When I get time—  
I'll pay those calls I owe,  
And with those bills, those countless bills,  
I will not be so slow.

When I get time—  
 I'll regulate my life  
 In such a way that I may get  
 Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—  
 Oh, glorious dream of bliss!  
 A month, a year, ten years from now—  
 But I can't finish this—  
 I have no time.'

The Marquis of Lorne, when Governor-General of Canada, was present at some sports held on the ice of the St Lawrence. Though wrapped in furs he felt the cold acutely, and was astonished to see an ancient Indian meandering around bare-footed, enveloped only in a blanket. The Marquis asked the Indian how he managed to bear such a temperature while so scantily clad. 'Why you no cover face?' inquired the Indian. The Marquis replied that no one ever did so, and that he was accustomed from birth to have his face naked. 'Good,' replied the Prairie King; 'me all face,' and walked away. This was not quite so elegant, perhaps, as our maxim, 'Use is second nature;' but to the same effect, and produced without expense of thought or labour of invention.

A converted negro slave was taken to church by his master, when the clergyman preached from the text, 'No man can serve two masters,' &c. On the master asking Sambo what he thought of the sermon, the negro replied, 'Pa'son man, he no speak de truth. Him say, "No man can serve two massas." Dat's not true, for Sambo serve you and young massa. And him say again, "For he will hate de one and lub de oder;" and dat's not true, for I hate you bofe.' No sally of a genius this, but a simple outspoken truth: too outspoken probably for poor Sambo's welfare.

A shepherd while tending his flock in the wilds of Queensland was accosted by a traveller (not a bushman), who noticed that the animals were running over the wiry grass without taking a bite. 'Good-day, shepherd! Your sheep don't seem to like the grass. Now, if I were a sheep, I would set to work and take a good feed of it.' The shepherd, looking him up and down with supreme contempt, replied, 'If you were a sheep you wouldn't be such a — fool.'

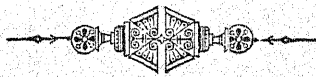
Dr Radcliff, who many years ago resided in Bloomsbury Square, had found it necessary to employ a paviour for some repairs. When the man presented his bill the Doctor made a wry face, and seemed to take the prescription with great reluctance. At length, when he had thoroughly examined it, he said, 'What an enor-

mous charge is here! You expect to be paid, do you? And for what? Never was a job worse done. You have spoilt my pavement, and then covered it with earth, merely to hide your bungling work. 'Ah, Doctor, Doctor!' replied the man, 'there have been many worse jobs done than this; but if it were as bad as you say, you well know that mine is not the *only* bungling work that is covered with earth. 'Oh, you dog!' returned Radcliff; 'you are a wit, I see, and consequently poor. Come into the house, and I'll pay your money.'

Here is a good specimen of an Irish mendicant's ready wit. When General X. was quartered in Dublin, he and his wife were regularly besieged whenever they got into their carriage by an old beggar-woman who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last the lady's charity and the General's patience were nearly exhausted; but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began: 'Ah, my Lady! success to your Ladyship and success to your Honour's honour this morning, of all days in the year; for sure didn't I drame last night that her Ladyship gave me a pound of tay, and that your Honour gave me a pound of tobacco?' 'But, my good woman,' said the General, 'do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary.' 'Do they so, plase your Honour?' rejoined the old woman. 'Then it must be your Honour that will give me the tay, and her Ladyship that will give me the tobacco.' The General, being of Sterne's opinion that a *bon mot* is always worth something, even more than a pinch of snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

Of all the tributes paid to the blessed memory of Victoria the Good none was prettier or more eloquent than that of the Pondoland chief, who, on hearing the sad tidings of his Great White Queen having passed away, remarked in true poetic vein: 'When I look up into the sky to-night I shall see another star.'

These few specimens of unaided wisdom are arranged in no particular order or method, but have been jotted down from time to time as met with. Rough and uncut diamonds many of them are no doubt; but better so than stones fabricated by art and polished with wit. Uncouth, awkward, clumsy—call them what we will; they are also, it must be confessed, genuine, unaffected, natural.



## MY AUSTRALIAN DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER III.



VER our pipes we held a council of war to decide the important point as to whether we should push on and endeavour to settle matters that afternoon or leave it until the morning. For my part,

I was desirous to go on and have it over. I don't think I am a coward; yet, while I was naturally anxious to avenge our poor men, I loathed the work that we should be compelled to carry out. After all was said and done, the poor wretches were only savages, and, with the exception of the Patagonians, I should say the lowest race in the world. I was disappointed to find that Farquhar sided with Bencliff and his two companions, while the rest of the men whom we had brought with us, being only station hands, had, of course, no vote in the matter. My partner's argument was, that as the days were drawing in we might not come upon the enemy until it was nearly dark, when it would be too late to make sure of meting out to them the punishment we intended. Finding myself outnumbered, I withdrew my proposition; whereupon we settled down to spend the remainder of the day and the coming night where we were. The horses having been taken down to water at a fine hole some couple of hundred yards from the camp, they were short-hobbled close at hand in case of need, and the black 'boy' told off to keep an eye upon them. One of our own hands was stationed as a sentry behind a rock a hundred yards or so away, with instructions not to fire should he see any sign of the blacks, but to make his way back to the camp as quickly as possible. After that we settled ourselves down to pass the time as best we could. We were of unanimous opinion that it would be the height of folly to light a fire, the smoke of which would be certain to attract the attention of the enemy and thus reveal our whereabouts, thereby doubling the risk of an attack. However, we had taken the precaution of bringing some grog with us, which with some damper and jerked beef constituted our evening meal. At eight o'clock Farquhar went on watch, and at ten I relieved him.

'No signs of them?' I whispered when I reached him.

'Not a sign,' he answered. 'All has been quiet.'

He left me and returned to the camp, whereupon I seated myself on the rock and entered upon my vigil. Half my watch was at an end when the moon rose and flooded the plain with her silvery light. I have already said what a desolate place it was; but under her magic influence it had a weird picturesqueness impossible to

describe. The dreary wail of a curlew came up to me from the water-hole, and of all the noises of the bush, with the exception of that of the dingo, I think the curlew's cry is the most unearthly. I was asking myself what words it suggested, and had just arrived at the conclusion that they were *we-weep—we-weep—a-weary*, when something caught my eye, and, as the sailors say, 'brought me up all standing.' Some twenty or thirty yards from the water-hole was what looked like a small tree-stump; farther to the right was another, and yet another. Now, I was prepared to swear that I had not noticed any stumps thereabouts; and, being fairly familiar by this time with a number of the diabolical devices that blacks will put into practice in order to approach a camp at night, I was prepared to be suspicious of anything. For this reason I kept my eyes wide open; but though I watched intently for some minutes I could not convince myself as to whether the stumps were trees or men. Apparently they had not moved; but that fact did not satisfy me that they were immovable. Then, turning to my left, I examined the country on that side, and in another moment was running back to the camp as fast as my legs could carry me.

'Wake up! wake up!' I cried. 'They're on us! There's not a second to lose!'

Fortunately we had taken the precaution of loading all the rifles, and of placing them where they could be easily got at in case of necessity, so that almost before the last words had left my lips our party was up and prepared for action. It had been arranged earlier that in the event of an attack we should leave the camp and ensconce ourselves in couples behind certain large rocks to the left, thus preventing the blacks from obtaining possession of the horses on the side where they would be most likely to make the attempt. What happened during the next five minutes I don't think I could tell you if I tried; but I know that it seemed like an hour before I heard Farquhar say, 'Thank goodness, we've driven them off! They'll not trouble us again to-night.'

Strange to relate, not one of our party had received a wound of any sort, though several had had narrow escapes. One spear knocked Grimshaw's hat from his head, while another had struck the rock and glanced off it, hitting the butt of Farquhar's rifle and ricochetting thence over his shoulder. Needless to say there was no more sleep for us that night, though as it turned out we might have lain down in perfect security. In the morning we discovered twelve dead bodies out in the open, one of them within a few yards of the rock behind which I had been standing.

As soon as we had eaten our breakfast we



saddled up and proceeded on our way, crossed the river, and, guided by the black 'boy,' who had all his race's instinct for tracking, hurried after the enemy. Of all that happened when we came up with them I am not going to tell you, because I don't like to think of it even to-day; but there is something that occurred in connection with it which *must* be told, for the simple reason that it is the pivot on which all my story turns.

We had poured two volleys into them, and had mounted and ridden at them with the intention of cutting them down. Farquhar was leading; and, even at that moment of intense excitement, I can remember thinking what a fine soldier he would have made; then a pistol-shot rang out, and almost before I could realise what had happened, his horse had fallen forward with him, and he was lying defenceless among the enemy, his sword and pistol having fallen from his hands. At the same moment a bullet sent my hat flying into the air. I did not stop even to look round to see who had fired the shot, but dashed into the thick of the mob to Farquhar's assistance. I think for the next few minutes I must have been mad; a fit of Baresark rage had taken possession of me that made me insensible to everything in the way of caution or fear. If there were any vengeance required for the two poor fellows who had perished at the hut, we certainly took it then. When the remnants of our enemy had fled for their lives up the hill-side, I helped Farquhar to his feet and inquired whether he was much hurt. He gave himself a shake in order to see.

'No, there's nothing wrong,' he reported, with a laugh. 'But, by Jove! I thought it was all up with me. I should like to know the name of the idiot who fired the shot. I owe my life to you, old fellow.'

'Nonsense,' I replied. As I said so I remembered my own narrow escape, and went back to pick up my hat. Sure enough there was a hole quite through the crown.

Never shall I forget the appearance of that small gully. It resembled a shambles more than anything else. Two of our own men had been speared, but not seriously, one in the shoulder and one in the side. Evans had had a narrow escape, as the long flesh-wound on his face testified. Otherwise, considering the close-quarters at which we had fought, we had come off practically scathless. Not so the other side. But there: that is enough of horrors. Let it suffice that we saw no more of them, and from that day forward we had but little trouble with what remained of the tribe. Bencliff and his two companions remained a day at the station on our return, and then went on their way, offering to help us again should we require their assistance. And this brings me to the part of my story that I don't like telling, but which *must* be told.

One evening, a week to a day after the encounter I have just described, Anderson, the man who had been wounded in the arm, came up to the homestead, and asked if he might have an interview with either of us. The cook brought him out to us in the veranda, where we sat over our pipes after dinner.

'Good-evening, Anderson,' said my partner. 'What is it you want to see us about? Anything wrong?'

'Well, sir, that's how you may please to take it,' the man replied. 'I have been turning it over in my mind for a week before I settled to come up and tell you.'

I filled him a glass of grog.

'Wet your whistle, man,' I said, 'and then let's have your yarn.'

He tossed off the liquor, wiped his lips on his coat-sleeve, and then, with an apologetic cough, told us the following remarkable story.

'Now, gentlemen,' he began, 'you know that I have been out in this part of the country for a good many years, and some while back I was working over at Maraba, Mr Bencliff's place, or Colonel Urquhart's perhaps I should say. It doesn't matter why I left; maybe it was because I knew too much about the manager. Begging your pardon for saying anything agin' him, if he's your friend; but he's a bad lot, is Mr Bencliff. I don't fancy there's much he'd stick at—or his two friends either. But I never thought they were as bad as I know them to be now.'

'I don't think I should say anything unless I were quite certain,' put in Farquhar cautiously.

'Certain, sir?' the man replied. 'I am as certain as I am certain that I am standing before you now. I think you will be too when I have done. You may remember that, on the night when the blacks rushed us, Bencliff and Grimshaw had a few words about some tobacco which Bencliff said he had seen the other put in his pack-saddle.'

We both remembered the circumstance distinctly.

'Well, gentlemen, Bencliff wanted to bet about it, and they walked across to the rock where the pack-saddle was lying, to have a look and settle it. They didn't know that I was on the other side of the rock hobbling old Chester. The tobacco was all a blind to get away to have a talk together. Now this, sir, is what I heard. It was Grimshaw who spoke first, and this is what he said: "If there's a scrimmage to-night, shall we do it then? It will be dark, and it will look like an accident." "Don't be a fool," said Bencliff angrily. "Leave it until we get into the thick of the real scrimmage to-morrow; then nothing will be thought of it." After that they began pretending about the tobacco, and went quarrelling back to the camp. By this time you may be sure I was all attention, for I was beginning to understand what the man was driving at.

Well, next day, after we'd got those niggers cornered up, and we were riding into them, I was a bit behind, for the reason that old Chester wouldn't stand to let me get up; but I was not too late to see Bencliff take aim at you, Mr Farquhar, and fire. He missed you, but he hit the horse, and down you both went. A moment later Grimshaw took a pot-shot at Mr Farebrother, and the bullet went through his hat. It's my belief, sir, that if his horse had not given a bit of a stumble at that moment you'd have been a dead man to-day. Now, gentlemen, you've heard me out and it's off my mind. I can tell you it has worried me more than a bit.'

Neither Farquhar nor I said anything for a few moments. Then he spoke.

'Look here, Anderson,' he said—and there was a note in his voice I had never heard there before—'you must see for yourself how serious this charge is.'

'I know it, sir; but I'm not afraid.'

'If your suspicions are correct, you can trust us to look after ourselves. But can I rely on you to keep a silent tongue in your head about it?'

'Yes, sir, you can trust me,' he replied. 'It isn't the sort of thing I should be likely to talk about.'

'That's right. Both Mr Farebrother and I are much obliged to you for having told us. Now, help yourself to another glass of grog, and get back to your quarters. We shall have to think this out.'

The man did as we told him, and was passing down the veranda towards the steps when I called him back.

'By the way, Anderson,' I said, 'what reason do you suppose they have for making such an attempt to murder us?'

He paused for a moment before he replied.

'Well, you see, sir, as the saying goes, "there are wheels within wheels." Before you took this country up they used to run certain cattle on it, and, for reasons that you will understand as well as I can tell you, it came in very handy. Now, Maraba, Colonel Urquhart's station, isn't big enough, and, what's more, the young lady wouldn't stand any cross-dealings there. I'll leave you to guess the rest.'

We bade him good-night, and he left us.

'This is a pretty kettle of fish, Farebrother,' said my friend when we were alone together—'a very pretty kettle of fish. What's to be done?'

'Keep your eyes open,' I replied, 'and take care we give Messrs Bencliff & Co. no more chances.'

'You think, then, that there really is truth in Anderson's story?'

For answer I got up and went into the house, to return a few minutes later with my hat.

'Poor old Benbow is dead, shot through the head; there is the second proof. What do you make of it?'

'A bad business. I'm sorry for that poor

girl. Surely she must have found Bencliff out in all these years!'

To this speech I made no answer. I felt sure in my heart, from what I had heard and seen, that if she did not know all about him, she at least knew too much for her own peace of mind.

After the episode I have just described some considerable time passed before I again set eyes on Mr Bencliff or his two precious associates. So far we had had a wonderfully successful season; grass was abundant, and in consequence our cattle were in the pink of condition. Prices were high in the south; and, after consultation, it was decided that a mob should be sent off to Sydney, and that I should go in charge of them, taking Anderson, two other men, and a black 'boy' with me.

We set off, and in due course landed them safely at their destination, receiving the congratulations of the agents on their prime condition. As I strolled down George Street a day later I could not help reflecting on the changed condition of my affairs since I had last stood in that busy thoroughfare. Now I was part-owner of a fine station, and, if things continued as they were doing, in a very fair way to become a rich man. Eventually I found myself in the Domain, on a seat looking out over the harbour. If the truth must be told, I was thinking of Christine Urquhart, and wondering what excuse I could make, when I got back, to see her again. At last, thinking it was about time for me to return to my hotel for lunch, I rose and was about to retrace my steps when I became aware of a tall, elderly man who was earnestly regarding me. In a flash I realised what a fatal mistake I had made in venturing near Government House. The man before me was none other than His Excellency Sir George Belford, Governor of New South Wales, and an old friend of our family.

'Lord William, you are discovered at last,' he said, advancing towards me. 'I felt sure it was you, in spite of the change in your appearance. This is a most fortunate and happy meeting. Do you know that your family have been searching high and low for you for more than a year past?'

All I could say was 'Indeed?' Absurd though it may seem, I could think of nothing else.

'You must come and lunch with us,' he said, taking my arm. 'My wife will be delighted to see you. Afterwards you can tell me all your adventures. I shall write by the next mail to your father, and tell him that you are found.'

'No, no, Sir George,' I replied hastily. 'I cannot let you do that. He said he would never forgive me, and he and Birk got on much better without me.'

I saw a strange expression come into his face.

'You have not heard the news?' he said, stopping in his walk to look at me.

'I have heard nothing,' I replied. 'I have

not communicated with my family since I left England.'

'Then you do not know that poor Birk is dead?'

'Dead?' I cried, aghast at the news. 'How long since?'

'Six months ago. He was drowned whilst bathing. Your father has aged terribly since.'

The news came as an awful shock to me. Poor Birk! I did not know how fond I was of him until I heard that I should never see him again. Once more His Excellency endeavoured to lead me along the path; but I held back.

'Not to-day, Sir George,' I pleaded. 'This news

has upset me terribly. Let it be to-morrow if you wish. In the meantime may I ask you to give me your promise that you will say nothing about having seen me?'

'Certainly, if you wish it,' he answered; 'though I think you are foolish, for it cannot remain a secret long. In any case, we will meet to-morrow at half-past one.'

I bade him good-bye and hastened back to my hotel, remembrances of the past and of my old home thronging my brain. Then another thought occurred to me. Since poor Birk was gone, I was heir to everything, with all the duties and responsibilities appertaining thereto.

## THE CROWN ESTATES IN LONDON.

**T**O distinguish is the first duty in treating this subject. Crown Estates are divisible into four classes: (1) That large estate formerly in the hands of the Sovereign which is now administered by the Woods and Forests Department, and the revenues paid into the public Treasury, a Civil List of £470,000, being voted to Edward VII.; (2) the Duchy of Lancaster Estate, also a quasi-public departmental one, the revenues of which are paid directly into the privy-purse of the Sovereign; (3) the Duchy of Cornwall Estate, another appanage of the Crown managed by a quasi-public board, the income of which is payable to the eldest son of the reigning Sovereign, who is born Duke of Cornwall, but must be created Prince of Wales; and (4) the private property of the Sovereign.

Before proceeding with the narrower topic proposed for this article, it may be useful to state that the net income from the Crown lands, &c., managed by the Woods and Forests Department, for the year ending March 1900, was £460,000; that of the Duchy of Lancaster, to December 1900, was £61,000; and that of the Duchy of Cornwall, to the same date, was £70,456. Of course, the income from the King's private property is not published, as it is not a legitimate matter of public interest, save in the sense that all other property is subject to scrutiny.

In the present article attention will be concentrated on the Crown Estate in London, managed by the Woods and Forests Department. No attempt is here made to deal with the property in London belonging to the Duchy of Lancaster Estate (the key of which is in the vicinity of Lancaster Place, on the northern end of Waterloo Bridge), nor with the London property of the Duchy of Cornwall Estate (which lies chiefly in the south of London). The property managed by

the Commissioners of Woods and Forests is a property of a representative character, of great value, and can be made to cast light on the values of other estates, such as those briefly described in a former article on the ground-landlords of London. The fiction is maintained in the office, and carefully preserved in the phraseology of the reports presented to Parliament, that the Woods and Forests Estate is a sort of private affair. More to our purpose is the fact that the estate is maintained and managed much as other private estates, and, indeed, large portions of it are managed by land agents whose ideas are all of the landlord's agent type. In London especially there is a close understanding between the managers of the estates belonging to the various chief ground-landlords and the surveyors and other officials in the office of Woods and Forests. The result is that the management of the public estate by the Commissioners becomes a mirror of other estates in the management and value of which the London public—nay, the whole country—is taking a keener interest. It will be unnecessary to remind the reader that questions of tenure, of unearned increment, of housing, of sanitation, &c., emerge from a study of and a close acquaintance with such typical estates.

To describe the Crown property in London with minuteness and accuracy here is impracticable, as it is somewhat scattered about in various parts of the Metropolis, though it has its centre in Trafalgar Square; but we can follow the description given a few years ago by the late Mr Cates to a committee of Parliament, which will give the reader, as it gave that committee, an idea of the immense importance of this estate.

Following the plans in his hand, Mr Cates pointed out that Kensington Palace Gardens are the first on the list; and this is that grand property reaching from the Bayswater end of the



High Street in Notting Hill to the High Street in Kensington. In this last High Street there is also a property on the south side which belongs to the Crown; and the two immense mansions at the entrance to Hyde Park by Albert Gate, and the houses in St George's Place, by St George's Hospital, are also portions of the same property. Again, there are houses on the north side of Piccadilly, including Hamilton Place, and in Park Lane. Then in Milbank (sacred no more to correction but to art) is the Milbank Estate, extending from Grosvenor Road and the Thames northwards to the Vauxhall Bridge Road and Bessborough Street. Then there is the Regent's Park Estate, which extends from the Albert Road on the north to Park Crescent and Portland Place on the south, and from Park Road on the west to Park Village East, Augustus Street, and Osnaburgh Street on the east. Then at the south end of Portland Place the Regent Street property commences with certain houses north of All Souls' Church, at the south end of Portland Place, and extends down Langham Place, and it includes a small piece of the bow window of the Langham Hotel, the rest of the Langham Hotel being a freehold. The halls on the opposite side, the Queen's Hall and St George's Hall, are on the Crown Estate. For the rest, Regent Street extends southward all the way across Piccadilly Circus to Waterloo Place, where it joins Pall Mall, and the whole is a part of the London Crown Estate. In Piccadilly there is considerable property on the north side of Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and two houses west of Swallow Street, including St James's Hall and all the buildings adjacent to it. On the south side of Piccadilly the Crown property extends from the Haymarket, including the Criterion Theatre and Restaurant and the Museum of Geology, to Church Place, and also from Duke Street nearly to St James's Street, including the Egyptian Hall, and going through both blocks to Jermyn Street. South of that block, and east of St James's Street, there are the blocks which include Boodle's Club and Herries's Bank in St James's Street; also the blocks at the rear between Bury Street and Duke Street, which include the Turkish Baths and Christie & Manson's auction-rooms. On the west side of St James's Street, from Arthur's Club (inclusive) to Cleveland Row, and back to Little St James's Street, is the freehold of the Crown. There is also a strip of land laid out in gardens on the east side of the Green Park, extending from Piccadilly down to Cleveland Row. The west side of the Haymarket, between it and Waterloo Place, including Jermyn Street and Her Majesty's Theatre, with the Carlton Hotel, is also the property of the Crown. Then in Pall Mall, on the north side, west of Waterloo Place, there are a few houses, and the whole of the south side of Pall Mall, except one house, from Cockspur Street to Marlborough House. Then

come Carlton House Terrace and the properties connected therewith, including the offices of the London County Council in Spring Gardens. On the east side of the Haymarket, south of St James's Street, the blocks, including the Haymarket Theatre, the United Universities Club, round Suffolk Street and Suffolk Place, and Pall Mall East from the Haymarket to the National Gallery (not inclusive). Also the block opposite, between Pall Mall East and Cockspur Street, including the Union Clubs and what was at one time Waterloo House, is the Crown's; and on the opposite side of Trafalgar Square the triangular block including Morley's Hotel. Farther east, the triangular blocks between King William Street, Adelaide Street, and the Strand, including the Lowther Arcade and Gatti's Restaurant. There is also a little property to the north of King William Street, which has not been alienated, to Charing Cross Hospital and the Ophthalmic Hospital. North of St Martin's Church there is the property called St Martin's Mews. In Whitehall Place, on both the north and south side (though the south side must now be regarded as transferred to the War Office for its new buildings), and this includes Great and Little Scotland Yard. Then there is, on what was known as Whitehall Land, the National Liberal Club and the magnificent Whitehall Court Mansions. On the opposite side of Whitehall, Dover House belongs to the Crown property. In Westminster, too, there is the Stationery Office and the small strip of land by the side of St James's Park. South of Buckingham Palace is the Palace Hotel and the houses immediately east and west of it up to the Duchy of Cornwall offices, and some portion of Wellington Barracks. In the Strand, east of the portions already mentioned, we come to Exeter Hall and houses adjoining. In Holborn much property on both sides of Newton Street, including the London and Westminster Bank and the Holborn Restaurant. On the west side of Fetter Lane a portion of the Rolls Estate, the Birkbeck Institution, Burt's Printing-Office, and Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co.'s publishing house. In Victoria Street, Westminster, the Crown has property on both sides, and practically the whole of the Holborn Viaduct from Hatton Garden to St Sepulchre's Church. There are some other small properties on Tower Hill, in Church Street, and in Southwark Street; and there is Victoria Park in the north-east, extending from the Old Ford Road to the park entrance, and again following round the park, in Old Ford Road, Gore Road, and Gore Crescent, and others around the park.

During recent years additional property has been acquired in pursuance of the policy of investing in ground-rents and curtailing the agricultural property. As a sample of recent acquisitions, during the year ending March 1900, we give the following: Eastcheap House in Eastcheap, and St Mary-at-Hill in the City;

No. 8 Buckingham Gate, Pimlico; two houses, Nos. 21 and 23 Delahay Street, Westminster, in which Sir James Wolfe Barry had an interest; and Albany Buildings, Nos. 31 to 47, in Victoria Street, Westminster: the sum of £96,000 being paid for this last lot, which is let on lease for eighty years from June 1893. It may be added that in 1889 there were in London, belonging to the Woods and Forests Estate, some four thousand two hundred and fifty-two houses let on lease, and the ground-rents received amounted to £250,388 a year.

This summary of the localities in London where various portions of the Crown Estates are situated will be sufficient to give the reader having some acquaintance with the Metropolis an idea of the value of such an estate situated in some of the most fashionable and some of the busiest districts. The value of the estate, or rather the income derived in 1889, has just been given; but no figures found in the ordinary accounts will afford anything approaching a good estimate of its annual value. Of course, the whole of the London estate, with scarcely an exception, is let on the leasehold system, which is the ordinary tenure in London, a system which could not be improved upon from the point of view of the owner or agent, however much an ordinary tenant might differ from such a view. The involutions of this leasehold system disguise the value of such estates in a way that will be referred to later on. In 1889, when the late Mr Cates was requested to estimate the value as distinguished from the income of the London estate, he said he should hope to receive a rack-rent of considerably more than £1,000,000 for that which then brought in only £250,000. What the capital value of such an estate might be cannot be given readily, seeing the values in localities vary; but it may be remarked that much of it consists of ground-rents acquired within quite recent times, as Mr Cates said that between 1873 and 1889 he had made such purchases amounting to the sum of £1,396,000, the ground-rents yielding £53,820, or about 4 per cent.

In April 1890 Mr Cates was requested to illustrate his management of the London property of the Crown by reference to the principles on which other London estates were managed, such principles being the same confessedly as those on which he acted. The Bedford Estate—which, for the Bloomsbury portion, is bounded on the west by Tottenham Court Road, on the north by Woburn Buildings, on the east by Southampton Street, and on the south by Oxford Street and Holborn; and for the rest consists of Covent Garden Market, Drury Lane Theatre, Her Majesty's Opera, and buildings in the vicinity—is managed as stated in the following excerpt from a letter to Mr Cates: 'The practice on this estate on the points raised is as follows: (1) As to reletting on the expiration of a lease: negotiations are

(as a general rule) entered upon with the occupying tenant, disregarding the holder of the original lease. Sometimes the occupier is the holder of the original lease or its equivalent. There are exceptions to this practice in cases where the occupier is perhaps carrying on objectionable business or may not be in a position to take a lease, or in the case of tenement-houses. In the case of a reletting or the falling-in of a building lease, the terms usually involve an expenditure by the new lessee in substantial repairs and modern improvements—in other words, an investment of capital. The occupier very rarely will make this investment, and then negotiations have to be opened with others. This brings in the so-called "middle-man," or, as he more strictly should be called, the "investing lessee." (2) Building sites are, as a rule, let by public competition; but, of course, there are exceptions to this rule in special cases. Now and then an occupying lessee will take a building lease and rebuild his premises; or a site is required for local purposes, as school, dispensary, or model dwellings. Such sites would go by private treaty.'

The late Mr Boodle answered as follows: 'The practice on the Duke of Westminster's London Estate is as follows: (1) As to reletting at the expiration of leases where the houses are not required to be pulled down for rebuilding: negotiations for a new lease are entered upon with the actual occupier (if he is suitable to be treated with), disregarding the holder of the original lease. (2) Sites for rebuilding have hitherto been let by private treaty and not by public competition. In several cases the occupier, particularly a tradesman, has been allowed to rebuild as part of a comprehensive scheme, and associated with other occupiers in the same block of buildings; one architect being employed for several houses together, so as to secure harmony in the work. This has been found to be very satisfactory to the rebuilding tenants. Regarding the Marquis of Northampton's London Estate, the same principles apply as far as circumstances permit; but the only rebuilding that has taken place for several years has been for working-class dwellings; and, as to these, one or other of the large companies who undertake such buildings have been the rebuilding lessees.'

It will be observed that it is Mr Boodle, the agent for an absent landlord, who speaks of the satisfaction with which tenants have rebuilt under the conditions described; some of these tenants, however, speaking for themselves, do not pitch their tune in the same key, and the mode is frequently a minor rather than a major. These official letters respecting three well-known large private estates in London enable us to see the principles on which that remarkable system of renewal of leaseholds is carried on from year to year.

As the Portman Estate was referred to in a former article, we here add portions of a letter in which Mr Hunt, Lord Portman's agent, shows how the principles laid down above are applied on that estate: (1) Applications for the renewal of leases are not entertained if the lease has more than ten years to run, except under special circumstances. (2) The terms of renewal vary according to the class of property and the means of the tenant. The custom is to commute from one-third to one-half the estimated rent, on the 6 per cent. table, as may suit the lessee, to be paid by him as a fine; and the remainder of the rent not commuted is reserved to be paid under the lease. In some cases, however, renewals are granted at the estimated rent, without the payment of any fine. In some other cases they are granted on the lessee expending money in making improvements, as being the equivalent of a fine; and the estimated rent is reduced after taking the cost and value of these improvements into consideration. For the application of that table and these calculations readers should consult Mr Banfield's little work on the *Ground-Landlords of London*, which is still full of instruction, as the system of leaseholding which obtains in London has not been changed since that date.

Some illustrations of the working of such a system (and Mr Cates was careful to remind his committee in 1889-90 that he was constantly in touch with the managers of the private London estates), drawn from the records of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests and their transactions in quite recent years, are given in the table on pp. 794, 795.

Those who are conversant with the management of property, especially house-letting, and tradesmen and others who do business in leasehold premises, will find much that is peculiar and instructive in the table, which has been made long and full for the purpose. The facts related are from official sources; the income indicated, with its growth so silent and sure and magnificent, goes in this case to the amelioration of public burdens, for the net rents are paid into the public Treasury. The facts disclosed are quite representative, the values indicated are normally secured and created, and they are all the result of the aggregation of an incomparably busy and large population in the world's chief city. Just as the opening of the 'tube railway' from the City to Shepherd's Bush immediately caused a rise in rents at the latter suburban district of from 15 to 25 per cent., so are the values of the various private properties all over London—the Crown, the Portman, the Westminster, the Bedford, and the Southampton Estates—alike enhanced by everything that directly and indirectly benefits the people and their business or pleasure. As the Central Railway Company ('The Tube') did not get the enhanced rents of Shepherd's Bush due to their

enterprise, so is it all over London: those who toil and spin are frequently different parties from those who reap the golden harvest. In every case, with scarcely an exception, the ground-owner is heir to all the fruit of the toil and trouble.

Regarding the figures adduced below, one important fact must be pointed out—namely, the ever-increasing burdens which shop property of every kind has to bear in comparison with the growth of values for house property. It is all the more necessary to observe this, lest any repeat the vulgar cry of favour to the noble and rich who dwell in palatial houses of the West End; for everywhere it is becoming a more open secret that the site-value for business purposes is worth manifold more in the market than for housing purposes. The London County Council, in order to house working people disturbed by their great Strand to Holborn improvement, had to buy the site of Reid's Brewery, west of the Holborn Town Hall, and in doing so paid a sum four times the value of the site for housing purposes. This accounts for the almost insuperable difficulty of building houses for the working-classes within the central districts of the Metropolis. That difficulty arises almost wholly from the land question—the working of which we observe in the table below. However, the difficulty is not presented in the housing of working-classes only. The trading-classes, the lower middle, and the professional classes are all subject to burdens which cannot be borne save by a shortened period of life, and it is acknowledged by men of every school that the legislature must shortly be called upon to deal with a subject which touches the welfare of the State at many vital points. For this purpose an acquaintance with the great Crown Estate will be of the greatest service. In every detail it represents what is going on in the development and management of private estates. The property in such estates is the best and choicest security of the day; better than Consols or any gilt-edged securities of the Stock Exchange are the ever-fertile ground-rents of London and similar centres of prosperous communities. Should any one desire a measure of, say, the Westminster Estate in London, he will not find any help from inquiry at Davies Street, nor will he find it easy to search the details of parochial assessments; but he can turn to the Crown Estate, which in many respects resembles that estate, save, probably, that it is not so valuable and compact, and he will get a good idea of what such an estate must bring to its lucklessly rich owner; nor will he fail to notice how the figures here given show that such an owner may sleep in an arm-chair for life and the estate's value will grow in the night, as Thorold Rogers said, with a rapidity that is, in the twentieth century, the rival of Jonah's gourd.



## LEASES GRANTED ON THE WOODS AND FORESTS ESTATES IN LONDON.

STREET.	TO WHOM.	DATE.	RENT.	FINE.	RENT IN OLD LEASE.	FINE.	NOTES.
Leadenhall House	Sir J. G. T. Sinclair, Bart.	80 years 6/1/86	£ 6600	£ ...	£ ...	£ ...	Not before in lease.
Hotel Metropole	The Gordon Hotels Co., Ltd.	78 years 29/9/84	6750	...	...	...	Property bought in part.
25 Bury Street, St James's	Ladies' Dress Asso- ciation	12½ years 10/10/86	180	200	51	313	...
National Liberal Club	Club Buildings Co., Ltd.	95 years 5/7/83	1350	...	...	...	Not before in lease. Land reclaimed in part from Thames shore.
Whitehall Court Mansions	House and Land In- vestment Trust, Ltd.	90½ years 10/10/87	9000	...	...	...	Do. in part.
St Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane	Sampson, Low, & Co.	80 years 5/7/86	266	...	173	...	...
156, 158 Wardour Street	Emil Loible	20½ years 5/1/84	200	411	72	590	...
175 Piccadilly	John Victor Marsh	19 years 10/10/88	315	985	140	982	...
211 High Holborn	John Fredk. Bullock	21 years 10/10/87	230	230	50	...	...
105, 107, 109 Oxford St., and 16, 17, 18 Hollen Street	George Heath	80 years 5/7/86	658	...	483	1577	..
32 St James's Street	Sarah & Hy. Lumley	21 years 5/4/88	300	420	87	816	...
2, 4 Brick Street, Park Lane	Alfred de Rothschild	21 years 5/4/86	350	1400	83	1140	...
139 Piccadilly	Lord Borthwick	44 years 10/10/83	812	3600	1200	...	...
5, 7, 9 Regent Street, and 10 Charles Street	Howell & James, Ltd.	31 years 10/10/89	750	...	595	1860	...
71 St James's Street	Beaumont Hankey	17½ years 10/10/90	350	650	55	...	...
Avenue Mansions, Shaftesbury Avenue	Harry Smith	80 years 5/4/90	1750	...	...	...	Not before in lease.
Carlton Mansions, 13, 13A, 14, 15, 15A Pall Mall	Geo. Joseph Wood- man	80 years 5/7/91	1525	...	710	1921	...
82, 84 Wardour Street	Thomas Callow	12 years 10/10/93	130	} ...	57	...	...
86 Do.	Philippe Ganosse	Do.	95		...	...	...
166 Do.	Carlo Ferrario	21 years 5/1/93	85	...	20	...	...
Glasshouse Street—The 'Cam- brian Stores' Public-House	Porter & Stevens	60 years 10/10/91	300	2000	125	...	...
23 St James's Place	The Rt. Hon. Francis, Earl of Wemyss and March	21 years 10/10/93	410	3083	240	1764	...
Wardour Street—The 'Hop- Pole' Public-House	Camden Brewery Co., Ltd.	21 years 5/1/93	90	560	21	...	...
22 Arlington Street, garden to	The Rt. Hon. Baron Wimborne	80 years 5/4/95	60	...	13	...	..
Langham Place—Queen's Hall	F. W. M. Ravenscroft	71 years 5/1/96	630	...	460	...	...
Cleveland Row—Stornoway House	F. A. Lucas	30 years 5/1/91	1100	1750	350	...	Part of this land was bought, and not before in lease.
20 Arlington Street, garden to	The Most Hon. the Marquis of Salis- bury, K.G.	80 years 5/4/95	44	...	10	...	...
Spencer House, garden to	The Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, K.G.	80 years 5/4/96	260	...	90	...	...
Bridgewater House, garden to	Trustees of the Duke of Bridgewater	Do.	182	...	94	...	...
'The Unicorn' Public-House, Jermyn Street	W. H. G. Rudder- forth	21 years 5/4/96	160	1120	160	760	...
'The Crown' Public-House, Shaftesbury Avenue and Oxford Street	Meux's Brewery Co., Ltd.	31 years 25/12/95	140	...	120	350	...
12 Pall Mall	The Cronk Family	18½ years 10/10/95	300	...	57	...	...
1 Stable Yard, St James's	The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Warwick	25½ years 5/4/95	650	1070	98	...	...
30 Charles Street, St James's	N. N. G. Campbell and A. J. Wood	17 years 29/9/97	1100	...	...	...	Not before in lease.
202, 203, 204 High Holborn	Ed. Gladowe Mar- shall	80 years 10/10/95	413	...	290	...	The old rent included other premises.
18, 19, 20 Jermyn Street	Ed. Keynes Purchase	80 years 5/4/96	570	...	132	...	...

LEASES GRANTED ON THE WOODS AND FORESTS ESTATES IN LONDON—*continued.*

STREET.	TO WHOM.	DATE.	RENT.	FINE.	RENT IN OLD LEASE.	FINE.	NOTES.
22 Regent Street, and premises in Jermyn Street 8 Buckingham Gate	Elkington & Co., Ltd. Ed. Jarvis Cave	60 years 5/4/97 75 years 5/7/99	£ 640 2000	£ ... ...	£ 448 360	£ ... ...	... The new rent includes a ground-rent of £800 purchased by the Crown.
Bury Street, Marlboro' Hotel	James Ramsay	78 years 5/1/99	780	...	470	1020	...
21, 23 Delahay Street	The Commissioners of Works	21 years 29/9/99	1265	...	...	...	Acquired by purchase.
The Holborn Restaurant	Holborn & Frascati, Ltd.	78 years 10/10/97	2156	...	1869	...	The last lease would not have expired till 1975.
The Carlton Hotel, Her Majesty's Theatre, and The Royal Opera Arcade 55 Parliament Street	The Carlton Hotel, Ltd. The Commissioners of Works	72 years 10/10/98 22½ years 5/4/99	4200 1650	... ...	763 ...	... ...	... Purchased from A. W. W. King and others.
138 Piccadilly	Hy. James King	50 years 5/7/98	1050	8509	1000	9900	...
84, 85 Tower Hill	Wm. Sheen	21 years 5/7/99	135	...	21	...	...
Vine Street Police Station	The Receiver of the Metropol. Police	99 years 5/4/97	515	...	370	...	Part of old lease would not expire till 1948.

## THE BETHEL STONE.

## CHAPTER III.



JOHN TRETHEWEY'S tannery was at the top of the High Street, and there he lived in a bow-windowed, creeper-covered house, with his spinster sister and his only child Zillah.

Langissack smelt naturally of fish; but at Trethewey's corner the odour of the tanyard mingled with the stench of the fish, and the blend was unique. Sometimes sudden whiffs from the tannery would hit the sense in far corners of Langissack, indicating a shift of wind, and the weather-wise would prophesy.

Trethewey was a widower, a quiet, gray man, nocturnally addicted to the clarinet; and Aunt Deborah Trethewey was a placid, good-tempered, bulky woman, and an incessant knitter.

The position of David Pentreath to Zillah Trethewey was vague. The girl's dead mother had openly desired that the young people should one day be married, and John Trethewey, believing this consummation to be inevitable, did not concern himself further; but there was no actual engagement or formal pledge; and the girl, assured of the allegiance of David, was not impervious to the attentions of other men, and at times the soul of Pentreath was much troubled.

One evening Mr Julian Danvers, remembering the invitation of Zillah, called on Trethewey, and unfolded the project of his picture. The old chapel-steward was proud to think that the

quarry-preaching would be perpetuated in paint, and hoped that some of the familiar faces and figures of the community would find a place in the picture. Indeed, Danvers found the old man's suggestions of some practical value.

'There's old Benjy Meneer,' said the tanner, 'with a beard like a prophet; on Sundays he always wears his smock-frock, an' 'tis gathered and corded to a miracle. An' for a brave bit o' colour there's Maria Polsue; her son sent home silks from the China Say, an' when 'tis fine weather the old sowl's so grand as the Queen o' Sheba. "Maria," I said to her wance, "you'm like a bird o' Paradise." "Which is fitty enough," said Maria, "for Paradise, please God, is where I'm gwain to."'

Aunt Deborah made a junket in honour of the 'company,' and David Pentreath was there to supper. The two young men sat opposite each other at the table, and the artist was so fascinated by the romantic face of Pentreath that at times he caught himself in the rudeness of a frank stare. He afterwards wrote to an artistic crony, 'There's a fellow here, a fisherman, who might have stepped straight out of Tennyson's *Idylls*.'

Zillah was happy, for the painter's gay talk bristled with compliments. He had declared that the central feature of his picture should be her own white-robed figure standing upon a ledge of rock. She promised him any number of sittings, and Danvers's studies were to begin on the morrow.

'Tis a rare gift to paint a picture,' said the girl. 'Nay,' said the artist, smiling; 'it is more a matter of long study and hard work. It's a rarer gift to sing as you sing, Miss Trethewey. They tell me that it's sheer jealousy that keeps the nightingale out of Cornwall; and since Sunday I have thought the nightingale a wise bird and reasonably careful of its reputation.'

David sat glum and silent at the table, till Danvers said civilly, 'I hope to put our friend Pentreath here into my picture; it would give me great pleasure.'

'I was not to the quarry-praichin,' answered David simply. 'Richard Borlase to Trebartha Farm broke his leg that morning, an' we carried 'en six miles on a hurdle.'

'Nevertheless, I might with a little license include you in the group.'

'I was not to the quarry-praichin,' repeated David sternly; 'an' to picture me there wed be a lie; an' I reckon a lie that's pictured's so bad's a lie that's told.'

Danvers smiled at this rebuff, and inwardly vowed that when he left Langissack he would take with him the face of Pentreath, by fair sitting or surreptitious sketch. The head of the man was surely meant for a casque; there was a strange old-world beauty in the sombre oval countenance; it suggested a host of pictorial possibilities. In out-of-the-way corners of Cornwall one sometimes meets with dark, handsome men of this southern type—men of an ancient race. Some say there is Spanish blood beneath their olive skins, the blood of mariners or soldiers wrecked in Armada days; but this theory is nonsense. The comeliness of David Pentreath was older than Spain.

After supper Trethewey produced his beloved clarinet, and there was music; and Danvers, rummaging the portfolio, found a duet, 'O that we two were maying,' in which he joined his own voice, an average tenor, to the clear soprano of Zillah.

David sat gloomily watching the brisk play of Aunt Deborah's knitting-needles; he could neither play nor sing himself, and the voice of Danvers was hateful in his ears. Then he remembered that it was a flood-tide with a rising wind; and, with a word about seeing that the boats were safe, he made his escape.

Pentreath was something better than a fisherman. He had shares in several small maritime enterprises, and was concerned in a little coasting traffic; moreover, agriculture, in the portly form of his Aunt Becky of Trebartha, was continually beckoning him to the farm. Altogether, for a man of his class, he was reckoned well-to-do.

Next day, as David was passing Trethewey's garden, he was saluted with a cabbage-rose flung at his hat; and, looking over the hedge high enough to exclude the gaze of other men, he saw the laughing face of Zillah.

'Why, what's up to-day, Zil? You'm dressed for a feast. 'Tis surely your Sunday frock.'

The girl flushed. 'Mr Danvers has been painting me for his picture; of course 'tis my Sunday frock.'

David's face clouded, and without another word he walked on; but the girl ran eagerly along the garden path, and, opening the little white gate, cried, 'David, I want you. Come in!' He entered by the gate, and she dragged him to the seat.

'I want 'e to do me a little favour, Dave—just wan li'l bit o' kindness.' The gloom instantly cleared from his face; her little errands and tasks made the gladness of his life; her whims were his mandates. He had sailed to Falmouth in rough weather to get her a new song, and when he came back the music, carefully wrapped in his oilskins, was the only dry thing in the boat.

'I want e' to have your picture painted, Dave. Mr Danvers would give anything for your head—not on a charger, Dave, but on a canvas. What he can see in your dear old black jib I can't imagine; but he says it's a rare type.'

'Iss, I reckon 'tis the type of a fool,' said David bitterly—'a fool that loves a maid out of all reason. No, Zillah, I've no time nor mind for such nonsense; an' I don't like the chap, with his dandy London ways. As for this great picture that you'm mazed about: what is 'a that you should all dance to his piping? When 'tis finished, an' he's putt the lot of 'e into the darned thing, folks up-along that don't understand the ways of 'e will ask, "Whatever's that?" an' when 'tis said 'tis a Cornish praichin', they'll stare at 'e through their eye-glasses like as if you was South Say Islanders in a missionary tract, an' say, "Curious creatures they Cornish, with curious religious notions." Darn the fellow an' his picture!'

'You are wrong, David!' cried the girl indignantly; 'you are wrong, and hard, and unreasonable. I'm ashamed of 'e.'

'Well, he saith I'm a type, so I reckon there's more like me,' answered David as he walked away.

Happily David Pentreath was alone in his bigotry, for the painting of that picture was a great event in Langissack, and a matter of universal interest. There was a general desire to be included in the group that filled the foreground; and Danvers had to exercise all his diplomacy in declining unsuitable material. Callers at the 'Feathers' would ask, 'How's the pictur' gwain' on?' as naturally as they would inquire about the fishing or the crops. Bolitho took an absurd pride in the work; occasionally, in the absence of the painter, he would display the half-finished picture to some favoured customer, or surreptitiously exhibit the stack of sketches and studies.

One day old Joe Tresco came to the inn, a



shabby, evil-looking man, with a pinched face and shifty eyes.

'Maister Bolitho, I want to spake to 'e,' said Joe wistfully. 'Do 'e think 'e could get the gentleman to putt me in the pictur'?'

'Joe Tresco,' said the landlord sternly, 'where was you on the mornin' o' quarry-praichin'?'

The old fellow shuffled his feet and twirled his cap of greasy moleskin.

Bolitho grew solemn as a judge as he pronounced the rejection of Joe Tresco: 'Rabbitin'—iss, Sunday rabbitin'—I seed 'e pass wi' ferrets; an' now, here you be wantin' to be putt into that blessed pictur', an' beseechin' to be numbered wi' the saints!'

Then Joe limped pathetically away, feeling that he was indeed outside the fold.

Mrs Mudge's two girls were luckier, for the woman took a child by each hand and confronted Danvers in the narrow part of Brimble Lane. 'Curtsy, my dears!' cried Mrs Mudge; and the artist was arrested by the triple salute.

'Twas maisles, sir!' said the woman to the perplexed painter—'maisles, an' no fault o' theirs they wad'n to the praichin'; an' why should they be left out o' the pictur'?' And the good-natured fellow, seeing possibilities in frocks of washed lilac, could not refuse the children a space.

Danvers was immensely popular in Langissack. He had always a merry word for the women, and for the men an open heart and an ever-open tobacco-pouch; as for the boys, they fought for the privilege of carrying his easel. He scattered largess with both hands; for one pocket of his jacket was stocked with sweets and the other bulged with bird's-eye.

Zillah Trethewey was his frequent companion during the progress of the picture; it was she who draped the women to his artistic notions, and coaxed the children to patience. Danvers called often at the tannery, and soon there was much wagging of tongues and shaking of heads in Langissack.

One evening David Pentreath called at the 'Plume of Feathers.' He was no frequenter of the inn, for he was an abstemious man, and had no liking for the gossip comradship that made the tavern-parlour an attraction to his fellows. He sat with Bolitho in a little inner room, working out a few figures to show the economy of bringing by water to Langissack barrels that had hitherto come by road; and through the open door came gusts of conversation from the parlour, crowded with men and obscure with tobacco-smoke.

The talk was of the picture, for the Porthillian carrier was there—a man who made it his business to pick up news as he picked up parcels.

'They tell me, Mr Roskriggen,' said the carrier, 'that they'mn puttin' 'e into the paintin'.'

'Iss,' piped Zacky Roskriggen the thatcher, a lean-bodied old man, thin of face and thin of

voice; 'I'm there, sure 'nough, an' purty near the middle. 'T'es a mar'v'lous pictur', carrier; what wi' the old stone quarry an' the great company o' folks—putts me in mind o' "Moses striking the Rock."'

'T'es a brave talent to paint sich pictur's,' observed the carrier.

'Iss, fay; 'tes a gift, that's what 'tes; 'tes a talent, same as thatchin'. Old George Landivvy's there, the very image o' 'en; an' Cardennick standin' on the praichin'-stone, an' the maidens singin', an' the children in a purty row with the praises o' God in their mouths. Iss, 'tes a mar'v'lous pictur', carrier, an' there I be purty near the middle.'

'They tell me,' remarked Roper Landeck, 'that when 'tes finished 'twill be putt into a gold frame an' exhibited tu the 'Cademy up to London; an' thousands o' folks'll come an' look at 'en, iss; an' multitudes o' gentry.'

Then Uncle Benjy Meneer made an astonishing suggestion: 'Should'n' wonder if the Prince o' Wales hisself was to behold 'en!'

The audacity of the idea staggered the company; and after a long silence Roskriggen, with a flush of excitement on his wrinkled face, cried, 'If 'a should, my dears, an' 'a should ask, "Who's that brave-lookin' old buck in the stripey westcoat purty near the middle?" I do hope some wan will have the good sense to tell'n that 'tes Zaccheus Roskriggen o' Langissack, thatcher by trade, who carteth say-weed odd times, an' doth jobs raisonable by the day.'

'The pictur's well enough in its way,' said Ned Perran, a loutish, coarse-looking fellow who worked in Trethewey's tanyard; 'but I've a-seed wan that's more to my fancy, an' by the same painter-chap. Iss, 'tes a brave, purty little thing that I've a-seed.' And the man chuckled audibly as the company turned interrogatively towards him.

'Mr Meneer, you'mn a scholar,' continued Perran. 'What signifieth *Cornobla*?'

'Why, Cornwall, to be sure,' answered Uncle Benjy; 'tis ancient for Cornwall.'

'Then I reckon,' said Perran mysteriously, 'that what I've a-seed is symbolical'—it was a long word for Ned Perran, and his eye swept the audience to note the effect of it—'in a way o' spakin', 'tes a hembem.'

'Ned Perran!' cried Uncle Benjy impatiently, 'thee'rt talking parables. Out wi' it!'

'T'es the pictur' o' a purty maid sittin' on a granite rock, with the green say behind her; an' her face is the face o' Zil Trethewey; an' there's say-weed hangin' about her, an' sand an' say-shells at her bare toes'—

'My dear days!' interrupted old Roskriggen, 'hath 'a pictured Zil Trethewey in her bare toes?'

'Iss!' answered Perran, with a guttural laugh; 'bare toes, an' her'—

David Pentreath entered and crossed the room at a stride; he reached over the table with his long arm and caught Perran by the throat.

'Open the door, wan of 'e!' roared David; and in the general consternation some one set the door open. Then the giant lifted the fellow from his seat and flung him clean out into the roadway, where he lay half-throttled, half-stunned.

Pentreath turned to the company, and in a quiet voice, that somehow seemed more terrible than his shout of rage, said, 'I'll thank 'e all to keep the name of Miss Trethewey out of yer conversation.'

Then he strode out of the inn, stepping over the bruised form of Ned Perran in the gutter.

## THE EVOLUTION OF THE ROSARY.



THE possession of a rosary, or chaplet, as it is called in France, is indispensable to all good Roman Catholics—at least to the female portion. Though I have not found that the sterner sex bother their heads much about them, it may be easily understood what large quantities are required, and what a thriving industry is their manufacture. True, they do not wear out; but they are easily lost. At least I suppose so, because during a ten years' residence in France, off and on, I have picked up a great number. Children, I fancy, are the chief offenders, because, after having witnessed a religious procession where children predominated, I have often found one or more chaplets on the ground as I followed the footsteps of the train on my homeward way.

Rosaries are made of different materials; wood, bone, glass, and dried seeds being the chief. The former takes first place; and it is only of wooden chaplets that I write.

The Pyrenees, those beautiful mountains that divide France and Spain, are noted for the box-trees that clothe the lower slopes in a mantle of picturesque green. There are also numerous very rapid streams, or *gaves*, as they are called, which, fed by the glaciers in the higher ranges, fling their brawling torrents down every ravine and valley. Man has hastened to take advantage of the combination, and here, there, and everywhere, often in most unfrequented and unexpected places, you come across the homely mill-dam and roughly built sawmill which, worked by water-power, converts the neighbouring box-trees into chaplets.

Every little Pyrenean village, however small, is sure to be the centre of a commune or parish owning extensive forest and pasturage rights on the wild mountain slopes around it. Once yearly, on a Sunday, its Mayor and councillors solemnly assemble in the little Mairie and put up for sale these rights; the bidders being, of course, only the inhabitants of the commune. The box-trees fit for cutting are an important item. After a spirited competition, much helped by good wine, the sale is over, and he who has bought the box-trees is alternately congratulated and chaffed by his friends, and he wonders what on earth made

him do it, and whether or no he will make anything out of his purchase.

In due course he cuts a load, and proceeds to sell it to the chaplet-makers; so let us now follow this load of the ugly, whity-brown, crooked sticks—none thicker than a lady's wrist—to the sawmill, and watch them being converted into rosaries. It will interest us.

The building is very much of the ramshackle order, and is thickly coated with a fine white or pale-yellow dust that gives it at first sight the appearance of a flour-mill. There is a hum and whir of machinery in the air; but it does not come from downstairs. Here are only the big saws, idle now, that are used for cutting up trees when box is wanting and does not come in quickly enough. But it is different above. Up the dusty, rickety stairs we go, through an ill-fitting door at the top, and we stand on the threshold of a long, low room filled with rapidly revolving wheels, flying leather belts, whirling drills, and screaming, vicious little circular saws, not fenced or guarded in any way. You hardly like to move for fear of coming into contact with some twisting devilment or other, grown-up person as you are; and your heart stands still, or ought to—I know mine did—to see wandering around, in, out, and everywhere, children of four years old and upwards.

I ask the foreman anxiously, 'What are the babies doing here? Surely it's dreadfully dangerous for them amid all this unfenced machinery?'

But the cheerful peasant only laughs. 'It's the tea-hour,' he explains, 'and the children have brought their mothers and sisters up some bread from the village. The babies come with the bigger children; but they will all be off soon, back again home.'

'But don't they get hurt?' I ask.

'Of course they do sometimes, and badly very often; but they soon learn their danger up here; and *que voulez-vous?*'—with a shrug of his shoulders—'the women must eat, and they can't go home, as it's all piecework here, so the children must come to them and risk it.'

I shuddered as a girl, gazing open-mouthed at us, walked backwards nearly on to a huge wheel; and I wondered what some of our factory inspectors would say to it. There are some

things—indeed, a great many—that they don't do better in France.

However, time presses, so we turn our attention at first to a small circular saw. It is going at great speed, and beside it sits a woman with a branch of boxwood in her hands. She presses this against the saw quickly and quite unconcernedly, although her fingers are perilously near its edge, I think; and each time the sharp teeth take off a slice of about a quarter of an inch thick, or less. It is cut obliquely, not straight across, and reminds me exactly of a slice of Bologna sausage, except that it is of a pale-pinkish colour, and not red-and-lard spotted. These slices fall with great rapidity into a receptacle under the saw.

Then we go to the other end of the room, picking our way amongst wheels and children. Here is a long bench or table, something like a turning-lathe; only, instead of one, it has sixteen lathes in a row, all working together. Opposite each lathe, if I may so term it, sits a woman with her head tied up in a cloth and only her eyes and nose showing. Everything is thickly covered with the fine dust, and I notice that I am already taking on a yellow tinge. Boxwood is remarkably hard and close-grained, and the sawdust is as fine as flour. Each woman has her lap full of slices of the boxwood, and a girl goes round with a big shovel filling the laps of the women from the receptacles under the saws.

In a turning-lathe, as most people know, the wood is fixed on a rapidly revolving spindle and turns with it, the operator applying his tool to it as it revolves. In this case it is the wood that is held in the hand, and the tool—a keen steel drill, its end shaped like a half-moon—revolves. From the centre of this half-moon a thin spike projects exactly beyond the two points of the horns the same distance as from its base to these points. In other words, if you stretched a string from point to point of the crescent it would exactly divide the spike into equal distances. If you press a slice of wood gently against this rapidly revolving drill-point the spike penetrates until the tips of the horns touch the wood and begin to cut a circle, and as you press the whole crescent eventually buries itself in the wood; and this is the moment to stop. You will then see that the spike has gone right through, its point just showing on the other side, while the horns of the crescent will have cut but half-way. Then turn the wood and apply the other side to the drill, taking care that the point of the spike is placed exactly on the little hole or mark made by it in the previous operation. Press again, and once more the crescent will cut in and meet the previous cut half-way; and, hey, presto! a neat little ball with a hole through it will drop or rather be pushed out into the palm of your hand. This is the *perle*, as the bead is called, in the rough.

Although I have been slow and minute in describing this first and important operation, it must not be supposed that the workwomen are slow like me. On the contrary, their rapidity and precision is wonderful. A woman takes a slice in her hand, and with hardly any perceptible pauses, presses it against the drill many times in succession until the whole surface is covered with the little circles that are so closely packed as to nearly touch each other: the smallest *perle* made has a diameter of three millimetres! Then, like lightning, she turns the wood and begins again, only this time she must place the spike unerringly on the almost pin-points of holes that stud the surface of the slice; but she does it as rapidly almost as the first side, and so she works for hours at a time, a continuous shower of *perles* dropping from her adroit hand into a box below. So expert do these women become that a first-class hand can cut as many as four gross, or a little over, of the smallest *perles* per day. A gross is a large tin measure, and I took one and filled it from a sack of small *perles* which stood beside me.

'Now, how many chaplets will this gross of *perles* make?' I asked.

'Twelve dozen, sir,' was the reply.

'How many *perles* go to make one chaplet?' was the next question.

'Fifty-nine, sir,' answered the foreman.

The calculation did not take long. Fifty-nine multiplied by one hundred and forty-four gives eight thousand four hundred and ninety-six *perles* to a gross. And a good worker can cut, say, four gross a day, or thirty-three thousand nine hundred and eighty-four *perles*. To me it appears stupendous.

'And how much do you pay per gross?' was the final question.

'Sixty-five centimes, sir' (sixpence halfpenny of our money).

For this small sum these women work ten hours a day amid unfenced machinery, their persons smothered and their lungs choked with the fine dust. An ordinary worker will only do from two to three gross a day, so that some only earn one shilling and a penny for ten hours' work. There is another danger, too, besides the unguarded machinery. The slice of wood is held in the hollow of the hand; and should too much pressure be applied, or the elbow get a jog, the keen drill will slip through the wood and into the palm of the hand like a cheese-taster into new cheese. Yet, poor as the pay is, it satisfies these simple mountain people; and I was told there is never any lack of hands.

On examining the *perle*, a minute ridge of wood will be found encircling it—that is to say, nearly every *perle* has this defect, though not all. The cause of this is that the points of the crescent-shaped drill on the second occasion of using it rarely meet the first cut exactly. Sometimes,



however, the junction of the cuts is perfect, and then naturally there is no ridge. These perfect *perles* are so rare, however, that they are not sought for, and so the whole lot, perfect or not, undergo the next operation which is designed to get rid of the ridge. For this purpose an ingenious machine is used, which I will try to describe as simply and clearly as is possible without the aid of diagrams. The contrivance consists of a barrel-shaped wooden drum, having very narrow slits cut in its sides all round, a few inches apart. Inside this drum is a solid stone core, exactly the same shape as the drum, but smaller, so that one layer of *perles* exactly fit the space between the drum and the stone core. This stone core is fixed, but the wooden drum revolves slowly round it, and the appliance is half-immersed, horizontally of course, in a tank of running water. When the space is nearly filled up with *perles*, the drum revolves and the *perles* are rubbed and rolled against each other, the stone, and the wood, until all traces of any ridge or inequality disappear. The running water passing through the fine slits in the drum carries away all the débris; and when the *perles* are taken out of the rolling-machine and laid out to dry they are as smooth and round as possible; and thus ends another stage in their history.

Chaplets are of many hues—red, black, blue, pink, yellow; indeed, they are dyed all colours. The operation is very simple. A tub of the required dye having been prepared, and another one alongside it containing a solution of boiling water and lime, the *perles* are first dipped for a few moments into the latter and then into the dye, and next they are dried. Without the first hot dip the dye would not adhere; but the lime renders the wood highly susceptible to the colouring matters used. I must not forget to state that a certain proportion of beeswax is added to the dye-tub, which makes the *perles* ready for the next operation of polishing. To effect this the *perles* are placed in a long canvas bag, which is then sewn up and tightly fixed by its four corners down to the wooden floor. Over the bag is placed a wooden frame on wheels containing three or four wooden rollers which press lightly on the *perles*. The frame is then connected up with a long wooden arm, worked by water-power, which draws the frame backward and forward over the bag, causing the *perles* to roll from one end of the sack to the other. This gives them a fine polish and makes them shine brilliantly.

A chaplet is composed of five sets of ten *perles*, each *perle* in a set being divided from its neighbour by either one or two links of the wire chain on which they are strung; but between each set of ten the space is much greater, and in the middle of this space is fixed a single *perle* that has been ornamented with a number of little circles cut by a tiny circular drill. This *perle* is called a *pater*, and is easily distinguished from the others by its

isolated position and carved surface. I do not know anything about the telling of beads, and I did not ask; but I imagine that when the wearer arrives at one of these single beads a paternoster is said. There are usually only four *paters* in a chaplet, the fifth being replaced by a small metal heart-shaped medallion, from which depends a short length of chain. On this piece is strung a *pater*, three ordinary *perles*, and then another *pater*, the whole finishing off with a small metal cross.

Thus in its majestic Pyrenean home is the humble box-tree converted into the many-coloured chaplet, and sent broadcast over the land. It finds its way into far corners of the earth, and brings comfort to many anxious souls. In fever-stricken hospitals under tropical skies the pale and gentle Sister of Mercy tells these Pyrenean beads, while far away at home the water-wheels ever turn, and the speckled trout leap in the ice-fed streams, and heed not.

#### A RIVER OF DREAMS.

SEE! the rising mists below  
All the fields with vapours cover,  
While above their drifted snow  
Pallid moonbeams lightly hover.

Softly curving through the woods,  
Silver Tweed comes gently streaming;  
Thought nor sound of winter's floods  
Haunts the peace that lulls his dreaming.

High upon its grassy height  
Stands old Neidpath, gray and hoary,  
And the wistful evening light  
Clothes it with an old-world glory.

Not a sound the silence stirs,  
Save the ripple of the river;  
Not a breath to lift the firs,  
And the brown bents hardly quiver.

Down beside the stream below  
Winds the path o'er rock and meadow,  
Faithful to the river's flow  
Through all turns of sun and shadow.

There where lightly, day by day,  
Pass the living all undaunted;  
Now, beneath night's mystic sway,  
By what phantoms it is haunted!

What strange shades go wandering by!—  
Ghosts of fishers long departed,  
Flitting forms of fantasy,  
Lovers leal or broken-hearted.

But the trailing mists arise;  
One by one the trees are hidden,  
Till the vale before my eyes  
Fades, by some mute magic bidden.

MURIEL E. GRAHAM.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### FAMOUS DISTRICT LIBRARIES.

**A**MONGST the great benefits enjoyed by dwellers in our large towns is that of easy access to circulating libraries and Free Libraries, which, thanks to Mr Carnegie, have started up like mushrooms all over the kingdom. Although books never were cheaper or more plentiful in the history of the world, not every one forms the delightful and useful habit of possessing a library of his or her very own. The public library and the circulating library are appealed to for expensive books, for current literature, and maybe oftenest for the works of fiction just in vogue. The dwellers in outlying country districts, where life moves more slowly and monotonously, have not always the privilege of easy access to good libraries. All honour, therefore, to those persons who, seeking neither fame nor applause, have supplied this want where the need was greatest. In the annals of self-development, the books read in early life in unknown country libraries have destined the lives of many whom the world has afterwards heard of for good. It is quite impossible to estimate the value of good and great books read during the formative period. The copy of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* which Scott read at thirteen, still existing in Kelso Library, had a powerful influence on the future poet. He bought a copy of the same book afterwards when he could scrape a few shillings together, and he says: 'Nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm.' It was natural, therefore, that the first-fruits of his genius should have been the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, of which this is the centenary year. Thoughts and impulses are stored which shall afterwards bear fruit, the fancy and imagination are stirred, while the reader feels that he has indeed become 'The heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.'

Andrew Carnegie has given away over two millions sterling during the past ten years in founding Free Libraries in Great Britain and

America. He might not have done so but for the benefit he received as a youth from a library of four hundred books for boys which Colonel Anderson of Alleghany threw open every Saturday afternoon to him and others. It is possible that William and Robert Chambers might not have become authors and publishers save for the intellectual culture and stimulus received from Alexander Elder's circulating library in Peebles and from an old *Encyclopædia* in a garret. Books read in the impressionable, formative period, ere business worries so invade the mind and time, are by far the most influential. Books, of course, only go a certain way in the formation of character, and to spend too much time in 'studies' or discursive and amusing reading may be only another form of laziness and sloth. There is a sense in which the man who is always preaching or reading or writing may become very ignorant. Thackeray was a reading and writing man, and yet he said that 'in a pretty large experience I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information, non-writers must often be superior to writers.' Still, to most of us, the deprivation of good literature would come as the removal of the sun from the mental and moral firmament of the world.

What we adventure now is to glance at some of the forgotten benefactions and benefactors who founded famous district libraries which have been, and still remain, living centres of usefulness in Scotland. Amongst the most notable of these is that of Innerpefferay, four miles south-east from Crieff, contained in a long, vault-like chamber in a white house on a knoll close to the river Earn. At a distance the building might be mistaken for a Presbyterian church. There is a school close by, and Innerpefferay Church is near. This library owes its existence to David Drummond, Lord Maderty, some time previous to 1680. By his will, dated 1691, he left the half of six thousand merks for the maintenance of the library, church, and school-house there. The bequest was rendered void

through some legal slip; but a nephew made good the intentions of the donor by setting aside five thousand merks for the encouragement of learning, 'and as a constant and perpetual stock for the preserving of the said library and maintaining a keeper and schoolmaster, and for augmenting the library and building a house.' The collection of books is of high literary, typographical, and bibliographical importance, although it is to be regretted that no catalogue has yet been prepared. Very wisely, the more precious books of antiquarian interest have not been lent out for forty years at least. The library received additions from Robert Hay Drummond, a relative of the founder, who was Archbishop of York. Colonel the Hon. C. Hay Drummond is the present proprietor. The number of volumes is between three thousand and four thousand, and over a thousand visitors entered their names in the visitors' book last year, many of whom gave donations of books. Canon Liddon, Sheriff Mark Napier, Professor Blackie, and others have all been enthusiastic about this collection. Upwards of a thousand books are borrowed during the year. Professor Blackie bestowed his Homer, with this inscription: 'Presented to the Innerpeffray Library, in pleasant memory of a visit to the beneficent foundation of the Drummonds of Madderty.—J. S. BLACKIE.' Mark Napier's *Montrose* has come from another grateful reader, while the late Queen Victoria bestowed her *Journal of Life in the Highlands*, with her autograph. A most interesting relic is the pocket Bible of the great Montrose, printed in French at Sedan in 1633, with the owner's autograph in several places. A pen-and-ink sketch, inside the upper board, of a hillock and roses encloses the monogram 'J. M. E.' (James Earl of Montrose). There are quotations entered here and there, such as 'Roses grow not upon thorns;' 'Honour to me is better than life;' 'Though the shattered universe o'erwhelm him, the ruins should find him untrembling.' Barclay's *Shyp of Fols of the Worlde* (1508) is the oldest dated book; but there is a copy of Lydgate's translation of the *Fall of Princes and Princesses* of an earlier date; a Bible in French printed at Antwerp in 1530, with curious illustrations; a copy of the second edition of the 'Great Bible' (1540), with frontispiece by Holbein; a 1602 copy of the black-letter English Bible, in which the Canticles are given as 'The Ballet of Ballets of Solomon;' a copy of Luther's Bible (1577); some Missals; Latin Breviaries, one of which belonged to Cardinal Quignan; Prayer-books; a Confession of Faith; and a French Psalter by Marot and Beza, with the musical setting printed in staff notation, and sol-fa letters beside it, supposed to be the only copy in this country. Books on history and superstitions are also well represented: we noted original editions of Reginald Scot's *Witchcraft*, Burton's *Melancholy*, Camden's *Britannia*, the prose works of King

James (1616), Dee's *Treatise on Spirits*, Sander's *Chiromancy*, Milton's *Eikon Basilike*, Drummond of Hawthornden's poems, Wither's *Emblems* (with little vignettes on each page), Drayton's *Polyolbion*, a first edition of Bacon's *Essays*, and Holinshed's *Histories*. The works of Donne, Brownrigg, Bishop Andrewes, and Beza's *Tracts* may very well have come from the Drummond who was Archbishop of York. These, with Boece's and Major's *Histories*, Raleigh's *History of the World*, and Elzevirs and Aldine editions, show the rare nature of the literary treasures in Innerpeffray Library. To the visitor, Mrs Birnie, the lady librarian, takes both pride and pleasure in showing these treasures, which are probably unique in the United Kingdom.

Leadhills and Wanlockhead are two mining villages in Lanarkshire: the first is at the head of the valley through which the Gogar flows to the Clyde; the second is on the Wanlock, a mile and a quarter distant, and is the highest inhabited village in Scotland. Corn does not ripen here, and there are no hens, as the poisonous galena ore prevents them from being kept. Wanlockhead is on the lands of the Duke of Buccleuch; Leadhills belongs to the Earl of Hopetoun's estates. Up till lately few of the folks emigrated; they did not understand how any one could be happy elsewhere. Pennant in 1772 and many a visitor since have commented on the barren and gloomy appearance of the neighbourhood; yet no one can doubt its salubrity. Miss Martineau in 1852 noted the absence of a meat-diet amongst the miners, yet could not deny that these folks, living on a poor soil, one thousand two hundred and eighty feet above sea-level, had a remarkably healthy appearance, notwithstanding the fumes of lead-smelting. Allan Ramsay the poet, who was born at Leadhills in 1686, established the first circulating library in Edinburgh. William Symington, who has a monument here, is styled the 'inventor of steam navigation' (see this *Journal*, 1902, p. 180). James Taylor was also a native. A tombstone in the churchyard bears record that John Taylor, miner here, died at the advanced age of one hundred and thirty-seven years. A light railway, seven miles in length, connects Leadhills with Abington, on the Caledonian system. Lead has been sought for in the bowels of the Lowther Hills for five hundred years, and gold and silver are also found in small quantities. In this connection the place has been called 'God's Treasure-house in Scotland.' When the Princess May was married a keeper-ring of Leadhills gold was sent as a marriage present. 'Never go to Leadhills without a hap' is local advice; and in this high-lying, treeless region sharp, sudden showers are common. About a hundred years ago, when William and Dora Wordsworth and Coleridge passed a night at Leadhills Inn, the latter likened the pumping-engine at Wanlockhead to a giant with one idea. Wordsworth and his



sister had a talk with a miner, who said they had just added a book to their library at a cost of thirty pounds, and that they had all sorts of books. 'What! have you *Shakespeare*?' they queried, and were answered in the affirmative. The poet and his sister, to their regret, left without seeing this famous library, founded about 1741 by a mining overseer named Stirling. Much of the decency, industry, and sobriety of the people, their pride of spirit, independence, and desire to give a good education to their children, has been traced as the fruit of this library. A library at Wanlockhead has been equally beneficial. Dr John Brown in 1865 gave a capital account of Leadhills Library in his 'Enterkin,' a paper dealing with the pass which comes out at Wanlockhead, and which he found most noticeable and impressive, and unlike any other glen he had seen in Scotland. He was likewise greatly struck with the range of subjects in the library and of authors in the homely catalogue, and added that it was impossible 'to think with anything but respect of the stout-hearted, strong-brained men who, after being in the bowels of the earth all day, sit down to wrestle with John Owen and Richard Baxter, or dream of heaven and holiness with Scougall and Leighton, or refresh themselves with *Don Quixote*, the *Antiquary*, or the *Fool of Quality*.' This is one of the oldest and best village libraries in the kingdom. There are about one hundred members of the library, which contains four thousand volumes; a sum of three shillings is paid for entry-money, and two shillings annually after that. A book is accounted new until it has been two years in the library. Every member not residing in Leadhills may be provided with a bag sufficient to keep out rain when carrying home books.

Mr D. Russell, clerk to the library, informs us that Leadhills Library is still flourishing and doing much good. There is a small annual grant from a Ferguson bequest, while Lady Hopetoun supplies all the leading daily and evening papers, which are much appreciated. On the back of the card whereon are printed the rules is a picture of the valley, a Corinthian pillar in the centre, a pick and shovel and pail at the foot, and the motto above, 'Leave the Rest to Heaven.' The catalogue shows that the library is strong in history, biography, and sermons. Novels, too, are well represented, with many old favourites, as becomes an ancient library; but we cannot imagine that the stories *George Harrington* and *Ralph Gemmell*, by R. Pollok, deserve to be classed as biographies. 'Philosophy' and 'Letters' are grouped. *Chambers's Journal*, we note, has a most honourable place and a large amount of space.

Thomas Telford the great engineer was one of those who thought very little about money but a great deal about roads and bridges, and when he came to make his will, believed he had only

some sixteen thousand pounds to dispose of; the actual sum turned out to be nearer thirty thousand pounds, so that all his bequests were nearly doubled. About one-fourth of the whole was set apart for educational purposes. Two thousand pounds went to the Civil Engineers' Institute, and one thousand pounds to the minister of Langholm and his native parish of Westerkirk, close by, in trust for parish libraries. There is a slab to his father in Westerkirk churchyard which Telford carved with his own hands: 'In memory of John Telford, who, after living thirty-three years an unblamable shepherd, died at Glendinning, November 1757.' Telford cherished the memory of his native Eskdale, and wrote a poem on the district. Burnfoot, the native place of the Malcolms, who were such great Empire builders, lies below Westerkirk. The Duke of Buccleuch has a fine shooting-lodge at Langholm, a place which is noted, amongst other things, for its lovely scenery and its rainfall. Westerkirk Library was in existence before Telford's bequest, having been founded at Jamestown in 1792 for the use of the men working the antimony-mine (now discontinued); but it is now housed in a suitable building in the shrubbery near the schoolhouse at Bentpath. At the time Dr Smiles wrote his *Life of Telford*, in 1867, there were four thousand volumes; when we called lately on Mr Irving the schoolmaster the number had increased to eight thousand, mostly bound in half-calf. The Langholm Telford Library is also well patronised, and is under the care of an intelligent local bookseller. A few years ago some of the more dilapidated books in the Westerkirk Library were distributed amongst the members. Every month the books are inspected. Bentpath Inn here is the only one between Langholm and Tushielaw in Ettrick, a distance of thirty miles by the Eskdalemuir Road!

For Westerkirk Library there is a charge of ten-and-sixpence as entry-money, and a small annual charge afterwards. The day of the full-moon, or the day following, is appointed for the exchange of books; consequently, as Dr Smiles remarks, 'there is scarcely a cottage in the valley in which good books are not to be found under perusal; and we are told that it is a common thing for the Eskdale shepherd to take a book in his plaid to the hillside—a volume of Shakespeare, Prescott, or Macaulay—and read it there under the blue sky, with his sheep and the green hills around him. And thus, so long as the bequest lasts, the good, great engineer will not cease to be remembered with gratitude in his beloved Eskdale.' Telford the herd-boy, who rests in Westminster Abbey, could have wished for no better monument.

William Chambers, mindful of the benefits which he and his brother Robert received from Alexander Elder's circulating library in Peebles, long extinct, gave in 1859 a suite of buildings having a library of ten thousand volumes, now

increased to fifteen thousand, with reading-room, museum, art-gallery, and lecture-hall, for the mental improvement and recreation of the inhabitants. One regrets to read in his extremely interesting autobiography that the donor had misgivings, after an experience of twelve years, as to whether it had been appreciated. In the museum attached may be seen the small green box which contained the belongings of William Chambers when he started as an apprentice in Edinburgh; also a fine full-length portrait of the publisher by Watson Gordon. A print of Bumby's has an interesting story attached. It represents a soldier lying dead in the snow, his dog sitting in misery on the one side, on the other his widow with a child in her arms. Burns saw this picture in the house of Sir Adam Ferguson at the Sciennes, Edinburgh. This was on the one memorable occasion that Burns and Scott ever met. Burns inquired as to the authorship of the motto of the picture. The boy Walter Scott whispered the information that the author was Langhorne, which drew forth a word of civility from Burns and a look which the author of *Waverley* never forgot. The lines are:

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,  
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;  
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,  
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,  
Gave her sad presage of his future years,  
The child of misery, baptised in tears.

The picture, which is not otherwise interesting as a work of art, was presented to the museum by the late Robert Chambers. The Institute, which cost William Chambers over twenty thousand pounds, is not a Free Library in the ordinary sense; the benefit is secured by paying a small fee. The old building in front was at one time a town residence of the Queensberry family, and the fourth duke was born here. The library contains a copy of William Chambers's very scarce booklet on David Ritchie the Black Dwarf, published at Edinburgh in 1820.

We might multiply examples, but these may suffice, of cases wherein a local celebrity has erected his own monument as well as provided a great public boon by the founding of a library or reading-room in a country district. Archbishop Leighton's bequest of books to his diocese has formed the nucleus of a library at Dunblane. Another example is that of the Proudfoot Institute, Moffat, founded from the residue of the estate of William Proudfoot, an early Scottish settler in Natal. About twenty thousand pounds was left to be expended on this working-men's institute, with library and recreation rooms and lecture and concert hall. Evening classes are also held here, which are of great benefit to young men. There are over three thousand books in the library, and additions are made from time to time. The

large hall is used for recreation, and carpet bowls is a popular game. The trustees also assist aged and infirm people or persons out of employment from their funds. The Norman Stewart Institute, Rothesay, owes its foundation to Norman Stewart, of Richmond, Virginia, and his nephews, and has a library of four thousand volumes, with reading and recreation rooms. Selkirk Public Library owes its origin to Mr T. Craig-Brown, author of a *History of Selkirkshire*. He purchased the buildings formerly used as the county jail; the Free Library Act was adopted, and now over six thousand excellent volumes are housed there. Mr Andrew Lang, a native of Selkirk, has been a liberal donor of books. Amongst the curiosities here are a Flodden flag and a uniform which was worn by the Ettrick Shepherd as a Bowman of the Border.

Samuel Brown of Haddington (1817-1856), fourth son of Dr John Brown, author of the *Self-Interpreting Bible*, was the founder of itinerating libraries. In these days, when the great classics of literature can be purchased for a few pence, it is not easy to imagine how difficult it was for the common people to see a new and high-priced volume or to possess good editions of old books. Amongst the thoughtful peasant-class the bulk of the books on their shelves might be volumes of divinity, many of them fifty or a hundred years old. Mr Brown was a genuine benefactor to a wide rural district. When he struck out this plan he formed a collection of books at his own expense, and put them in divisions: the newest were retained for the county town of Haddington, and a division was sent to each of the principal villages of the county. When a division had remained in one place about twelve months it was removed to another village, and a fresh one took its place. The charge for reading was small, and only sufficient to keep the books in repair, while the village librarians did their work gratuitously.

In 1847 Mary Russell Mitford, in conference with Mr Lovejoy of Reading and William Chambers, drew up a scheme for district libraries. Her idea was for five or six parishes to agree and to interchange their books as soon as one set, say, of two hundred volumes, had been finished by one parish, so that five libraries of two hundred books each should serve for five parishes to read. These were to be the very best books: no trash to be allowed!

George Miller, bookseller, Dunbar, who wrote his autobiography, and was publisher of the *Cheap Magazine*, issued his first circulating library catalogue in 1791; by 1811 it contained two thousand five hundred volumes, and a reading-room was started which he says was 'one of the most complete establishments to be met with in any town of equal size in the United Kingdom.'

## MY AUSTRALIAN DUCHESS.

## CHAPTER IV.



EXT day, according to my promise, I presented myself at Government House. Sir George had kept his promise, and you may imagine, therefore, his wife's surprise when he conducted me into her presence.

For upwards of a quarter of an hour we chatted together, and then the drawing-room door opened and a lady entered the room. On seeing her I sprang from my chair with an exclamation of astonishment. You will understand this when I say that she was none other than Christine, whom I had imagined to be many hundreds of miles away. She, on her side, was as much surprised as I was.

Lady Belford was the first to break the silence. Turning to Christine, she said, 'I was not aware, my dear, that you were acquainted with Lord Birkhardon.'

'Lord Birkhardon?' cried the other. 'I know Mr Farebrother. We are neighbours.'

Mutual explanations followed, during which I learnt that Colonel Urquhart had been an old brother-officer of Sir George's, and that Christine had been spending three months with them in Sydney. She was to return home in a fortnight, and I gathered from her manner that the thought of it did not altogether please her.

During the fortnight that followed I was permitted to see a great deal of her, for nothing would suit His Excellency but that I must take up my abode at Government House, and under the circumstances you may be very sure I raised no objection. Every day I fell more and more in love; and who could have wondered at it? Surely a girl so sweet and yet so self-reliant as Christine had never before graced this earth. Times out of number I was tempted to test my fate; but on each occasion I managed at the last moment to keep the words back. To have risked refusal would have been to spoil what remained of her visit, and that I had no desire to do.

Her return journey was to be made in company with a squatter and his wife, whose property lay upwards of a hundred miles to the east of Maraba. After a week's stay there, Bencliff was to meet her and drive her home. When she was gone Sydney seemed a different place; and, in spite of all my kind friends' wishes that I should remain, I determined to set off on my long journey back to Yarley with as little delay as possible. Fate, however, was destined to prove too strong for me, for on the afternoon prior to my departure I was driving with one of the aides-de-camp, when the horse bolted and we were both thrown out. He fortunately was uninjured; my leg, however, was broken a little below the

knee. In consequence many weeks elapsed before it was possible for me to move about, and still longer before I was in a position to run the risk of undertaking long rides in the saddle. During my convalescence I received several letters from Farquhar, in one of which he mentioned the fact that he had had occasion to go over to Maraba on business. The postscript contained his assertion that he considered Miss Urquhart a very beautiful girl. In a later letter he mentioned her again, and the reference was followed with something that caused me no little alarm. He had come to the conclusion, he stated, that a bachelor's life was a miserable one, and that the man who said otherwise was a fool.

'God help me!' I said to myself; 'is it possible that I am destined to have the man I love best in the world for a rival?'

When I reached the station once more it was no longer the same old Farquhar who greeted me. He seemed more reserved—to have lost his sunny, buoyant temperament, and to be more inclined to take offence at small things than I had ever known him to do. At first I thought he was scarcely pleased to see me; but he assured me emphatically that he was. Stranger still, he declared later, in answer to a question of mine, that he had come to the conclusion that Bencliff was, after all, not a bad sort of fellow.

'And Miss Urquhart?' I tried to ask the question unconcernedly, but I am afraid I failed in the attempt.

He rose from his chair and began to pace the room.

'Farebrother,' he said—'for I must still call you by the old name—I love that girl as I shall never love a woman again.'

'Have you told her so?'

'No,' he muttered, 'for I am sure she does not care for me.'

'Poor old fellow!' I said, and I put my hand upon his shoulder; but he threw it off and hurriedly left the room.

It was nearly midnight when he returned, and I had long since gone to bed, but not to sleep. He came to my room and sat down beside me, putting one arm round my neck.

'Old boy,' he said, 'come what may, please God, we'll not quarrel.'

'Never!' I answered. 'I don't think I could quarrel with you.'

And I never did. I like to think of that in these days: you will soon know why.

Now for the conclusion.

Almost before we knew it spring was over, and summer—scorching summer—was upon us; herbage was soon burnt up, and the earth cracked



in the terrible heat. Bush-fires were of constant occurrence; and, worse than all, with every day our supply of water was growing less. Only those who have had experience of it can understand the horrors of an Australian drought. Dead and dying animals—each one representing good, honest money to their owner—are to be seen on every side. Without water they cannot live, and yet the cruel clouds will not break. What grass there is is swept away by fire, and always present is the knowledge that it is impossible to foretell how long this reign of terror will continue. It may be weeks; it may be months; it may even last a year. And the result? In most cases ruin, or something very near akin to it. As for us, we did all that mortal man could do; which, alas! was little enough. The anxiety was overwhelming. Day by day the home we had built up for ourselves was being swept away, and we were powerless to save anything. Every night black clouds covered the heavens, until we momentarily expected to hear the rattle of the rain upon the roof; but no rain came, and in the morning every cloud had vanished.

One afternoon I stated my intention of riding out to see some cattle which we had brought in from the back country and had camped in the vicinity of one of the few holes in which there was anything like a fair supply left.

'I shall go with you,' said Farquhar. 'If I stay here I believe I shall go mad.'

'Come along, then,' I answered; and, catching the only two horses we now kept at the homestead, we saddled up and set off.

In the thick scrub the heat was stifling. Farquhar was in very low spirits, and, try as I might, I could not rouse him. We had perhaps proceeded another five miles when a *coo-ee* attracted my attention, and a moment later, to our astonishment, Bencliff and Grimshaw came into view.

'What on earth are they doing here?' I asked.

Farquhar did not reply; but I heard him catch his breath as if he were in pain.

'This is indeed fortunate,' said Bencliff as he dismounted, and we followed his example to rest our horses. 'We were on our way to see you. Our water has just about given out, and we wanted to know whether you could help us by running a few hundred head for us.'

I noticed a look pass between himself and Grimshaw. The latter nodded as if in corroboration of his friend's assertion.

'I'm afraid it's impossible,' Farquhar answered. 'We're almost dry ourselves.'

'Are you? Then take that!' and almost before I had time to realise what he was doing he had swung his heavy riding-whip and hit the other a crashing blow upon the head. Farquhar fell like a log. Then my senses returned to me, and I sprang upon Bencliff, and began to struggle with him. At the same moment Grimshaw, with an oath,

threw himself upon me from behind. Heavens! how I fought! But I was powerless to cope with them. At last, choked by Grimshaw's hand upon my throat, I found myself losing consciousness, and a moment later fell beside my poor friend. Yet even then, strangely enough, I was conscious of what they said.

'Now what are you going to do?' asked Grimshaw, who was still panting from his exertions. 'Put a knife into him, or what?'

'Hold your tongue,' the other replied. 'I know what I am going to do. We couldn't have a better chance. Just give me that rope off my saddle, and I'll make him safe before he gets his wits again.'

Though I felt nothing, I knew that I was being bound. I seemed to have lost all desire to struggle now.

'Now then, pick him up and bring him along here.'

Presently I opened my eyes and looked about me. My hands were pinioned behind me, and I could feel that I was lying upon an old log.

'Look! he has come to his senses again,' said Grimshaw. 'You'd far better have knocked him on the head as you did the other.'

'Do you think so? Well, I don't,' Bencliff replied. 'I want my Lord Marquis to be in a position to appreciate his fate.—Do you understand, my lord? In case it should interest you at all, I will give you a rough outline of what is about to happen. You and your partner came up here, where we didn't want you, and stopped my little game. You did your best to make it nasty for me about that horse. You have been making love to my ward. I wonder if she will recognise you when she sees you next—if she ever does. Now, what's going to happen to you is this: when I say good-bye to you, I'm going to ride up against the wind and set fire to the scrub. I'm afraid you will find it warm; but perhaps you won't mind that.'

Though only half-conscious, I was able to realise the awful nature of his revenge. Could anything more fiendish be imagined?

'Do what you like with me,' I muttered, 'but not with him.'

Bencliff walked across to where poor Farquhar's body lay, and after a short interval returned.

'You needn't trouble yourself about him,' he said brutally. 'He has got his quietus. When we get hold of that fellow Anderson we shall have the whole lot of you—that is to say, those who are worth troubling about. I've owed him a grudge for a long time, and he'll find that I will pay it.—Now then, Grimshaw, it's time for us to be moving on.'

He raised his hat to me with ironical politeness, and moved towards his horse. But a sudden fit of fury must have seized him, for he strode back to me and struck me savagely with his fist in the face; then, mounting his horse, he rode off,

leaving me to my fate. And what a fate! That he would carry out his threat I had not the least doubt; but how long would it be before the end came? They would not ride fast on such a day, so that, allowing that they would not set fire to the scrub until they were five miles off, it could scarcely be less than three-quarters of an hour before I might expect to hear the roar of the flames. For the reason that my arms were tied in an unnatural position under me, they soon began to cause me excruciating pain. Add to that the ants and flies that settled and crawled upon my face, and you will have some faint idea of what I suffered.

At last I suppose my senses must have deserted me again, for I imagined myself back in England once more, bathing in the cool river that ran its winding course through the park. Then I was walking with Christine in Sydney Gardens, looking down upon the blue waters of the harbour. Later I opened my eyes once more. Hark! what was that? A dull roar like distant thunder that was every moment drawing closer. The fire was sweeping down upon me, and my end was only a matter of minutes now. I tried to form my thoughts into some sort of prayer, and to resign myself to my fate; but it was impossible. The desire for life was too strong, and I struggled madly with the cords that bound me. They, however, were too securely tied; I could not loose them. Presently I could hear the falling of great trees, and see the smoke in the sky above me. Frightened cattle, horses, and kangaroos dashed by, and once a horse jumped the log to which I was bound, his hoofs almost touching my face. Then there happened a thing that, even in such a desperate crisis of my life, gave me cause for wonder. Two mounted men, on maddened horses, raced by me, and I noticed that they were Bencliff and Grimshaw. God's vengeance had overtaken them, and they had been caught in their own trap. Scarcely had they passed before my straining ears heard the beat of other hoofs, but on this occasion they were coming towards me. I turned my head to look, and as I did so a cry escaped me. I saw a woman on a foam-flecked, worn-out horse—and that woman was Christine!

Without losing a moment, she dropped from her saddle and ran towards me. With feverish haste she unlashed my cords, crying:

'Can you run? My horse is worn out.'

'God knows,' I answered as I sat up, and then her eyes fell on poor Farquhar lying a few feet away. She ran to him, looked down, and returned.

'Come,' she cried, seizing me by the wrist. 'He is dead.'

And with that we started to run, never looking back.

'The river should be over there,' she panted, pointing to the right. 'We must reach it at all hazards.'

Still we ran on, though how I managed it I shall never know, for my legs had been numbed by the cords. Christine's excitement kept her up, and gave her the strength of half-a-dozen men. Still holding me by the arm, she half-dragged, half-supported me. The fire was less than a mile behind us now, and travelling at the speed of an express train. The dry river-bed was only a hundred yards or so ahead of us. Could we reach it in time?

But why prolong the story of the agony of that dreadful day? We did reach the river, though how we managed it I do not know. Once there, we tottered down the sloping bank and out on to the broad sands beyond, where there was nothing to burn, and, unless we were suffocated by the smoke, we were safe. Christine told me later that when I reached the middle I fell down in a dead faint. I suppose I must have done so, for I remember no more until I woke to find her kneeling beside me, bathing my face with some water which she had obtained from a small pool near by.

Now you have heard my story, and you can judge for yourself whether it is worth the telling. It was not until afterwards that I learnt full particulars of what had happened. Christine, it appeared, had chanced to overhear a conversation between the two men. The original plot they had arranged was to inveigle us out on to the run, and to do then what they had done. Their opportunity, however, came sooner than they expected. Knowing that it was useless for her to attempt to deal with them, the brave girl had allowed them to start upon their murderous errand, and had then ridden for her life to warn us.

Poor Farquhar's body we found next day charred to a cinder. Retribution speedily overtook the arch-scoundrel of the plot, for we discovered Bencliff in a dry nulla, some sixteen feet deep, into which his horse had fallen headlong, crushing him beneath it. What became of Grimshaw we could not ascertain. At any rate, he never appeared in the district again.

When Farquhar's will was read it was found that he had made me his sole heir. Feeling, therefore, that my duty lay in England, and that after what had happened it would be too painful to remain on the place, I disposed of the property for a very handsome sum, and then went down to join Christine in Sydney. Our marriage took place a month later.

Now, if you will accompany me on to the terrace, I fancy you will find seated there an elderly but very beautiful lady, beloved by everybody. Knowing what you know now, you will be able to understand why I am proud to call her

'MY AUSTRALIAN DUCHESS.'

## THE MALAY LANGUAGE.



HE raconteur of the Eastern Tropics always finds room in his répertoire for the anecdote of the two Singapore merchants who met, during a visit home, in a first-class carriage on the London Underground Railway. Among their fellow-passengers was a lady whose charms caught their artistic eyes. They felt perfectly safe in discussing her comeliness in Malay; but, to their embarrassment, when one of them rose to open the door of the compartment to allow the lady to alight, she, with a guileless smile, thanked them thus: '*Trima kasih, tuan; tabek!*' ('Thank you, sir; good-day'). Truly, London is a dangerous place, when one cannot give vent to the secret thoughts of the heart—even in Malay.

This story is my apology. Day by day our possessions in these sunlit waters are becoming of more importance; Singapore, the hub of the whole, is rapidly growing, and no one can afford to live in Singapore without a knowledge of Malay, inasmuch as it is the means of communication between the European and the bewildering variety of Asiatic races who rub shoulders together in this cosmopolitan port. Added to this, Malay is spoken not only in the peninsula, but also in Sumatra, Sunda, Java, Flores, Timor, Timor-Laut, Borneo, the Moluccas, and the Philippines; while it is also the tongue in which natives of the Eastern Archipelago, who do not know one another's language, converse. To the scientific student its interest lies in the fact that in it is to be found the key to the puzzle of the origin of the peoples inhabiting these islands, seeing that we have no records of them previous to the coming of the Arabic tribes. The English language reveals the historical facts of the peopling of the British Isles by Celts, Saxons, Danes, and Normans; of the intermixture of these races and tribes; of the introduction of the New Learning; of the world-wide empire acquired by the hardy breed of this mongrel race. So the Malay language tells us of an early migration of some probably Africo-Indian race; of possibly two invasions of some purely Indian people (bringing with them great store of knowledge, and introducing many words of Sanskrit origin); then of a sweeping flood of Arabic-speaking tribes (who forced upon a naturally superstitious and idolatrous people the pure monotheism of the Prophet); and, lastly, it whispers to us of the coming of Portuguese, Dutch, English, and even of the bland Celestial.

What is called the 'native' element of the language—that is, those words which cannot be traced to any known origin—comprises simple terms descriptive of a life passed in the jungle by men of primitive habits, such as the names of the physical features of the country, of simple

food, dwellings, hunting, the earliest form of tillage, fishing, and domestic affairs.

The Sanskrit element introduces us to a high form of civilisation: it gives us the word for plough, indicating an advance in agriculture—an advance which has not yet penetrated far into the interior, where the natives still cause a scene of desolation by burning down the jungle, and plant among the blackened stumps and fallen trunks of giant trees their seeds of rice, maize, and tobacco, or churn up the plain by driving buffaloes over the sodden ground in order to make a wet rice-field. Terns, too, descriptive of the elephant and its ménage are of Sanskrit origin; from this source, also, we get terms relative to merchandise, precious stones, dominion, the life of an Eastern court; and the names of some of the more deadly slaughter-weapons, such as *kris*, and of some simple scientific, moral, and religious objects and ideas. The Malay word *manna*, meaning 'where?' 'what?'—derived from a Sanskrit word signifying 'measure'—takes us back in thought to the exodus of the Israelites, who, as the Psalmist so quaintly puts it, 'did eat angels' food' and named it 'manna,' as the margin of our reference Bibles obligingly tells us, from their wondering inquiries, 'What is it?'

The Arabic-speaking tribes brought with them the religion of Mohammed, and consequently from this source springs the bulk of religious and moral terms. Many, also, of the terms of politeness and compliment (to be seen in the wearisome and fulsome address and introductory part of a Malay letter) are almost pure Arabic. In fact, it is difficult to define the Arabic element, as new Arabic words are being continually introduced, and a Malay writer shows his learning by the use of Arabic words and phrases, much as an Englishman proud of his erudition interlards his literary effusions with words borrowed from ancient and modern European languages. It must be added that Malays use the Arabic character, though many now, especially those who have to do with Europeans, prefer to use Roman.

There are but a few words of Portuguese, Dutch, English, and Chinese origin, enough to show that the Malays have come into contact with these races. Chinese, of course, gives the Malay the word for opium, while English gives them 'gas,' 'telegraph' (for telegraph), *musti* (a bazaar-word for must), and such words as *pas-pan* (for saucepan) and 'matches' are gradually coming into use. To compensate for this, they have supplied us with the word *orang-utan* (which we misspell and mispronounce) and the now common English word 'amuck' (*amok*, mad).

The Malay language is soft and melodious, rejoicing in vowels and liquids, and avoiding



all harsh consonants. They drop the *k* at the end of a word after a vowel, preferring the open sound; they generally change the Arabic *f* into *p*, while the deep gutturals of Arabic are very rarely heard. The Malay likes life made as easy as possible, and his life is reflected in his language.

Writers on this language have differentiated or tried to differentiate between High and Low Malay. The terms are unfortunate, because misleading. We might with just as much fitness call Ciceronian Latin High, and Plautine Latin Low. As in every language, there is a literary and a spoken form; and the more educated a man is the more copious his vocabulary, the more grammatical his speech, and so the nearer his spoken language approaches the literary form. This is true of Malay, though the literature of the language is scanty, for the speech of the more leisured and better-educated classes of Malays approaches in proportion to their education that of their literature. There is a language of the bazaar which is so 'Low' as to be almost unworthy of being called Malay, as the stream of the tongue of Billingsgate has wandered far from the 'pure well of undefiled English.'

We might boldly say that the Malay language has no inflections were it not for the compound nouns and verbs formed by prefixes and suffixes. These affixes give an active, passive, or intensive force to verbs and change concrete into abstract nouns.

It has been said that all Malay nouns are naturally plural. It is better to regard them as having in themselves neither number nor gender. To indicate number either some word of numerical value is added, such as 'one,' 'two,' 'some,' 'many,' or the plural is formed by doubling the word—thus *anak* is child, *anak-anak* is children. This principle of reduplication, found commonly in Greek for the purpose of forming the perfect tense, and with less frequency in Latin and English—for example, 'did' represents 'do-do'—is also used in Malay for intensifying purposes; thus *se-bulih-bulih*, as can-can—that is, as hard as one can: to the best of one's ability. Gender, like number, is indicated by the addition of a term signifying male or female.

A grammatical curiosity shared by the Malay, Chinese, Burmese, and Siamese languages is the addition to substantive nouns of what grammarians are pleased to call numeral affixes or numeral coefficients. Such English phrases as 'five head of cattle' and 'seven sail of ships' illustrate the meaning of these pundits. Thus in Malay we have 'five tail of cats,' 'seven fruit of ships,' 'four seed of eggs,' 'two stair [or three door] of houses,' 'thirty slab of planks,' &c.

With regard to personal pronouns, it may be noticed that every word used to designate the first person singular literally means either slave or companion. This is Oriental politeness, and

many examples, such as, 'Is *thy* servant a dog that he should do this thing?' are to be found in the Old Testament. The same cause impels the Malay to avoid the use of the second person singular, and to replace it by the name or title of the person addressed. To address a Malay by the second person singular pronoun is to treat him *de haut en bas*. There are two words to express the first person plural, and a very useful distinction is drawn between them. One of them (*kita*) includes the person addressed; thus it would be used in the sentence, 'We will go a-hunting to-day,' when all the persons present are included. But in translating 'Our Father,' as addressed to God, the other word (*kami*) would be used (the possessive being indicated by position or by the addition of a word), as the person addressed is manifestly excluded. Oh that some good Samaritan would invent an extra third person singular pronoun in English to help us along in indirect speech!

'Bow-wow words'—or, to use the expression of one's Latin Grammar days, onomatopœia—are fairly common in the native element of the language. This is what might be expected, as—we are all evolutionists nowadays—the primitive man, having emerged from the weird state of missing-linkdom, would naturally try to express his thoughts by imitation, and consequently the earliest elements of speech would be the imitation of the cries of beasts and birds. Thus we have *siol*, to whistle; *pipit*, a small bird; *nganga*, to yawn; *clichak*, a house-lizard, &c.

It has been said that a man may carry on a conversation in German with the single word 'so,' if he only knows how to give it the right intonation at the right moment. One might almost say the same of the Malay word *sudah*; but you must be careful to use it with a sharply imperatival tone, its meaning then closely approximating the vulgar English sentence 'Shut up!' But if *sudah* is useful, *barang-kali* (perhaps) is maddening to the Englishman. A Malay hates the trouble of making up his mind—in fact, he never does any such thing. His mind is made up for him by his environment, and consequently *barang-kali* is a very favourite word with him. Again, he is too polite and too timid to use a blunt 'No,' so he generally temporises with *barang-kali*. Therefore, do not ask a Malay a direct question, expecting an explicit answer; talk to him of things in general (he loves a talk); and, as 'in a multitude of words there lacketh not folly,' says the wise man, if you are skilful you will probably find out what you wish to know.

The Malays are not without imagination. This is manifest from their language, their *pantun* (verses), and their proverbs. Thus the Malay word for child (*anak*) enters into such expressions as 'the clapper [child] of a bell,' 'the toes' (children of the foot), 'a key' (child of the lock), 'uvula' (child of the tongue), 'arrow' (child of the bow),

'spokes' (children of the wheel), 'tributary' (child of the river). Again, *mata* (the eye) enters into such combinations as 'the eye of the day' (the sun), 'the eye of a tree' (a knot in wood), 'the eye of a barrel' (a bung-hole), 'the eye of the balance' (*Anglice*, the tongue of the balance), 'the eye of the march' (the vanguard), while *mata-mata* (*Anglice*, all eyes) is the word for a policeman. This last expression is ideally admirable, but would in practice be more accurately expressed as 'an eye for the main chance.'

The *pentum* (verses) of the Malays are mostly of four lines, of which the first two are generally

a metaphor, the last two its application. These people, too, are fond of proverbs; for instance, the vulgar but expressive English saying, 'Teach your grannie how to suck eggs,' has its equivalent, 'Is it necessary to sharpen the thorn?' and 'A man born to be hanged will never be drowned' is expressed by the fatalist man, 'Bark swims, stones sink.'

To sum up, the Malay language is easy to learn, sweet to the ear, somewhat imperfect as a means of communication of thought; but when spoken with understanding, expressive, forcible, imaginative.

## THE BETHEL STONE.

### CHAPTER IV.



THE beauty of Zillah Trethewey had worked its spell on Danvers, and the painter was honestly in love. He was a frequent visitor at the tannery; the odour of the place, once insufferable, became tolerable with familiarity, and he grew almost reconciled to the bundles of hides and the hideous little heaps of horns and hoofs.

Beneath the homely ways of these people there was a degree of education that he had not expected to find. The girl had been decently brought up at a boarding-school in Penzance, and her skill in music was remarkable. It seemed to Danvers that her face and voice would carry her anywhere. Yet he was painfully conscious of a disparity in their social conditions. He wondered at times how this unsophisticated girl would be received by his cultured sisters living in struggling gentility in that Kensington flat. He thought of his aunt Matilda, from whom he had expectations—a proud, precise woman to whom a lapse into dialect would be a thing of horror. How would he reconcile these fastidious relatives of his to the tanner's daughter? Then he remembered with gratitude a certain Uncle Joseph, the 'black sheep' of the family, who had sunk to the abyss of an obscure tobacconist's shop in Islington. He would meet all feminine protests and strictures by throwing Uncle Joseph at their heads. He had never hitherto appreciated this disreputable connection; but all things have their uses, and Uncle Joseph would make an admirable missile.

There was discretion in Danvers; the very practice of his art made him discriminating; and if his affection for Zillah Trethewey should seem an incongruous element in his life, he was prepared to eliminate it with a pang, as at times he had sacrificed in a picture some admirable figure or fond effect of colour that spoilt the ensemble.

As for Zillah, she found herself in a new, strange atmosphere of flattery and compliment.

The attentions of the painter touched her vanity, a point at which all women are vulnerable. Danvers was never weary of making sketches of her in every delightful aspect. She was proud to think that her beauty inspired a man to such industry; and she was exceedingly happy.

In those days David Pentreath seldom came to the tannery; the stranger seemed to pervade the place with his pictures and singing and gay talk. Once or twice, in his desire to be near Zillah, David had called in the evening; but the music and laughter jarred upon him, and he sat all the time in mute malignity.

There was a fierce conflict in the heart of David. At times he was moved to a generous renunciation: he would trouble Zillah no longer; he would go abroad in the next company of emigrant Cornishmen. At other times the intensity of love and jealousy within him drove him half-mad, and a tragedy seemed the only fit finish to his trouble.

Already the names of Mr Danvers and Zillah Trethewey were linked in the common gossip of Langissack. There were significant meetings and rambles which were quickly noted and commented upon by people keen of eye and long of tongue.

One morning Mrs Poljay met David Pentreath at Trethewey's corner. The woman was driving a wheelbarrow-load of tan—the spent tan made a slumbering fuel for a hearth-fire, and could be had at the tanyard for the fetching. The look on David's face arrested the woman, and she said kindly enough, 'I be cruel sorry for 'e Dave; 'tes a bad job when a man's sweetheart thraws 'en awver for a gentleman, an' sometimes 'tes bad for the maid.' And the words of pity fell on David like drops of vitriol.

Mrs Poljay, a sinewy, lean woman, resumed her load, and half-way down the street met Zillah herself.

'Isn't there a man about that would give 'e a hand, Mrs Poljay?' asked the girl gently.

'Drat the men!' answered the woman. 'I reckon I can fetch my awn firin'. Where there's men there's trouble.' She set down her load, and thrusting her hand into her pocket beneath her ample apron, produced a colour-tube, empty and flattened. 'Look 'e, Zillah, what I've a-found.'

'Why, 'tis only an old tube,' said the girl, smiling; 'something that Mr Danvers has used and thrown away.'

'Iss, used an' thrawn away,' echoed the woman; 'tes battered an' twisted, 'tes no good, an' he's a-finished wi' it.' With a little dramatic gesture she threw the tube into the gutter, and cried appealingly, 'Aw, my dear maid, don't 'e make a fule o' thyself.'

'Martha Poljay, how dare you?' cried the girl, as the significance of the woman's parable dawned upon her.

'Dare!' answered Mrs Poljay. 'I'm a darin' old sawl. I nursed your mother when other folks were afeared to go nigh the house. Zillah Trethewey, I beg 'e don't 'e make a fule o' thyself.'

Martha Poljay continued her way down the street, which was now so steep that the difficulty was not in propelling the jolting wheelbarrow but in holding it back. The tears were running freely down her hard, brown face, and she could not dry them while her hands held the barrow. At the turn of the hill by the 'Plume of Feathers' she encountered that chubby philosopher, Dicky Pascoe. Relinquishing her load, she hastily wiped her streaming eyes with her apron.

'Waarm work,' said Dicky sympathetically, mistaking her tears for perspiration; 'you'm most home, or I'd lend 'e a hand.'

'Dick Pascoe,' said Mrs Poljay, resting herself at the edge of the wheelbarrow, 'I be cruel vexed 'bout Dave Pentreath; 'tes shameful o' Zillah to thrav 'en awver.'

'For the matter o' that,' answered the wise little man, 'sometimes a maid throws a man awver same as us drop awverboard an undersized crab, knowing that the salt water's good for 'en, an' by-'n-by we shall be mighty glad again o' Meister Crab.'

'Iss, fay, if 'a doesn't get caught by another body.'

'True enough in a general way,' answered Dicky; 'but Dave Pentreath is wan o' they narra-minded fules that hath eyes awnly for wan maid, forgettin' that the Lord in His goodness hath made a multitude o' women. I reckon Dave Pentreath wed always crawl back to the same old crab-pot.'

The compassion of Martha Poljay rankled all day in the mind of David. It galled him that he should be the object of commiseration. The man was as proud as Lucifer, and on such a nature pity is corrosive. He would bide no longer in the town to evoke the sympathy of old

women. Yet before he departed he would see Zillah once more; there were a few words he would like to say to her—a very few words.

It was late in the afternoon when he called at Trethewey's and asked Aunt Deborah, 'Is Zillah home about?'

'I b'lieve she's gone out quarry-way wi' Mr Danvers,' answered she. David winced at the words, and Aunt Deborah felt sorry for him. For weeks past his grief had been plainly written in his face, and the kindly old soul, who had always loved him, felt a motherly concern for the suffering giant.

Climbing the steep of Jacob's Ladder, David took the cliff-path to the quarry. There was not a breath of wind, and the stagnant air was oppressive. In the south-east the threatening sky was the colour of dull copper, and the flat sea had caught the lurid tinge. All day the storm had been brewing, and a climax was imminent. There came a spasm of wind that agitated the bushes and heather, and suddenly died; then a few big precursory raindrops smote the earth like bullets.

Eager to escape a drenching, David hurried on towards the quarry, for the stretch of moor was shelterless. As he turned his back on the sea at the slope of the path, the opacity of brown cloud was split with lightning, and a rumble of thunder followed. He was hastening down to the old quarry-house when he perceived two figures clambering to the same refuge—evidently Danvers and Zillah. He could hear their voices as they scampered and stumbled over the boulders, the artist carrying his easel in one hand and a wet sketch in the other. David stood irresolute by the Bethel Stone, and the others reached the shelter of the quarry-house without seeing him. Then the rain came—a deluge of rain that swept down the hillside with a sudden fury of wind; in a few minutes the rocky declivity was trickling and gurgling with a hundred rivulets.

David crouched by the lee-side of the Bethel Stone; he could not suffer himself to share the shelter with the others. A great hatred of Danvers possessed him, and there was murder in his heart.

'What a storm! We were just in time!' cried Zillah; and Pentreath could distinctly hear the words.

'I'm afraid this is a poor shelter, for the roof is nothing but open rafters,' answered Danvers; 'you must allow me to throw my coat over your shoulders.'

Then they laughed together—laughed David Pentreath into madness. He felt the great stone vibrate as he strained his shoulder against it. A word from Danvers fell upon his ear—a word of endearment; and the devil within the man grew stronger than human. He set his back against the boulder, and drove his feet into the ground;



all his hatred and love and jealousy found vent in one supreme effort—the ponderous mass was tilted beyond its balance, and toppled down upon the quarry-house; and with an awful crash the crazy building fell in!

Pentreath himself was flung forward, and rolled down the slope, partially stunned; and when he struggled to his feet, bleeding and bruised, the quarry-house was a hummock of ruin, a shapeless cairn beneath which his love and his rival lay fitly buried. The thunder was now immediately overhead, and there was a terrific tearing and crashing. A great quantity of detached stone and rubble, the detritus of years, had slid down the hill—perhaps loosened by the shock of the falling house, or by strange coincidence brought down simultaneously by the storm; and this avalanche of débris added to the tumulus of the collapsed building.

David gazed on the wreck in a strange elation of anger and vengeance, and with a certain fierce sense of achievement. It did not seem in any way wonderful to him that the frenzy of one man could work such titanic mischief. In his egoism of passion this overwhelming catastrophe seemed but an adequate expression of his wrath, and the elemental riot a fit accompaniment.

He did not doubt that the two were crushed to death beneath the ruin. They would need no other burial, for there was a great heap of stones above them, like the mounds on the graves of the old kings upon the moor; and in time the grass would cover the stones, and bramble and heather and fern would grow there.

Then in the heavy rain he walked away; not as a man fleeing from the scene of crime, but deliberately and steadily, like one who has completed a task. For the time he was wholly pagan, without compunction; he felt himself a tool of fate, impelled to this deed of judgment by forces outside him.

An hour later David Pentreath entered the office of Mr John Coad, auctioneer and valuer, and agent for the Unity Line of South African mail steamers. The walls of the dingy little office were covered with announcements of sales, past and to come, mainly of cattle and agricultural effects; and a huge framed picture of the Unity liner *Syrian* lent a patch of incongruous splendour to the room.

'I want a through ticket to Geltesburg,' said David.

Mr Coad looked up in surprise. 'This is very sudden, Pentreath.'

'Iss, things happen sudden,' answered David curtly.

'You astonish me, Pentreath: a thriving fellow like you with a dozen interests in the town. Why should you emigrate?'

David ignored the question, and asked, 'When does the next boat sail?'

'To-morrow,' answered the agent, opening his book; 'you ought to reach Plymouth by the last train to-night.'

David began to count the sovereigns out upon the table; and the agent caught sight of a bruise and abrasion on the man's forehead.

'Been fighting, David?' he asked, not unkindly; but Pentreath continued the audible counting of the money.

'Excuse the inquiry,' said Mr Coad, putting down his pen and looking the other in the face; 'but are you perfectly sober?'

'Sober's a judge,' answered David grimly.

'You must pardon the question,' continued the agent. 'Robert Lowry was here last week in a similar hurry for Africa, and came next morning saying he must have been drunk, and Cornwall was good enough for any sober man; and he gave me a brave lot of trouble altering my books and cancelling the ticket.'

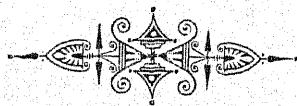
'I have a few matters in the town that I may ask 'e to settle for me, Mr Coad,' said David. 'I shall be writing you.'

'Always at your service,' answered the shipping agent.

When Pentreath had folded the voucher and placed it in his pocket-book, Mr Coad said heartily, 'Good-bye, David; I wish 'e well!' But David, ignoring the proffered hand and deaf to the valediction, walked out of the office.

'Love-smitten, I suppose,' said the agent to himself with a shrug.

Meanwhile strange rumours were flying around Langissack, wild talk of thunderbolts and earthquakes; and later on the little town was thrilled by the definite tidings: 'There's been a terrible landslip in the old quarry, and the Bethel Stone's fallen awver.'



## SOME SOUTH AFRICAN PREJUDICES.

By DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.



THIS is an almost universal characteristic of Colonial and other guide-books that, while they deal pretty fully with the country, they say little or nothing of its people; with the result that the new-comer has to feel his way through the shoals of local prejudices and customs, guided only by a long and often expensive experience.

This is particularly true of South Africa, where many an immigrant has seriously prejudiced his future by the commission of some solecism which has taken a long time to live down. There is hardly a Colonial governor or exalted functionary of whom some story of a blunder is not told; and it is, perhaps, as natural as it is unfortunate that a mild outrage against local prejudices makes a more lasting impression on the Colonial than the most brilliant efforts of statesmanship. One of the most successful English commanders of the early Kafir wars, whose splendid services probably saved Cape Colony, is only remembered now as 'the colonel who publicly shook hands with a nigger.' Bishop Colenso's transcendental ability and services to his Church are overshadowed by the fact that he admitted Kafirs to terms of equality. The late Lord Randolph Churchill is never mentioned without reviving ludicrous stories of his numerous 'tenderfoot' blunders in the veldt; while two famous artist-correspondents have consigned themselves to unenviable disrepute in the eyes of Colonials—one for picturing a British officer walking arm-in-arm with a Kafir girl, the other for representing a trek-wagon with double shafts, and collars on the oxen. Both these men may become titled Presidents of the Royal Academy; but no self-respecting Colonial would ever regard the honour as properly bestowed in the face of these unpardonable vagaries. It may be that South Africans are more sensitive on such points than other Colonials; but the fact must be confessed that, childish and trivial though these local prejudices may appear to outsiders, they are sufficiently pronounced to be worth knowing and guarding against. The few hints that follow may help very considerably in smoothing the path of many of those now joining in the 'new rush,' as Colonials describe the forthcoming exodus of Britons and others to the newly opened South African territories.

One of the first things the new-comer, who has any regard for the goodwill of his fellow-Colonials, will do is to learn to differentiate between 'Afrikaner' and 'Colonial.' It would be wiser did he decide to abolish the former word from his vocabulary if he has already learnt it, for although etymologically correct as describing a person born in South Africa of European parents,

there is an ineradicable impression in the mind of the average Colonial that the word implies a suggestion of black blood. Quite recently several influential educational authorities, backed by the leading South African papers, have endeavoured to rehabilitate the word and assert its claim as the proper designation of Colonial-born Europeans; but the people will have none of it, and leave it to the Cape Dutch. 'Colonials' is the only racial substantive admitted by the mass of British-descended inhabitants, and the new-comer will be wise to make a careful note of this fact. It is also worth remarking that most Colonials have a lurking weakness for being mistaken for comparatively recent arrivals; and no harm is ever done by taking a Colonial who has never seen a town larger than Durban for an ex-dweller of any British city. Yet, by an odd contradiction, it is not usually pleasing to them to hear the wonders of the older civilisations dilated upon, as many a new-comer has found when holding forth on the latest developments of Britain. It is practically certain that he will be abruptly pulled up by a reminder that quite as good—in its way—is to be seen at Capetown or Durban. The parochial spirit is very largely present in the average Colonial, as was exemplified in the case of the millionaire owner of one of the most valuable portions of Johannesburg. Some one hinted that wealth such as his might be profitably expended in visiting the cities of Europe. 'What's the matter with Capetown?' was the unanswerable retort. The wise man will always in the presence of a Colonial manifest the most absolute satisfaction with and appreciation of the colony in which he happens to be, for both Natalians and Cape Colonists are very proud of their respective countries, and resent anything like depreciatory criticism, actual or implied. The present Governor of Natal recently gave mortal offence by publicly declaring that he had seen nothing to justify the title of 'the Garden Colony,' and a mild complaint by a General of Division against the quality of the forage obtainable in Natal has placed that indiscreet warrior on the list of the enemies of the colony.

It is only just to admit that the Colonial has often to put up with a great deal from the 'Johnnie-come-lately,' as the new-comer is colloquially labelled. This young gentleman has a provoking habit of sneering at local customs and institutions, and drawing preposterous comparisons between them and those of the country he may have left. It is, therefore, not surprising that when he commits himself by some egregious piece of ignorance or folly it is brought home to him with full force. One of the most fruitful sources of amusing blunders on the part of the new-

comer is his inability to grasp the enormous extent of the South African continent. To him, for some time at least, Cape Colony, Natal, Rhodesia, and the Transvaal are merely names, conveying little that is definite as to their geographical ramifications. He asks in sublime innocence if his host knows Jones of Bloemfontein or Smith of Port Elizabeth, as he might when at home inquire about a resident in the next street. The same man would smile contemptuously if a Colonial took it for granted that Jones of London knew Smith of Edinburgh, though the Colonial would have more reason for the assumption, for Jones and Smith are much nearer one another than they would be if residing in Durban and Port Elizabeth respectively. One of the many stock South African stories told at the expense of the Briton is certain to be retailed to the new-comer before he has been many days in the country. It is the perfectly true case of the War Office having instructed an army chaplain to conduct religious service at Maritzburg in the morning and at Port Elizabeth in the afternoon, the distance being only four days' journey! Britons are not quite so ignorant of South Africa as they were before the war; but even to-day it is no uncommon thing to receive a letter from a friend in England announcing the presence of a relative 'somewhere' in South Africa, and expressing a hope that 'you will call on him.' A recent mail brought a letter to the writer from a distinguished English novelist giving the address of a mutual friend a fortnight's journey distant, and suggesting that no doubt we saw one another occasionally.

The new-comer is generally puzzled at first by the South African custom of measuring distances by time. A place is so many hours off, not miles. In a country where one can shout to one's neighbour but cannot reach him without a couple of hours' hard riding, skirting mountains, marshes, and gullies, it is much more reasonable to measure by time than by distance. An hour's riding is reckoned to be six miles; but one rarely hears miles mentioned except by new-comers.

Most Britons on arriving in South Africa are struck by the utter absence of the class distinctions he has known at home; and the Colonial in turn finds it almost impossible to grasp the ideas of 'class' and social strata. He cannot understand how a man who has resided in an English town is not personally acquainted with the most exalted inhabitants thereof; and many a new-comer has been under suspicion as an impostor or as having a past to conceal because he has had to confess to never having met certain distinguished fellow-countrymen. Every Colonial is personally acquainted with his public representatives, from the Governor and Prime-Minister downwards, and he cannot conceive how an Englishman could live in London without being on friendly terms with Lord Salisbury or the Colonial Secretary. The Colonial is essentially a

democrat—until he makes money and visits England. Class distinctions are utterly beyond him, and this fact is especially brought home to the new-comer should he be curious enough to ask particulars as to the individual members of a company at, say, a social gathering. Just before the war the writer was a guest at a wedding in the Transvaal, where the company represented the following incongruous elements: the bride was the daughter of the village midwife, her husband was the son of an immensely wealthy farmer, and he himself held military rank equivalent to a General of Division. The bride's elder brother was a member of the late Orange Free State Executive—practically a Cabinet Minister—the second brother a ticket-collector on the railway, a third a blacksmith, a fourth chief magistrate. Other relatives present were a wealthy Natal merchant, a Natal magistrate, and a village road-inspector. This comprehensive intermixture of every class of the community has the natural effect of widening interests and knowledge of persons. Hence it comes that your host will not hesitate to discuss at the dinner-table the comings and goings of private persons of whom you have never heard. He takes it for granted that you know them and are interested, for the Colonial is essentially local, and the fact that Mrs Jones has bought Mr Smith's best horse is an event of much wider interest than the defeat of the British Government or a revolution in Russia. Another interesting feature of the Colonial is his inability to appreciate heroes or hero-worship. He handles with appalling familiarity names that the average Briton has been used to regard with something like awe. The writer well remembers the impression produced upon him some years ago by a Transvaaler, still living, who was never tired of inveighing against 'old Livingstone.' He had been a storekeeper when the great explorer was sojourning on the borders of the Limpopo, and got the worst of a deal with the Doctor, who was a smart man of business, as the Boers often found. I remember endeavouring to impress the storekeeper with some idea of the exalted position Dr Livingstone occupied in the popular mind at home. 'Yes,' replied the storekeeper, 'somebody told me they made a great fuss of the old chap.' It is much the same with every other 'Somebody;' he is only 'old So-and-so,' or Tom, Dick, and Harry, to the Colonial. 'She doesn't seem a bad sort of body; but she has no notion of how to treat Kafirs,' was the remark made in all seriousness, and with no intention of disrespect, by a farmer who had recently travelled with the titled wife of an exalted British official. This characteristic freedom is equally extended to a guest, who is often at first embarrassed by the blunt questioning to which he is subjected. One's private affairs are looked upon as fit subject for discussion at the dinner-table, for in a country where everybody's financial position is known, there is no attempt



at 'keeping up appearances' such as is deemed policy at home. But it must not be inferred from this that the average Colonial is rude or boorish. On the contrary, he is invariably most solicitous for the comfort of his guest; and if, as the country host generally does, he sits on your bed and watches you disrobe, it is only an evidence that he enjoys your company and is anxious to see that you want for nothing while awake. Besides, a bedroom in a Colonial house is not regarded as a sanctum: it is only a sleeping-place, and so is the dining-room when visitors are numerous.

It is fortunate that in South Africa there are no party politics as we understand them at home, and no vexing religious differences. A man's politics are his views of the moment on some subject of purely local interest. He follows no leader, and you may safely abuse the politician your host voted for at the last election, for the chances are that he will oppose him next time. Of British politics the Colonial is woefully ignorant, or he is indifferent. He knows that there are such things as Liberals and Conservatives, but is somewhat hazy as to their differentiation. There is, however, one subject on which the new-comer should be wisely circumspect, and that is the native and his relation to the white. Nowhere, not even in the most anti-negrophilist states of America, is the 'colour line' drawn more carefully than in Natal, and only a degree less strictly in the other colonies. The new-comer must never manifest any interest in the natives, except to abuse them; and he will not need a second warning against bringing up the subject of missionaries. Should he do it at a reputable town-house, he will find his remarks received in chilling silence, and the host adroitly changing the conversation. At a farm he would most likely be treated to a wearisome discourse on native missions that will surprise him. Let the new-comer keep his eyes open and his tongue silent on native matters until he has been in South Africa a year or so, and he will be thankful for the advice here tendered.

Another matter that often irritates the new-

comer and prompts him to hasty generalisation is the indifference to the sufferings of animals that is unfortunately too pronounced a trait of South Africans. It can hardly be called cruelty, for it is rather that evil which is wrought through want of thought much more than want of heart. It is not unusual in new countries whose inhabitants have had to undergo hardships, and who consequently look upon a certain amount of pain and suffering as the due of man and beast alike. Still, the average Briton often finds his temper and patience sorely taxed by exhibitions of cruelty to horses, oxen, and dogs that in England would excite the indignant protest and interference of the spectators.

Colonial women are generally keenly alive to the humour that lies in the attempts of a new-comer to pronounce Dutch or native names. As practically every geographical term throughout South Africa is in one of these languages, the new-comer should make an effort to master the rules for pronunciation, which are surprisingly simple and regular, and by no means so formidable as they appear when expressed in print. The newspaper correspondents have during the war been responsible for many geographical atrocities on both Dutch and Kafir names, their rule apparently being to string them together and make one word of them. 'Crystalpalacenearlondon' is no more an absurdity than some of the long-drawn-out burlesques in the English papers on South African names that amuse and puzzle South Africans. The Taal, the language of the Boers, is extremely easy of acquirement, especially to Scotsmen, who are rarely long in contact with Boers before they are able to communicate with their neighbours without the least difficulty. Very little Dutch is spoken in Natal, but every Natalian speaks Kafir more or less fluently and correctly, and is severely critical of the mispronunciations of the new-comer; but so long as he remembers that *v* is always *f*, and final *d* always *t*, and does not say 'on the veld' for 'in the felt,' he will have learned the shibboleth that will pass him through until he is more at home geographically and philologically.

## BOURNVILLE: A MODEL MANUFACTURING VILLAGE.



MR GEORGE CADBURY, of the well-known cocoa firm, has taken a very practical method of solving the problem of overcrowding and insanitary conditions by setting apart a portion of his estate of Bournville, five miles out of Birmingham, for the erection of a model village. In this and other successful philanthropic schemes he has probably earned the title of 'the greatest municipal statesman of the age.' Bournville is a perfect village paradise, and awakens

the admiration of all who have visited the place.

The gift, which is vested in and managed by trustees, is valued at between one hundred and seventy thousand and one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, and the trust deed is dated 14th December 1900. The motives which prompted Mr Cadbury towards the formation of the Bournville Village Trust were a desire for the alleviation of the evils of insanitary and insufficient accommodation amongst the working-classes, and of securing

to workers in factories some of the advantages of outdoor life, with opportunities for the natural and healthful cultivation of the soil. These benefits are not limited to the workpeople of Messrs Cadbury. Mr George Cadbury, from over forty years' experience in teaching a men's Bible-class, and going into Birmingham every Sabbath morning for that purpose, is well able to judge of the requirements of working-men, and he knows exactly where the shoe pinches. Nothing but good, he felt, would be the result of bringing people away from the squalor of the town to the more wholesome atmosphere and surroundings of the country.

With this in view, he decided that every house at Bournville should have a fair-sized garden; that no building should occupy more than about one-fourth part of the site on which it was erected, and should not be more than two stories high; and that about one-tenth of the land, in addition to roads and cottage-gardens, should be reserved for parks and recreation-grounds. The first one hundred and forty houses were sold at cost price, and the land upon which they were built leased for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The original purchasers have in some cases sold their houses at a profit of from fifty pounds to one hundred and twenty pounds per house, and it was considered that this increased value ought to belong to the Trust, as it arose from the certainty of pleasant surroundings for the future. The cottages since built have therefore been let to weekly tenants. At the present time thirty-one new cottages have either been built or are in course of erection, and plans for eighteen more are being prepared, so that by the end of next year there will probably be at least five hundred cottages on the estate, with a population of some two thousand five hundred persons. The rents range from six shillings and sixpence a week (rates included) to nine shillings (rates not included). The cottages are semi-detached or in blocks of four; and Mr Barlow says that monotony has been avoided by the introduction of a great variety of design. The smallest houses have on the ground floor a living-room or kitchen, parlour, scullery, lobby, and larder; and on the first floor three bedrooms and a linen-closet. There is also a bath in the kitchen, and the usual outhouses. The larger cottages have similar accommodation, with an extra bedroom. There is no licensed house for the sale of intoxicating liquor upon the estate at present; but should one be established, it would be under the control of the trustees, and any profit gained would be spent on recreation and counter-attractions. It is not to be wondered at that there is keen competition for such houses, and that they never stand empty. It need only be further mentioned that when the estate is built over, the Trust may have an income from ground rents and house rents of about fifteen thousand pounds a year, which will be applied to the development of estates on similar

lines. A Ruskin Memorial Institute is being built here which will take the form of a village library, art gallery, and museum. The site was given by the trustees of the Bournville estate, and the foundation-stone was laid by Lord Avebury.

A brother of Mr Cadbury has built almshouses. On Mr George Cadbury's estate at Northfield he has a wind-machine that generates the electrical power which lights the manor house, does the thrashing, and churns the butter. He evidently agrees with the author of 'Wasted Wind' (*Chambers's Journal*, 1898) that we have many powers of nature unused.

When Mr Cadbury came to the business about forty years ago twelve hands only were employed, and it was a losing concern. For many years he worked from seven in the morning till nine or ten at night until the business took a turn. At one time he thought of going as a tea-planter to India. One of his first acts on becoming an employer was to raise the wages of the women workers all round. At present he rises at 6.30, and rides on horseback with his son for half-an-hour before breakfast; then he cycles to business at 8.30, where he remains till 5.30. Bournville and eleven acres of works testify to the well-deserved success of Messrs Cadbury Brothers, in which thousands more are having a share. In 1879, the year of the removal of the factory from Birmingham to Bournville, two hundred and fifty hands were employed; now the number is about three thousand six hundred, of whom two thousand three hundred are women.

#### THE ALIEN'S FAREWELL.

If I should die, Love! here, to-night,  
An alien, under unknown skies,  
It would not be the heathen's cries  
That press the anguish on my sight,

Or any doubt in Him who gave  
The faith that made the human soul;  
But somehow, ere the deeps unroll,  
I want your hand to make me brave.

One parting more! Not all the past  
Farewells and greetings were as sweet  
As the near music of your feet,  
That came to see me at the last.

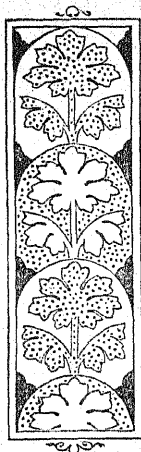
One kiss! But I would not awake,  
But bear the seal to Paradise:  
The inprint of your lips and eyes,  
That I would treasure for your sake.

Your hand! that I, across the dark,  
May know the path you chose of eld,  
When some affinity had held  
Us kindled by a kindred spark.

It cannot be you will forget!  
And so I will not say farewell;  
I loved you more than I can tell,  
And waited till the last star set.

J. STUART THOMSON.

HONG-KONG, CHINA.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

IN DR JOHNSON'S CIRCLE.

By SARAH WILSON.



ON the Alne, between Alnwick and Alnmouth, nestles the ancient village of Lesbury, with shade-giving trees here and there, bright gardens everywhere; with a pearl-gray church founded in Saxon times, an old stone bridge spanning the narrow river, a steam-power mill, a few substantial houses, and several clusters of cottages, the sandstone masonry of which varies from pale-buff to dove-colour according to the date of their erection. At the beginning of last century the vicar of this parish was Percival Stockdale, who has left two volumes of autobiography (*Memoirs of his Life and Writings*, 1809) that give us incidentally various particulars of a circle that has an enduring interest for most of us. He included among his intimate acquaintance Dr Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Burneys, Sandby, and other celebrities of his time. The Duchess of Northumberland (Horace Walpole's duchess), he tells us, called in her coach at his publisher's door, in Bond Street, to buy some of his printed sermons; and it was the Duke of Northumberland who presented him to the additional living of Long Houghton: he was indebted to Lord Thurlow for Lesbury. Dr Johnson familiarly called him Stockey; Garrick wrote verses in his honour; Mrs Garrick acceded to his request to allow him to carve her initials on a tree in conjunction with his own; he wrote an ode on the death of Dr Johnson's cat Hodge; he drank tea with the famous lexicographer and his household, and in many ways identified himself with the famous set of wits of that day. Miss Jane Porter, the author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The Scottish Chiefs*, resided with him in Lesbury Vicarage, a fact he gratefully acknowledges in the dedication of his autobiography.

Stockdale's father was vicar of Branxton and perpetual curate of Cornhill. At that time, he declares, Cornhill was in great repute as a

chalybeate 'spaw,' and many visitors came from Edinburgh and Newcastle to drink the waters. They formed the society of the place. He was educated first at Alnwick (where he assisted with much zeal at a barring-out), afterwards at Berwick-on-Tweed, and subsequently at St Andrews University. It was the day of Wilkes, who contested Berwick in 1752, and left behind him a wonderful impression of charm. Dining with Stockdale twenty years afterwards, Mr Wilkes explained that he had gone to Berwick on the strength of a promise that the expenses of canvassing, amounting to two thousand pounds, would be defrayed, which had not been kept. It was also the day of Richardson, whose *Pamela* had taken the reading world by storm. His *Clarissa* was published whilst Stockdale was at his Alnwick school, and he writes concerning it that it was 'universally read with the avidity which it must ever give to sensible and susceptible minds.' In after-years he had a tilt with Dr Johnson for his want of appreciation of this author.

The great excitement concerning the probability of war with France whilst he was at St Andrews, combined with the death of his father, which occurred at this time, made him relinquish his first intention of being a clergyman and solicit a commission in the army. He obtained a second lieutenancy in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and with Admiral Byng's fleet proceeded to Gibraltar; but he took London on his way to Portsmouth to embark. Here the interest of his reminiscences begins. He saw Mrs Woffington in Congreve's *Love for Love*, read some of his verses to Foote (he was always writing verses), and eventually saw Barry as Othello, Mrs Cibber as Juliet when Garrick was Romeo, and Sheridan as Cato.

The pretty girls of those days were called 'toasts,' and it was the fashion to write verses in their honour. There were some very handsome Spanish 'toasts' at Gibraltar, and they had their fair share of verses. After an engagement, without



casualties, his regiment was ordered back to Southampton, and thence to Leicester, which destination involved a march on foot of a hundred and forty miles. In the course of the winter he was sent to Biggleswade with a recruiting party. Here the reigning 'toast' was a miller's daughter, and some rudeness from admirers had caused her father to forbid her to see strangers. Stockdale made a bet of a dozen of port that he would overcome this difficulty; and he talked the father into giving him permission to have a short conversation with the beautiful rustic, who allowed him, he says, to salute her respectfully. The wine was promptly disposed of at the 'Swan' in the village, and a long poem written in the lady's honour. However, even such a consolation as this did not reconcile him to the army as a profession, and in November 1757 he left it.

After a time he was ordained, and became Mr Sharpe's substitute in the curacy and lectureship of Duke's Place, near Aldgate, for an annual pay of forty pounds; and later he was appointed reader in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street. He now made the acquaintance of several of the London publishers, who were called booksellers in those days. Sometimes several of them would club together and commission an author to undertake a task for them. In the course of years he translated various important works in this way. He also wrote a *Life of Waller*, which gave so much satisfaction that, according to his own story, he was approached with a proposal to write the *Lives of all the poets*. He declares that he had interviews with more than one bookseller concerning this undertaking, and that he was badly used when they passed him over and placed the scheme in the hands of Dr Johnson.

Before he met with this disappointment he had spent five years as curate at Berwick and two years in Italy. As time went on he filled various appointments in different parts of the country, such as a curacy in 'a boorish and vulgar village' on the skirts of Herefordshire, a tutorship he gave up because he was asked to be the prompter in a play that was being got up in the house, the editorship of the *Critical Review*, and he made many translations, such as Tasso's *Aminta*. Not to dwell upon details of no particular interest, we will come at once to the good day when Mr Davies the bookseller invited him to dinner to meet Dr Johnson, Dr Goldsmith, and Mr Meyer the miniature-painter. He was then a near neighbour of the great lexicographer, as he lodged in Bolt Court, and after this introduction he seems to have consulted him upon many points of conduct in his affairs. He mentions that the Doctor did him the honour to come to his lodgings, and he had the pleasure of occasionally visiting him and the blind poetess who enjoyed the shelter of his roof. Among other efforts in his behalf, the Doctor wrote a letter to Burke to solicit his interest; and when Stockdale delivered

it he found that eminent personage engaged in reading a pamphlet by a grandson of Ticknell. Dr Johnson gave him the best of advice on many occasions also; he recommended him to write a history of Spain, and told him he might use his name in mentioning such a project to Cadell.

Stockdale sent a copy of three of his sermons to Garrick (the same that the Duchess of Northumberland had called for in her coach), who did him the service soon afterwards of praising in verse, over the signature of D. L. for Drury Lane, another of his works, a poem entitled *The Poet*. He invited Stockdale to visit him; and Stockdale describes a calm, serene, and beautiful evening when he took tea with Mr and Mrs Garrick in the temple they had built in their grounds and dedicated to Shakespeare. He spent many happy days with them, and the trio arranged to accept an invitation to The Loax, the seat of the Earl of Shelburne. It was on this occasion that the initials of Mrs Garrick were cut in the bark of a tree near Wycombe, with his own beneath them. This incident he described in thirty-nine stanzas.

At last, after foreign travel, two matrimonial ventures that were not of the best, many short engagements, and various publications, he applied to Lord Thurlow for the vacant living of Lesbury, and obtained it. The Duke of Northumberland presented him to the adjoining benefice of Long Houghton. No doubt he owed this good fortune to the recommendation of his acquaintances. Dr Johnson, referring to Stockdale's essay on Pope to a knot of friends drinking tea with him on a Sunday afternoon, declared, 'Stockey has defended the cause of Pope with uncontrovertible eloquence, and he must be supported in his defence of that great poet.'

But Lesbury was as naught after London. The pearl-gray church, the winding river, the one-arched bridge, and the old dove-coloured cottages palled. The new vicar interested himself in collecting materials for an account of a predecessor who had lived there till he attained the great age of a hundred and ten years; but no occupation was of avail. The desire of foreign travel came upon him again, and under the form of an authorisation to perform the duties of a clergyman to such of His Majesty's subjects as resided in the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco, he shook the village dust off his feet and betook himself to his old haunts in the Metropolis, on his road to Africa. He went on as far as Gibraltar, where he obtained a chaplaincy under Admiral Peyton on board the *Leander*. Here the conversation of the officers with whom he messed was so little to his taste that he made haste to leave them, and went on to Algiers with a new acquaintance. He soon quarrelled with this gentleman, and turned his face homewards in company with a German surgeon. At Marseilles they were confined to the lazaretto for a month before they got leave to take the diligence through France. On reaching London, Stockdale applied himself to the study of Syriac

for a year. He hired a cottage near Windsor, in the neighbourhood of his friend Sandby the painter, intending to lead a life of retirement; but a letter from a Durham acquaintance made him alter his mind and take up residence in that city. In this way he consumed his restlessness. In the end, after an absence of twelve years, he returned to Lesbury. He was by no means under a cloud. Mr Catnach, of the firm of dying-speeches fame, then a printer at Alnwick, became another

of his publishers; Earl Grey permitted him the use of his fine library at Howick; and, to his great gratification, one of his pamphlets censuring bull-baiting was quoted from an Alnwick pulpit. Besides, he enjoyed the companionship of the accomplished Miss Porter. As he went about the fine old village, however, we may be sure his thoughts were often with the 'toasts' of former days and the verses written in their honour, but still more frequently with Dr Johnson's circle.

## THE BETHEL STONE.

### CHAPTER V.

**P**LYMOUTH on a wet night is at its worst; and Plymouth, among other and nobler attributes, can boast more wet nights than any other town in the west. It was raining heavily when David Pentreath reached the docks and inquired for the *Syrian*. He was told that the steamer would not be in till the early morning, and that he had better get a lodging for the night.

'Going abroad?' asked a man at the quay-side. David nodded. 'Then I reckon you'll have to sleep on deck,' said the fellow, with a grin, 'for there isn't a berth long enough for 'e.'

Covered with a long mackintosh and carrying a heavy portmanteau, his only luggage, David walked the wet streets. The people hurried past him in the rain, townsfolk of all classes, sailors, and marines, all eager for shelter. Many stared at the big fellow; for his stature, familiar enough in Langissack, provoked interest whenever he stirred abroad.

He had no thought of putting up at an hotel; bed and sleep were things that he had not reckoned on. He had no plans but a vague notion of spending the rest of his days in strenuous labour. He had closed one chapter of his life, and the future held no happiness, no hope for him, but only work—fierce, unremitting work. The pagan mood was still upon him, and he was unrepentant; the deed he had done was inevitable, and he was but an instrument. Another man would gladly have rid himself of the burden of the portmanteau; but the load taxed his energy, and the effort was congenial.

Alas for the pagan! At the corner of a street in the Millbay road, outside a glaring public-house, stood a pitiable old beggar-man playing a fiddle. Suddenly David stood still, arrested by the music like a man struck by a bullet. The crazy instrument was ill-played; the passers probably thought that the night was evil enough without its screeching; but the tune was 'Beulah Land'—'Beulah Land' of all tunes—'Beulah Land' that Zillah sang on Sunday evenings in the old happy times; and instead of the miserable squealing of

the fiddle, David heard a girl's clear voice, and familiar words sounded in his ears: 'I've reached the land of corn and wine,' and the reiterated refrain, 'O Beulah Land! dear Beulah Land.'

When the tune was finished the fiddler held out his drenched hat beseechingly, and Pentreath gave him the first coin his fingers closed upon—a half-crown; then with a sob of agony he walked on—a bereft, doomed, heart-broken man, with two murders upon his soul.

He walked swiftly, turning his steps towards the North Road Station. All thought of South Africa had left him; he had now only one object, expiation, and one goal—the gallows.

He passed the open door of a police station, and in the corridor saw a constable standing in the gaslight. On an impulse, he entered the station and cried wildly, 'I give myself up for the killing of Mr Danvers an' Zillah Trethewey!'

The astonished officer called a superior from an inner room, and David repeated his confession: 'I surrender myself for the murder of Julian Danvers and Zillah Trethewey. I heaved the Bethel Stone 'pon 'em!'

It was a mad story that he told, an incredible story, and at the finish of his incoherent narration he set down his portmanteau, and holding out his wrists with a gesture of surrender, as if inviting the handcuffs, cried vehemently, 'Tis a hangin' job, and here I be—guilty!'

The inspector exchanged a meaning glance with the constable, and a smile played upon his face. 'Take down the information, Jackson,' said he in an unconcerned voice as he left the room, 'and detain the man till the morning.'

It was evident to Pentreath that the police did not believe him; they thought him drunk or deranged. Constable Jackson very deliberately took a sheet and prepared to write.

'Name?' said he curtly.

Then it occurred to David that it would be fitter to make his confession in Langissack, where folks knew him and believed him. They doubted his word, these Plymouth police, and this suspicion annoyed him even in his perturbation of soul.

'I reckon 'twill save questions if I tell my tale in Langissack, where my name's known,' said he; and, taking up his portmanteau, he moved towards the door. The policeman intercepted him, but was brushed aside; and David ran along the corridor into the street, followed by two constables, who blew their whistles mightily, but were feeble in pursuit.

'What place did he say he came from?' inquired the inspector afterwards.

'Glissack or Glassick,' answered Jackson; and the officer, after looking up the gazetteer, said conclusively, 'There's no such place.' So the episode closed.

David made his way to North Road, and inquired the next train to Langissack. 'Five-thirty in the morning,' said the booking-clerk.

All night David walked the wet streets in an agony of remorse. He was eager to reach Langissack, impatient to pay the penalty of his crime. He heard the slow hours strike from the church clocks, and the night seemed interminable. The tune of 'Beulah Land' haunted him, and he could not drive it away. He thought it would make him mad; his pulses beat and his blood surged to the beat of the melody; and his very footsteps, strangely loud in the deserted streets, fell to the persistent rhythm. Once in the stormy wind there came to him the sound of many voices—women's voices—singing, 'Beulah Land! dear Beulah Land.'

He was at the station a good half-hour too soon, and feverishly paced the empty platform. It was still pouring, and an amazed porter, seeing with what indifference the tall passenger walked into the wet beyond the shelter of the station-roof, said, 'Hadh't you better keep under cover till the train comes in?'

David turned upon the man and asked, 'Can 'e tell me the date of the Bodmin Assizes?'

At last the train came in; a deliberate train it was, that stopped at every little Cornish station, and all the way the engine throbbed, 'O Beulah Land! dear Beulah Land.'

David got out at Tregurra Junction; and, too impatient to wait for Poljerry's bus, he walked the six miles to Langissack. When he saw the familiar roofs and chimneys and the pinnacles of the church he felt like an alien with no part or lot in the old place. The south-west wind blew up the combe in fierce gusts, and when he drew nearer the town a smell of the tanyard greeted him like an accusation.

Exertion and emotion began to tell upon him, and he staggered a little as he walked. He stopped a minute at the top of the town to think. Should he make his confession to old Parson Carlyon or to Colonel Boase? They were both magistrates; but the Colonel was a stern, grim man; he would not spare himself: to the Colonel he would go.

'Hullo! Dave Pentreath! Wherever did 'e

spring from?' The voice was Pascoe's, and the little man, clad in shining oilskins, stood in the middle of the road staring at David as at an apparition. 'I'm mortal glad you'm still in the land o' the livin'.' I scoured the town for 'e last night—thought you were dead an' buried, till Mr Coad told me you were smitten sudden with the foreign fayver an' had gone off with the miners in a huff to Afric's sunny fountains. There's been rare doin's, I can tell 'e. Half the folks niver went to bed for tellin' about it; an' here you be trapesin' home along with a port-mantle! You've missed the great doin's, Dave; you'm a day after the fair.'

'What has happened?' gasped David.

'Happened? Wonders! Thunderbolts an' earthquakes, an' two folks buried alive, an' the dandiest bit o' diggin' you ever seed, an' amazin' rescue! Why, what's the matter with 'e, Dave? What be laughin' at? Bless the fella, 'tes no laughin' matter. If you'd a see'd Zillah dragged out half-dead an' all awver dirt'—

The portmanteau had dropped from the hand of Pentreath, and he broke into hysterical laughter—laughter that had no mirth in it; then covering his face with his hands, he cried in a way that was utterly childish.

'I reckon you'd better sit down in the hedge a minute, Dave,' said Pascoe, attempting to support the reeling giant; 'you'm a bit awvercome. I know you'm a bit sawft on that maid; but I should niver go into 'stericks myself for the sake o' a sweetheart, though I be a deep lover o' the women.'

'Tell me all 'bout it, Dick,' said Pentreath when the giddiness had passed.

'Well, 'twas about tay-time, an' a terrible storm, thunder that shook the houses, an' lightnin' fit to blind 'e; an' when it cleared off, Sam Hoskin rinne'd in shoutin' there was a great fall o' rock at the quarry, an' the quarry-house was buried. Out we went to see the wonder, an', sure 'nough, the old quarry-house was all scat abroad, an' the elements had played skittles with the Bethel Stone; an' while we stood wonderin' there was a tap-tap-tappin' in the heap o' ruin. Sam was 'most scared out o' his senses. "Do 'e hear that noise?" says I. "Iss, fay," says he; "an' this is no fitty place to bide." "Man alive!" says I, "what be 'fraid o'?" "Nawthen' on the face o' the earth," says Sam; "but I can't abide no underground devillies." Then the tappin' came again, an' I thought I heard a far-away voice, like a cry from the bowels o' the earth. "'Tes a signal," says I; "there's a live sawl under that heap. Run for your life, Sam, an' bring men!" Then while I waited for the help, I took a great stone an' answered the knockin', tap for tap, an' I could tell they heard me an' understood.

'Then the folks came runnin' in twos an' threes, runnin' in scores, till all Langissack,



male an' female, was there in the wet. We had begun to clear away the rubble, when up came Tregurra the minin' cap'n, an' ordered us back while he inspected the job. "If they'm to be brought out alive," says he, "'twill take more science than you fools be applyin' to the job." For the big granite jambs an' posts in the house had falled inwards, an' made a cubby-hole in the ruin with a mass o' rubbish on the top, an' it all hung together so touchy as a gun-trigger. So we tackled the job in a scientific way, an' fetched timber, an' digged a sort o' adit; an' when the darkness fell they made a great fire, an' we worked by the flare; an' Susanna Chegoweth fetched her 'cordeon, an' the women singed while we digged. They singed "Moab," double-sevens—an' "Moab," Dave, is a beggar o' a tune to dig to—an' "Wrastlin' Jacob," an' "Beulah"—

'Iss, I heard 'e,' said David solemnly. 'I heard 'e to Plymouth.'

'You'm wanderin', Dave; you'm a bit light-headed. You'd better go home an' get to bed.'

'An' you digged 'em out alive?'

'Iss, fay, us shovelled 'em out—bruised a bit, an' scratched, an' exhausted, an' half-stified, an' terrible dirty, but not much injured—Mr Danvers an' Zil Trethewey. We knawed all along 'twas they, for Trethewey had missed his maid, an' Bolitho was lookin' for the gentleman; so it didn't want no conjurer to putt wan an' wan together.'

The two men were now walking down the High Street, Pascoe carrying the portmanteau, for David's strength had left him.

'When the rubble was most cleared away,' continued Dicky, 'I spied a little chinky between the granite stones, an' what did I do, bein' a man o' genius, with more sense than the rest? I got a long clay baccy-pipe, an' poked the stem through the chinky, an' filled the bowl wi' brandy; an' I says to Tregurra, "How's that for science, cap'n?" An' soon I heard the voice o' Zillah, fainty an' muffled, call, "Is David there?" 'Twas good o' the maid to remember 'e, Dave; buried alive with the latest, she had a sawft thought for the last but wan. "'Tis Dick Pascoe," said I through the chinky. "Dicky," she answered, "I'm dyin'; I want to speak a last word to Dave Pentreath." Bear up, Dave! You were nearly down in the gutter that time. "Don't 'e spake o' dyin', my dear," says I; "for we've nearly shovelled 'e out. I'll fetch David." But I couldn't find 'e, Dave, an' nobody had see'd 'e. I thought sure you must be buried too somewhere in the quarry.'

They had now come to Pentreath's door; and, carrying the portmanteau into the house, Pascoe said heartily, 'Get some breakfast, Dave, my man, an' get to bed.'

But David did not go to rest. He washed the grime of travel from his hands and face, and

without changing his wet garments walked up to the tannery. The gallows being no longer the goal of his desire, his thoughts reverted to South Africa; but he would clear his soul of the confession that was bursting within him. It was no longer a matter for the magistrates; it was to Zillah Trethewey that he would make his avowal.

The rain, which had not ceased for seventeen hours, still fell heavily; the steep street gurgled with running water, and fish offal and vegetable refuse floated in the puddles or were swept down by the little cascades. Jupiter Pluvius is sole scavenger in Langissack.

'I want to see Zillah,' said David to the woman Agatha at Trethewey's door.

'You can't; she's upstairs,' answered Agatha.

'I want to see her particular,' persisted David.

'I tell 'e ye can't. Bless the man, the maid's abed!'

Pentreath did not enter the house, but waited an hour outside in the street, like a sentinel; the passers wondered to see the man standing there like a stone image in the rain.

Then Agatha came out with the message, 'Missus says will 'e come indoors?'

David entered the kitchen, but would not sit down; he stood by the wall, his head on a level with the top of the great eight-day clock.

Presently Aunt Deborah Trethewey came in; she was not knitting for once, the occasion being too emotional.

''Tis a merciful escape, David,' said she; 'the Lord hath brought our dear maid out o' the valley o' the shadda.'

'I want to see Zillah particular, Aunt Deborah,' said David.

Aunt Deborah hesitated. The good soul had lately worried a good deal over her knitting. The threads of young life around her were not making the pattern she hoped for; they were getting sadly tangled.

'Zillah's awake. I reckon you can see her, David; she's a bit battered, an' looks weak.'

She led the way up the narrow stair, and David, following with heavy tread, had to duck low to escape the beams.

''Tis David come to see 'e,' said Aunt Deborah, opening the door; then the good soul beat an instant retreat.

It was a long, low chamber, and the roof sloped at one end, so that David had perforce to stand with the bowed head of penitence. At the farther end of the room, propped with pillows, lay Zillah, her head bandaged, and a cross of plaster on her temple, yet looking lovely in spite of these disfigurements. She smiled as he entered; but the smile was wasted upon him, for a blur was over his sight, and he saw nothing but the vague white bed.

''Tis good of 'e to come, Dave,' said the girl gently; and presently the mist cleared, and he saw the pallid, plastered face of Zillah in its

scarred loveliness looking wistfully towards him. He noted the linen fillet that swathed her head, and the bandage at her wrist; and he sobbed aloud.

'I'm afraid I'm a poor object to look at, Dave,' said she, half-laughing. 'Tis the Lord's work.'

'No!' cried he hoarsely; 'tis the devil's doings, an' David Pentreath's!' And straightway he plunged into his confession. Zillah buried her face in her shaking hands as she listened, and gave a gasp when the tale reached its climax. Dave spoke no word of regret or contrition, but told his naked story as if it concerned not himself but another; but at the close he cried vehemently, 'That'll show 'e what love'll bring a man to; for I have loved 'e, Zillah—loved 'e in my wrong-headed way—loved 'e with a love that's so deep's the pit! I came back to surrender myself for killing 'e—'tis the mercy o' God I didn't; an' I believe I stand within the law as 'tis. If so, here I be!'

The girl removed her hands from her eyes, and looked up at him. In the fitness of things there should have been some horror or aversion in her face, or at least indignation and reproach; the look in her eyes may have been pity; if so, pity had taken to itself a strange gleam.

'I am going to South Africa, Zillah!'

'Oh, David, David!' At last the terror of his tale had struck home, and in a troubled voice she asked, 'Why should 'e go? The law can't touch 'e now.'

Passionately, almost fiercely, David answered, 'I couldn't bide in the same land with you an' he. I couldn't live in the same air.'

'He!' She echoed the misused pronoun with an inflection of scorn. 'When we were buried in that awful place he kept striking wax matches,

though I begged him not to burn the little air that was left us, and it seemed to me that his hand shook more than a man's should, and every match showed me the face of a coward, terribly afraid of death. And when the place became hot and stifling, with one little breathing-hole between the stones, it seemed to me—God forgive me if I'm wrong!—that he was too eager for the air, and kept me back from a fair chance of life. Poor fellow! And the Lord made things clear to me there in the dark, Dave—things that I'd been doubtful about in the daylight. And now—now you'm going foreign!'

'Iss, Zillah, I'm going to South Africa.'

'What will a passionate, fierce-tempered man like you do, Dave, wandering about the face of the earth? You want a woman's hand upon 'e, and a woman's voice to calm 'e.'

'Iss, I believe I do,' said David stupidly.

'The Lord hath saved 'e from a terrible crime, Dave; but the intention was there, and you have the heart of a murderer.'

'Iss, a murderer,' admitted David, hearing the accusing words, but blind to the appealing eyes.

'Tis a dreadful thing to love a murderer, and a terrible—responsibility; and 'tis a bad job for me, for I do love 'e, David—fool that I be, I'm afraid I love 'e dearly!'

David stood like a man dreaming. Too abased in his contrition to catch the significance of the wistful voice, the yearning look, he was suddenly conscious of the outstretching of two white-sleeved arms; and later, when Aunt Deborah came upstairs with a loaded tray, making a portentous rattle of china at the threshold, the big fellow was kneeling at the bedside, with the girl's bandaged hand upon his head.

THE END.

## MILLAIS AND MUSIC.

### SOME MORE MEMORIES.

By W. W. FENN.

**W**HEN Music, heavenly maid, was young' must have been somewhere about the date from which I can summon up vivid visions of Millais and Music. It is a very long while ago at any rate; and so I slip into retrospect once more. Indeed, it is unavoidable, for to such a well-worn link with the past as myself, the outlook on the future—or what is left of it—has so little attraction that there is nothing for it but to look back; and, looking back, I bethought me that I had omitted many little matters which might still be full of interest to those who found my 'Memories of Millais' in this *Journal* for 1901 not devoid of attraction.

In that article I alluded to the remarkable gifts with which his family were endowed; but, as a matter of fact, John Everett Millais was at heart a musician as much as he was a painter. His ear was highly sensitive and accurate, as you felt when he was melodiously and softly whistling airs that fascinated him, and which he quickly picked up. All his hilarious, rattling talk, which I have hinted at, was freely interspersed with melody, so to speak: a commonplace habit with every youngster perhaps, but it did not sound commonplace from his lips, for his notes were true and his voice delightfully harmonious and pleasant. His early theatrical experiences at the Princess's Theatre gave him many opportunities of getting hold of the leading points and melodies of the drama and

the orchestra. I wholly neglected, however, to refer to the marked effects produced on him by his acquaintance with the Italian Opera-House, into which Covent Garden Theatre had been transformed just about the time my intimacy with the lad had grown into a close friendship with the young man.

It so happened that my father, 'Varmer Venn,' as Millais called him, had undertaken the treasurership of the said Opera-House on behalf of his friend Mr Delafield, one of the capitalists who were mainly instrumental in starting the undertaking. This position, of course, gave my father the privilege of occasionally favouring some of his acquaintances with boxes or stalls, and naturally the Millais family came in for a good share of these treats. 'I like giving Johnny Millais a seat,' said my father, 'if it's only to watch the intense, eager interest and delight which is shown in his handsome, keen, intellectual young face. It is an immense pleasure to me to observe what a pleasure it is to him.'

We may be sure that the enthusiasm Millais displayed in all things that attracted him found a very wide field for its outbursts at the opera. He paid no regard as to whether it was right or wrong, fashionable or otherwise, to applaud vehemently. Applaud he would, what he liked, when he liked, and as loud as he liked. I can see him now, throwing himself back in his seat, raising his arms, and clapping his hands with the utmost vigour as Grisi, Mario, or any of the great singers of that day brought their passages of song to some telling point or the whole phrase came to a glorious climax. The overwhelming applause nightly elicited from the whole house had no more wildly enthusiastic contributor than John Everett Millais. Nor had his delight much subsided the next day. While at his easel he would be for ever giving tongue not only to the joy the performance had afforded him, but interspersing all his talk with reference to the individual melodies by practical illustrations of them. Nor was it to be expected that his constant visits to the opera did not mightily increase his technical acquaintance with and appreciation of the rendering and quality of the music. He would in a way begin to criticise. 'Grisi was lazy to-night,' or 'Mario was not in such good voice as usual. Did you see how he avoided that top C? Ah! quite right; he was not going to split his voice when he could not get up there easily. No, no, my boy, it's an awfully high note for a tenor to screw out of his chest, and his voice is too valuable an article to be trifled with.'

In this fashion would he comment as he was leaving the theatre, alternating his bursts of admiration with a multitude of suggestions or remarks on the scenery, dresses, appointments, and general 'go' of the performance.

The period was a period of revolution in the world operatic. I do not think I ever exactly

heard the cause of the overwhelming upheaval, the great revolt of the company at Her Majesty's Theatre, as the opera-house in the Haymarket was always called after the accession of our late beloved Queen, although prior to that I can remember it when it was known as the King's Theatre. But certain it is that about the year 1847 the whole company struck, from Costa the prince of conductors down to the humblest musical auxiliary. I suppose Mr Lumley, the *entrepreneur* at Her Majesty's, in some way offended or failed to get on with the great guns who really swayed the destinies of the opera; for not only did the singers revolt, but also the majority of the subscribers, the *élite* of our aristocracy of those days. They all went over to the new house when architects, builders, and decorators had converted the interior of Covent Garden Theatre, as I have said, into a close imitation of the structure in the Haymarket. Each tier was parcelled off into private boxes all round, the two topmost alone being allowed to remain open as amphitheatre and gallery. Thus no part of the pit ran beneath what used to be called the dress circle, but the space there was occupied by other and smaller private boxes, thenceforth to be known as the pit tier. On this level, where it touched the stage, we had an 'omnibus box,' exactly after the pattern of the proverbial one at Her Majesty's, and occupied usually by the same distinguished noblemen: conspicuously Lord Chesterfield, Sir George Wombwell (father of the next inheritor of the title—one of the heroes of the Balaklava charge), Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence (son of William IV. and Mrs Jordan), and many other well-known leaders of fashion in those days. Then, again, the pit itself, admission to which was half-a-guinea, had its 'fops' alley' down the centre—yet well below the level of the pit seats—as far as the stall-partition. The stalls, too, of course, were mostly subscribed for by members of the music-loving world, equally with the more capacious boxes on the pit tier, grand tier, first tier, and so on upwards.

These private boxes had, as usual, the names of those subscribers who took them for the season affixed on the doors; and as one strolled round the carpeted lobbies of the various tiers it was amazing to read the multitude of titles which met the eye; for, once admitted to the pit or stalls, commoners were free to go all over the house, and if they knew the occupants—a significant point—to enter any of the boxes. Consequently one might actually rub shoulders with the *élite* as they paid visits to their lady friends in the seclusion of what was an equivalent to their private boudoirs. Dukes and duchesses, marchionesses and countesses, clustered like bees—queen-bees one might say—on every hand; and I can recall the amusement it afforded my young painter-friend to find himself in such close



proximity to what he would afterwards, for a joke, call the 'hupper circles.'

I have often wondered since—and perhaps I wondered then—whether Millais had any prescience of the time to come when he might by right of genius become one of that exclusive circle; whether he felt any aspirations after that sort of distinction. It may be that he did, for that he was ambitious—healthily ambitious—and equally vain—healthily vain—of his ability there can be no doubt.

He often used to say as he grew to man's estate that he did not see any reason why a man, because he was an artist, should necessarily make himself look like one. 'Why should a painter not dress himself and have his hair cut to the fashion of ordinary gentlemen? I can see no reason that because a man happens to get his living by using palette and brushes he need make himself look like a Guy Fawkes.' Thus he came gradually to take care of his personal appearance, and to trim, 'groom,' and dress himself in a becoming manner, a proceeding in which he was not a little aided by his tall, manly figure and handsome, noble head. I can't help thinking that his constant contact with what I may call Opera-House society—although as an outsider then—largely influenced him. His quick observation told him how gentlemen dressed and behaved, and he loved to linger in the crush-room at Covent Garden and take in the general aspect of good society. He keenly noticed and soon came to know by name the leading members of it. He contrasted it with the careless, slovenly, unkempt appearance of the artistic world, in which it was then the fashion for many of his distinguished brethren to make themselves up as what he called Guy Fawkeses, with their long hair, untrimmed beards, slouch-hats, and dusty velvet jackets. Happily this is all reformed now, and it is not easy in most cases to distinguish artists from physicians, barristers, or any class in ordinary life. I really believe Millais almost set the fashion in this direction; and if I am right it adds a small additional social obligation to the many far loftier ones which we owe to his brilliant genius.

However, be this as it may—and, after all, it is a matter of small importance—certain it is that it was his growing familiarity with the *spectacle* on the stage that led him eventually to paint the first of his really beautiful as well as remarkable pictures, 'The Eve of St Bartholomew,' which was the outcome of his habitual attendance at the performances of Meyerbeer's grand opera *The Huguenots*. He never tired of going to see it whenever my father could manage an admission for him.

Apropos of *The Huguenots*, let it never be forgotten that with the transference to Covent Garden of the operatic strength of the Italian company there came about a development in the rendering, at any rate as far as the *mise en scène*

was concerned, of Grand Opera. Grand Opera had never been seen or sung so splendidly in London before. Notable singers we had had—many of them; but they had never been seen or heard to such advantage as were those who flourished in the late forties and early fifties. Once more take, for instance, *The Huguenots*. It was put upon Covent Garden stage with a completeness and magnificence in all respects unequalled and never before dreamt of anywhere. Indeed, the opera itself had been scarcely known in England. It was an entirely new sensation to the British public; and the first night of a fresh reproduction at Covent Garden was an event that attracted all London. Even such old friends as *William Tell*, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and many more, when played at Covent Garden, were as *editions de luxe*, and attracted audiences accordingly; but when we had *Robert le Diable*, *La Favorita*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Masaniello*, they stood pretty nearly in the light of veritably new productions to that generation of opera-goers. Remember, too, that the vocal and dramatic rendering of them had never been equalled before. Think of Mario, when he had been drilled into almost as great an actor as he was a great singer, playing the part of the fisherman. Think, I say, what that implied in addition to the splendid background made by Beverley's beautiful scenery and Augustus Harris's (the stage-manager and father of the Augustus Harris whom the moderns knew as lessee and manager of Drury Lane) perfectly managed crowds of men and women choristers.

Unfortunately I cannot recall the names of all the great singers who were pressed into the service of Covent Garden opera when Mario and Grisi were at the height of their fame, for these musical memories are jotted down by 'a man with no ear,' remember; so at least it is said by my intimates, who, apparently not content with knowing that in later life I have had no eyes, declare that my ears have always been musically deficient. I do not think so myself, I need hardly add; but what I certainly am deficient in just now is the memory of names, a common trouble, I am told, of many 'links with the past.' One of these names, however, starts up whilst I am dictating at this very moment, and that is the name of Viardot Garcia; and no one who has ever seen or heard her can forget her. She was certainly the very grandest actress and singer combined, I should think, who ever trod the stage; and it was she, may I be permitted to say, who, in my opinion, made Mario the great actor he became. She was what is now called the 'understudy' of Grisi during the first great run of *The Huguenots*; and one night when Madame Grisi was not well, or was lazy and not inclined to sing, Viardot stepped into the part of Valentine. I recollect Millais was with me that very night, and witnessed the grandest rendering of the rejection of the white badge by

Raoul as Valentine strives to tie it round his arm just before he springs out of the window. She absolutely eclipsed all her predecessor's finest efforts. Millais was perfectly frantic with admiration and delight, as were indeed all true lovers of great art; and that Viardot was one of the greatest lyric artists of her day was never disputed.

Needless, perhaps, is it to add that after that one night's triumph Grisi immediately found her voice again, and did not give Viardot another chance of supplanting her for a considerable period. It came again, however, now and then; and when, in the spring of 1849, Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was produced at Covent Garden for the first time on any stage, with all the resources then at the command of that establishment, she created another 'part all her own,' rivalling probably that already long secured by her in *Fidelio*. Nor perhaps was Mario's singing and acting of John of Leyden less conspicuous.

It would fill pages were I to go on with my recollections of the details of the various scenes of the musical, dramatic, and perfect stage triumphs throughout all these Grand Operas. Michael Costa's band was alone an everlasting joy to listen to; whilst, combined with the great choruses, the absolute completeness of the productions was so striking that, whether one had an ear or no ear, the impression made on the mind became literally indelible. It has lasted me, at any rate, nearly sixty years; and it would, I am convinced, remain equally vivid were I spared to double that stretch of time.

These facts intrude themselves on my pages here whether I will or no; but I must revert to matters which may interest other people besides myself. Chief among these is still, I think, Millais and *The Huguenots*. I have said that it is due to his familiarity with this opera, impressing

him as it did with its essentially dramatic character, that we had, and happily still have, the privilege now and then of seeing his beautiful and world-famed picture known as 'The Huguenot.' But it was the performance of Valentine by Viardot Garcia, above alluded to, which determined him, I believe, to paint the subject. In effect, he said to me as we left the theatre together, 'I should love to paint that scene; it would be fine—the white badge business, I mean; only I should have to get some model with a far handsomer face and head than Viardot has.' I suggested, I remember, that I thought I knew a lady who would suit him. 'She is a cousin of your friend Lemon Hart Michael. Have a look at her, Johnny. "Pip," as you call him, would introduce you, and fancy himself an inch taller if you painted her.' My proposal was adopted, and the lady in question, who was a lovely girl, did sit several times to Millais. That lovely face, however, so full of deep and touching expression, which all the world admires so infinitely and deservedly, was finished from a Miss Ryan, a well-known popular model in those long-ago days.

The influence of Viardot Garcia was enormous, and manifested itself, as I have mentioned, on Mario particularly; and when I am told that the tame, awkward, though handsome young man in modern costume whom I saw playing and singing in *Don Pasquale* was Signor Mario, and then recall the easy, fiery, soldierly, and at the same time pathetically tender lover who refuses to sail under false colours on the eve of St Bartholomew, I can hardly believe them to be one and the same person.

A few seasons sufficed to bring about the change which resulted in the supreme triumphs of the two artistes, Viardot and Mario, and—may I add?—of Millais himself in his Huguenot picture.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN MILITARY POLICE OFFICER.

By 'JUNGUL WALLAH.'

V.—A TREASURE-ESCORT—A PLAGUE OF BEES—CAPTURE OF AZEEM KHAN, A NOTED REBEL CHIEF—PROMOTION, REWARDS, AND PENSIONS—THE BATTALION DISBANDED.

**M**Y former narratives have brought my reminiscences down to near the end of 1860; and as the corps was broken up at the end of that year, this will be the last one.

As has been stated, our duty consisted of guarding the treasury at Chuckmuckpur; but every three months we had also to escort large consignments of specie to Agra and Cawnpore, both large military stations, for payment of the troops. These treasure-escorts were never allowed to leave headquarters without a European officer; as, though our native officers were staunch to the backbone, they were

wanting in discretion and a bit inclined to take matters too easy—in fact, like most Asiatics, they were not sufficiently cautious when left to work on their own responsibility.

As a rule these treasure-escorts were not molested, being too strong to be interfered with by less than a couple of hundred bandits; and as we had been scouring the country for over two years, the guerillas had broken up into very small parties, which when beaten scattered by twos and threes to collect again somewhere else. However, the experiences of an escort under my command was an exception.

In the month of July 1860—a scorching time

of the year to be under canvas—I started for Agra with thirty lacs of rupees. The escort consisted of one troop of cavalry, fifty mounted infantry on twenty-five camels, and a company of infantry. The treasure was put into large tumbrels, two being placed on each two-wheeled cart, called a hackery, the conveyance of the country. We had fifty of these carts, and as each cart was drawn by four oxen, our convoy was very long when all were assembled; and the line became much longer when it was once started. Treasure-escorts in those days were never allowed to march at night; and though we hardly ever covered more than ten miles a day, it was very seldom that the rear-guard got into camp before three o'clock in the afternoon—which, it must be allowed, was pretty severe, considering that generally we had seven or eight days' marching before us.

The first day's march went off all right; but on the second day, after we had been in the camping-ground for about half-an-hour, we were visited by a swarm of bees which 'gave us fits.' Luckily no guerillas were anywhere near; for the convoy would have been at their mercy for about a quarter of an hour. I may state that in India bees generally build their hives in large clusters of trees, selecting a stoutish branch for each hive. Our encampment on this occasion was amongst some two hundred trees; and the men not on duty had settled down in threes and fours under the trees and lit their fires to get dinner ready. They make these fires by digging small holes in the ground, then pile on a lot of wood and set fire to it; the wood supplied by the commissariat, being very green, throws out an immense amount of smoke. On this occasion the smoke was too much for the bees, and down they came in millions. Within five minutes over a hundred animals were scampering across country, horses having got free from their heel-ropes and head-gear, no end of oxen had managed to break away, and groups of men with blankets thrown over their heads were flying about as if mad; horses neighing, bullocks bellowing, men shouting, and pet dogs howling—in fact, it was the confusion of Babel over again. The only animals that were not affected were the camels, as their skins were too thick. In the midst of all this clamour I heard the cry '*Burha! burha!*' ('Bees! bees!') pass through the camp. This was enough for me. I rushed into my tent at once and seized my blankets. One of them I carefully fastened round my body, letting the tail-end drag on the ground; the other I threw over my head and shoulders, after having made two holes in it just large enough to see through; and, to crown all, I placed a large *terti* hat on my head. I was shown this mode of encasement by a *shikaree*, or tracker, when out tiger-shooting in Central India. Thus enveloped, I sallied out of the tent to have a

look round, and to see if anything could be done to quell the panic. No sooner did I get my nose out of the tent than down came the bees; but they found my canopy too thick for their little stings to penetrate, so I made bold and strolled all over the camp. Most of the sentries over the treasure were lying under the carts, rolled up in tarpaulins which they managed to snatch off the tumbrels. None of the men spoke or moved; if they had done so swarms of bees would have pounced down on them. Then I ventured to where the horses and oxen were supposed to be; but I found very few of them, as a general stampede had taken place, and a few men were lying about wrapped up in horse-clothing, all perfectly silent. Just as I was thinking of making tracks back to my tent, I thought I heard some one speaking in a very low tone, and became all attention. Then I heard the words, 'Get your gun, sahib, and fire off two shots, and the bees will all disappear.' A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, as the saying is, so off I went, got the gun, and stood at the door of the tent. There I fired both barrels; but I dared not venture further out, as I had to remove my upper blanket to enable me to handle the gun. Before the smoke caused by the shots had cleared away the bees were on the move, and within ten minutes not one was to be seen. If ever man was grateful to Providence, I was; as, though there was no fear of any one attacking the camp and getting hold of the treasure while the bees were in possession, my heart was in my mouth until they had departed.

I had now to set to work to collect my scattered men and animals. This took some time; in fact, until 'the assembly' and 'double' had been sounded on the bugles three times I could see no signs of any one returning, and then only very cautiously. I allowed an hour to elapse before setting to work to see what havoc had been committed. Three men had been stung to death; and fifty men, twenty-five horses, and fifteen oxen were stung so severely that they would be unfit for work for two or three days. Our temporary losses in horse-blankets, heel-ropes, &c. were very heavy; but as we knew that nearly all would be found strewn over the country, fatigue-parties were sent out, and within an hour we had recovered everything. After a short time my valet appeared with over a hundred bees, in a jam-bottle, which he said he had killed, he having found them entangled in the blankets that had formed such a splendid protection to my body. Thus ended our bee-day.

This little rampage on the camp made me decide on halting for two days, so as to enable the effects of the stings to go down. Some of the men were sights to behold, with swollen faces, legs, &c., and most of the animals were in the same condition. During the second day's halt I had a deputation from some of the native



officers of the escort, their object being to get me to go out on a shooting excursion, as the country abounded with antelopes and game of all sorts. One of the officers remarked, 'The very thing for your greyhounds.' I was sorry to have to refuse these well-meaning fellows, but I had to do so, and to explain to them that I considered that an officer in charge of treasure who left his post for the sake of a bit of sport was unfit for his position in the service. I made the most of these ideas of mine, and gave a long lecture to the would-be sportsmen, all of whom left the tent grinning from ear to ear at what I dare say they thought in their jocular hearts to be 'tommy rot;' to me it proved that the Government was right in laying down a hard-and-fast rule that a European officer should always be sent with treasure-escorts.

On the fifth day after leaving Chuckmuckpur we resumed our march, and got over twelve miles in very good time; but about two o'clock, just after we had had our dinner, one of our men who was on furlough, and lived in a small village about seven miles off, came in and informed us that he had seen the noted rebel Azeem Khan, a Mohammedan chief who had fought against us at Delhi in 1857, and for whom a reward of six thousand rupees had been offered by the Government. The informer added that Azeem Khan, with four armed followers, was in a small hamlet of only two houses, which were surrounded by walls of mud, and that they had loopholed these and were defying the residents of the adjacent villages to come near them. By all accounts, he said, they had a large party of Dacoits some distance off, whose arrival they were awaiting.

On receiving this intelligence I determined to capture the rebel chief at all costs. This decision placed me in an awkward position, as only the day before I had laid down the law that no officer in charge of a treasure-escort should leave it on any account. However, I believed there was not much risk, if any, in leaving the treasure in the camp well protected by a large body of native officers, with a full complement of cavalry and infantry. Then, again, there would be some justification for reproach if I neglected to take advantage of an opportunity that the regiment had been awaiting for months; in fact, they had had several wild-goose chases after this man, only to return to headquarters utterly disappointed, as either the information brought in was false or the birds had flown. Having made up my mind, I called up all the officers and told them of my decision. I at once placed the senior in supreme command. He was a dear old Sikh whose father had fought against us at Chilianwalla, and had been taken prisoner, but was released on parole until the war was over. Since that time he had remained loyal to us, and had given three of his sons to fight on our side at Delhi. Before I started I gave distinct orders to dig an entrenchment all round the treasure-carts,

and to place the infantry inside it. The cavalry were to be posted in a circle round the baggage-carts and camp-followers, at about a quarter of a mile from the entrenchment. Our infantry having been taught to handle shovels and picks, there was no difficulty in carrying out my orders as to entrenching.

Within an hour of receiving the information as to the whereabouts of Azeem Khan I was off with fifty cavalry and twenty-five trotting camels carrying two infantry-men each. We moved along at a fairish pace until within a quarter of a mile of the hamlet in which the rebel chief and his four followers had taken up their quarters. When the place was well surrounded by cavalry, a frontal attack was made by the infantry, which was successful, and the walls of the hamlet were scaled. Then a hand-to-hand combat took place, in which the rebel chief was cut down by an officer named Bulwunt Sing, and the four followers killed. The chief was bound hand and foot, and carried off to the camp. The war-cry of all these rebels was 'No surrender,' as they knew very well that if they did surrender it only meant a couple of yards of rope and the nearest tree for all *bona-fide* rebels.

This little affair cost us the lives of three of our best men, and nine were wounded; but, strange to say, not a man in the frontal attack was touched. Those killed, being Sikhs, had to be cremated, which could not be done before our departure; so four of their intimate friends were left behind to do the needful the next day, with orders to overtake the escort with as little delay as possible, which they could easily do on their camels. Then we returned to camp in great glee, as may well be imagined, with our captive. As his wounds were severe, we got a *palkee* and put him into it; and on our arrival in camp he was attended by the native doctor of the escort.

I found everything in perfect order in the camp, and was able to send off a glowing account of our success to headquarters; adding that, as Agra was within thirty miles, I should take the rebel chief to that station, it being nearer than Chuckmuckpur. After giving orders for the next day's march, I had my lonely dinner, drank Her Most Gracious Majesty's health, and smoked my pipe in peace; and when I tumbled into bed I slept the sleep of the tired-out one, and dreamt of happy lands far, far away.

Early the next morning we were on the march again, as the men and also the animals stung by the bees had picked up wonderfully with the two days' rest; and I was most anxious to get the captive to Agra. No further incident occurred during this march; but about noon the next day the native soldier who had brought in the information as to the whereabouts of Azeem Khan again put in an appearance, and, like most natives, he was in a most excited state. His story was that within two hours of our departure

from the hamlet a body of over two hundred mounted freebooters had turned up, led by a well-known rebel named Isseeree Sing, who, on hearing that his allies had been killed and the chief captured, had made his followers take an oath on Ganges water—the most sacred Hindu oath—that they would rescue him or die in the attempt. The informer added that just before he left, the whole party had started for a village about four miles from where we were halting. He had been amongst them, carrying grass for their horses, and had overheard a conversation between the leader and three or four men who seemed to be of some importance. The plan they had settled on was to rush our camp shortly after midnight. This was doubtless the gang for which the rebel chief had waited, and which, very fortunately for us, did not arrive whilst our small force was attacking the occupants of the hamlet. If they had come up then we must have been annihilated.

I had no doubt of the reliability of the information; therefore I set to work very quietly to prepare for the attack, if it came off. Knowing well that natives—especially those in subordinate positions—resembled magpies as to chattering and feeble gossip, I had to use the utmost discretion in making any special arrangements. However, one man could not do everything; in fact, an officer who will not trust some of his subordinates, and show that he places implicit confidence in them, is sure to come to grief. Bearing this in mind, I called up the officer I had placed in command on the day that I arrested the rebel chief, and told him all that I had heard, and what arrangements I proposed to make so as to give the rebels a warm reception. For a few seconds he seemed to be in deep thought; then he suddenly exclaimed, 'I have an idea. May I state what it is?' 'Most decidedly,' was the reply. 'Give me fifty cavalry and mount the prisoner on a camel, with a man to drive it, and I will lay down my life, and so will the men, if we fail to land him safe and sound in the Agra fort within six hours.' 'You brave fellow!' I replied, 'there are two very good reasons why your proposal cannot be carried out: firstly, the prisoner's wounds are too severe for him to undergo the rough ride on a camel; secondly, I dare not reduce the strength of the escort by a single man. It would be the cause of my forfeiting my commission if the escort were overpowered and the treasure touched.' 'I see—I see,' he said; 'it is true we Sikhs are too hot-headed and have no forethought; but I will show you once more that we can fight. Let them come.' The fine fellow had proved how he could fight at Delhi, and also on several occasions since he had been in the military police.

Our interview ended in all the officers being called into my presence; and they were bound to the utmost secrecy with reference to the

threatened attack. Each infantry officer was told off to a certain portion of the camp, with orders to double all the sentries. The cavalry, oxen, and camels were all sent to a large *tope*, or cluster of trees, about a mile off, so as to reduce the size of the encampment, by which arrangement we were enabled to form a regular laager with the treasure-carts, and place our infantry in the centre. Luckily, a case of glanders had broken out amongst the horses, so this was made the excuse to the cavalry for their isolation. The reason given out to the infantry for placing them in laager was that the strength of the escort had been so greatly reduced. The rebel chief was placed in the middle of the enclosure, and the guard over him doubled. The cavalry in the *tope* of trees were warned not to sound their hourly gong, as by doing so they might put the enemy on the alert.

Ten o'clock struck on the village gong—all large native villages in India have gongs—then we heard twelve; and five minutes afterwards there was a sudden rush of over five hundred men from all sides. It was found out afterwards that a number of supposed loyalists had joined with the enemy, thus making the attacking party larger than it was reported to be. Well, on they came, but not a single shot was fired on either side; in fact, we allowed them to get within fifty yards of our laager, our men all lying low under the carts and trees; then the front rank got up and fired a volley as steadily as if they had been firing blank ammunition on parade. The freebooters hesitated for a few seconds, great havoc having been made amongst them; then they made one more rush; upon which the rear rank delivered another volley with deadly effect. This was enough, and the enemy bolted for their very lives under cover of the darkness. Our loss was very slight. We dared not venture to follow up the fugitives at the time; but at dawn the next morning the cavalry scoured the surrounding country, and came upon about thirty of the rabble, who promptly laid down their arms, which consisted only of swords. One of these prisoners stated that very few of the gang had guns, which they were ordered not to fire, but to have a hand-to-hand sword-combat.

The next morning the dead and wounded were collected: the former we made over to the headman of the village to cremate or bury according to caste; the wounded we took into Agra. The leader, Isseeree Sing, was amongst the slain, and Azeem Khan was afterwards tried and hung at Agra.

This night-attack, of course, prevented us from marching on the following day, as our men wanted rest; and I took the opportunity to report what had happened. In a couple of days we arrived at Agra and made over our prisoner to the military and the treasure to the civil authorities. I found no end of telegrams awaiting me, one of which contained the

good news that the Lieutenant-Governor of the province was so pleased with our success in capturing the chief and resisting the night-attack on our camp that he had ordered five thousand rupees, in addition to the same amount for the capture of Azeem Khan, to be made over to me at once for distribution amongst the officers and men, and that my name had been brought to the notice of the Viceroy. The officer in charge of the party at the hamlet, Bulwunt Sing, was to be promoted to the rank of captain and recommended for the Order of Merit First-Class for his bravery on that occasion. The commanding officer had also been directed to submit with as little delay as possible the name, caste, parentage, and residence of the man on furlough who had given such splendid information to us, as the Lieutenant-Governor intended to bestow a *jagheer* (grant of land) on him. The names of the widows and children, if any, were to be submitted at once so that life-pensions might be granted to them. The amount sanctioned for rewards was drawn from the treasury the next day, and distributed amongst the native officers and men. European officers never receive, nor would they accept, a share of rewards in money; they look for rapid promotion and honours, which I must acknowledge were always freely given.

After resting a couple of days, we marched out of Agra *en route* to Chuckmuckpur. The third day of our march homewards landed us into the midst of good shooting—black buck and smaller game—and also coursing. I therefore decided to make a halt and go in for nothing but sport, and of this I had my heart's content.

Two days afterwards we were back at headquarters, having covered the distance of seven marches in five days—not bad work!

At headquarters we heard, to our disgust, that

the Government considered that the chances of the rebels or guerillas doing much harm had been destroyed by the capture of the rebel chief, and that it was now time to establish a civil police force similar to the Irish Constabulary; therefore the military police battalions were to be disbanded. This news caused great excitement, and it was noticed that many of the men looked very much disappointed, some of them even going about in a sullen manner, evidently brooding over the grievance. All that we European officers could do was to impress on them that there was no doubt many would be transferred to the regular native army, others would be offered appointments in the new civil police, and those who might not wish to continue in Government employ would receive *jagheers* of land or good bonuses in cash.

The expected orders arrived in a short time to the effect that the disbandment would take place on the 31st of December 1860. The Government were very liberal to the native officers and men, giving them the option of selecting almost whatever they liked. The European officers had the option of returning to military employment under the Commander-in-Chief in India or entering the new civil police. Thus ended my career in the military police.

In my old age I often wish myself back again amongst the brave and honourable men I had the privilege of serving with for over two years, most of whom I looked upon as brothers. In conclusion, I may state that I have only mentioned a few of our exploits, and that there were many other military police battalions in India which saw as much service and rendered as good an account of themselves as the Chuckmuckpur battalion.

THE END.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORIES.



WE are glad to learn that the observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis is not to be closed, but will continue—at any rate for the present—to perform its useful work. It had been decided to close the establishment in October, owing to want of funds, and the staff had received notice that their services would no longer be required; but the threatened closure raised such a vigorous protest, and so many of the objections took a practical form in the way of money help, that the station will continue its work, and stores have now been taken in for the long winter session. M. Janssen, the famous astronomer, proposes to take similar observations from the top of Mont

Blanc; but there is no intention of establishing human settlements there. He has suggested that the necessary instruments for meteorological observations should be placed on the summit of the mountain, and that these, instead of being of the usual size, should be gigantic, so that with the help of a telescope, say at Chamouni, they could be read with ease. Thus there would be a spirit thermometer holding some gallons of alcohol, instead of the teaspoonful usually associated with that instrument; the barometer would have a dial some feet in diameter; the force and direction of the wind being indicated by a big metal ball suspended from a high post. Should this plan succeed in practice, it is sure to meet with imitation, if only because of its economy as compared with the expenses attached to an ordinary observatory.



## FLYING-MACHINES.

This year will be a memorable one in the history of aeronautics, for the reason that so much attention has been devoted to so-called flying machines, which are in reality balloons over which, by certain mechanical appliances, the occupant has a limited amount of steering power in the absence of wind. Two of these frail machines have come to grief in France, and their drivers have been killed. The machine in which M. Santos Dumont sailed round the Eiffel Tower at Paris was mysteriously injured before a projected ascent at the Crystal Palace, London, and no more has been heard of it. The English balloonist, Mr Stanley Spencer, built a dirigible balloon to take its place, and he made some thirty preliminary trips round the Palace grounds before attempting a bolder flight over London. This at last he has succeeded in doing, his machine starting from Sydenham and reaching the ground at Harrow, after a run of about twenty miles. This experimental trip is the most successful of its kind yet made; but it brings us no nearer to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation.

## THE FIREPROOF HOUSES OF THE ARGENTINE.

The annual fire-bill of the United Kingdom may be taken at twenty millions sterling, that of the United States being twenty-eight millions sterling. There is besides the fire insurance annual bill, and the bill for the fire-stations, with their costly sites and buildings, the fire-engines, the other machinery, and the horses. All this outlay keeps us poorer. But the loss of life is worse; and it is so easy to build fireproof—or, better, incombustible—houses, such as in the River Plate countries and probably in Bethlehem and Nazareth. The manner is as follows: In these countries they neither use the arch nor iron, but hardwood, which, having mostly to come a thousand miles down the river, is dear. So all the floors and the roof, which is flat, are supported by joists shaped as in this country, and across them are laid rails of the same hardwood, about a foot apart, upon which rest the ends of thin bricks, on which another layer of bricks, or sometimes two, is laid in mortar; and on this tiles. Then there is no skirting or panelling. In Britain cement should be used for that purpose, and there should be no boxing of doors and windows, the frames being built in securely. The doors are also of hardwood. In that fine climate no lath-and-plaster is ever used. In this country the laths should be of iron, and if moulding is wanted round the doors it could be of cement instead of dangerous, inflammable wood. In such houses a bonfire made by piling a lot of sticks and shavings on the best bed in the best bedroom and setting fire to it would not set the house on fire. The writer has for sixty-four years lived in or been connected with the great city of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine

Republic and the largest city in the southern hemisphere, with eight hundred and fifty-two thousand inhabitants, and never heard of a life being lost by fire; but there are fires in grocers' shops and such-like places. Latterly, as pine from the United States is now abundant, some builders have used it partially in buildings in the capital, and such are not quite fireproof; but it is a bad practice. In Britain, as roofs must slope because of the snow, and flat roofs would not do, the slates should be fixed in some way to iron strips. This might be a little troublesome at first, but our slaters and smiths would soon find out a way.

## MOTOR-CAR TROUBLES.

There is much antagonism unfortunately between those who own motor-cars and those who do not, each faction considering that it has far more right to the highway than has the other. It need hardly be pointed out that this feeling has been engendered by the selfish few, who have driven vehicles at an excessive speed without any regard to the safety of others. It is a most difficult matter to define the speed to which motor-cars should be limited, as so much depends upon local circumstances. Some months ago the secretary of the Automobile Club suggested that the difficulty might be met by adopting a plan which would tend to secure the safety of both motorists and pedestrians. He proposed that the club should, with the concurrence of the local authorities, place on a certain high-road, by way of experiment, diamond-shaped boards which should serve as 'control' signals for drivers. On reaching such a sign the driver of a motor-car would slow down and continue to go at a moderate speed until the end of the control was reached, which would be indicated by another board of a different colour. In this way towns and villages would be protected from the dangers of excessive speeds. An offer of one hundred pounds has been made by a member of the club towards the cost of the experiment, and part of the Portsmouth road has been suggested as the best highway upon which to try the system.

## A FLOOR SCRUBBER AND WASHER.

A most useful domestic help has been recently introduced under the name of the arc-twist floor scrubber and washer; and as we have seen it in action we are able to speak to its merits. It is a combination of a scrubbing-brush and a flannel at the end of a long handle, so that the housemaid who uses it has no need to stoop. She can scrub the floor with the brush, after which the flannel is applied; and then, by a clever arrangement, the latter is drawn out and twisted over a pail, so that all moisture is at once wrung from it. The machine appears to be a real labour and time saver, and is moderate in price.

## MALLEABLE GLASS.

Of all substances in common use, glass is the most brittle, a fact which has been crystallised in

the old proverb about stone-throwing; but unless the report is altogether erroneous concerning a new description of glass invented by Mr Louis Kauffeld, of Matthews, Ind., U.S.A., there will come a time in the near future when dwellers in glass houses can indulge their stone-throwing propensities to their hearts' content without any damage to their homes. The new glass will not break or crack even when submitted to the roughest treatment. For example, a lamp-chimney of the new material, after being chilled in ice-cold water, was put on a blazing lamp without injury. The same chimney was placed on a gas-stove until it softened, but it would not break; cold water was placed in it, and brought to the boil, but no harm came to it. Next it was used as a hammer to drive nails into a box, and even this did not break it. Finally it was treated as a mould, a hot glass chimney being blown within it, both mould and new chimney coming out of the ordeal uncracked and unscarred! These various experiments are described and illustrated in a recent number of the *Scientific American*, and there is no reason to doubt their truth. Malleable glass has long been the dream of enthusiastic inventors, and if it can be produced at moderate cost it will have many useful applications.

#### HEATING BY ALCOHOL.

A recent exhibition held in Paris under the auspices of the ex-Minister of Agriculture had for its object the more extended use of alcohol for heating and other purposes, and was organised with the hope that demonstrations of its usefulness would result in its successful competition with imported petroleum; for alcohol can be easily produced by farmers from a vast number of vegetable substances, and its extended use would be a great benefit to the country. It need hardly be said that alcohol for manufacturing purposes would be rendered unpalatable, as it is in this country, so that the revenue interests might be safeguarded. Alcohol-stoves, having no bricks and being quite without smell or risk of explosion, were exhibited, and it was shown that their use was economical. These stoves were also highly efficient for both heating and cooking purposes, some of them bringing water to the boiling-point in less time and at smaller expense than is possible with gas. These stoves are quite portable and free from danger; indeed, one exhibitor offered a prize of four hundred pounds to any one who could cause one to explode. In another class were exhibited brazing-lamps, blowpipes, soldering-irons, flat-iron heaters, and other minor applications of the alcohol flame. The use of alcohol as a motive-power was also shown. The spirit is already largely in use in France for motor-cars.

#### PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE.

Railway travellers, especially during the holiday season, have plenty of evidence that the want of punctuality which is such a lamentable feature of

some of our lines is largely due to the way in which passengers' luggage is handled. A novel plan has lately been introduced by the London and South-Western Railway at their Woking station by which large quantities of luggage can be rapidly transferred from one platform to another. Upon the up and down platforms respectively are erected towers thirty-two feet in height, between which are stretched cables capable of bearing a heavy strain. Upon these travels a cage holding half a ton of luggage at one time, the journey from one platform to another occupying only thirty seconds. This aerial cable-way is worked by hydraulic power, and will not only save much time, but will obviate all necessity for luggage being carried to and fro by hand.

#### LIQUID FUEL FOR RAILWAYS.

The coal bill is one of the most serious items in a railway company's balance-sheet; and, seeing that the amount is liable at any time to be increased by the occurrence of a strike in the collieries, the possibility of finding an alternative method of firing the locomotives is a most important matter. The coal bill presses most heavily upon those companies whose lines do not touch the neighbourhood of the collieries, and it is for this reason that we find some of the south-country railways experimenting with liquid fuel. This has been done with marked success in the case of the Great Eastern line, and now the Brighton Company is following suit. Weight for weight, oil will raise more steam than will solid fuel, and in the case of railways remote from the coalfields it is cheaper. More than this, there is with oil no stoking required. The supply of oil, now that fresh sources of supply have been discovered, seems to be practically inexhaustible, our Free-Trade policy of admitting it free of duty thus bearing good fruit. Coal-burning engines can, without much alteration, be converted into oil-burners, and readily reconverted into coal-burners if need be. The change from solid to liquid fuel has other advantages which need not be enumerated.

#### SALT IN SHEEP-FEEDING.

From some recent experiments in France it would seem that salt is of great value in the dietary of sheep. A certain flock was divided into three portions, the first of which was fed without salt, the second had half an ounce per day added to the food of each animal, and the third three-quarters of an ounce each. In the result it was found that the salt-eaters made an average of one and three-quarter pounds more wool than those kept without the condiment, and that the sheep that had the half-ounce allowance gained four and a half pounds in weight, while those that had the larger allowance gained one and a quarter pounds less. Half-an-ounce of salt added to the daily ration of each animal seems, therefore, to be the amount best suited to sheep; but possibly locality would have something to do with the matter. It might naturally be assumed that on pastures near the sea

the quantity of salt added artificially to the food should not be as great as in inland places.

#### LEAD POISONING.

Much discussion has taken place in the public press with regard to lead poisoning and the advantages of using a leadless glaze in our potteries. There have also been, from time to time, accounts published of new methods of making whitelead, by which the health of the workers is not endangered; but we do not hear much of the risks run by those who mostly use lead in the form of a pigment. House-painters are subject to a painful malady known as 'painter's colic,' which in reality is a form of lead poisoning, and the Minister of Commerce and Industry in France has lately issued regulations which are framed to meet the evil. These rules, copies of which are to be posted in workshops, decree that whitelead must only be used in the state of paste—that is, it must not be in such a form that its particles can be taken in with the breath. The dry scraping and rubbing with pumice-stone of old painted surfaces is forbidden. Such work must be done wet, and the masters must provide their men with 'overalls' for exclusive use in this employment. The direct use by hand-work of products of which whitelead forms the base is forbidden unless some liquid vehicle be included.

#### WIRELESS WONDERS.

Remarkable achievements continue to be recorded of Marconi's wireless telegraphic system, and the distance over which talking is possible is continually on the increase. It has now been proved to demonstration that this method of communication is most valuable for use on shipboard, vessels more than a hundred miles apart being able to exchange

messages with ease provided that they are fitted with the necessary apparatus. According to the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, the German Government has invited the chief European countries and the United States to arrange for an international conference, with the idea of preventing the wireless system of telegraphy from becoming a monopoly, which would be objectionable both for commercial and political reasons. We do not think that there is much fear of any monopoly in this case, for the reason that there are other systems of wireless telegraphy besides Marconi's, and so much attention is now being devoted to the matter that invention is being further stimulated.

#### A VISITOR FROM SPACE.

A 'shooting star' is by no means an uncommon apparition; but it very rarely happens that one of these bodies finds its way to the earth. They are mostly dissipated as fine dust when their contact with our atmosphere heats them and renders them luminous. On 20th September one of these meteoric stones fell at Crumlin, County Antrim, within a few miles of Belfast, while the British Association was holding its meeting there. It was seen to fall, about ten o'clock in the morning, by a labourer who was gathering apples within twenty yards of the spot. The stone had buried itself eighteen inches in the soil, and when dug up was found to measure seven and a half inches in length, and to weigh nearly nine and a half pounds. The stone, which was quite hot when found, is the largest meteorite that has been seen to fall in the British Isles for eighty-nine years. On hearing of the occurrence, the chief of the Mineralogical Department of the British Museum visited Crumlin, examined the stone, and purchased it for the national collection.

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# Chambers's Journal

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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CHRISTMAS 1902.

## THE BAN OF WODELOK.

By J. R. OLIVER.

### CHAPTER I.



'H, that's good!' exclaimed Mr Thornton, looking up from a letter he was reading.

'What is it, Tom?' asked his wife.

'Bramwell says he can come after all. I am uncommonly glad. He will just make our party complete.—He is a crack shot,' he added, looking towards the men, 'and a rare good fellow all round.'

Mr and Mrs Thornton and their guests were seated at luncheon in the pleasant dining-room of Finavon Lodge, whose open windows commanded a magnificent view of Highland loch and mountain.

'When may we expect him?' Mrs Thornton inquired.

'To-morrow. No. Stay'—consulting the letter again—'why, I believe he will arrive to-day. I ought to have had this letter yesterday.'

'It is a blessing he did not arrive before it,' said Cissy Westwood, Mr Thornton's niece, as she turned, laughing, to the young fellow who sat next her. 'That was what happened to Jim Cowan last year. The boat was late. There was nobody to meet him, and no conveyance except a fish-cart, and it was pouring wet, so he stayed all night in a fisherman's

cottage, and walked over the hill next day, arriving an hour before his letter.'

'Well, Bramwell would have better luck than that, for Miss Wodelok arrives this afternoon, and we are sending to Rhumohr to meet her in any case,' observed her uncle.

'By the way, Thornton,' said Major Ashdell, 'is the man you expect one of the Bramwells of Bishopton?'

'Oh no. He is Bramwell of Wodelok, a place down in Hampshire.'

'I don't seem to have heard of him.'

'Probably not. Old Bramwell made his money in business—steel rivets or something—and he bought the estate some twenty years ago. Hubert, the son, and I were great friends both at school and college; but I have hardly seen him since he came into the property, for after his father's death he went to India, and has been knocking about all over the world for some years. It was quite by accident I ran up against him in London immediately after his return home.'

'I shall be very glad to see him,' said Mrs Thornton; 'but, all the same, I wish he had been coming a few weeks later. I don't think Edith will like meeting him.'

'Oh, nonsense! They'll get on all right, you'll see. But I had better go over and see Duncan before he starts with the wagonette.—Are you coming, Ashdell?'

'Why do you think it will be unpleasant for Miss Wodelok to meet Mr Bramwell?' asked Mrs Ashdell when the others had gone.

'Well, you know Wodelok, Mr Bramwell's place, was her father's family property.'

'Oh, indeed! So she does not like the man in possession. That is rather a pity. Have they had any quarrel or anything?'

'Oh dear, no! Edith has never even met him, and knows nothing about him personally; but she is very proud of the old name—one of the oldest in England, I have heard her say. The Wodeloks owned large estates at one time, though the property had dwindled down sadly before Sir Thomas Wodelok sold it. He was so much cut up about having to part with it that he died before the Bramwells took possession.'

'Very sad for his daughter. She is an only child, isn't she?'

'Yes; and the last of the name. She used to be quite tragic about it when we were school-girls. She knew nothing about the Bramwells; but she hated them because they owned Wodelok, and seemed to think they were responsible for her father's death.'

'Good gracious! Is she so bad as all that?'

'Oh, well, that was when we were still in our teens, and I gave her my warmest sympathy. She rarely mentions the subject now, and I dare say her feelings have toned down a little; but still I would rather not have been obliged to introduce her to "the usurper," as we used to call him.'

Mrs Ashdell laughed. 'So Miss Edith Wodelok has a fair share of family pride, I see. Do you think the steel rivets would be too much for the descendant of a thousand knights?'

'Why, whatever do you mean?'

'Don't you think it would be a very delightful arrangement if the ancestral halls and the ancient name were reunited?'

'What nonsense you talk!'

'It is not nonsense at all. If such a thing should happen it would be perfectly lovely. It is a piece of rare good luck that they should happen to be travelling together. Seems almost as if Providence were taking the thing in hand.'

'Oh Meg! you are incorrigible,' said Mrs Thornton, laughing.

## CHAPTER II.



THE steamer *Queen of Thule* was fuming and roaring at the pier at Oban as if impatient to be gone, while a crowd of passengers were pouring across the gangway to her decks. A tall, elegant-looking young lady and an elderly woman, evidently her attendant, were standing a little aside to make way for the jostling, pushing throng. At length, when nearly all were on

board, the young lady stepped forward and crossed to the deck; but just as her attendant was about to follow, the vessel gave a lurch, displacing the gangway as she set her foot on it, and she stumbled and would have fallen over the edge of the pier if a gentleman who was behind had not caught her by the arm and pulled her back. A terrified scream from her young mistress was succeeded by an ejaculation of thankfulness as the gentleman, taking the dressing-case the woman carried from her trembling hand, guided her on board.

'Thank you so much,' said the young lady, looking up at him with swimming eyes. 'You have saved my dear old nurse from what might have been a serious accident.'

'Oh, don't mention it,' he said. 'It was an awkward lurch, certainly; but fortunately I was close behind;' and, raising his hat, he moved aside.

'Oh Dolly, what a fright I got!' said Miss Wodelok, for it was she. 'I thought you were over between the pier and the vessel.'

'Indeed, Miss Edith, it has given me quite a turn; I am all shaking yet. That was a very nice gentleman who helped me. Took the case there out of my hand and carried it for me. There's not many men so polite to a servant.'

The *Queen of Thule* was now ploughing her way past the wooded height where Dunollie Castle crowns the northern entrance to the bay. The deck was somewhat crowded, for it was the middle of August and the height of the tourist season; not to mention the sportsmen and their belongings, who were seeking the moorlands and lochs, where the grouse and the salmon abound.

Miss Wodelok was looking about her for a seat, an apparently hopeless quest, when Dolly's preserver came up and said, 'There are two chairs over here, well sheltered from the wind. Won't you take possession before some one else appropriates them?'

'Oh, thank you,' said Miss Wodelok, moving in the direction he indicated, where one of the crew was vigilantly guarding a couple of deck-chairs.

'Chairs are evidently at a premium,' she said smilingly as she seated herself. 'It was very kind of you to secure them, and this is a delightful corner.' Her natural hauteur and reserve in accepting service from a perfect stranger giving way to her sense of gratitude, she spoke quite cordially as she saw that he made way for her maid to take the other chair, and had evidently no intention of inflicting his society upon her.

She looked after him, wondering who or what he might be. His tall, well-set-up figure and bronzed face suggested that he might be a soldier home from foreign service.

'I am sure he is a gentleman, Miss Edith,' said Dolly, whose thoughts had taken the same direction as her mistress's.

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'Oh yes, a gentleman certainly, whatever be his station in life;' and, as an intimation that she did not care to discuss him further, she opened the novel she carried.

The day wore on. The *Queen of Thule* plunged ahead; and, stopping at various ports, she had landed the greater number of the passengers. A pretty high wind had sprung up, and the vessel no longer glided over smooth seas, but was heaving and pitching in a way that most people appeared to find disagreeable and conducive to an immediate desire to go below. Miss Wodelok, however, was one of those who remained on deck and seemed to enjoy the fresh breeze and the view of the rugged and picturesque outline of the islands to the west. The gentleman who had excited her interest in the morning was leisurely pacing the deck; and when Dolly came up some time after with an armful of rugs and other things, she was surprised to see her mistress, who was usually so unapproachable to strangers, sitting chatting and laughing with him in the most friendly manner possible.

'I am just getting your things together, Miss Edith, for we are near Rhumohr,' she said.

'Is this Rhumohr?' said the gentleman. 'That is where I get off too.'

As the steamer slowed down, a boat with a couple of rowers put off from the shore, and was soon alongside. The luggage was quickly transferred; but it was no easy matter for the passengers to get into the boat, for the waves alternately lifted it up to the level of the lower deck, and then plunged it down six or seven feet below. It was necessary to be ready to spring in when the boat was on the top of the wave, and trust to the man in the blue jersey to save you from falling. Miss Wodelok accomplished this feat in safety, but poor Dorothy hung back in terror, and missed half-a-dozen chances, to the disgust of the man in blue; but again her friend of the morning reassured and helped her, and the boat at last cast off and made for the shore.

Here an open wagonette and a cart for the luggage awaited them.

'Well, Duncan, how are you, and how are all the folks at Finavon?' said Miss Wodelok to the driver, who touched his hat and answered, with a smile, 'All very well, ma'am, and glad to see you back again.'

'Is this the trap from Finavon?' asked the gentleman.

'Yes, sir. Mr Bramwell?' he added inquiringly; for, though there was no other gentleman there, Duncan liked to be certain.

'Yes; that is all right.'

The name awoke no recollections, nor had it any significance for Miss Wodelok, who smiled and said, 'So you are going to Finavon?'

'Yes. My old friend Tom Thornton has asked me to give him a hand with the grouse.'

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He helped her into the carriage, and they soon left the little fishing village, with its scattered cottages, behind, and were slowly climbing a steep and very rough road.

'Hadn't we better get out and walk a bit?' Miss Wodelok suggested. 'This jolting is by no means agreeable; but we will be past the worst when we get to the turn of the road there.'

Duncan pulled up. They got down and walked on to the point indicated, where a sharp turn in the road brought into view a splendid prospect of mountain and loch.

'There is Finavon,' said Miss Wodelok, pointing to a large gray stone mansion standing against a background of dark fir-trees on the opposite shore of the loch.

They again took their seats in the wagonette, Duncan touched up his horses, and they went rattling down towards the loch at a good pace.

As they drew nearer some people could be seen on the green slope in front of the house.

'Oh! there is Gladys—I mean Mrs Thornton—waving her handkerchief,' cried Miss Wodelok eagerly, as she answered the signal of welcome.

'I see you are quite at home here,' remarked Mr Bramwell.

'Oh yes. I have known Mrs Thornton nearly all my life. We are just like sisters.'

They soon reached the loch, and stopped at a little landing-stage, where a boat awaited them.

'Is there no road to the house?' asked Mr Bramwell in surprise.

'No, sir; not unless you go twelve miles round by the foot of the loch,' Duncan replied.

'Another voyage yet?' Mr Bramwell said, turning to Dorothy with a smile. 'I hope you will be able to embark this time without adventure.'

'Thank you, sir. There is nothing to be afraid of here,' she replied as he helped her into the boat, where her mistress was already seated.

Mr and Mrs Thornton, Cissy, and one or two others were on the landing-stage when the boat reached the farther shore.

The greetings and introductions, though warm, were a trifle confusing. Mr Bramwell understood that the name of his fair travelling companion was Miss Wood, while his territorial designation had not been mentioned, and she never thought of associating him with Wodelok.

Mrs Ashdell was amused to observe that at the dinner-table the new arrivals appeared to be on the most cordial terms with each other, and laughed as she drew her hostess's attention to that subject afterwards.

'You see the steel rivets don't count, and noble birth is rather out of fashion,' she said. 'I bet the event comes off.'



## CHAPTER III.



IT is true that Edith Wodelok was proud of her ancient name, and her love for the old home of her race was an almost sacred feeling, too deep for words. Her father, Sir Thomas Wodelok, was the descendant of a very ancient family holding estates in Hampshire before William of Normandy tumbled on the sands at Hastings. For centuries the Wodeloks had flourished there, increasing in wealth and honours. Then about the beginning of the seventeenth century the tide of their prosperity turned. Losses and misfortunes fell upon the house. The elder branch of the family became extinct, and the title and the estates fell to a distant cousin, a spendthrift, who squandered his means and alienated a large portion of the family acres. The tide of disaster flowed on till Sir Thomas—the last of his line, save Edith, his only child—was forced to sell the Hall and what remained of the old acres. When the time came for the new lord of Wodelok to take possession, Sir Thomas, broken in health and spirit, laid himself down in the great oaken bed, and, giving up the struggle with all the troubles and worries of life, he quietly breathed his last, and was laid to rest in the family vault, the only part of all the Wodelok heritage to which no one would dispute his title.

Twenty years had passed since Sir Thomas Wodelok was gathered to his fathers, and the last descendant of the ancient name had left her old home. She had never seen it since, rarely even heard it spoken of; for her aunt with whom she lived had no great love for the place where her young sister had spent the brief years of her married life, and where she had met an early death. Miss Wodelok's faithful attendant Dorothy, who had been born and brought up on the estate, and left it along with her mistress, was singularly reticent in speaking of Wodelok.

Miss Wodelok had been but a child when she left the place, too young to observe the signs of neglect and dilapidation. The Wodelok Hall which her memory pictured was an idealised and glorified vision of the picturesque old mansion, on which the mildew of poverty had been only too apparent to others. Her mind dwelt on this fair vision with poignant sorrow, and regret that this goodly heritage had gone from the old line for ever, and that the ancient name, once honoured and illustrious, would perish with herself; and with this feeling was one of intense bitterness against the malignant fate which had conspired to bring all this about—a bitterness not unmingled with enmity against the man who now enjoyed the heritage of the Wodeloks. She rarely spoke of these things, however, for she was quite aware that her

feelings, in all their depth and intensity, would meet with little sympathy; and she was also aware—scornfully aware—that her ancient lineage, without wealth to give it dignity, was not an asset of great value in the fashionable world. So she quietly accepted the position society assigned her, maintaining a proud reserve as to her claims to higher rank.

Miss Wodelok never dreamed of connecting her pleasant and attentive fellow-traveller with the 'despoiler' of her house. The object of her enmity and scorn was but a nebulous personality at the best, and when she did clothe him in definite shape it was always as an elderly gentleman as unlike as possible to this handsome, interesting young man, whose society she had already learned to like.

Mrs Thornton was delighted that the guests about whom she had felt some anxiety were on such cordial terms with each other. She mentioned this to Miss Wodelok a few days after her arrival, and asked her what she thought of Mr Bramwell.

'Oh, I think him delightful, and Dorothy is quite in love with him,' she replied. 'Did I tell you how he saved her from falling from the pier at Oban?'

'No. How was that?'

'You know that gangway thing they put across from the pier when you go on board the steamer? Well, it slipped just as she stepped on it, and she would have been over if Mr Bramwell, who was just behind, had not caught her. Oh, I did get such a fright!'

'And no wonder. It would have been dreadful if anything had happened to dear old Dorothy. So that was how you came to be so friendly with him. I thought you must have met before.'

'Oh no. I did not know him at all; but surely, dear, you would not have had me sit up like a wax-figure during our drive over the hill. When we were to be staying at the same house, it was only civil to anticipate the introduction.'

'Yes, of course. It would have been absurd to have done anything else, though it must have been a little awkward for you. I would have let you know if there had been time; but we were not sure that he was coming till an hour or two before he arrived.'

'It did not matter in the least.'

'I am so glad, dear, that you do not mind meeting him.'

'Why should I?' asked Miss Wodelok in surprise.

But just at this moment the door opened and in toddled the son and heir of the Thorntons, aged two; and Mr Bramwell was forgotten in a service of baby-worship.

It was the beginning of the grouse season, and splendid weather for the moors, and the gentlemen were out shooting all day; so the ladies were left a good deal to themselves.

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Mrs Ashdell had promised herself some amusement in watching the latest arrivals; but there was little to reward her observation. She drew her hostess's attention to the fact that when Miss Wodelok sang Mr Bramwell always turned the leaves for her, and paid her similar little attentions; but Mrs Thornton only laughed.

'Who else is there to do it? You see how Cissy monopolises Mr Ward and young Morgan,' she said, nodding towards the corner where that young lady sat strumming on a guitar and laughing and chatting with her two admirers.

One afternoon Edith Wodelok was sitting in a favourite nook of hers, away up the hillside, at the edge of a little ravine formed by a mountain stream which came tumbling down in a series of foaming leaps. It was overhung by birch and mountain ash, and commanded a lovely view of the loch, with its green islets, and the mountains on which the heather glowed ruddy-purple in the afternoon sun. She had a book in her hand; but her eyes were dreamily fixed on the scene before her, when she was startled by a dog's nose thrust into her hand, and, looking up as she patted the setter's head, she saw Mr Bramwell coming across the hillside.

'You are returning early to-day, Mr Bramwell,' she said, with a smile.

'The birds are rather wild now, and I am tired. It is so awfully hot,' he replied, throwing himself on the heather near her.

'Where are the others? Have they had better sport?'

'Much the same; but their energy is greater.'

They had been chatting some time when he idly picked up the book, which had fallen from her lap.

'What have you been reading?' he asked, turning to the title-page, where her name was written. 'Edith Wodelok,' he read with an accent of surprise.

'Yes, it is my book,' she said.

'But, excuse me; I thought your name was Miss Wood.'

'Oh no, no!' she cried, laughing. 'What put such an idea into your head?'

'I must not have heard correctly, I suppose; but it certainly sounded like Wood.'

'I dare say the mistake was easily made, particularly as it is not a name you are likely to hear, for I have the unique distinction of being the only one who bears it.'

'What!' he cried, in surprise; 'then you must be the daughter of Sir Thomas Wodelok?'

'Yes, I am. Did you know of my father or of Wodelok?' She sat straight up, and spoke in an eager tone.

'Why, I thought you knew that Wodelok is the name of my place.'

'What! Wodelok Hall, where I was born, and where my father died?' She flushed and then grew pale. 'Oh! I never dreamed that

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you were the owner of my old home,' she said after a pause, and with a quiver in her voice which she could not suppress.

He was surprised at her evident excitement, and replied in a light, easy tone, 'I am sorry if the knowledge of my identity annoys you; but really, you know, I cannot help being myself.'

'Annoy me! No. Why should it? Only I can hardly be expected to feel much cordiality for those who possess what was the heritage of my people for generations, and which it killed my father to give up.' She spoke in a hard, bitter tone which stung him even more than her words, and he answered her with quiet dignity.

'I assure you, Miss Wodelok, that no one could have felt more sincere sympathy for Sir Thomas Wodelok than my dear old governor; but it was not his fault that your father was obliged to sell the place. If my father had not bought it some one else would.'

'Oh! of course, of course, I know that; but the transaction cost my father his life and me my heritage. That we were the victims of necessity does not make it pleasanter to think of.'

There was obviously no reply possible, and Mr Bramwell kept silent.

Miss Wodelok had risen to her feet, and stood with flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling with excitement; for it came as a shock to her to be brought face to face with one whom from childhood she had regarded as an enemy and hated as a usurper; and it was no less of a surprise to her to find that he was no purse-proud, vulgar upstart, as she contemptuously imagined, but a perfectly well-bred gentleman, whom she had even learned to admire. As she struggled to regain her composure, her common-sense told her that it was absurd to cherish ill-feeling against any one for buying what her father could not keep. She might have thought of that before; but she had taken a melancholy pleasure in dwelling on her wrongs—or her hard fate, as she was pleased to call it—and had never subjected her sentiments to the light of reason. She began to think that she had been foolish to show so much heat, and rather unreasonable into the bargain, and was deeply annoyed with herself. She tried to speak lightly as she directed his attention to a boat which was rounding the nearest islet.

'There come Mrs Ashdell and Cissy from their shopping expedition.'

'Shopping, did you say? I did not know there was a shop within a hundred miles.'

'Oh yes. There is a shop down the other side of the loch, near the kirk. I believe the stock consists largely of peppermint-drops, in which they do a large trade on Sundays; the sale being permitted as a work of necessity, in order to keep people awake during the sermon. I must go and see what they have bought.'

She flew down the little zigzag path, and Mr

Bramwell watched her white dress flitting down through the trees. He noticed that she did not go near the landing-stage to meet the boat, but went directly into the house.

'So she is the daughter of Sir Thomas Wodelok, is she?' he said to himself; 'and a mighty proud young madam too, I dare say. But she did look handsome, standing there with the tresses of the birch drooping over her; and what scornful glances she threw upon poor humble me, the interloper, who dared hold the heritage of the Wodeloks! Though, what a tumbledown and out-at-elbows old place it was when the dear old dad bought it!' He laughed to himself as he took out his cigar-case.

#### CHAPTER IV.



MISS WODELOK was unusually silent when she went up to her room that night. She hardly spoke as Dorothy moved about the room arranging her things.

'Aren't you coming to have your hair brushed, Miss Edith?' the maid asked as she placed a chair in front of the dressing-table.

'Oh yes, Dolly. I was forgetting; but I was thinking about Wodelok.'

'About the old Hall, Miss Edith! Why, I shouldn't think you could remember it.'

'Oh Dolly! do you think I could ever forget the dear old home! I often think of it and dream of it: the lovely old garden, where such heaps of roses grew, and the pond full of white water-lilies, and the long rows of windows flashing back the rosy light of the setting sun.'

'Bless me! To think you can remember all that, and you such a little mite when you left.'

'Ah, but, you see, I love the place! Our people had lived there for hundreds of years, and it breaks my heart to think it is now in the hands of strangers.'

'Well, I wouldn't fret if I were you, Miss Edith. Things is maybe just as well as they are. There's been little luck at Wodelok Hall for many a long day.'

'What do you mean, Dolly? Has anything happened to Mr—to the new people?'

'I don't know anything about the new people; but there was little good and much ill happened to the Wodeloks in the old Hall, and you are better away from it. Yes, sure, you're better away.' She spoke as if to herself, and did not observe for a moment her young mistress's startled look of surprise.

'What are you saying, Dolly?'

'Oh, nothing, dearie,' she answered, in the caressing tone she sometimes used while speaking to her young mistress, whom she had petted and scolded as a child.

'But what do you mean by saying that it is

better I should be banished from my old home?'

'Did I say so? Well, isn't it better to leave a place altogether than live in it without money? Of course you can't remember; but the place was going to rack and ruin. Talk of the house! There wasn't a carpet fit to be seen. The way I used to darn that old nursery carpet, which was always tearing at a different place, was enough to try the patience of Job.'

'Why did you not ask my father for a new one?'

'There was a deal of things both inside and outside wanted besides carpets. It wasn't Sir Thomas's fault that he hadn't got the money, as I often said to those who complained of the cottages being in such a bad state.'

'Were they very bad?' asked her mistress in a low tone.

'Bad? I should just think so. There was not one on the estate fit to keep out the weather. Not that I would say anything against Sir Thomas. He was a kind gentleman in his way, and always civil-spoken. But what could he do?'

'Poor father! It is indeed dreadful to be poor.'

Dorothy said nothing; and after a pause the young lady resumed rather bitterly, 'Then I suppose all is prosperity under the new régime, "And peace and plenty bless the smiling land."'

'I did hear there was a lot of money spent on the place.'

'Ah, likely enough; and it will no doubt be improved beyond recognition.' She paused for a few moments, and then said abruptly, 'Do you know, Dolly, that the gentleman who came here at the same time as we did is the owner of Wodelok Hall?'

'What! him the master of Wodelok?' and she stared at her mistress with a look of consternation.

'Why, what has come over you, Dolly? There is nothing to be alarmed about, though I confess I was surprised when I discovered who he was.'

'Oh, what brings him here?'

'Come, come, Dolly, you are forgetting yourself. Mr Bramwell is a friend of Mr Thornton's, and has as much right to be here as we have. I thought he was rather a favourite of yours.'

'Oh yes. He is a nice gentleman—I will say that—and he saved me from a fall which might have killed me; but, all the same, I wish you had never seen him.'

'Well, Dolly, I don't mind saying that I would much rather he had been somebody else; though, after all, what does it matter? The man is nothing to me.'

'That is right, dearie. Have nothing to say to Mr Bramwell, for remember there is nothing but bad luck to the Wodeloks in Wodelok Hall.'

Her mistress looked up and said sharply, 'That

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is the second time you have spoken of bad luck. Do you mean anything? Are there any special misfortunes supposed to attend the Wodeloks?'

The woman busied herself about the dressing-room for a few minutes before she replied, 'Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say there was anything special like; and it is no matter now, Miss Edith. You left all the bad luck behind you when you left the Hall.'

'That was certainly the crowning stroke of bad luck.'

'Ah, yes, dearie; but we don't always know what is best for us.'

## CHAPTER V.



THE weeks had run on till Hubert Bramwell had been a month at Finavon. He had several times spoken of taking his departure; but he had been warmly pressed to stay, and had not been difficult to persuade. Whether the grouse and blackgame or a certain pair of soft dark eyes were the greater attraction was known only to himself.

For some little time after their conversation on the hillside there was a marked restraint between Miss Wodelok and Mr Bramwell, which Mrs Ashdell did not fail to notice.

'I fear the owner of the ancestral acres is not very susceptible,' she said to Mrs Thornton. 'Not that she gives him much encouragement, so far as I can see. If she lets her "long descent" stand in her way she is a very foolish girl.'

Miss Wodelok's feelings towards Mr Bramwell as the owner of Wodelok had undergone some modification—perhaps, after all, her ancestors deserved more blame for squandering their inheritance than pity for losing it—and she felt ashamed of her unreasonableness. Mr Bramwell, however, did not know this, and her reserve produced a corresponding coolness on his part; yet he could not make up his mind to go, though he told himself again and again that he was a fool for his pains.

At all events a visit cannot last for ever, and the day of his departure was now fixed. The Ashdells had been gone a week, Ted Ward and Jim Morgan had also gone, and another young fellow had come; and Miss Cissy Westwood flirted harmlessly with him, as she had done with his predecessors.

It was a lovely evening, the last of Mr Bramwell's visit. Dinner was over, and the whole party had gone out to enjoy the beauty of the night. A full moon hung low over the mountain, its reflection making a path of golden ripples across the silvery bosom of the loch. Cissy had seated herself in the boat, and was making her latest admirer row her backwards  
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and forwards across the shimmering golden reflections, while she sang Italian boat-songs to the accompaniment of the guitar. Mrs Thornton had gone indoors; her husband had been called away to speak to one of the gillies; so Hubert Bramwell and Edith were left alone.

'She is a light-hearted girl,' said Edith, looking across the moonlit water to the merry minstrel in the boat. 'She does indeed banish dull care, and thinks not of to-morrow,' she added, alluding to the song Cissy was singing.

'I envy her. I wish I could enjoy the present, and forget what to-morrow must bring,' he said, with a sigh.

Edith did not reply; but her heart beat faster, she could hardly tell why. They strayed on by a winding path which led through a little grove of silver-stemmed birches and crimson-berried rowans. Neither spoke for some time; then he turned towards her with a quick, decisive movement as of one who has suddenly resolved to take his courage in both hands and learn his fate.

Cissy's song had ceased; the boat was rocking by the landing-stage, and every one had gone in when Hubert and Edith emerged from the shadows of the trees. His arm was round her, and he was whispering something with smiling lips.

'Oh no, Hubert! you must not go to-morrow now,' she answered softly. 'We must tell Mrs Thornton at once. Gladys has always been my dearest friend.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' said that lady when Edith, with smiles and blushes, told her the great news. 'I wish you every happiness, dear; and I am sure you will be happy. He is so nice. Tom says he is a right-down good sort, and he ought to know. I like him immensely myself. And, oh! isn't it lovely to go back to your old home and everything? It is just like a novel, or a fairy tale rather, for they never put anything half so nice in modern novels. You are a lucky girl, Edith. Not but what he is the luckier of the two,' Mrs Thornton added, as she kissed her young friend affectionately.

Hubert was no less heartily congratulated by his host.

'Caught at last, old man, eh! Well, I am precious glad to hear it,' he said, shaking his hand energetically. 'You are a lucky fellow. You have won one of the nicest girls I know, and just as good as they're made. And now you must tumble all the things out of your portmanteau, for you don't leave to-morrow. That's settled.'

At last Edith said good-night to the hostess, who in the fervency of her congratulations had kept her guest up till close upon midnight. Late as it was, Dorothy was waiting, and looked round quickly as her mistress entered the room all smiles and blushes. Then she turned away with an impatient sigh, and with a trembling

hand busied herself with the things on the dressing-table.

'Dolly! dear old Dolly! never mind those things just now. I have something to tell you.' She pushed her old nurse gently into a chair, and, throwing herself on her knees beside her, said, 'I am so happy, Dolly. I am going to marry Mr Bramwell, and we shall go back to Wodelok again.'

'Oh, Miss Edith! don't say so. It is not right. Don't do it, dear;' and the good creature burst into tears.

'Why, whatever is the matter, Dolly?' said her mistress, rising and looking at the old nurse in bewilderment. 'I thought you would be delighted to hear the news. Do you imagine Mr Bramwell is not good enough for me, you partial but ridiculous old Dolly?' she asked, putting an arm round her caressingly. 'You are quite wrong if you think anything of the sort; but you know he is good. Any woman might be proud to be his wife; and I love him,' she added, her voice sinking to a whisper.

'Oh no, Miss Edith! Any one but him. Any one else in all the world.'

'Oh Dolly! I believe you are jealous, and want to keep me all to yourself that we may become two cross, crabbed old maids together. Come, be nice to me,' she said in a sweet, coaxing voice. 'My marriage can make no difference to you. My home will always be yours. Unless,' she added playfully, 'you also go and get married. I know you have always loved me since you carried me in your arms, a wee baby. Now, nursie, kiss your little Edith, and wish her happiness.'

'That I do, dearie; that I do with all my heart. But, oh, my dearie! I wish you had found your happiness anywhere but at Wodelok.' She kissed Edith on the forehead with passionate fervour.

Miss Wodelok rose from her knees in sheer perplexity and distress, and looked at the bent form of her nurse, shaken with sobs.

'I don't understand you, Dolly. Do you know anything against Mr Bramwell?'

'Oh no. He is well enough. Only I wish them tigers had eaten him before he came near you.'

'Dorothy, have you taken leave of your senses? I cannot allow you to speak of Mr Bramwell in that way. I am going to marry him, and no one—not even you, Dorothy—shall speak disrespectfully of him in my presence.'

'The Lord's will be done,' said the old servant solemnly; 'but I did think the Ban of the Wodeloks would pass over your innocent head.'

'The Ban of the Wodeloks? What do you mean? I never heard of it.'

'Oh dear, dear! I hardly know what I am saying. But the good book says, "The curse

causeless shall not come." I found that text the other night, so perhaps you may escape it.'

'But what is this awful malediction?'

'Don't ask me, dearie. It was wrong of me to mention it.'

'Oh, but you must tell me. I cannot be put off in that way after having my curiosity excited, and being nearly frightened out of my wits. Come now; what is this ban or curse, as I suppose it means?'

'Your aunt, Miss Pembroke, will be very angry with me for having mentioned it.'

'But, having mentioned it, you had better make a clean breast of it and tell me everything; and I may as well add that I shall worry your life out until you do.'

'You were always wilful, Miss Edith. Well, the story goes that Lady Ursula, who lived hundreds of years ago, was to have been married to her cousin, and she was so enraged because he jilted her and married another that she called down an awful curse on them and on every bride who should come to Wodelok. They say she was a witch, and had dealings with the Evil One.'

'Do you mean to say that you have made yourself miserable and given me an awful fright over an absurd old story like that?' cried the girl scornfully. 'It is just one of those silly old legends the country-people delight in repeating. I thought you were too sensible to listen to such nonsense. What a foolish old woman you are to cry and make your eyes red over rubbish like that!'

'I am foolish, that is true,' said the good woman, wiping her eyes; 'and it will be best to forget all about it.'

That was not difficult so far as her young mistress was concerned, for she was so full of her new-found happiness that she had no thoughts to spare for anything else; but poor Dorothy carried a heavy heart with her when she went to bed. The Ban of the Wodeloks was very real to her, and she recalled so many instances of evils which had befallen the unlucky race that her heart trembled for her dear Miss Edith. There was Edith's own mother, who died in giving her birth; Lady Alice, who went mad, and raved about the curse of Wodelok till she died; Lady Peggy, a sweet, winsome young lady who had only been married a few months when she was killed by the coach being overturned. These and many other tales of disaster and horror she remembered to have heard told by the cottage firesides in her youth. Then over all brooded the baleful apparition of Lady Ursula herself, who was believed to haunt her former habitation, always bringing fresh troubles in her ghostly train. Poor Dorothy could only weep and pray that her nursing might have a happier fate, or that something might even yet occur to prevent the ill-omened marriage.

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## CHAPTER VI.



HE course of true love, for once, ran smoothly on, and early in the year Edith Wodelok became Edith Bramwell.

Miss Pembroke was delighted when she heard of her niece's engagement. She had no prejudice against Wodelok Hall, though her sister's marriage had been unfortunate; and she laughed at 'the curse' when Dorothy, with solemn voice and grave visage, reminded her of it.

'The greatest curse of the Wodeloks has been poverty,' she replied. 'Happily all that is at an end, and I think we may risk the rest.'

'How ridiculously superstitious the lower orders are, my dear!' she said later to her niece. 'That excellent Dorothy of yours, a sensible, good woman in other respects, has got some absurd idea into her head that something dreadful will happen to you if you go back to Wodelok; and all because of some stupid old legend which the country-people repeat. I never heard of anything so preposterous.'

'Yes, isn't it absurd?' said Edith, laughing. 'And the queerest thing is that poor Dolly is so dreadfully in earnest about it. She actually wanted me to give Hubert up.'

'Give him up indeed!' said Miss Pembroke in amazement. 'Why, the woman must be crazy.'

'Well, I am in no danger of following her advice.'

'No, my dear, I should think not. Indeed, you are a very lucky girl. He is a man of whom every one speaks well; and he has made such liberal settlements, too.'

It was a bright day in early spring. The daffodils were nodding to the violets and primroses in the woods, and the poplars and beeches had donned their robes of freshest green. Mr and Mrs Bramwell were walking on the terrace to the west of Wodelok Hall, and the setting sun was gilding the quaint gables and lighting up the windows with brilliant rose-coloured and golden reflections. Since their marriage they had been wandering under the sunny skies of Italy, cruising among the Isles of Greece, or exploring the old-world wonders on the banks of the Nile, and had returned only the previous evening. Edith had spent the whole day running about the house and grounds, and renewing acquaintance with her old home.

'Oh Hubert, what a perfectly charming, delightful day this has been!' she said, turning her bright, animated face to her husband. 'It is quite true, as the north-country proverb says, "East or west, home is best."'

'Then you are not disappointed? You don't think we have spoiled the place or improved it out of recognition?' he asked mischievously.

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'Oh! please don't remind me of my foolish speeches,' she said, with a slight blush. 'It is a lovely place. I may well be proud to call it home,' she added, looking across the park, with its stately trees, to the broad, winding river. 'But it is late. I must go in to dress.' Then, coming back a few paces, she said, with a smile, 'By the way, I forgot to tell you what a flutter Dorothy was in when she heard we were to occupy the queen's room. She is very superstitious, you know, poor old dear! and she declared the room was haunted.'

'An old house like this would not be complete without a haunted room,' he replied, with an answering smile. 'But I am afraid we did not take over the ghost with the rest of the furnishings. At least it has not shown itself in our time, and the room has been frequently occupied.'

'Oh, of course it is only an idle tale; but Dorothy has a deep-rooted belief in the supernatural. I had no idea of it till I told her of my engagement, when she got into a dreadful state about some old curse which, she said, I would bring on myself by coming back here.'

'Now you speak of it, I have heard something of it. The Ban of Wodelok it is called; but it is nonsense of course.'

The queen's room, so called because Queen Elizabeth had occupied it, was a large apartment on the first floor. Edith had a dim recollection of peeping into it when a child, and regarding with some degree of awe the great bed, with its velvet canopy and hangings, in which her august Majesty had slept. That historical and imposing piece of furniture had been removed, and the room, though still antique in style, was furnished with due regard to modern ideas of elegance and comfort. Some ancient tapestry which had adorned the walls at the time of the royal visit was hung below a rich frieze of carved oak. The sides of the deep oriel window were also lined with oak, carved in a particularly quaint design, which had formed part of the decoration of an ecclesiastical building, and represented the Garden of Eden, with a big serpent coiled round the slender stem of a tree, on which grew a huge apple. The tree seemed too slight to support even the apple, far less the serpent; but that was a mere detail to which the medieval artist had been quite indifferent.

As Edith entered the room she paused at the threshold, for the light from the western side of the window fell on the polished surface of the big apple and the smooth body of the serpent, the reptile's eyes seeming to have a wicked light in them. She was startled, as if it were a live thing; but recovering herself in a moment, she advanced into the room, saying aloud, 'Horrid creature! You are the only thing I don't like here.' She flung her hat and jacket on the chair in front of the objectionable work of art, and stood for a few minutes at the window,



watching the deep, rich orange tints of the after-glow, where the sun had gone down.

It was already dusk in the room as she turned from the fading glories in the west to ring for a light and her maid, when she was arrested in the act by the sight of a gray shadow, or rather the misty outline of a woman's form, gliding from the doorway across the room, and floating noiselessly past; then, when it reached the arras, it melted away like a vapour. She stood in awe-struck silence, as if transfixed to the spot; but on hearing her husband's footsteps she called to him in a sharp, excited whisper.

'What is the matter?' he inquired as he hurried in; then, seeing his wife's pale face and agitated expression, he put his arm round her tenderly.

'Oh Hubert!' she said in an awed voice, 'I have seen the strangest thing. A—a something like the shadow of a woman crossed the room and vanished by the tapestry there.'

'My darling, it must have been your own shadow, or Dorothy's ghost stories have made you fearful and nervous,' he said soothingly.

'No, Hubert, it was no fancy. It was like a mist; but I saw it quite plainly as it moved slowly past—as we have seen the cloudlets do across the brow of Ben Finavon.'

'It could only be a creature of your imagination,' he said, with a perplexed, helpless air.

'No; I saw it,' she repeated, 'and it vanished just there,' pointing to a corner of the room opposite the door.

'That is the passage to the turret chamber; and, going to the place indicated, he drew aside the tapestry and revealed the entrance to a passage.

'Where does that lead to? I did not know a doorway was there,' she exclaimed in some excitement.

'Only to a small room. It is in the oldest part of the house, and there is no other entrance to it except this. But come and investigate,' he said in a lighter tone, taking up one of the candles which he had lighted.

They passed through the low arched doorway into a passage some ten feet or so in length, and entered a small square room. Its walls were very thick, as was seen by the depth of the long, narrow slits which served as windows. It was furnished with a wardrobe and a couple of old oak chests, and some of Edith's trunks were standing there, waiting to be unpacked.

'There are no shadows here, except our own,' he said, holding the light up.

Edith looked round. 'No, there is nothing to be seen. It is strange,' she added, with a slight shiver, 'that I should have seen the—the apparition go towards this passage when I did not know it was there. It shows that, whatever it was, it knew its way about.'

'Evidently. Well, it is a gloomy hole, quite a befitting retreat for the family ghost, which

does not seem to be on view just at present. I am afraid I must decline to believe that your misty phantom was anything more than a trick of the imagination.'

Edith shook her head.

'Don't say anything about it before Dorothy,' she whispered, for they could hear her moving about in the bedchamber.

'Oh no. It would be a triumphant case of "I told you so,"' he replied, with a smile.

'We have been investigating, you see, Dorothy,' said Mrs Bramwell. 'I wonder you did not tell me of this old place.'

'Why, ma'am, I thought you had known of it.'

'No; I never heard of it before.'

Mr Bramwell went to his dressing-room, and Edith proceeded with her toilet.

'You told me this room was haunted,' she said after a time. 'What was the ghost supposed to be like?'

'It was said to be the ghost of Lady Ursula.'

'The one who brought the curse you told me of?'

'Yes. That is her portrait above the fireplace.'

Mrs Bramwell glanced up at it. It represented a thin, sharp-featured lady, with dark hair and piercing black eyes.

'She looks an unpleasant sort of person.'

'She had a terrible temper, they say. My grandmother used to tell me about her,' Dorothy replied.

Mrs Bramwell was silent and thoughtful during dinner. Though far from superstitious, she felt disconcerted by the strange, mist-like form she had seen. Her husband looked anxiously at her, and could not help thinking of the ominous curse—though he did not attach any real importance to it—which had been brought to his recollection that afternoon. Somehow he felt very uneasy.

'You are not vexing yourself about that misty vision of yours?' he said when the servants had left the room.

'No, not vexing myself, but puzzling over it dreadfully,' she said, striving to speak lightly.

'Much better try to forget it, dearest.'

'Ah, Hubert, that is easier said than done; for I get more mystified the more I try to account for it.'

'Then we must treat it as we do a hard conundrum—give it up.'

When the bright sunshine poured into her room next morning, Edith found less difficulty in 'giving up' her efforts to account for her ghostly vision, and the impression gradually faded from her mind; more especially as she had many other things to occupy her attention. A great many preparations had been made all over the estate to welcome the newly married couple, a welcome which was all the more enthusiastic that the bride was one of the old

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stock. The Wodeloks, in their latter days, had not been exemplary as landlords; yet there was something in the name—some inexplicable bond of affinity between the family and the land and the tillers thereof, some unconscious or instinctive reminiscence of feudalism perhaps—which made the tenantry accord to the daughter of the ancient race a more enthusiastic greeting than they would have given to the noblest or wealthiest bride the new lord of the soil could have brought home. The neighbours—the county families—were also eager to welcome the return of the last of the Wodeloks, and were as warm in their congratulations as the tenantry had been. In fact, Mr and Mrs Bramwell were so much occupied with visits and entertainments that they had no time to think of mystic shadows or ominous anathemas.

## CHAPTER VII.



THE months sped on happily and pleasantly at Wodelok Hall, and the shade of Lady Ursula had not reappeared to disturb the equanimity of its mistress. It was now the height of summer. Mr and Mrs Thornton and Miss Pembroke were on a visit to the Hall, and a few friends had been asked to dinner to meet them. The lamps were lit in the drawing-room, but the windows were open to admit the cool evening air. The ladies, who had not yet been joined by the gentlemen, were discussing some questions of family likeness, with special reference to Mrs Bramwell and a certain ancestress of hers.

'My dear,' said Miss Pembroke to her niece, 'haven't you a set of old miniatures? I think the portrait I mean is among them.'

'Oh yes, aunt. They are not yet mounted. I have them in my room.'

'Would you mind sending for them, dear? I should like to show them to Lady Dacre.'

'I am afraid nobody knows where to find them except Dorothy, and she is in bed with a headache; but I will run up for them myself.'

'Oh, I couldn't think of giving you so much trouble,' said Lady Dacre; but Mrs Bramwell had already disappeared.

There were no lights in the room; but the twilight still lingered, and it was quite light enough to see to open the jewel-cabinet, which stood in the window. She took out the miniatures, locked the cabinet, and was just about to retrace her steps when she stopped, quite terrified, for there in the doorway appeared the same mysterious, ghostly form she had seen on the night after her arrival at the Hall. The apparition was the same, yet there was a difference: its outline was more distinct. She could

see that its shadowy garments were in a fashion of a bygone time, and the eyes looked directly at her with something of wild appeal. Then it glided slowly across the room, and vanished as before at the tapestry-covered entrance to the passage.

Mrs Bramwell, shaking in terror, strove to call out, but her mouth felt dry and parched, and she could not utter a sound. When the spectre had disappeared, however, she partially recovered, and rushing from the room and along the gallery till she reached the staircase, she stood on the landing for a few minutes trying to pull herself together. The gentlemen were crossing the hall on their way to the drawing-room, and the sound of their cheerful voices and Mr Thornton's genial laugh came up to her with a reassuring effect.

When they had entered she at once descended, and, after helping herself to a glass of water in the dining-room, managed to enter the drawing-room with tolerable composure.

'I am afraid, from the time I have taken to find them, you must think I keep my things in sad disorder,' she said, with a smile, as she laid the miniatures on the table before Lady Dacre and her aunt.

'My dear Edith, you look dreadfully pale. Is there anything the matter? Are you ill?' asked Mrs Thornton in a low voice.

'Oh no, it is nothing. I was a little upset, that is all; but I am all right now,' she replied, for she had resolved not to mention what she had seen till she could tell her husband.

'I understand, dear,' that lady answered, with a significant smile and a little pat on the hand. Edith blushed, which of course confirmed Mrs Thornton in her idea, and saved Edith from further questions.

When their guests had left, and Mr Bramwell was going off to the smoking-room with Mr Thornton, his wife touched his arm, saying, 'Don't be long, Hubert; I have something to tell you. I—I am afraid to go up alone.'

'Ah! Afraid, are you, dearest? That is not like you.' And then something in her tone and the expression of her eyes struck him. 'Is anything the matter?' he asked quickly.

'That awful shadow!' she whispered. 'I have seen it again.'

'When? Where?'

'In my own room, just as I saw it before, only more awful. Oh Hubert, if you had seen those terrible eyes!' She shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

'My poor girl,' he said, tenderly putting his arm round her, 'you are nervous and ill, I fear. I must send for the doctor in the morning.'

'Oh, nonsense, about the doctor. There is nothing the matter with me; but I saw it as plainly as I see you now. It was like the portrait of Lady Ursula.'

'Ah, I see. Your eye caught the picture,

and you fancied you saw her. Imagination plays us strange tricks sometimes.'

'It was no illusion, Hubert. If you had seen it as I did you would not talk of tricks of imagination.'

'Perhaps not,' he said, with a smile; 'but you cannot expect me to believe that you have seen the spirit of an ill-natured old woman who died three hundred years ago.'

'Ah, yes, I dare say it seems incredible; but then I have seen it, and you have not. That makes all the difference.'

'Would it not be better to go to another room, dear? I see you are still agitated.'

'Oh no. The servants would be sure to think I had been frightened by the ghost, and that would be a fine example to set them. But I am not afraid when you are with me.'

'Her ghostly ladyship has been careful to keep out of my way so far,' he replied.

Mrs Bramwell had been too nervous and excited to sleep much; but the short summer night soon passed, and in the bright sunshine of the morning it was easier to take a calmer view of things. She resolved to keep what she had seen a profound secret from every one save her husband—a resolution of which he warmly approved.

'If the servants hear of it,' he said, 'they will see a ghost in every corner.'

'And I am not going to be frightened out of my room, either,' she added.

'That is right, dear. It does not do to give way to idle fancies.'

'Now, if you talk of idle fancies, I see our first quarrel looming in the near future,' she said, smiling. 'I certainly saw something awful—for which I cannot account; but I am not going to run away from it.'

'Spoken like a heroine! My dear, I congratulate you on your courage.'

'It is easy to talk in broad daylight,' she said, with a sigh. 'But wait till the shades of evening are gathering, and then'—

'Suppose we have the candles lit before dusk. Our ghostly visitor will think twice before she trails her shadowy garments through a well-lighted room.'

'We can try it; but I hope her visits will be like those of the angels, few and far between.'

## CHAPTER VIII.



HE summer had faded into autumn, and the woods around Wodelok were glowing in a rich harmony of brown-and-gold, with here and there a touch of bright crimson. The glory was fleeting fast, however, for the falling leaves which kept the gardeners so busy in the avenue and in the park told of the near approach of winter.

In preparation for the hunting season, Mr Bramwell had to go to a place at a considerable distance from the Hall to look at some horses. He was to be absent for two days.

'Perhaps it would be as well if you would make Dorothy sleep in your room, in case your shadowy friend, the Lady Ursula, should take advantage of my absence to pay you a visit,' he had said to his wife before leaving.

'Why, Hubert, I believe you are more nervous than I am.'

'Not at all. I should like extremely to make the mysterious lady's acquaintance; but she won't show when I am present. Perhaps my lineage is too humble to bring me under the notice of her aristocratic ghostship.'

His wife laughed and said she was not at all afraid; but she would not mind having Dorothy with her. It was lonely so far away from the rest of the household.

There was certainly nothing in the appearance of the room to cause nervousness when Mrs Bramwell and her maid retired for the night. A bright fire was blazing merrily in the ample fireplace. The lamps were lit, and the whole aspect of the room was that of cheerful and luxurious comfort.

'You are not afraid to sleep in the haunted room, are you, Dorothy?' her mistress asked, with a smile.

'I don't see why I should be afraid if you are not,' was the reply. 'Besides, ghosts never appear to more than one person at a time.'

'So you think there is safety in numbers?'

Mrs Bramwell put on her pretty white dress-gown and loosened the abundant waves of her soft brown hair, which Dorothy proceeded to brush, mistress and maid chatting cheerfully the while.

Presently Mrs Bramwell spoke of some incident of their recent visit to Finavon, whence they had just returned, the mention of the place recalling some interesting reminiscences, and she was silent for a while, gazing at the dancing flames with a happy smile on her lips.

'Dorothy,' she said at last, looking up at the kindly face of her maid, 'do you remember when we were at Finavon, a year ago, that I told you I was going to marry Mr Bramwell, and that you wept and begged me to give him up? How foolish you were, Dolly! It was all because of some silly old wives' fable, I remember.'

'Yes, perhaps I was foolish. There are no Wodeloks now, so the curse must have fallen to the ground.'

'Quite true, Dolly. I have done with the name, and I hope also with the bad luck which you say attends it, for I am sure there is no happier wife in the world.'

As she uttered the last words, in low tender tones, a cold rush of air blew over her, lifting

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the hair from her forehead and fluttering the ribbons at her neck.

Dorothy became pale to the lips, and the brush fell from her hand.

'Where can the wind have come from?' cried Mrs Bramwell, starting up. 'Some door or window must be open.' She tried to speak unconcernedly, but was trembling visibly. Nevertheless she walked to the window, but found it close shut, and the door was also fastened. They looked at the passage in the corner, but neither of them had the courage to penetrate to the room beyond.

'No draught could come from there, so we need not trouble to look; though you never can tell where a puff of wind may come from in an old house like this,' observed the mistress.

Dorothy made no reply; but her mistress talked on with assumed carelessness as she finished undressing. 'Now we must be quiet and try to go to sleep,' she said as she laid her head on the pillow. 'Good-night, Dolly.'

'Good-night, ma'am,' replied the faithful attendant as she also lay down.

Dorothy could not sleep. That icy breath, coming just as her mistress spoke of her great happiness, filled her with dread.

'It is unlucky to talk of being perfectly happy. It is tempting Providence,' she thought.

Soon she knew by the sound of soft, regular breathing that Mrs Bramwell was fast asleep. Dorothy herself lay wide-eyed and restless, her pulses throbbing audibly as the hours dragged on, for she could not help connecting that cold breath with the curse of the Wodeloks, and felt convinced that it was a warning that the curse was still potent for evil. Her heart was wrung with grief and dismay as she thought who might be the next victim. 'Oh, my dear, dear mistress!' she said inaudibly, sitting up in bed, and looking across at the sweet face lying in calm repose on the pillow; 'if I only saw you through your trouble.' Then it seemed as if some malevolent spirit hissed into her ear the old ghastly distich she had often heard long ago:

With the cradle bring bier and pall:  
Death comes with birth to Wodelok Hall.

Alas, how often had the ominous warning come true! She buried her face in the pillow and wept silent, bitter tears.

By-and-by Dorothy also slept.

The cheerful glow from the fire was gone, and only a comfortless heap of white ashes left, when the first gray streaks of dawn stole into the room. Mrs Bramwell opened her eyes and lay drowsily looking at the big apple among the oak carvings at the window; its polished surface caught the rays of light and made it distinctly visible against the dim background. Suddenly she felt wide awake. Turning her head in obedience to an irresistible impulse, she again saw that gray, shadowy form glide from the

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direction of the doorway; but instead of crossing to the passage as on former occasions, it approached the window, laid a semi-transparent hand on the apple, and gave it a twist; then, still with its hand on the apple, it turned towards her.

Though objects in the room were barely distinguishable in the faint light, Mrs Bramwell saw the face quite clearly. The features were those of Lady Ursula, and the eyes wore such an expression of horror, anguish, and despair as almost froze her blood when their piercing gaze was fixed upon her, as if in appeal. She did not know how long this lasted. It might have been minutes; it might have been only seconds. She tried to turn away her eyes, but was as helpless as a bird under the fascinating spell of a serpent. She endeavoured to call out, but was unable to utter a sound. Then the figure threw its arms above its head with a gesture of hopeless agony, and fell on the floor.

The spell was now broken, and Mrs Bramwell's terrified shrieks instantly roused her attendant, who sprang up and rushed to her side.

'What is the matter?' Dorothy exclaimed.

'There! There! Don't you see her?' cried her mistress, who, with staring eyes, was pointing to the floor in front of the window.

'There is nothing there. You must have been dreaming,' said Dorothy soothingly.

'Oh, her eyes! Those dreadful eyes!' and Mrs Bramwell covered her own eyes with her hands and shuddered.

'What has frightened you? Come, tell your own old nurse, dear,' said the good woman, putting her arms round her mistress, and speaking in the soothing tones with which she had been accustomed to comfort her in her childish troubles.

'Oh Dolly!' exclaimed Mrs Bramwell, throwing her arms round the woman's neck, 'it was Lady Ursula. She looked at me as a lost soul might look. Oh, shall I ever forget that look?' and she trembled and shook so that Dorothy was seriously alarmed.

'Don't take on so. It was only a dream. See, there is nothing nor nobody here,' and she went and drew aside the curtains to let in the morning light.

'No, Dorothy, it was no dream. I saw her as plainly as I see you now. She came from the door, and walked across to the window—and then—O merciful God! what can it mean?' She threw herself on the pillow in a violent fit of sobbing.

'Mercy on us! What is to be done?' exclaimed Dorothy, almost beside herself with anxiety and terror, for she saw in her mistress's dream or vision a confirmation of the fears which had haunted her during the past night. It seemed another foreboding of doom to her

beloved mistress, and her heart quaked within her. But the brave, loving soul crushed down her own grief and terror, and sought with soothing words and kindly ministrations to restore her mistress to composure. She ran and ordered the fire to be lit and some tea—that panacea for all feminine troubles—to be brought.

By-and-by, when Mrs Bramwell grew a little more composed, she was able to tell exactly what had occurred.

When she had described what she had seen that morning, she added, 'It is not the first time. I have seen that figure twice before; but this time it was far more distinct and terrible. It appeared as if there were some awful thing it wished me to know. Oh Dolly! what can it mean? What dreadful thing is going to happen?'

'The good God will protect you. We are all in His hands,' said Dorothy, and the tears she could not restrain rolled down her cheeks.

'I—I cannot bear to look at the picture,' said Mrs Bramwell, with a swift glance up at the portrait of Lady Ursula on the panel over the fireplace. 'Its eyes seem to be always following me. It is a pity we cannot take it down; but we could have it covered up—couldn't we?'

'Would it not be better to take another room?' suggested Dorothy.

'Perhaps it would be as well, at least for the present.'

'The pink one in the west corridor would be bright and cheerful for you. Shall I tell Simmonds to get it prepared?'

'Yes, do. I think if I could get away from those haunting eyes I might sleep.'

The excitement of the morning had culminated in a racking headache, and Mrs Bramwell could only throw herself on the bed in the pink room, thankful to be away from Lady Ursula and her haunting eyes.

## CHAPTER IX.



At the time when her husband was expected to return drew near, Mrs Bramwell came down to receive him, though hardly able to stand.

'What has happened, Edith? Are you ill?' he exclaimed, looking anxiously at her pale cheeks and the dark circles under her eyes.

'I have a dreadful headache, and I did not sleep well.'

'I hope the gray shadow did not disturb your slumbers?' he said, sitting down and putting his arm round her.

'Oh Hubert! don't laugh, please. I did see it. It was more awful than ever. This has been a dreadful day. I have longed every minute for your return, that I might tell you;'

and she laid her head on his shoulder and gave way to a fit of sobbing.

He was greatly alarmed, and would have rung for Dorothy, but she prevented him. Then she strove to compose herself, and in broken sentences related the events of the morning.

'My dear Edith,' he said, kissing her forehead, 'you have been dreaming. The Lady Ursula's portrait is at the bottom of the whole thing. I shall have it taken out or painted over.'

She shook her head.

'Why, darling, what else can it be? You have been thinking of the story of her death, and dreamt you saw it all.'

'The story of her death?'

'Yes. You know she was found lying on the floor dead.'

'In that room, did you say?'

'Yes, just in front of the window. Of course you know the story.'

'I never heard of it till this moment,' she replied excitedly. 'Who told you about it?'

'I heard it from the old rector. He was well up in the family history of the Wodeloks.'

'Did you hear anything more about her?'

'Nothing except that she was in the habit of wandering in and out of the queen's room. You know the royal visit was made in her time. I dare say she was deeply impressed with the honour, like Lady Margaret Belinden in Scott's novel. Very likely she was a trifle mad in her latter days. She was an awful tartar, if all tales be true.'

He began to think he had made a blunder in mentioning the legend; for his wife sat up listening while he spoke, with flushed cheeks and a look of intense interest. But there was one circumstance he withheld. He did not tell her that Lady Ursula was often heard muttering the words which had been handed down as the curse of the Wodeloks.

'My dear Edith,' he said, 'the thing admits of a perfectly natural explanation. You must have heard the story when a child, and it may have lain dormant in your mind till recalled in your dream. One often hears of such things.'

'No, no, Hubert, I never heard a word of it before, and yet I saw her fall down just where you say she was found dead.' She was silent for a few moments, and then proceeded in a solemn voice: 'Hubert, I am certain the poor lady must have died with some awful secret on her mind, or even some fearful crime. It might well be from her look of despair.'

'My dear Edith, you surely are not serious in thinking that what you have seen was really the disembodied spirit of a poor mad woman who died hundreds of years ago. The thing is altogether preposterous and simply incredible.'

'Ah, Hubert! it is easy to talk. You did not see her.' She shuddered and wrung her hands nervously. After a pause she proceeded:

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'My dream—let us call it so if you like—has been strangely corroborated by what you have told me. And now, dearest, I want you to humour my fancies so far as to examine the wood carving round that apple. I am sure the key to Lady Ursula's secret lies there.'

'Certainly, I will do as you wish; though I do not expect any result to follow.'

'Never mind. Result or not, it will prove whether I am right or wrong. But, mind, it must be no perfunctory examination. I must know what is behind that carving, even if you have to take it all down.'

'It shall be done. But I hope you do not want me to start to it at once; for, to tell the truth, I am more interested in the question of dinner at present.'

'How selfish of me not to think of it! But I am afraid I cannot join you to-night. My head still aches dreadfully.'

He was more disturbed by what his wife had told him than he cared to show. Not that he for one moment believed in the ghost. It was all a dream, though a strangely real one.

As he went down to dinner 'The Ban of the Wodeloks' kept sounding in his ears, and a ghastly rhyme he had heard in connection with it flashed into his mind: 'Death comes with birth to Wodelok Hall.' He felt as if the air were full of voices whispering it. Though he swore in angry impatience at the infernal nonsense, he could not banish the fear that filled his heart because of it.

He had but an indifferent appetite for dinner; and when he had finished he sent a message to Dorothy that if her mistress could spare her he should like to see her in his study.

In a few minutes she came, looking, as he could not help noticing, almost as ill as her mistress did. He pushed a chair towards her and motioned to her to sit down.

'I was sorry to see your mistress so ill when I returned,' he began abruptly.

'It was no wonder, sir,' she said, shaking her head.

'Don't you think it strange that she should be disturbed by a dream?'

'It was no dream, sir.'

'How do you know? You did not see anything yourself?'

'No, I saw nothing, for I was asleep till her screams awoke me. I really thought she would go out of her mind. She was fair crazed with fright.'

'I did not know she was so nervous and excitable.'

'No more she is, sir. She is as sensible a lady as ever I saw, and never showed any nervousness before; but she should never have slept in that room. I warned her against it at first.'

'What absolute bosh! What did you talk about last night? Surely you did not tell her  
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any confounded nonsense about the room being haunted?'

'I never mentioned such things. We spoke of the happy time she had spent at Finavon; and then she talked of you, sir, and said she did not believe there was a happier wife in the world; and just as she spoke a cold wind as if from a vault blew on us. It made my flesh creep. Oh, my poor, dear mistress! All this is but a foreshadowing of her doom. The curse of the Wodeloks is about to fall.'

'What do you mean? What wild idea is this you have got into your head?'

She laid her arms on the table, bowed her head on her hands, and gave way to a burst of weeping. 'Oh, my sweet mistress,' she sobbed, 'why did you ever come to Wodelok?'

For some minutes only her sobs were heard, while her master sat with pale, compressed lips, as if he were turned to stone.

'Come, come, Dorothy, this will never do. You must try to control yourself.'

'Ah, yes, sir, I will try; but my heart is like to break. I have cared for her and loved her since she was born and her own mother died, as she will'—

'For God's sake, woman, hold your tongue! Do you want to drive me mad?' and he strode up and down the room like one distracted.

'Forgive me, sir,' she said, struggling with her emotion; 'but I could not help it, and I would not have her see me break down for the world. Oh, sir! let us trust in the good God, and hope that the curse may be lifted after all.'

When Dorothy had left the study, Mr Bramwell called to a servant to come with a light, and went upstairs to examine the carving, determined either to be at the bottom of the mystery or prove that there was no mystery to solve.

'Harris,' he said, 'hold the candle here. I wish to examine this carving.'

Harris held the light as directed, marvelling much what his master was up to as he turned and twisted and tugged at the big apple in the carving; while the polished eyes of the serpent, catching the light, seemed to leer mockingly at his futile exertions.

At last Mr Bramwell wrenched away a portion of the woodwork by main force, revealing a small recess behind, to which the piece of carving in his hands had formed the opening.

It was an irregularly shaped piece, and had been fitted into the tracery so cunningly as to defy detection. He put his hand into the aperture behind, and drew out a roll of papers yellow with age, and covered with small, neat calligraphy in faded ink.

His amazement at this strange corroboration of his wife's dream, or vision, as she preferred to call it, was extreme. It was quite opposed to all his most cherished convictions to believe that the secret recess where these papers were



concealed had been indicated by a being from another world; but indicated it had been, in a most unaccountable manner. It recalled the Scripture narratives: 'And behold it was revealed to her in a dream.' He took up the papers. They at least were tangible, and, so far as a cursory glance could show, were quite decipherable. It was possible that they might contain the elucidation of the mystery, which both puzzled and irritated him.

Having satisfied himself that the recess was now empty, he took up the papers and retired to his study, where he set himself diligently to their perusal. The somewhat crabbed handwriting and archaic orthography made the task rather difficult; but he became so interested in the narrative contained in the manuscript, which had come into his hands so strangely, that he read on to the end.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MANUSCRIPT.



URSULA WODELOK, being haunted by remorse for a secret crime which I did commit, do here, for the easement of my guilty soul, set down in mine own handwriting the true story of my sin.

'My cousin Wilfrid Wodelok was next heir after me to Wodelok Hall and the broad lands appertaining thereto. His parents had both died while he was yet a child, and my father brought him hither and made him as his own son. I was my father's only child, and heiress to all his possessions save only Stevehurst Grange, which, with the few acres of park-land around it, was all that would go with the title to Wilfrid; but that mattered not, for my father willed that Wilfrid and I should wed when we were of a fitting age, so that the lands should still go with the title.

'I was three years older than my cousin, and had felt like an elder sister towards him, when he was first brought to the Hall, a fair-haired, prattling boy. We had known from the time we were children that we were to marry when we were grown up, and we oftentimes played at being husband and wife. When I commanded Wilfrid to do this or that, as, being the elder, I was wont to do, he would say, "Nay, Mistress Ursula, I am thy husband and the master. 'Tis mine to command, and thine to obey." And thereupon we would quarrel, as children will.

'As we grew older we seldom spoke of the time when we should wed; for I loved Wilfrid, but I hid my love in mine heart, as a modest maiden should, till he to whom her love is given shall woo her. But, alas! Wilfrid was "kind ever, loving never." He had grown up tall and handsome, and his blue eyes sparkled with mirth,

for he was of a gay humour. His hair was bright gold, and his face was fair as a summer morning, while mine, alack! was dark as a winter's cloud. We rode forth together with hawk on wrist, but he cared not to stay by my bridle-rein; and as I and my maidens sat together in the great hall in the evenings, busily plying our needles on the tapestry for the bridal chamber, he never placed his stool near my tabouret and talked softly, as lovers are wont; but would laugh and jest with my maidens, and would oftentimes whisper to them as I sang to my lute, and my heart would be filled with a great rage of anger and jealousy. Alas! he knew not how my heart yearned for his love. I would have given all the wealth that ever should be mine for the sweet assurance that he cared for me.

'When Wilfrid had reached man's estate my father spoke of the wedding. "We must have gay doings at such a joyful time," he said; "and it is meet that we begin to prepare."

"'Tis not winter yet. Didst thou not say 'twould not be till the Christmas revels begin?" Wilfrid replied.

"'Methinks thou art but a laggard lover," my father answered, frowning.

"'Nay, uncle; no man is in haste to put his neck in the halter. Thou knowest Ursula hath a proud temper, and will so order me that I must do her bidding, or, marry! I shall suffer for't."

'He spoke in a light, jesting tone; but I saw my father's choler rising. I was stung to the quick, and angry tears rose to my eyes, and as I turned aside to hide them Wilfrid said, "Was it not so, Ursula, in our childish games? Thou didst ever command; 'twas mine to obey, lest there should be the beginning of strife. But perchance we may pull together in time—eh? What sayest thou, fair cousin?"

"'Why should we seek to pull together?" I answered in anger. "Why should I wed one who scorns my love? The smiles of the meanest serving-wench are more to thee than mine. Thou wilt wed me for the broad lands of Wodelok; but were I portionless I might sing, "Hi, ho, for a husband!" for all Wilfrid Wodelok would care."

'Then my father rose up in anger and smote the table with his staff.

"'Tell me," he cried, "is this true, Wilfrid? Have you dared to trifle with thy cousin Ursula? An it be so, thou mayst go packing, and starve on Stevehurst Grange as thou wilt."

'Then Wilfrid also became angry, for his anger ever came swift as summer lightning, and as quickly went. He was bold and fearless in his wrath, and answered with a light, mocking laugh, "Softly, softly, good uncle. The bargain was none of my making. I am willing to obey thee, as I have said. What more wouldst thou? Love will come at no man's bidding, nor, methinks, was it mentioned in the bond."

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"Will you dare flout her to my face?" cried my father, choking with rage; and then—oh! how shall I write what followed?—his face became purple, he reeled, and fell in a fit. Wilfrid rushed forward, raised him from the floor, where he had fallen, and loosed his ruff.

"Leave him," I cried. "'Tis you who have done this."

"Forgive me, Ursula. I spake but in jest, and I meant not to cross his humour. I answered him unthinkingly. Oh, a malison upon me! that I have injured my best friend, my second father, and have brought this evil on him, ingrate that I am! Make these varlets run for a leech. Mayhap if he were bled he might recover."

"While he spake he raised my father in his arms, and bade the serving-men help to carry him to his chamber. The leech came, and all was done that could be thought of; but all of no avail. He never recovered from his swoon, nor did he speak any word. Wilfrid and I watched beside him all night, for in my great sorrow I remembered not my anger against my cousin. Love and jealousy were alike forgotten as I heard my father's breathing grow fainter and fainter; and just as the day was breaking his eyelids quivered for a moment, his breath came in short gasps, and then all was over.

"I need not write of the next few weeks. Gloom and sorrow fell upon the household. The funeral, with all its pomp and state, was over, and my dear father had been laid at rest in the vault among his ancestors. Wilfrid still remained at Wodelok Hall. His manner to me was gentle and deferential. He spoke with sorrow and remorse of his untoward speech which had evoked my father's anger and brought on his fit. My heart had softened towards him, for I saw that his sorrow was deep and sincere, and my grief had made me forgiving, and I spake gently to him.

"Vex not thyself so sorely, Wilfrid," I said; "the blame was not thine alone. 'Twas my words which first kindled my father's wrath against thee."

"Ah, would that we could recall our rash words!" he said sadly.

"After my father's death I became the ward of the Queen's Majesty till such time as my marriage should be completed; and when the first months of mourning were over I was sent for to attend Her Majesty at her Court in London. Before I left Wodelok I said to Wilfrid, who was to remain and keep all things in order there, "Thou wilt surely come to Court, Wilfrid, and make thine obeisances to the Queen's Grace, as is thy duty, and inform me, thy liege lady, how it fares at Wodelok?"

"That will I right gladly," he made answer; and hope sprang up anew in my heart, and I thought, "Now sure he will love me, and will long to bring me back to Wodelok as his bride."

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"Months passed, and still Wilfrid came not. Sometimes my royal mistress would observe,

"When is the gay bridegroom coming, Ursula?"

"There is no haste," I would answer, "and Wilfrid hath many things to do at Wodelok."

"When many more months had passed, my royal mistress again spake to me of Wilfrid.

"Ursula," she said, "it might be well for thee to go down to Wodelok and see what this laggard lover of thine is about."

"If it please your Majesty, I will go to Wodelok," I made answer. "There be many things it were well I should see to; but I want no unwilling bridegroom."

"Ha! there speaks the pride of thy race; but wed him or not as thou wilt, keep the power in thine own hands, and bend not to his will in all things."

"And yet, methinks," I made reply, "a woman must needs submit to her husband. Where she gives her love, she willingly giveth her obedience."

"That is well, if thou art sure that the man truly loves thee; but if he only loves the wealth and power that thou canst give him, then, marry! let him take the second place, and be thou the man in thine own house," said the Queen, laughing bitterly."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE MANUSCRIPT CONTINUED.



ON my return to Wodelok my cousin received me joyfully, and he gave me such an account of his stewardship as could not fail to satisfy me. Wilfrid was even handsomer than he had been when I left the Hall two years ago. He was tall and strong. His eyes, which once were full of careless mirth, now wore a more thoughtful look; but his mouth under his fair moustache had still the bright smile I knew so well.

"Ere I had returned home I had essayed to pluck his image from my heart, but, ah me! my heart was as wax, and melted in the sunshine of his presence. And truly, he was more kind and attentive than he was wont to be, and sought in all things to please me.

"Since I had returned to Wodelok, Wilfrid had at divers times been absent for a day. Riding forth at early morn, he did not return till late at night. When I asked him whither he had gone, he answered, "Oh, only on affairs concerning the more distant parts of the lands;" but methought he liked not to be questioned.

"At length it was told me that Sir Wilfrid was wont to ride towards Ealswith Manor, where dwelt Sir Simon Waldron; that his

daughter, Mistress Edith, had now grown to be a beautiful young maiden; and, further, that Sir Wilfrid and she were often seen wandering in the chase together. A sharp pain smote my heart, and the fires of jealousy again awoke within me, and bitter anger that Wilfrid should have so deceived me—that I, Ursula of Wodelok, should be slighted and scorned for the sake of a pert moppet with her doll face! Yet a hope lingered in my heart that perchance it was not true. I could not bear to think him false to me, so I met him as if all were well; but I would take means to discover the truth; and if Wilfrid Wodelok were indeed a traitor to me, then let him look to himself. He should know the vengeance of a woman scorned.

'Weeks passed, and Sir Wilfrid still had business in the more distant parts of the estate; and I discovered without doubt that he rode out to meet Edith Waldron, that they spent long hours together in the forest, and that they parted with kisses and fond embracements.

'Then another rumour reached me: a rumour of treasonable plots against the life of the Queen's Majesty and the peace of the realm. It was one of the plots devised by the friends of the Queen of Scots, who had for some years been a prisoner in England. Our enemies in France, uniting with those of the Romish faith in England, essayed to slay our gracious Sovereign, place the Scottish Queen on the throne, and restore the ancient form of religion. Sir Simon Waldron of Ealswith was deeply implicated in the plot. He was a Catholic at heart, though he dared not openly show his faith, for heavy penalties were inflicted on those who practised the proscribed religion. His property lay near the seashore, where there was a bay, and where it was expected the French forces under the Duke of Alba might be secretly landed. The conspiracy was discovered before a rising took place. There was a sudden visit to Ealswith Manor, some treasonable papers were found, and poor Sir Simon, who had been but a tool in the hands of more guilty conspirators, was taken prisoner and lodged in the Castle of Winchester. Amongst the names of those implicated in the plot was that of Sir Wilfrid Wodelok. He had disappeared from the Hall on the first hint that the conspiracy was discovered, and no one could tell whither he had betaken himself.

'I could not believe that Wilfrid was a traitor; but he may have thought to win favour with Sir Simon by joining the enterprise, and I was firmly persuaded that it was love and not treason that first led him into the company of the conspirators. Now, alas! that plea would avail him little. His secret visits to Ealswith, where the conspiracy was hatched, would be held a sufficient proof of his guilt. He was now an attainted fugitive, with a price set on his head, and should he be taken, that head would

soon be laid on the "wooden pillow" where so many had perished. Alas that all this should be for the sake of a girl—a fair-faced moppet of a girl! What fools men can be!

'At Ealswith Manor all was confusion and despair. Lady Waldron and Mistress Edith were lodged in the house of one of their vassals; and I caused this house to be watched, for where the honey is, thither will the bee come, sooner or later.

'It was late autumn, and the nights closed in early, when it was told me that a figure, as of a man bent double with age and wrapped in a long loose garment, was seen to approach the Manor at nightfall and ask alms. When he departed, Mistress Edith stole out and met him in the forest. I had little doubt who the ancient mendicant was, and I was resolved to see him and tax him with his perfidy.

'My page, Perkyn Barfoot, was slippery as an eel, cunning as a fox, and faithful withal as a dog to the hand that feeds him. He it was who had brought me news of Sir Wilfrid, and under his guidance I was minded to go to the trysting-place in the forest where the lovers were wont to meet. 'Twould have been rash and somewhat dangerous to ride in mine own proper person after nightfall, and so far from mine own domains, attended by only one page. Mine enterprise being secret, and there being a tempting price on the head of Sir Wilfrid, I dared not trust my serving-men. I therefore disguised myself in the garments my cousin had left behind when he rode forth on this hapless enterprise. We rode to the borders of the forest, and Perkyn left our horses at the hut of a woodcutter. From thence we went on till we came to a great oak, where my page said the beggar and the lady were wont to meet. The branches were low, and I climbed up and laid myself along one of the low spreading boughs, where I was completely concealed, and yet so near that I could hear every word that might be spoken under the tree. I then bade Perkyn retire and conceal himself at a little distance till I should call him.

'It was not long ere I heard a crackling among the brushwood; then I beheld the dim outline of a man's form approaching. He came and leant against the trunk of the tree just beneath where I lay concealed on my leafy perch. He waited silently, except for a quick sigh now and then. There was no doubt that it was my cousin, and though I could not see him where he stood in the deep shadow, I could have touched him, he was so near. In spite of my jealousy and wrongs, my heart went out in pity towards him: so handsome, so manly, albeit so daring and so rash. Alas, alas, that thou shouldst be brought to such a plight as this!

'At length a great deerhound suddenly came bounding forward and leapt upon Sir Wilfrid

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with a bark of joyful recognition. Then a girlish figure emerged from the surrounding shadows, and he sprang towards her, exclaiming, "My sweet Edith, thou art here at last! Why hast thou tarried so long? The minutes seem like hours when waiting for thee, sweetheart;" and then came the sound of rapturous kisses.

"In a moment all my feelings of tenderness and pity were turned to hate and jealousy. I had been slighted, deceived, and scorned for this girl. Had he not been gentle, kind, and loving all these months after my return to Wodelok? Yet all the while he was but playing with me: laughing, mayhap, at my foolish fondness, and thinking it a fine jest. I lay clenching my hands in the effort to subdue my passion, for I dared not move lest I should be discovered.

"I will be revenged; I will be revenged," I kept repeating to myself. "They shall know what it is to deceive Ursula of Wodelok," I said as I listened to the whispered words of love and devotion he poured into her ear.

"The deerhound must have heard my movements, slight though they were, for he growled and snuffed around with his nose upraised.

"What aileth Gurth?" said his mistress. "He used not to be so restless."

"Peradventure the deer are stirring, or the conies disporting themselves.—Down, Gurth; down, good dog!"

The moon had now arisen, and I could dimly see the lovers as they stood almost beneath me.

"Thou wilt agree to my plan, then, sweetheart?" he said. "A week hence things shall all be ordered as we have designed. The good priest, whom thou vottest of, hath promised to come and join us in holy wedlock. The ship will be out at sea, and a boat with four stout rowers will wait for us at Oswyn's Cove. Soon we shall be on board the *Fleur-de-Lis*, and with spreading sails we shall wing our way to sunny France, where no danger can come nigh us."

"God grant it may be so! Nevertheless, my mind misgives me. What will thy cousin the Lady Ursula say?"

"Beshrew me an I care," he said, with a short, uneasy laugh.

"Nay, but she will be greatly angered against thee, if 'tis true, as I have been told, that she loves thee."

"Faith, she loveth her own will best."

"Twas said to me but yesterday," said Edith, "that thou wast betrothed to thy cousin, and that thine uncle had willed that thou and she should wed."

"It was my uncle's wish that we should wed, so that the title and the heritage might go together; but I"—

"Ah, Wilfrid, and but for poor Edith Waldron thou wouldst be lord of Wodelok."

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"Nay, my sweet love, that might never be. I could not love her, even hadst thou not stolen my heart; and she, an she cares for me—and I think she doth—'tis as a sister or a mother perchance. She is elderly, thou knowest, and had she consented to wed me 'twould have been because it was her father's will."

"She murmured something in a low voice which I could not hear, and then, raising her head from his breast where it had rested, said, 'I fear me that she doth love thee, and I dread her anger. It would have been better for thee if thou hadst never seen me. Thou mightest now be lord of Wodelok and a free man, whereas thou art a fugitive in danger of thy life.'"

"And with the love of the fairest, sweetest girl in all England. Better exile with thee, sweetheart, than all Wodelok and Hampshire to boot, with bondage to that elderly termagant, my worshipful cousin Ursula."

"At these words I was so filled with pain and anger that I could not keep still. The hound, hearing my restless movements, set up a short, sharp bark; and, seeing that I could not longer remain concealed, I dropped from the bough on which I had rested, and, laughing loud and bitterly, exclaimed, 'By my faith, cousin, but thou art careful not to belie the old proverb, and let listeners hear any good of themselves.'"

"What! Cousin Ursula?" he cried, amazed. "How camest thou hither? Why this disguise?"

"The great hound snarled round me as if he liked not my sudden appearance. 'Down, good dog!' said his mistress, laying her hand on his head. I laughed again, and when the hound was silent I said, 'As to the disguise, the doublet and trunk-hose are thine own, left behind when thou didst leave Wodelok Hall without ere a good-bye to thy loving cousin. In truth, methinks they are not unbecoming.' I said, looking down at myself. 'What sayest thou? I look not so elderly in these—eh, cousin?'"

"Twere foolish mayhap, but it angered me more than all the rest that my cousin should have said I was elderly."

"I entreat thee, cousin, pardon my heedless words. Beshrew my tongue that uttered them! Yet I fain would know why thou camest hither, and how thou didst know where to find me. And say truly, art thou here to betray us?"

"One question at a time, good cousin. Why I came thou shalt know anon. How I knew where to find thee is my secret. And look to it: what one hath discovered others may have found out also. I fear me that purpose of thine may scarce be carried out. Francis Drake may have seen that French ship. He hath a quick eye, thou knowest. He may make a prize of her, and may wait till thou art on board, so that the prize may be more valuable. Knowest

thou how many crowns is the price on thine head?"

"At this Mistress Edith fell into a passionate weeping, and threw herself on the grass at my feet, begging me not to betray him, and promising never to see him more.

"Oh, save him!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I will give him up to thee. I will."

"Thanks, fair maiden," I interrupted, with a laugh; "but who made Sir Wilfrid of Wodelok thy property, to give or to keep as thou dost choose?"

"Nay, Edith, cease thy prayers," said Wilfrid, raising her from her suppliant posture, and supporting her in his arms.

"And know," I added, "that Ursula of Wodelok scorns him as thy gift; though, by my faith! 'tis a good jest.—How likest thou, Wilfrid, to be handed about as if thou wert a dish of comfits?" and I again laughed loudly. I felt I must laugh, or else weep—weep wild tears of passion and despair.

"Methinks 'tis scarce time for merry-making," said my cousin. "Tell me, what is thy purpose in coming hither?"

"My purpose was friendly to thee, little as thou seemest to regard me. Yet, have I ever been aught but friendly to thee?"

"Thou hast ever been good to me."

"I know that thou canst not escape," I said. "All the ways by which thou hopest to elude thy pursuers are watched, and wherever thou essayest to leave the country thou shalt most assuredly be taken; and it will be short shrift and small hope of mercy, for our good Queen is not over lenient to traitors."

"Hereupon Mistress Edith again fell a-weeping, and once more flung herself at my feet, imploring me to save her lover. Her tears and entreaties only hardened my heart, for did not every word tell of Wilfrid's devotion to her?"

"Tush, tush!" I said. "Rise up and hold thy peace. What I shall do for the safety of my cousin shall be for his own sake, and not for thy asking."

"Then turning to Wilfrid, I spake further: "Know, then, that our gracious Sovereign Queen Elizabeth will shortly honour my poor house of Wodelok by passing a day and a night under my roof. Do thou come thither. Thou canst, if thou wilt, carry out the first part of thy purpose and get wed. It might be best that thou shouldst bring Lady Wodelok with thee. I will keep thee in safe hiding until I have sought my royal mistress's favour for thee. When I tell her that it was love and not treason that drew thee to Ealswith, perchance if she be in good humour she will pardon thee."

"Thanks, thanks, a thousand thanks, good cousin. Thy goodness overwhelms me. Sure the Queen will pardon me for thy asking, and Edith will herself be my best excuse."

"Edith covered my hand with kisses ere I could snatch it away.

"Forgive me, cousin, for having so far mistaken thee," said Wilfrid. "I thought thou wert full of anger; but thou hast proved thyself an angel of goodness."


"No more, no more," I cried harshly, for his thanks were like daggers in my heart. "Wait till thou art safe. 'Twill be time enough for thanks then. I must needs go now if I would be home before morning. In a week thou shalt hear from me."

"I raised a small silver whistle to my lips and blew a shrill summons to my page, then hurriedly left them.

"There shall come a speedy end to their dalliance," I said to myself, for the desire for vengeance was hot within me, and to intercede with the Queen for them was very far from my purpose. Neither would I betray my cousin. It were an act for which every one would condemn me should I give up mine own kinsman to the block; but I would have my revenge, for if he had not been a traitor to the Queen, he had been a traitor to me."

## CHAPTER XII.

THE MANUSCRIPT CONTINUED.

ER Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth was making a royal progress through the southern counties to receive the homage of her loyal subjects, stopping for a day or longer, as it pleased her, at the houses of men of rank; and she had graciously consented to honour me by passing a night at Wodelok Hall. Great doings were afoot to prepare for the royal visit, for Queen Elizabeth ever loved to be received with much state and ceremonial, rich banquetings, and splendid entertainments. There was much to be done in preparation, therefore. The large oaken chamber overlooking the park and the river was being set in order for my royal guest. The tapestry, which had been begun in my mother's time, and at which I and my maidens had worked for years, was now finished. It had been designed for my bridal chamber, but it would never be needed for that, and, as was most fitting, it was used for the adornment of the Queen's room. It was hung on the wall against which the great bed was placed, with its heavy velvet draperies and fringes of silk and gold. On one side of the oaken chamber was a small passage leading to a room where the Queen's mails would be placed, and where sundry of her firewomen would sleep. To the left of this passage was a small oratory, partly set in the thickness of

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the wall. It was lighted by a narrow slit, a mere loophole; and underneath, an altar-table was wont to stand, with its altar-cloth, crucifix, and candlesticks. On one side was a small silver dish for holy water, let into the oak panelling. By touching a spring underneath this the panel opened, and revealed a narrow flight of steps leading upwards to a chamber near the roof. This was the secret chamber of Wodelok Hall. From generation to generation the secret of it had been known only to the head of the House of Wodelok, who in turn transmitted the knowledge to the next heir, with solemn vows of secrecy. In this wise had my father shown it to me. With much caution and at dark midnight he had taken me to the oratory; and when he had bolted the door he opened the panel, bidding me observe how to move the spring. Then he led me up the stairs to a curious, irregularly shaped room. Though full of odd corners, it was fairly large, and was lighted by several small apertures concealed among the chimneys and ornaments of the roof. It contained a fireplace, and was furnished with a bed, an oaken settle, two stools, and a table. It was this mysterious chamber which I was to prepare for Wilfrid and his bride.

As soon as I had known assuredly what day the Queen would arrive, I had sent Perkyn Barfoot to apprise Sir Wilfrid thereof, and to bid him come with Lady Wodelok the evening before, at dusk, when their coming would be little observed among the numbers of people who would be arriving, to assist in the jousting and games which were being prepared for the divertisement of my royal guest and her suite.

On the appointed evening, just as it was growing dusk, Sir Wilfrid arrived, disguised as a travelling musician; and his bride was with him. They entered unperceived by a side-door at the foot of a little turret stair, where I met them. He presented me to Lady Wodelok, and I kissed her cheek and bade her welcome.

"I could have wished," I said, "to have received you in a manner more befitting your rank and my relationship; but I trust the need for concealment will be but brief."

I led them through the oaken chamber which was now prepared for the Queen. "Ah, Cousin Ursula," said Wilfrid, looking round, "this is the famous tapestry, I see. How often have I seen you and the maidens working at it!"

"Much labour to little profit," I replied bitterly, for I remembered what hopes and visions had been entwined with those silken flowers. I then led them through the little oratory where the secret door stood open, with the dark stair beyond. Lady Wodelok shrank back.

"Oh Wilfrid!" she said, "my heart misgives me. I am afraid to go in there."

"Nay, sweetheart," he said, "there is nothing  
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to fear." As she still trembled and hung back, he put his arm round her and kissed her cheek. His eyes were bent on her in passionate devotion, and his voice was low and tender as he strove to calm her fears.

"I turned my head, for I was mad with jealousy, and holding the light above my head, I led the way up the dark stairs which I determined they should never more descend. Alas! alas! why was my heart so hardened that I felt no pity for her innocent youth or his strong manhood? I bade them come and see their bridal chamber; and, with a harsh laugh, I said I was grieved that I could not make it more worthy of the occasion.

"Tush, cousin! no more such regrets," said Wilfrid. "'Tis a nobly furnished chamber. Much less would content us in our present peril. Pray thee, good cousin, lose no time in making thy petition to the Queen on my behalf. I long to present my fair Edith to Her Majesty.—When she sees thee, sweetheart," he said, turning to his wife, who stood warming her cold hands at the blazing log, "she will understand how fair an excuse I had for my seeming disloyalty.—Assure her, Cousin Ursula, that she hath not a more devoted subject than Wilfrid Wodelok."

"Nay, fear not, cousin," I answered; "by to-morrow at this time thou shalt have no more need of my help. Thou and thy bride shalt be free of all these troubles. But I must needs go, as I have much to do. If I cannot ask you to join us at the banquet to-morrow, I have brought thee some of the meats prepared for it;" and I pointed to the well-laden table. "Here, Wilfrid, is a flask of thy favourite wine. Is there aught else thou lackest? If so, I will bring it anon."

"Nay, cousin, all we want is here save freedom and our Sovereign's gracious countenance."

"Good-night, then," I said, hurrying downstairs. But I paused and listened a moment ere I closed the panel, and I heard Edith say, "Oh Wilfrid! be not angry; but I greatly fear thy cousin intendeth us some evil. Her eyes had a cold, cruel gleam as she looked at me, and her voice soundeth false." I held my breath while he murmured soft words of comfort and assurance. "Thou art over tired, and that maketh thee fanciful," he said. "Cousin Ursula hath ever been kind to me. Why should she seek to do us an injury?"

I waited to hear no more, but fastened the panel securely, locked the door of the oratory, and went to the gallery overlooking the great kitchen that I might see that the cooks and scullions were attending to their duties, then to the great hall to make sure that all was being ordered according to my wishes.

Anon the steward of mine household came to ask of me what I would please to have done in this or that matter. My tirewomen likewise had things to ask of me concerning my apparel; and, in good sooth, there was much to do, and



many things to think of. All through these bustling scenes I heard a sweet, low voice saying, "Oh Wilfrid! I fear some evil will befall us."

"The evening wore on, and at length all things were fitly prepared for the morrow. The great hall was decked and the tables garnished for the banquet. Fiddlers and players had arrived, and had well-nigh deafened me with their noise as they essayed their parts for the morrow.

"But now all was done, the hurrying to and fro had ceased, silence had fallen upon the household, and I retired to my chamber, not to rest or sleep, though I was weary. The air seemed full of voices, repeating, like the refrain of some mournful dirge, "I fear some evil will befall—some evil befall—evil befall." Had it befallen? Had they drunk of the poisoned wine? Would it take effect? Ah! mayhap they were already dead. Or perchance they had only taken enough to cause sickness. Oh God, should it be so, they would know of my treachery, of my murderous purpose! Wilfrid would denounce me to the Queen, and I should be shamed and disgraced before all men, and peradventure the axe would be my fate.

"I paced my chamber all night long, and ever and anon I stole along the dark galleries to the oaken chamber where I listened but could hear no sound, for the walls were thick. At length in the gray dawn of the morning I took the key of the oratory with me, opened the door, and stood hearkening with my ear at the secret panel. Hearing nothing, I stood with my hand on the spring, fearing to open it—burning with desire to know what had befallen, yet dreading what I might see. Then slowly my fingers pressed the steel, and the panel fell back. I crept up the stairs and when I reached the top I again waited and listened; then I pushed aside the hangings and looked in.

"On the bed lay the bride of a day. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and left her pale as the lily. Her golden hair, all unbound, lay spread over the pillows. Her blue eyes were open, and their fixed gaze met mine. So calm she looked, so full of dignity and reproach, as if her pure soul looked from a great height into my guilty heart. I gazed as one enthralled; then I saw that the face was the face of the dead, that the light of life had left those blue orbs for ever. Suddenly I was startled by a low moan; and, darting forward, I saw Wilfrid kneeling by the bed, his head buried in the coverlet and his arms thrown across the body of his dead wife. He raised his head as he heard my footsteps, and his face was ashen gray; but a gleam came into his sunken eyes as he saw me, and a faint colour rose in his cheek.

"Ha, Ursula, is it thou?" he cried in a hollow voice. "Hast thou come to gloat on thy hellish work? Come hither and look upon her, so fair, so sweet, so innocent of guile. Ay, look upon

her, wretched murderess, and may the sight haunt thee for ever!"

"Oh Wilfrid, Wilfrid!" I cried, sinking on the floor in an agony of remorse.

"God's curse light on thee!" he said fiercely.

"Mercy, mercy!" I implored, raising my hands in supplication.

"Mercy?" he cried. "What mercy hadst thou on her who never did thee harm, or on me thy kinsman, who trusted thee?"

"Oh that I could undo the night's work!" I sobbed.

"Thy remorse comes too late. It shall cling to thee like a leprosy. Never shalt thou know rest or peace. Wodelok Hall shall be cursed for thy sake till this thy secret crime shall be published at noonday, and thy name held up to infamy."

"He had raised himself to his feet, and spoke in wild frenzy. Now he fell down half-across the bed; and, kissing the white lips of the dead, he whispered, "Sweetheart, we are not parted for long. I come to thee—I am coming—I am"—With a long, shivering sigh the breath left his body.

"I cast myself down beside him, weeping wildly in my bitter repentance. Too late. Alas! what availed my tears? Could I weep tears of blood it would not bring back the dead, or give one moment's peace to my guilty soul. "Oh Wilfrid, Wilfrid, speak to me again if only to curse!" I cried, raising his lifeless head and laying it on my bosom. "Have I murdered thee—I who loved thee so? Oh, why did envy and jealousy take possession of mine heart? Oh that I had loved thee more, and been content to see thee happy with the woman of thine own choice! Sure she, in her sweet youth, were fitter mate for thee than I had been." I threw myself on the ground and grovelled in an agony of weeping.

"How long I lay there I knew not; but at length sounds of life and movement in the house and in the park aroused me, and I remembered the Queen's visit, and all that must be gone through. I rose, gave one look at the ghastly burden on the bed, and then turned and descended the stair. I fastened the secret panel; closed and locked the door of the oratory, concealing the key under my garments; and, raising the tapestry which hung over the entrance to the passage, I met my kinswoman Dame Hilda Wodelok.

"Oh, Cousin Ursula!" she cried, "we have been searching for thee everywhere; but I bethought me that thou wouldst be here to see that all is ordered fittingly for Her Most Gracious Majesty, whom God save! And truly I think 'tis a right royal chamber. But haste thee, cousin, for time flies apace, and we must soon set forth to meet the Queen's grace."

"Truly, as thou sayest, there is no time to lose," I said, going hastily to the door, for I

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would fain escape before she should perceive my tear-stained face and disordered apparel. I reached my own chamber, and made haste to bathe my face before any one should see me. While I was being bedecked with jewels and lace, my youthful tire-maidens laughing and talking the while, my kinswoman came in. She was a good woman, but was one of those who loveth the sound of her own voice, and who speak many things that wiser people would leave unsaid.

"Ah, cousin!" she said, "thou art pale. Thou hast wearied thyself with thy preparations, and sure 'tis a heavy task to entertain our worshipful Queen Bess, for she loveth rareivers and much merry-making; but all is done as thou couldst wish, so do not fret thyself, but don thy brave apparel. Thy gown is marvellously beautiful and becomes thee well, if only thou wert not so pale and weary-looking. Ah! if Sir Wilfrid had been here he would have taken much of the burden off thy shoulders. Knowest thou where he is?"

"How should I know?" I made reply, startled by her sudden question. "Thou knowest that he is attainted as a traitor."

"Thinkest thou he is really guilty? Sure he is in evil case if he be, as our good Queen hath little mercy for rebels, and the axe is not like to get rusty for want of use. A murrain on that Queen of Scots, who so turneth men's heads. Ah, poor Wilfrid! I like not to think of his comely head rolling in the"—


"Oh, hush, hush, I beseech thee, cousin!" I cried, and I became ghastly pale, and fell back in my chair, while great drops of sweat stood on my forehead.

"Oh! ah! alack! what have I said? Prithee, good Margot, run and fetch some wine for thy mistress. Sure, I was wrong to speak so. Mayhap Sir Wilfrid hath escaped, and his head is in no danger."

"God grant it!" I made answer, with a groan.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE MANUSCRIPT CONTINUED.

HE day on which Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth honoured my house by her presence was one never to be forgotten in the annals of Wodelok. To me it was a day of untold agony and terror: an agony of grief and remorse for my awful crime; a terror of dread lest I should betray myself, and that my guilt should be discovered and I held up to shame and infamy. Oh! in very truth I suffered the tortures of the accursed as I stood in the presence of my royal guest in all my splendour

of velvet and jewels—yea, and laughed and jested with the Queen and her train. Oh God! Yet 'twas easier to laugh than to keep silent, with Wilfrid's dying words ever in mine ears.

"The sun shone in unclouded splendour and all went well. The Queen was all smiles and good humour. In sooth I knew I had found favour with my royal mistress, and she was pleased to do me honour. I could have obtained her forgiveness for my poor cousin Wilfrid had I asked it; but, alas! by my crime he was now beyond the need of the pardon of an earthly sovereign.

"At nightfall, when I conducted my royal guest to her chamber, so near the scene of my awful crime, I could scarcely stand to wait upon my liege lady, as in duty bound.

"There is only one thing has marred our perfect enjoyment of this day," said the Queen as she was being disrobed, "and that is the absence of Sir Wilfrid. We are grieved for thy sake, Ursula, that he should have proved a traitor. How comes it, thinkest thou? For the Wodeloks were ever loyal."

"Nay, ask me not," I answered, with trembling lips; "and yet methinks he is not so guilty as doth appear." So I spake, having bethought me that I might at least remove the taint of treason from his name.

"How so?" said the Queen sharply. "Is it not true that he did visit in secret the house of that arch-plotter, Sir Simon Waldron?"

"'Tis even so, my liege," I answered; "but Edith Waldron is fair to look upon, and 'twas her charms which drew him to Ealswith, for it hath been told to me that they are wed."

"Ha! sayest thou so? Then no wonder his visits to Ealswith were under the rose, for was he not thy plighted husband? Mayhap he feared thine anger, for, in good sooth, thou hast a temper, my good Ursula." And she laughed.

"My face flushed with shame and anger that she should flout me so; and anon the room seemed to turn round with me, and I clutched the post of the bed to save myself from falling.

"Nay, nay, Ursula, fret not thyself so much," said the Queen in a kinder tone. "We will find thee a fitting husband, and do thou forget this faithless Wilfrid. God's death! but he hath played thee a scurvy trick. Knowest thou whither he hath betaken himself?"

"Nay, that I cannot tell," I made answer with white and trembling lips.

"Thou art weary," said the Queen, "and methinks thou lovest this false lover only too well. We will excuse thy further attendance."

"Oh, the horror of the night that followed! I was aweary, yet sleep came not nigh my pillow. Sweet refreshing sleep was not for such as I. I tossed on my uneasy couch, and anon rose and paced my chamber in a frenzy of despair and remorse. Sir Wilfrid's awful words, his dying curse, sounded ever in mine ears. Again I saw

the death-chamber, and the pure loveliness of that dead face on the pillow. Oh, the pity of it! So young, so fair: could I not have spared her sweet youth for his sake? A great tenderness for her awoke within me, and mingled with my repentance, making it the more bitter. I would have given my richest jewels—yea, and all Wodelok to boot—could I have recalled that fair face to life.

'In the dawn of the morning my wearied eyelids closed over my aching eyes; but sleep only brought dreams more horrible than my waking thoughts.

'The royal visit was over. The fiddlers and morris-dancers had departed. The long tables had been removed from the hall, and all things had returned to their wonted order and quiet. For me, dread days and fearful nights dragged slowly on. Often, when the weary hours of the night had passed in sleepless tossing on my uneasy pillow, or in pacing to and fro like a caged wild beast, some weird fascination would draw me towards the oaken chamber, through which I passed to the door of the little oratory, and then I would draw back in wild affright. I dared not—I would not for a kingdom have looked again upon the horror of that upper chamber; and yet my unwilling feet dragged me thither, always in the light of dawn or in the evening twilight. I was in terror lest some day I should open the secret panel and find myself face to face with the dread and ghastly sight which was ever present to my memory.

'At length I did resolve to have the door of the oratory built up. I sent for skilled craftsmen, and stood and watched them at their work; and when the last stone had been placed I felt that now it would be impossible for me to enter that fearful chamber of death. Then I caused the passage to be lined with oak, so that all trace of the door was hidden. And so, I thought, was all trace of my crime.

'Years rolled on. To the surprise of all save myself, nothing was ever heard of Sir Wilfrid or his lady, for it was known that he was married, and it was supposed that he had escaped beyond the seas.

'Poor Sir Simon Waldron, who might have made search for his daughter had he lived, was beheaded, and his lady died of grief before the end of the year.

'Thus all things conspired to let my crime remain hidden and undiscovered, my guilt unsuspected. Year after year has come and gone, yet no rest has come to my troubled spirit, and the horrible gnawing of my remorse has ceased not. Oft my misery seemeth more than I can bear. If only I could make confession of my crime, peradventure 'twould bring some easement to my soul. Oh, could I do it! It might be that I—even I—might obtain forgiveness and peace. Oh that I had strength and courage to endure the shame, the reproach, the ignominious

death. Alas! alas! I cannot—no, not yet. How gladly would I seek release in the grave! But I dare not go before the great Judge with my crime unconfessed, not unrepented of. No, there hath not been an hour during all those years that I have not bitterly repented. "Oh that I could undo the past!" hath been my despairing cry day and night. "Oh, God help me to make confession and expiation!"—Written with mine own hand. **URSULA WODELOK.'**

#### CHAPTER XIV.



**M**IDNIGHT was long past ere Hubert Bramwell had finished reading the manuscript whose existence had been so strangely, almost miraculously revealed to him. His were doubtless the only eyes that had looked upon its pages since these fading lines had been traced upon them.

Could he doubt the genuineness of the awful confession? Was it possible that this tragic story of love, jealousy, and crime could be true? It tallied wonderfully with the family traditions. Then there were his wife's mysterious visions, the agonised look of the apparition which had directed her to the place where the papers were concealed. 'Was this really the confession of a murderess,' he thought as he gathered the sheets together, 'or was it but the ravings of a mad woman?'

He shook his head as this thought occurred to him. No; the story was too coherent, too well connected, to be the illusion of insanity.

One thing he was resolved upon: he would have the passage examined the next day. He would have the woodwork taken down, and see if there really was a built-up doorway. If there were not, it would prove that his wife's dreams and visions were but the result of nervous excitement, caused no doubt by the recurrence to her memory of long-forgotten family legends and traditions. It would prove also that this awful story was a myth related by a master or mistress in the art of fiction. If, on the other hand, the result of his investigations showed that the doorway had really been there, that the oratory was within, that the stair up to the secret chamber led out of it as described, and that the secret chamber contained that which would corroborate or confirm the truth of the dreadful story, then—Ah! yes. What then? Would he be forced to admit the supernatural explanation of the mystery? Lady Ursula's ghost was a big pill for a man of average culture and intelligence to swallow.

Yet was it possible that disembodied spirits should be allowed to visit the scene of their former crimes? He shrugged his shoulders and turned his thoughts to other possibilities: that

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this terrible crime had been committed, and that the hidden room so near them had held a ghastly secret for three hundred years.

He remembered the curse—the curse of the Wodeloks, which to Dorothy was such a dread reality, and had even filled his own soul with terror in spite of his mental attitude of scepticism and contempt. That curse had its prototype, if not its origin, in the malediction recorded in the confession.

Next morning a carpenter was sent for, who soon took down the woodwork in the passage, and there, plainly to be seen, was the built-up doorway. Masons were summoned and the stones removed, and before nightfall the hidden room was opened up and its awful secret revealed. The chamber was very much as it was described in the manuscript. On the wall hung the arras, discoloured by damp, and fallen from its fastenings here and there. The table was covered with trenchers, platters, and wine-cups. Then there was the bed; and on it lay a ghastly skeleton partially concealed by the silken coverlet. In a huddled heap on the floor beside the bed, among a man's garments of an ancient fashion, lay another skeleton. On the hearth was a heap of ashes, and over everything, like a gray pall, lay the dust of centuries.

The strange and startling discovery of the hidden room of Wodelok Hall, and the ghastly remains contained in it, soon got noised abroad. And when the poor relics of humanity had been removed and laid reverently to rest in the family vault, the housekeeper would sometimes show the room to curious and wondering visitors, who would listen with bated breath while she told the tragic story of two fair young lives sacrificed to a woman's jealousy, and of the curse that clung to the Hall because of her crime. 'But, thank God! the curse is now removed,' the good woman would oftentimes say in conclusion.

Yes; the voices of happy children, at play in the stately rooms and dim old corridors are a proof that the baleful curse is now only a tradition.

Dorothy, who now reigns supreme in the nursery, derives a strange pleasure from dwelling on her past terrors. In the evenings, when her mistress comes up to kiss her darlings so snugly tucked up in their little white beds, she sometimes speaks of the night when she wept in such wild grief because she feared her beloved mistress would share the fate of so many ladies of the Wodelok race.

'It was all because you were brave enough to sleep in that room, ma'am. No one of the Wodeloks had ever dared to do it for hundreds of years, not since the Queen slept in it herself.'

'I thought it had been used as a guest-chamber in old Mr Bramwell's time,' said her mistress, smiling.

'As if the Lady Ursula would demean herself to strangers!' said Dorothy, with scornful conviction.

'Ah, true! She had a great idea of the family dignity.'

'As I was saying, ma'am, none of the family had dared sleep in the room, and the poor ghost could get no one to understand her.'

'Very hard on the ghosts, isn't it, Dolly? Very trying that people should faint or run away when a spectre appears, when all the poor thing wants is to communicate "something to their advantage."'

'Oh, you needn't make fun of it, ma'am. You know well enough that it was Lady Ursula's spirit that showed you where her confession was hid. The curse was only to last till her crime should be made known. If it had not been for you, her secret would have been a secret still, and them blessed darlings— Oh, what am I saying? The curse is gone, and instead, these are the blessings of Wodelok.' And she pointed to the sleeping children.

## LOVE AND DUTY.

HERE at the parting of life's ways I stand,  
And see a figure veiled—dread Duty—he  
Who bids me follow not Love's fantasy  
Down fair, strange paths, allured by beckoning hand;  
But tread instead, with him, that higher road;  
Leave zephyrs for a keen, remorseless air;  
Forsake the flower-bright meadows, pleasure's lair;  
March onward with sharp conscience for a goad.

I choose. I follow with unswerving feet,  
Yet aching memory of Love's last caress,  
And heart aware of all its emptiness;  
Till, when the hidden form I turn to greet,  
Fair Love himself I see, with no disguise,  
And all of heaven shining in his eyes.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

# A PORTSMOUTH POINT ROMANCE.

BY WALTER JEFFERY,

AUTHOR OF 'A CENTURY OF OUR SEA STORY,' ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

A VOLUNTEER AND A PRESSED MAN.



DICK HOLDING, as he tore down Smock Alley to his boat, thought bitterly upon certain things just said to him. 'It's true I'm a rough feller, an' 'e, wi' 'is schoolin' and shore-goin' ways, is more fit for the daughter o' the owner; but, all the same, I'm right: a cruise in a man-o'-war 'ud do 'im a deal o' good. Yet, because I'm a fool, I'll 'ave to go on board that frigate an' take 'im off some'ow. They ain't got no right to press 'im; but right don't trouble 'em when they want men. Yet that ain't the pint. If they carries 'im off that gal will blame me for it.'

The cool way in which he had heard the news of Preston's seizure by the pressgang had given offence to the girl, and she had told him to his face that he was coarse and vulgar, and jealous of the other's superior education.

The idea of being jealous! Why, hadn't he the greatest contempt for the young fool's book-knowledge, and was not Preston's ignorance of sailing a constant trouble to him? But it would have been all the better to have known a little—enough, for instance, to read handwriting. This he thought as he stepped into the dingy, and the boy George shipped the oar and sculled him off to the brig.

When they came alongside he yelled for 'another 'and in the boat,' while he sat and waited until one of the sailors climbed over the brig's side, grumbling at being disturbed just as the men were going to supper in the forecabin. 'Ship that rudder, get two oars, an' give way. Stop a minute, you boy; come aft an' steer. I'll take yer oar. There's a long pull ahead o' us, an' it looks as if it 'ud blow afore long.'

It was a long and tedious pull from where the brig was lying off the Camber to the *Aladdin* riding at Spithead, and at every stroke of his oar Holding pulled the boat's head half-round, though the boy kept the rudder hard against him. Before their boat reached the *Aladdin*'s side the sun had set some time; but by the twilight of the summer's evening Holden's seaman's eyes told him that the frigate was on the point of sailing. Her boatbooms were rigged in and boats hoisted, and all her sails loosed ready

for sheeting home; while the scraping of a fiddle and the regular tramp round the capstan were sounds that Holding knew meant that the anchor would soon be weighed.

The arrival alongside of the *Estenute's* dingy created some little sensation, the men on the frigate's deck wondering if the rowers, breathless from their hard pull, had brought with them some message which would delay the ship, and a row of heads peered curiously over the hammock-nettings to listen for the reply to the lieutenant's hail: 'Boat ahoy! what do you want?'

'The *Estenute's* boat. Tell your captain that Holding, master o' the brig, wants to see 'im; an' pass me a line for the boat.'

'All right; we'll lower a ladder for you in a minute if you want to come aboard.'

When Holding, disdaining a ladder, climbed the ship's side by the aid of a rope, he was met at the break of the poop by the captain with the question, 'Well, sir, what brings you off like this at the last moment? Something wrong with your crew: a mutiny? There are men-o'-war lying handier to you than I am.'

'No, sir; my men are all right. That's not what I am 'ere for. I am come for my mate.'

'Your mate? Oh! ah yes, the young fellow my second lieutenant caught this afternoon. And what do you want with him?'

'Want wi' 'im? I want to take 'im back to the brig. You surely won't seize 'im in that fashion?'

'My good man, you know very well that we shall take him, though he seems a very impudent fellow, and will need a lot of breaking in; yet the service must be manned, you know, and the press is the fashion we have of manning it.'

'But, sir, 'e is my only mate, an' I can't take my vessel to sea without 'im. The law says you can't do it.'

'Whatever the law says, I *have* done it. Your vessel is in port; get another mate.'

'Look 'ere, captain'—Holding came up closer to the other and spoke gently and persuasively—'ye are a young man an' a good-lookin' feller, an' I'll be bound that some young lady is at 'ome waitin' for ye to splice 'er. Now, I put it to

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ye: 'ow would ye like to be served this way?'—

'Meanin' that this mate of yours is leaving behind him Alderman Tuffin's daughter Ellen, the good-looking girl with the dark eyes—eh?'

'Meanin' 'er, captain. She was wi' 'im when yer men took 'im, an' she says she was insulted by yer sailors, which I 'ad no time to 'ear the rights o'; but I suppose that was only 'er fancy, not understandin' the ways o' seamen.'

'Well, Mr Holding, you go back to that young lady and tell her that she is quite mistaken; I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world. Besides, I heard from the lieutenant that she fought to save him from my men, the fellow himself not showing half her spirit.'

'Then ye'll let me take 'im back to 'er?'

'Indeed I won't; it would not at all square with my duty.'

'Very well, sir.' Some of the officers on the lee side of the poop stepped forward hurriedly, thinking by the man's appearance and the sudden rise in the tone of his voice that he meant mischief. 'Very well, captain. By the Lord! I'll 'ave the law on ye. No, ye needn't put yer 'and to yer sword. I am not fool enough to lose my temper so far as that. I know the consequences too well; but I'll go straight to the Admiral, an' see if an Englishman is to be made a slave o', an'—'

'Now, look here, my fine fellow, the anchor's apeak, and we shall be half through the Solent before you touch the beach; and even if you went to the Admiral, he would only laugh at you. I make every allowance for your anger; but I won't let you have this man, if for no other reason than for his behaviour since he came on board. Why, he has been so sulky that I have kept him in irons ever since.—Haul up that boat there. Stand by to sheet home your topsails.'

'Yes, it is too late to save 'im that way: I see that clear afore me; but there is still a chance, an' if ye're a man ye'll give it to me.' Holding had recovered himself, and spoke very quietly.

'Very well; out with it. What do you mean?'

'Take me instead.'

'You?'

'Yes, me. I 'ave thought it all out. Preston's only been to sea about four years; I've been brought up to it. A volunteer's worth a dozen pressed men, as ye know very well, an' ye'll find me willin' enough.'

'Why do you make this offer? Only a fool or a madman would do it.'

'Because I want to send the man back to 'is gal, an' I've got no more business wi' the brig.'

'Very well; I'll take you at your word.'

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'Will ye write a letter for me, sir, just to tell 'em ashore w'at 'as become o' me? I ain't no 'and at writin'.'

'All right; I'll take you to my cabin directly. You shall have your way.—Hold on everything yet with those topsails, and pass the word for that fellow Preston to be brought to me in my cabin.—Come below with me, Holding.'

In the cabin the captain produced pen and paper. 'Now, Holding, what do you want me to write?'

'Address the letter, if you please, sir, to Mistress Ellen Tuffin—private: "This is to tell ye that I send back yer sweetheart."—'

'Oh, the wind's in that quarter, is it? By George! you're a generous fellow, Holding; and the other is not worth it.'

'She is—she is. You write: "Get yer father to make 'im master o' the brig in my room; but get yer father to send an old sailor wi' 'im as mate, because readin' an' writin' ain't all that's wanted at sea." 'Ave ye got that?'

'Yes, and there's a deal of sound sense in it; if the fellow's cur enough to accept the exchange I wouldn't give him command of a jolly-boat.'

'Now, write this to Alderman Tuffin: "Sir,—I 'ereby resign command o' the brig in favour o' yer nephew, Edward Preston, an' am sure 'e'll turn out a good man if ye send a sailor wi' 'im as mate. I 'ave volunteered for the frigate *Aladdin*.'"

'Very well. Now sign these. Anything more?'

'Yes, sir; give the one for Alderman Tuffin to Preston to deliver, an' give that one for the gal to me, an' send for my boy out o' the boat.'

The word was passed for the *Extremate's* boy, to whom on arrival Holding thus delivered himself: 'Now, look, Jarge, I've rope-ended you into a smart young fellow, an' this letter I am goin' to give ye ye 'ave got to give to Mistress Ellen Tuffin wi' yer own 'ands w'en there's no one by. I 'ave taken it into my 'ead to go for a cruise in this ship, an' the mate's goin' to take charge o' the brig. Ye look out an' behave yerself under 'im, or w'en I come back I'll give ye a dose wi' the end o' the topsell halyards that ye won't forget in a 'urry.'

'I shan't go back. I've taken it into my 'ead to go for a cruise in this frigate too, an' I'll go wi' ye.'

'Nice boy,' said the frigate's skipper.

'Look 'ere, Jarge; I peticular want ye to go back, an' I give ye my word that w'en we come 'ome to Portsmouth, in whatever ship I go in again I'll take ye wi' me.'

'Tain't fair! I can't stand that feller Preston.'

'I won't argue wi' ye, my lad, though we ain't on the brig; but I'll presently give ye a very pretty rope's-endin' if ye don't get into the boat'



in 'alf-a-minute. Now, Jarge, come, I ask ye to do it in a friendly way.'

'Very well, Capen 'Oldin'; I see w'at's up. Ye want me to look after yer interests wile ye are on the cruise. I'll go.'

'Well done, my lad; I thought we understood one another.' Then the boy left the cabin.

'Now, is there anything else, Holding?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, just remain in the cabin a moment, and I'll give you a chance to see how little this fellow is worth what you are doing for him. Go aft behind my cot, where you can hear without being seen.—Marine, tell them to bring Preston here.'

The word was passed along, and Preston was led into the wardroom, while Holding, farther aft in the captain's cabin, could see him through the half-open door, and could hear what was going on without being seen. He was wearing handcuffs and was hatless, clothed only in shirt and breeches. From the wound of a cutlass-hilt on his head the blood had streamed down both sides of his face, had dried there, and had clotted upon his long hair, making him ghastly to look upon.

'Well, my man, will you turn to if I take off your handcuffs?'

'No, I won't. You have dragged me here by sheer force; but you shall kill me before I'll work for you.'

'You'll sing a different tune by-and-by when we rig a grating for you. Your friends ought to be glad to get rid of such a fellow.'

'I have no friends or I should not be here now. You know that very well, or you would not have taken me.'

Holding made a movement; but the captain, anticipating him, turned in time and waved him back.

'What about the master of the brig? He ought to know your value. Why is he not looking after you?'

'Yes, you may ask; but I know all about it. I can see through the plot. The brig's boat came alongside just now, so that Holding could get his blood-money. He is the cause of my being here. He laid the pressgang on to me. I see through it all.'

'Well, my lad, you're wrong. Holding is here, and he came for a totally different purpose.—Come out, man, and speak for yourself.'

Holding stepped forward eagerly. 'I am come to free you, Preston,' he said simply. 'The captain says 'e'll take me in yer place, and'

'Of course I know very well this is only a piece of the plot. You'll take care not to lose the chance of getting me out of the way.'

'I don't know what ye mean; but I swear if ye are allowed to go I'll stay.'

'Now then, Preston, do you hear what Holding says? He takes your place, and you go back—to command the brig and marry the alderman's daughter.—That's what it amounts to—eh, Holding?—Here's a letter to her owner from Holding, resigning her—the brig, I mean—to you.'

'Yes, sir, I believe—I 'ope—that is what will come to pass.'

'Now, Preston, say the word. I want to get under sail.'

'Well, Holding, if you mean it, well and good; but I suppose they're going to land you down the coast somewhere, or else make a petty officer of you. Anyhow I am glad to go, so you can take off the handcuffs as soon as you like, captain.'

'You hear, Holding, what he says. For the last time, are you willing to change places?'

'Put 'im in the boat an' 'ave done wi' this, for God's sake!' answered Holding. He was very pale, but he spoke firmly.

'And you, Preston; are you agreeable?'

'Yes, and glad to get off at the price.'

'Marines, bundle him into the boat instantly.—You are a white-livered scoundrel to accept such an offer.—Get him out of the ship at once. Take that sailor out of the boat, and let the wretch get ashore as best he can.'

Holding interposed. 'For the sake o' the boy, captain, give him the sailor. 'E's an old man, an' little use on a king's ship.'

'Very well, Holding, for the sake of the boy, and more for your sake—for you're a fine fellow—I'll let your seaman go; but, by George! I'd like to drown that cur.'

There was no time for further talk, for the captain ran on deck, ordering as he went that Holding should be sent forward, and that the boat with those to go ashore should be cast off.

'Go for'ard, Holding, to the fo'e'sle-head and let's see how you shape,' said the first lieutenant; 'unless you have any clothes in the boat you want to get out of her,' he added.

'Clothes, sir!' Holding smiled. 'I didn't bargain for the cruise when I came off. I've nothing but what I stand upright in; but I'll wave my boat good-bye if you've no objection.'

'Go ahead, then, and be quick about it.—Now, men, heave away the capstan; sheet home the topsails.'

The fiddle struck up again, and the men at the capstan resumed their tramp in step with the music; the anchor, already under foot, broke ground; the sail-trimmers manned the topsail sheets and halyards; the great canvas sails bellied out and flapped noiselessly in the strong breeze as the wind filled them; and Holding, running to the ship's side, had only time to wave his

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hand to those in the dingy as it dropped astern, until those in her were lost to his view, and the boat became a tiny, shapeless black object on the white crests of the choppy sea.

'Good-bye, Jarge; good-bye, Preston. Remember me to them at home.—Don't forget the letter, my lad. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Capen 'Oldin,' came the voice of the boy across the water; but Preston bent to his oar and made no answer—never even looked back towards the dark shadow of the man at the bulwarks, for another moment visible to the boy, then lost among the crowd of moving figures on the deck of the frigate.

Then those in the boat gave way with a will and pulled hard to make the smooth water of the harbour. As they neared its mouth they paused for a moment from their rowing to gain breath, and looked out towards Spithead. The moon, now high in the heavens, had come out from behind a bank of clouds, and it showed the white canvas and dark, low hull of the frigate just clearing the tail of the Motherbank as she ran before a strong, fair wind, leaving a white glitter in the sheen of light a-wake that marked the rate at which she was travelling.

## CHAPTER II.

### WHAT BEFELL PRESTON.

**P**RESTON, not knowing that the Tuffin family were anxiously waiting up to hear from Holding the result of his mission, went below to his berth; while the boy, dog-tired after his hard day, made fast the boat and crawled into his bunk in the forecabin, when he would instantly have fallen asleep but for the old sailor.

'This 'ere's a rum go. W'at's the meanin' o' it all?' he asked. 'Ye was in the wardroom, an' 'eard what was goin' on. W'at's the game?'

'Ye'll know fast enough in the mornin', w'en Capen Preston rouses ye roun' the deck; but ye don't know w'at a narrer squeak ye 'ad o' sailin' in the frigate.'

'W'at d'ye mean, ye sassy young cub?'

'Never ye mind; I don't carry yarns from aft for'ard any more'n I carry 'em from for'ard aft, and I shan't say nothin' about it. So ye go to sleep.'

Preston, at his end of the little vessel, could not sleep. He lay and built castles in the air, speculating upon the near fulfilment of his hopes and ambitions, and seeing ahead a wedding at St Thomas's or Kensington, with an alderman to give the bride away—a wedding in style befitting the genteel young master of the favourite brig *Extenuate* and the well-to-do and beautiful daughter of the brig's owner.

At daybreak he was out early, and had the 1902.]

crew turned to washing the brig's deck, determined to begin well by having his vessel in good order. Then the dingy was hauled up, and Preston, in his best clothes, with—but for the scar on his head—no trace of the adventures of the day before, was sculled to the Sally Port by the boy.

'You take the boat back, and the boat-swain will keep you going till I want her again.'

'Please, I'm goin' to make 'er fast. I've got to go up to Mr Tuffin's.'

'You've got to go to Mr Tuffin's? Who says so? Just remember I'm your master now.'

'Please, sir, Mistress Ellen said I was to be sure an' see 'er first thing when I could get ashore.'

'What does she want you for?'

'I think it's to run a' errand for 'er, sir.'

'Oh, well, you can walk up behind me.'

George Tinkle then made the boat fast and solemnly fell into the rear of his superior officer; but the march up to Mr Tuffin's ship-chandlery would have been more dignified if the boy had not varied his part in it with an occasional step-dance on the cobble-stones and with derisive gestures at the back of the mate, making great fun for the passers-by.

As soon as they entered the shop the girl caught sight of Preston, and in great excitement called out, 'He has come back; they've let him go. Thank God!' She held out both hands to him. 'I was sure you would escape.'

'Yes, here I am. It's all right.'

'Well, Ned,' said his uncle, 'so they let you go, then? How did Holding manage it?'

'I'll tell you all about it directly, uncle.'

'Come in, come in. You're just in time for breakfast. Where did you leave Holding?'

'Never mind Holding, father. I've no doubt he is on board the brig.'

'But I do mind Holding, Ellen. I want him to have breakfast with us.'

'Oh, bother! We have Ned back, and I suppose he'll have to go to work directly.—Tell us how you got away.'

'I have a letter for you, uncle, from the skipper which will explain everything. Here it is.' Preston, handing the note to Tuffin, took his seat at the table. Then the boy, who was quite overlooked in the excitement, caught Ellen by the skirt. She turned, and he pushed a piece of paper into her hand, and gave her a look which plainly meant, 'This is between you and me and him, you know.'

The girl thought this was some plan of Preston's to communicate with her secretly, and took the note, smiling at George a recognition of his diplomacy as the boy slipped out of the room and went back to the boat.

Then she was startled by an exclamation from her father.

'Good heavens! the man's mad. Why, he's gone off in the *Alladin*—actually been fool enough to change places with Ned here.—Why, Edward, what does it mean?'

Ellen tore open her note and hastily looked through it. 'Here,' she said, 'I too have a note from Richard Holding. It is true he has gone in the frigate. This was not intended for you; but read it, father.'

Preston looked curiously from one to the other of them, and stopped in the act of eating the breakfast-bacon. Presently he said, 'It seems easy enough to understand. Holding has changed places with me.'

'Richard Holding may be mad, but he's a noble fellow,' Ellen said as she got up from the table and moved away to the other side of the room.

'Yes, it was lucky for me to get the chance—wasn't it, Ellen? But then, you know that Holding was a rough sort of man, and could scarcely read or write. I suppose he liked the idea of a cruise in the frigate. Don't you think so?'

The girl was standing with her back to him, looking out of the window, and she replied without turning round, her voice sounding strange to him, 'I don't know how such as you may think of it; but I understand. I doubted the evidence of my senses yesterday when the press-gang attacked us; but my eyes are opened now.'

'It was most infernally foolish,' said the alderman. 'Who is looking after the brig?'

'Oh, she's all right, uncle. I slept on board last night. I got back as soon as I had seen the frigate under way.'

'Upon my word, you take things easy. Why, we sat up the best part of the night waiting for Holding to return and bring us news of you, while you were snoring comfortably in your bed.'

'I am very sorry; but how was I to know? He ought to have told me. But Holding was always slow-witted.'

'He has been quick enough in perpetrating this folly. Goodness knows for how long the man will be away. The frigate sailed under sealed orders, and I suppose he had nothing but what he stood upright in.'

'Of course not; that's how I was. I had nothing either, and he had to go as he was, or not at all.'

'It's not necessary to talk any more about it,' said Ellen. 'Holding's note to me is enough, and I can see clearly what it means.'

'What can Holding have to say to you, Ellen? And how did you get a letter?'

'A messenger gave it to me, and Holding wrote because, I suppose, he had some-

thing to say. You can see the letter. My father will, I have no doubt, show it to you.'

The girl turned suddenly from the window, and looked at her cousin in a fashion that made him fidget uneasily upon his chair; then she gathered her skirts about her and walked out of the room.

'I can't make head or tail of the business,' said the alderman. 'Tell me exactly how it came about that Holding is in your place, Ned. This note of his to me gives no reason for such conduct. A pretty sort of man, at his age too. Serves his time aboard my ships, gets charge of the largest and best of them, and has every comfort, with good wages; then coolly throws the whole thing over to go to sea afore the mast in a man-o'-war without so much as saying by your leave to me, the best friend he ever had.'

'There's nothing to tell, sir. Holding came off to the frigate just as the anchor was up, saw the captain, and told him he wanted a cruise in a man-o'-war, and, if he would let me go, offered to take my place. I was not going to be so foolish as to refuse the chance.'

'It stands to reason that you wouldn't refuse,' said Ellen, who had come back quietly and taken her place at the breakfast-table. 'You had better sit down and have your meal,' she added. 'If father is going to give you the command of the brig you ought to be on board now.'

Preston looked meaningly at her. 'Yes,' he said, 'until your father decides what to do I ought to be on board looking after things.'

'Hold your tongue, Nell. Edward Preston has been four years at sea, and Holding had been more than five-and-twenty. The man who takes charge of the *Extemuate* will have to be a good sailor and know his business.'

'Of course, sir; Cousin Ellen's note perhaps explains what was Holding's idea.'

The alderman broke the shell of an egg very deliberately. 'My daughter Ellen may know the meaning of the man's whim. She knows more than most gals of her age and station of life—and she knows how to hold her tongue.'

'What did you say when Holding offered to stay in your place?'

'Oh, I don't know, Ellen. I just accepted his offer, and got into the boat. Of course, I thanked him and all that kind of thing.'

'Father, when do you think Holding will get back?'

'I don't know, Nell—perhaps never, if a stray shot happens to hit him. Better than him have been killed in action.'

'And many not fit to be spoken of in the  
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same breath have taken precious good care not to risk their worthless bodies.'

'I think a man's a fool to run after fighting, Cousin Ellen; unless, of course, it is in defence of his home.'

'Look here, my lad, if you have finished your breakfast you'd better get aboard the brig. I'll be off to her in an hour or so, when we'll see what's to be done next.'

'Very well, uncle; there's some refitting and a little paint wanted, and we will carry on till you come aboard.'

'Very well,' said Ellen. 'Can you let George Tinkle come ashore? I want him to do something for me. Any time to-day will do.'

'Yes,' he said. 'You wanted him; and I thought he came up here with me.'

Then the young man went off to the brig; and on his way down to the water's edge, he knew not why, the castles in the air of the night before had all vanished, and in their place doubts that the future would not be all plane sailing had taken their place. Certainly Ellen's manner was peculiar, he thought; but then she had to act a part while her father was present.

Alone with his daughter, the alderman lingered over his breakfast longer than usual, paying no heed to anything. Then he looked up and said, 'Ellen, my gal, you were always fiery, like your mother afore you, and sometimes you and me don't altogether get on as father and daughter should. Now, don't you flare up at what I am about to say, because I fancy somehow that you and me for once will be of a mind; but just give me truthful answers to my questions.'

'Ask me anything you please, father dear. I have never lied to you, though I may not have been so meek as I ought.'

'Just so. Now, did that fine young cousin of yours come any sweethearting with you?'

'Yes, father,' said the girl, looking the alderman straight in the face, and speaking firmly, though she was very pale, and Mr Tuffin could see that she was trembling in every limb.

'Um! Well now, my dear, will you tell me how far this thing went?'

'Too far, too far. I am ashamed to say that yesterday I promised to marry him.'

'Oh, indeed! Well, my gal, are you still of the same mind? When is the wedding to come off?'

'I would drown myself first.'

'Hush, hush! Don't talk like that, and don't tremble so. Come, give me a kiss. We understand one another. Come, come! don't give way. I have one more question: Did Holding ever make love to you?'

'Never, father.'

'Didn't he in any way just show that 1902.]

he thought more of you than most other gals?'

'I believe that Richard Holding is breaking his heart for me, and only now do I understand what a man he was; but he never once spoke.'

'Never mind, my gal; knock off crying; it will all come right some day. Holding's not good enough for you, good as he is; and as to the other fellow, we shall see—we shall see.'

Then the alderman put on his coat and hat, went down to Point, and took a waterman's boat off to the brig. On board he found Mr Preston, in the full exercise of his authority, setting the crew to work to paint the bulwarks.

'Well, sir, you see we are making her ship-shape,' said the young man as his uncle stepped on board. 'When are we likely to get a cargo?'

'You tell that boy George Tinkle to be ready to scull me ashore. I want him to go up to the house. My daughter wants to see him. Knock off that painting.'

'Very well, sir, and'—

'And look here, my lad, being my sister's son, I intend to do what I can for you, so you can have the day and these five pounds—more by four than I started in the world with. At the end of that time, if you are not clear of the town and well on the road to your mother in London, who'd best make a counter-jumper of you, I'll take care that the impress officer has you. Now go.'

### CHAPTER III.

#### WHAT BEFELL HOLDING.



N ten minutes Alderman Tuffin had finished his business on the vessel and was duly sculled to the beach by the boy, who was ordered to make fast the boat and follow to the shop.

'Here, my dear, is George. Take him into the parlour and hear what he has to say, while I attend to business.'

'George, my boy, I want you to tell me how it all happened, and how you came by the letter from Captain Holding.'

'Well, it was like this. Capen 'Oldin', 'e goes down into the cabin wi' the skipper o' the frigate; then they sends for Capen Preston, and'—

'For Mr Preston, you mean, George?'

The boy looked up sharply. 'He were capen when I left the *Exenquate* a few minutes ago, anyhow, miss, until your father'—

'Maybe; but perhaps it was but a temporary command, George.'

George looked very knowingly at the girl.

'Well, missus, you ought to know, bein' in the owner's confidence like; an' o' course'—

'Never mind, George, never mind; go on with your story.'

'Well, when they was down in the cabin, presently Capen 'Oldin' comes up an' 'e goes for'ard, an' the other feller 'e'—

'You mean Mr Preston?'

'Yes, Mr Preston. 'E—I mean the man-o'-war feller—'e says, "Bundle that rascal into the boat. Get 'im out o' my ship. I wouldn't 'ave a feller like 'im." Then we whips into the boat an' shoves off; but the other fellers—I mean Mr Preston an' the sailor: that's Bill—they never takes the trouble to look round, so I sings out, "Good-bye, Capen 'Oldin'," and there I saw him leanin' over the rail right up to the last.'

'But how did you come by that letter for me? You must have had some talk with Captain Holding, and must have seen him alone to have been given that.'

'Look 'ere; ye're a sharp un, ye are. I was comin' to that; but I won't say no more unless ye tell me somethin'.'

'I don't know what you mean, boy. What do you want to know?'

'Well, ye see, miss, it's like this: is he Capen Preston?'

'Tell me truly why you ask?'

'Ye haven't got to go to sea in the brig an' be knocked about by 'im. If I tells ye the 'ole lot I don't want my 'ead knocked off.'

'My cousin will not be master of the brig.'

'Hooray! But look 'ere now, is there anything between ye? 'E's a very good fellow, ye know; though I did say hooray, I never said nothin' agen' 'im.'

The boy was looking at his owner's daughter. His head was tilted to one side and one eye closed, and such a wonderful depth of cunning was in his little wizened features that the girl, in spite of the weight at her heart, could not help laughing.

'My good boy—I believe you are a good boy—I will whisper to you: the man who has gone is worth a hundred of the man he has changed places with.'

'I knowed it! I knowed it ye was the right sort. I knowed we was right. Me and Capen 'Oldin' knowed what we was about. I'll tell ye the whole lot now.'

'Very well, George; tell your story and what it was that you and Captain Holding knew so well.'

'It was like this, ye see: while they was in the wardroom they sends for me; an' the skipper (that's Capen 'Oldin'), 'e says, says 'e, "Look 'ere, Jarge, you and me's always been friends. You take this 'ere letter, an' give it to Mistress Tuffin, an' don't let no one see

ye do it. I am goin' away in this 'ere ship, 'cos I think I ain't wanted by the young woman."

'Are you sure he said that?'

'That or very near them words. Then I says, "Well, I am goin' too. Me an' you's got on well together, an' I ain't goin' back without ye." Then 'e says, "Now, look 'ere, Jarge; off ye go without no more words. Ye 'ave got to go back an' do what ye can for a certain young woman. I depend upon ye to look after 'er."

'Were those his exact words?'

'Em or somethin' like 'em; anyhow, I says, "Since ye put it that way, capen, I'll go."

'Is that all?'

'No, it ain't; but the rest is what you've got to keep dark about. The skipper 'e sends for Mr Preston, and afore 'e comes aft 'e hides Capen 'Oldin' out o' sight; then 'e gets talkin' to the mate an' leads 'im on a bit, an' the mate 'e spoke very nasty about Capen 'Oldin', an' said if 'e was a man an' a friend 'e'd 'ave got 'im clear o' the frigate by that time.'

'And Captain Holding heard all this?'

'We both o' us 'eard it. Then the skipper calls on Capen 'Oldin' to come out o' his hidin', an' 'e makes Capen 'Oldin' say what 'e was after to change places wi' the mate; but the mate only laughs an' says 'Oldin' was humbuggin'; or anyhow it was a game between 'im an' the skipper o' the frigate.'

'Where were you all this time?'

'I was outside, listenin' through the skylight. Then the sentry came along and drove me into the boat; but afore I was drove away I 'eard the capen o' the man-o'-war call Mr Preston a cur and Capen 'Oldin' a man, an' I 'eard 'im say that if Mr Preston 'ad shown 'isself a man instead o' a cur 'e'd 'ave let 'em both go; but as it was, 'Oldin' was too good a man to lose and Preston too great a rascal for 'im to keep.'

'Very well, George; go back to the brig, and we will keep this a secret between ourselves.'

'All right, missus. I believe ye won't get me into no row; an' remember if ye wants anythin' I'm yer man, for Capen 'Oldin' he depends on me to be 'andy when ye're wantin' anythin'.'

Then the boy went back to the brig, and Ellen to her bedroom, there to have what women call 'a good cry.'

But 'a good cry' would have been a welcome heart-case when a year later the *Aladdin* returned without Holding. The frigate's skipper himself called at the shop.

'I want to tell you,' he said, 'that Holding fell fighting on the deck of the Frenchman, and if the others had fought as well my boats would not have been driven off.'

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So to all Point, Ellen became a sour old maid, and when Alderman Tuffin died, and she carried on the business, it was said of her that she was as good as a man in it—thinking of nothing else, managing her property in ships and in ship chandlery, and even managing her manager in much shrewder fashion than had her father before her.

Ten years after Holding sailed on his last voyage peace was declared, and the French prisoners from the hulks in the harbour and from Porchester Castle went home to their people; and little batches of released Englishmen landed at the seaport towns and tramped the roads to where they had left homes, only too often to find themselves forgotten, and strangers occupying the seats they had thought would be theirs.

Melancholy witness to the glory of war were these men, clad in rags, often minus a limb or an eye, pointing to their battle-scars as surely having earned them a crust or a drink, as they begged their way through the green lanes of England.

It was such an one that aroused the suspicions of Mr George Tinkle, manager for

Mistress Tuffin's ship chandlery, as, hobbling by the aid of a stick over the step to the counter of the dark little shop, a one-armed, lame, unshaven, and ragged sailor asked to see Alderman Tuffin.

'Dead. What do you want?'

'Dead! Well, well, my lad! you have forgot me, I can see, and no wonder. My name is'—

'Captain Holding. Oh my!' The manager jumped over the counter and grabbed one hand and a stump, unable to utter another word, though for half-a-minute he moved Holding's arm and a half up and down in frantic endeavours to pump up whole sentences of welcome.

Some one in the shop parlour had heard and seen enough; and before Holding had time to open his mouth a woman hung upon his neck and stopped his utterances with kisses.

A few months later the sign over the ship chandlery was altered to Tuffin, Holding, & Co., and the official registry of shipping set forth that certain brigs belonging to Portsmouth were now owned by Richard Holding and wife, except for a few shares held by one George Tinkle.

## GRANDMOTHER.

A RELIC of the century past and done,  
Sublime in sweetness of autumnal day;  
With clear, prophetic eyes to westering sun  
Turned ever, as life's quicksands glide away.

No April showers or passion gusts to mar  
The passage of that steadfast soul and strong;  
Naught but the music of the gates ajar,  
And echo of dead footsteps in life's throng.

Features in marble carved, and framed in snow,  
The stately movements, and the mystic smile  
Pregnant with memories of long ago,  
That linger in the mind for yet awhile.

Her fluttering jewelled hands on curls of gold  
Alight with gentle touch, and softly bless  
The children's children, clinging as of old  
To her of mighty heart and fond caress.  
Still the old passionate love of love, and child,  
That strengthens only as the shortening years  
Temper the arm of justice. Mercy mild  
Deals with the young in all their hopes and fears.

Deep wells of heart, and fathomless of soul,  
Holding high converse with her blessed dead;  
In wordless memory looking to that goal  
God promised, in a land of glory spread.

VIOLET TWEEDALE.





# A LITTLE DEAL IN SALT.

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY.



DUNCAN M'CASKILL'S programme when he sailed from the smoky city of Glasgow for the commercial capital of India was very clearly drawn out, so far as he was concerned. He would work hard, spend little, save much, and return to his beloved Scotland immediately he had amassed a fortune. Just how many years would be required to realise his purpose he did not venture to determine definitely; but he felt sure thirty would be ample, and he hoped it might be done in twenty-five.

His sole capital consisting of his own abilities, it may seem that he was guilty of no small presumption in framing so brilliant a prospect. However, there were certain precedents to excuse him; and, moreover, if self-confidence is ever pardonable in a young man with his way still to make, it surely was in his case.

Well born and well educated, on the death of his father he had entered on a commercial career instead of a professional one, as had been intended, and, by dint of five years of 'drudgery at the desk's dead wood,' had acquired a sound knowledge of business when the opportunity came to go out to Calcutta, and he gladly embraced it. He was now in the prime of young manhood: a stalwart, gray-eyed, curly-haired Scot, as full of grit as a block of Aberdeen granite; and no one looking upon him could imagine that, short of death itself, any obstacle would bar his way to a high place on the ladder of life.

At Calcutta a good position in the old and honourable firm of Stewart & Mackenzie awaited him, and he set himself to master its duties with his wonted promptitude and thoroughness. The hours were long and the tasks were not light in the big brick 'go-down,' yet Duncan had sufficient energy left over to undertake the study of the native language and also the gaining of some understanding of the native character, which remains a sealed book to the great majority of foreigners.

In both of these pursuits he was greatly assisted by an acquaintance he formed in a somewhat unusual way. It was his wont during the hot season to take an hour's walk before turning in; and one night, while enjoying a lonely stroll through the dark and deserted streets, there fell on his ear a sharp cry of fright that was suddenly cut short, but followed by muffled sounds bespeaking a desperate struggle. He at once rushed in the direction whence

the cry had come, and found a well-dressed man beset by two ragged rascals.

Duncan, who knew very well how to use his fists, sent the footpads sprawling in the dust, and released their victim, who straightened himself up with an exclamation of thankfulness. The assailants, realising that their chance was gone, quickly disappeared into the darkness.

Duncan now ascertained that the man indebted to him for his timely aid was a Baboo employed in one of the Government offices, who rejoiced in the name of Krishna Chatterjee. They walked homewards together, and that was the beginning of a friendship between the strongly contrasted pair which proved of signal service to Duncan at a critical time in his business career.

As the Baboo was no less anxious to become proficient in English than Duncan was to conquer the difficulties of the Hindu tongue, they arranged to assist each other in study, with the result that both made very satisfactory progress. Besides thus assisting Duncan in acquiring the language, Chatterjee was his guide and interpreter in regard to the life of the people, so that in a few months he had a better knowledge of them than many a European long resident in the country.

Although the way was open to him, Duncan did not go into society. His office-work and his studies absorbed his time, and he was satisfied to remain in social obscurity until one day the sudden glimpse of a face disturbed his content, and set novel thoughts moving in his mind.

In company with Chatterjee he had attended an opium auction, not as a prospective purchaser but simply as a spectator, the Baboo having told him that the sight was well worth seeing. He found that his friend had spoken truly, for it was indeed a curious spectacle. The auction took place in a large hall, where the chests of the drug were put up in lots and sold to the highest bidder.

The hall was filled with a strangely assorted crowd of Hindus, Mussulmans, Jews, Parsees, Eurasians, and Europeans, every countenance wearing an expression of intense eagerness, as if lives rather than rupees were at stake. Not only so, but outside the hall, below the windows, another crowd had assembled, all showing the same terrible eagerness as those within, and making an awful din. The outsiders were not buyers, Chatterjee explained; their business was to bet on the results of each sale, which was communicated to them the instant the hammer fell.

After watching the auction for a while, Duncan found the temptation to venture a bid

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growing so strong upon him that he went out on to a small balcony overhanging the street, and was looking at the noisy throng below, when two ladies appeared on a similar balcony. They were evidently sightseers like himself, one being a matron of middle age, the other a girl just emerging from her teens.

After surveying the pandemonium beneath with a smile of amusement, the younger lady chanced to glance towards the balcony where Duncan stood with his gaze fixed upon her. For an instant their eyes met, and then she turned to make a hasty remark to her companion, while a rosy flush suffused her cheek, for there was no misreading the frank admiration which Duncan's look expressed.

A moment later both ladies withdrew from the balcony, but Duncan remained as if rooted to the spot. Those beautiful blue eyes had pierced him to the heart like veritable arrows of Cupid. He experienced mingled sensations of pleasure and pain that were utterly new to him; and, hurriedly excusing himself to the Baboo, who was sorely puzzled at his odd behaviour, he rushed off to seek solitude for self-communion.

A fortnight later he was taking a walk after sundown on the Maidan, and had turned aside from the crowded 'course.' He preferred one of the quiet intersecting drives for his stroll, and was about the middle of it when a horse came dashing towards him at a furious pace. 'The brute has bolted!' he exclaimed, taking in the situation at a glance, and instantly he set himself to arrest the runaway if he could.

The rider was a young lady who, although she had lost control of her mount, had not lost control of herself, but sat erect and firm in the saddle, pulling hard upon the reins. Making a quick spring when the flying horse was opposite him, Duncan happily succeeded in seizing the bridle with both hands; and, in spite of being dragged for some distance in the dust, and struck more than once by the iron-shod hoofs, he gallantly retained his hold until the struggling animal had been brought to a standstill. Only then did he look up to see to whom he had rendered this timely service, and his surprise and delight may be imagined when he found himself face to face with the girl he had seen on the balcony at the opium auction. His hat had been knocked off in the tussle with the horse, and his clothes were much disordered and dusty, so that he felt very uncomfortable as the blue eyes were once more fixed upon him.

'You have probably saved my life,' she said in a tone of heartfelt gratitude, 'and I do not know how I can thank you. My mare foolishly took fright at one of those noisy wedding processions, and bolted with me, leaving my escort away behind. There he comes now as fast as his big "waler" will carry him.'

'But you,' Duncan stammered, for he was not half as much at ease as the fair speaker; 1902.]

'will you not dismount and let me get a carriage for you?'

'Not at all,' she replied, with a musical laugh of gay unconcern. 'Tara has recovered her wits and won't behave so badly again.'

As she spoke her escort lumbered up, a middle-aged gentleman very red of countenance, anxious-looking, and confused of speech. She listened to his awkward apologies with an indulgent smile, and then, turning to Duncan, gave him a radiant look that thrilled him with delight as she said, 'My father will want to know to whom I am so deeply indebted.'

Duncan, blushing very much, gave his name, adding, 'I am in the employ of Stewart and Mackenzie.'

At this a shadow seemed to flit over the young lady's countenance for an instant, and it was in a perceptibly more restrained tone that she responded, 'Then you must be one of my father's clerks. I am Miss Mackenzie.'

The words struck a chill to Duncan's heart, for they at once revealed the folly of the dreams in which he had permitted himself to indulge. Between him and his employer's daughter there was a great gulf fixed which it would be hard for him to bridge.

His face must have betrayed his feelings, for there was a certain accent of compassion in Miss Mackenzie's voice when she brought the conversation to a close by saying, 'My father will thank you himself, Mr M'Caskill; and now I must bid you good-evening.—Come, Mr Summers, we shall return home.' Then, giving her mare a flick with the dainty riding-whip, she cantered off, leaving Duncan in a state of profound dejection at this summary smashing of his 'castle in Spain.'

On the following morning he was called into Mr Mackenzie's private office to receive the thanks of his employer, who sought to know if they might not be expressed in some tangible form. But to this Duncan would not listen. For reasons that the grim, grizzled old merchant never imagined, he was only too happy to have been Miss Mackenzie's rescuer, and desired no other reward. On the impulse of the moment Mr Mackenzie invited Duncan to dine with him that evening, and it need hardly be said that the invitation was eagerly accepted.

Miss Mackenzie, an only child and motherless, was the chief object of her father's love and pride. She presided over his stately mansion with remarkable grace and dignity; and, after the manner of doting parents, he desired for her some brilliant alliance when the time to marry should come. Meanwhile he was content to have her at home, brightening and solacing his life, that would otherwise have been a lone and dreary one.

The charming young hostess received Duncan with such cordiality that he was soon at his ease and conducting himself so as to make an

exceedingly good impression. Being the only guest, he had a clear field; and when, after the sumptuous and somewhat solemn dinner was over, they went out on the wide veranda, while her father enjoyed his post-prandial cigar, Duncan chatted away to Miss Mackenzie with a degree of ease and vivacity that quite surprised himself.

The evening passed like a pleasant dream, and on the way back to his bachelor chambers Duncan permitted himself to revel in rosy imaginings without stint.

Next morning, however, sober reason reasserted her sway, and in the prosaic atmosphere of the office matters assumed a very different aspect.

'It is utter folly my being carried away like this,' he said to himself. 'There is no more chance of my ever winning Miss Mackenzie than of my being appointed Governor-General.'

Yet, while admitting this, he diligently sought opportunity of meeting her, and was now and then rewarded by success. Indeed, the acquaintance between them ripened rapidly, all unknown to her father, who would have taken summary means to interfere if he had received a hint.

Such, then, was the position of affairs when some months later alarming news came to Mr Mackenzie from Glasgow. His partner Mr Stewart, who directed that branch of the business, had died suddenly, leaving matters in an involved condition of which Mr Mackenzie had not hitherto had the slightest inkling; and as the presence of the surviving partner was imperatively required in Glasgow, Duncan, to his great surprise, was placed in charge of the Calcutta branch, with full power of attorney to act as he thought best in the interests of the firm.

That his employer felt so much confidence in him naturally enough filled him with joy and pride; but later information that Aileen was to accompany her father fell like a damper on his high spirits.

The fates, however, kindly granted him one more opportunity of meeting Aileen before her departure; and, although no definite avowal of love took place, there were words spoken in significant tones and looks full of meaning exchanged which lifted him into the seventh heaven, and no doubt explained the radiant face that Aileen bore away from the brief interview.

When the Mackenzies had started by train for Bombay, Duncan realised the heavy responsibility resting upon him, and determined to devote himself to business with an assiduity that would leave no loophole for neglect.

For some time past his intimacy with Chatterjee had languished owing to his absorption in the quest of opportunities to meet Miss Mackenzie; but, now that an end had come to all that, he sought out the Baboo again, and their companionship was resumed.

One evening Chatterjee, who was a clerk in the Revenue Department of the Government, dropped in upon Duncan at his rooms. It was evident from the expression on his plump, swarthy countenance that he had something very important on his mind.

Duncan, who was no less apt in understanding human character than in forecasting the movements of trade, perceived the Baboo's agitation; but he discreetly refrained from saying anything to show that he did so. Offering the most comfortable chair, one of his best cheroots, and something cool and fizzy in a tumbler, he awaited developments.

After some casual conversation, the Baboo, fixing his small dark eyes upon Duncan, asked him, 'Do you deal largely in salt?'

'Oh yes,' responded Duncan, marvelling a little at the question; 'we handle a good many thousand tons in the course of the year.'

'Is the supply of salt in Calcutta at present very big?' was the next question.

'Why, no,' answered Duncan, raising himself from his reclining position and looking all alert; 'as it happens, it isn't. The stock is unusually low; but there are several cargoes on the way, I believe.'

'Could you manage to buy them all up inside of twenty-four hours?' Chatterjee asked, his lips trembling as they framed the question.

Duncan sprang to his feet and stood in front of the Hindu with the penetrating gaze of his clear gray eyes fastened upon the speaker's face.

'What are you driving at, Chatterjee?' he cried. 'Why should I buy up all those cargoes if I can?'

'Because—because,' stammered the Baboo, 'you will make many laes of rupees if you do; and, being your friend, I want you to do that.'

Duncan was completely taken aback, and knew not what to say. Evidently the Baboo had given him a tip of the utmost importance; and although he craved fuller particulars, he realised that he had no right to demand them. He must act upon the Delphic utterance he had received or let the golden opportunity go by unimproved.

There followed an awkward pause, broken only by Chatterjee rising and saying he must go.

Duncan urged him to prolong his visit; but he was not to be persuaded, and took himself off, leaving the young Scot alone to ponder over the curious counsel he had received. Little sleep came to him that night. Hour after hour, tossing on his bed or pacing the room, he wrestled with the perplexing problem. It would be assuming a tremendous responsibility for him to undertake so large a transaction on behalf of the firm, and if disastrous loss resulted his future would be blasted beyond hope of recovery. Yet the more he turned the matter over in his mind the more strongly inclined he felt to act upon

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the Baboo's mysterious hint; and so it came about that by the advent of dawn he had decided to make the venture.

Accordingly he spent the whole day among the different firms who had salt in store or on the way; and ere sundown he had secured the entire stock at the current price, the high credit enjoyed by Stewart & Mackenzie enabling him to arrange easy terms of settlement.

He saw nothing of Chatterjee that evening; but on the following morning when he opened his *Englishman* the significance of the Baboo's advice was revealed, for it contained an official proclamation doubling the duty on salt, which was already no light one. Duncan could hardly contain himself for joy. By the terms of the proclamation all cargoes on the high seas were exempt from the increase, and the success of his big venture was therefore assured.

He was still conning the proclamation, every word of which added a drop to his cup of happiness, when Chatterjee entered the room, and, to his astonishment, was received with a hug that quite took the breath out of his plump body.

'You dear old chap,' Duncan exclaimed enthusiastically, 'that was a splendid tip you gave me. I've secured every ton of salt in sight or on the way, and will make a fine thing out of it for the firm. I can never thank you enough.'

The Baboo's eyes shone, and a delighted smile irradiated his swarthy features.

'Say nothing about it, my friend,' he replied in a meaning tone. 'I am glad you followed my advice. That is all.'

Duncan was too shrewd not to understand and obey. When he reached the office—and he made a point of being a little later than usual—he found it full of merchants in a state of great excitement. They had many pertinent inquiries to make, and also some impertinent suggestions to volunteer; but Duncan maintained a serene composure which baffled them all, so that they presently withdrew, leaving him master of the situation.

The outcome of it all was that within a week he had disposed of his entire holdings of salt at a profit exceeding four lacs of rupees, and he thereupon determined to put his fate to the touch.

Making arrangements accordingly for the conduct of the business during his absence, he set out for Glasgow, bearing with him the fortune just made, and of which Mr Mackenzie was still ignorant.

When he reached Glasgow a month later, and presented himself at the firm's office, his employer was in consternation, thinking that some disaster had befallen the Calcutta establishment.

'Why are you here, M'Caskill?' he demanded tremulously. 'Do you bring bad news?'

'No, indeed, sir,' responded Duncan; and drawing forth bills of exchange for many 1902.]

thousands of pounds, he placed them in the hands of the astonished merchant. 'I bring good news. These bills represent the profit made for you out of a venture in salt that I succeeded in carrying through.' Then, while Mr Mackenzie listened with bated breath, he detailed the whole transaction.

'You ran a great risk, young man; but there need be nothing said of that now, as you did so well. I may tell you that you've saved the firm of Stewart & Mackenzie.'

Then Duncan was in turn surprised to hear of the alarming state of affairs Mr Mackenzie had found on his return to Glasgow, and how in his endeavour to straighten things out he had almost reached the limit of his resources. The timely receipt of the large amount brought by Duncan would, however, enable him to adjust everything satisfactorily.

'And now,' asked Mr Mackenzie at the conclusion of his story, 'what reward do you expect for what you have done for me?'

Duncan's heart stood still at the question. The supreme moment had come with unexpected suddenness. His mind was clear enough as to the reward he sought; but now that he had to make it known his tongue failed him. At last, with a tremendous effort, he stammered out, 'I would ask permission, sir, to pay my addresses to your daughter.'

Mr Mackenzie fairly bounded in his chair.

'To pay your addresses to my daughter? Why'—— But at this point he checked himself, and after a pause, continued in a milder tone: 'Are you not asking a great deal, young man, even though my daughter may be indebted to you for saving her life, and I for the saving of my firm from bankruptcy?'

'I fully realise that, sir,' responded Duncan in a modest tone; 'but I love your daughter with all my heart, and would devote my life to making her happy.'

'And does Miss Mackenzie return your love?' asked the father, fixing his keen glance upon him.

'I have never presumed to speak of it to her,' he answered. 'I simply beg your permission to present my suit.'

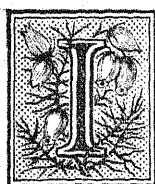
The upshot of it was that Mr Mackenzie, without committing himself, consented to consult his daughter, and to consider the matter further. On conferring with Aileen he ascertained that, though Duncan had said truly that there had been no avowal, her heart was already won. So, like a wise and loving parent, he decided to put no obstacle in the way.

Thus it came about that Duncan returned to India not only as the promised husband of Aileen Mackenzie, but as junior partner in the firm; and when in due time he had an establishment of his own, one of the most welcome guests thereat was a sleek Baboo, by name Krishna Chatterjee.

# FIRESIDE PATRIOTS.

By S. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

## CHAPTER I.



It was a cold and dreary winter day. The sky and the sea, and the huddled-together houses of the little town, were all equally gray and sombre. Where the sullen waves fell on the sands, sea-birds screamed as they dipped into the water; then, white as the snowflakes that drifted before the wind, they darted towards the lowering sky. It was a piercing wind that swept round the street corners, dying away and then rising again, driving the snow in eddies before it.

Very silent and empty were the streets till the church door opened and a stream of people passed through the churchyard to scatter east and west, eager to reach the shelter of their homes. Yet, as they passed the post-office, the majority lingered, if but for an instant, to read the last war bulletin. The scant notice, 'No further news from the front,' brought relief as well as some disappointment. The crowd was curiously silent: those who had read the words quietly gave place to others. Hearts that day were too heavy for speech. The past week had brought grave misfortune to our armies in South Africa, and this Sunday had been set apart for special prayer for those engaged in active service. Surely every heart had been bowed down in sorrow, for the little town had suffered severely. The old doctor's son had fallen on the fatal field of Magersfontein; every one knew the lad and loved him, and he was gone never to return. Then Haggarty the sweep, a much-respected man, had lost his grandson; and Jamie Lauder, who had run away last year and enlisted rather than serve behind the counter, was reported as severely wounded.

Truly the shadow of war lay dark over the town; and although the minister had done his best to comfort and encourage his people, he felt, as he watched them slowly disperse, that he had failed. The service had ended with the playing of 'God Save the Queen,' the congregation standing in silent and prayerful reverence. With strange and new meaning the familiar tune had pealed through the old church, unaccompanied by joyous singing, as a dirge full of solemn significance.

In all the congregation, perhaps Miss Euphemia Keppie was the only one who felt but little interest in the war. She knew no one in South Africa; she never read the newspapers or conversed with intelligent people on public

events, which were beyond her ken. Yet even her sympathy had been stirred—whose would not have been by the great wave of feeling that, in sweeping over the Empire, had not failed to touch even so unimportant a place as the little village of Sauchiebay?

Miss Keppie could hardly escape hearing something about the war, for her maid Maggie was eager to repeat every scrap of news, and received the earliest information every morning from her friend, John the milkman. During the day constant errands to the grocer's, conveniently round the corner, enabled her to discover if fresh telegrams had been received, and what rumours convulsed London society. Miss Phemie listened, as she listened to all gossip, grateful for any diversion that helped to wile away the long day. The old lady's life was a very lonely one, her unceasing efforts to be genteel preventing her from finding occupation in any work of interest or seeking any opportunity of enjoying the society of her neighbours, some of whom were poorer folk than herself, whilst others were in a position that her humility prevented her from approaching. In her long life no key had yet been found to unlock her heart to the many who are ever ready to give, as well as to accept, sympathy.

This Sunday, however, she found herself disturbed by unexpected emotions. The special service in the church had touched her deeply. For the first time in her life her soul, which had surely fallen into a slumber akin to death, had wakened, stirred by an enthusiasm for her native land; and she found herself distressed by the thought that when all had been called upon to play their part there seemed no part for her to play. It was true she could give to the Shilling Fund: she was impatient for Monday to come and allow her to despatch a postal order to the *Scotsman* office. Maggie had already plainly hinted that she should send at least two shillings; but Miss Phemie had snubbed her, saying she preferred helping the heathen, as she knew more about them, and considered them to be more deserving than the wives and children of soldiers. The minister that morning having opened her eyes, she now hurriedly calculated the amount she could afford to send: five or even ten shillings. Agitated by feelings such as had never troubled her before, poor little Miss Keppie hurried up the lane towards her house, forgetting her usual dignity, much to the surprise of her neighbours.

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'Eh, but Miss Keppie is no' hersel' the day!' exclaimed the cobbler's wife to an acquaintance who had stopped at her door for a gossip.

'Na, she isna. She's no' weel, I'm thinkin'.'

'It's gey cauld to be oot, puir body. I doot Maggie disna' tak' care o' her,' said the cobbler's wife.

It was with relief that the old lady reached her own gate and caught sight of Maggie's ruddy face at the parlour window. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Miss Keppie never stepped along the narrow path leading to her door without her heart swelling with pride at the knowledge that the dainty house, with the trim garden and the tiny lawn, was her own property—her own, and vastly superior to the red-tiled cottages over the way, and quite in keeping with the larger villas that showed behind the trees in their gardens, and were occupied by such very superior people as the chief chemist in the town and a retired military man.

We each of us, surely, possess at least one idol—set up it may be in public for all the world to flout at, or perhaps hidden away in a secret place, but none the less sacred—on which we lavish our affections, pouring out our devotion and admiration without stint, and spending on it all our spare cash and also our spare time. Roseville was Miss Phemie's idol. Being fairly well off, she could afford to keep the little house spick-and-span. The garden was as dainty as the drawing-room, and both were too precious in her eyes to be ever fully enjoyed. This idol, like most idols, gave but little in return for all the care bestowed on it. No pleasure was to be got from the garden: the weeds would come up faster than the flowers, the cats invaded it, snails considered it their own, and boys—horrid boys!—stole the roses. As for the drawing-room, stuffed with useless nicknacks, it required endless attention, yet was too seldom used to allow its cold dignity to thaw into snug comfort.

Perhaps the only pleasure the old lady fully enjoyed was the society of her cheerful, talkative maid. The girl had come to her with poor recommendations; she appeared too young to be useful, and far too stout and ruddily healthy to be quite genteel. The critical old maid was sure that she would be flighty, and that in a month's time it would be necessary to dismiss her; but she proved to be honest, clever, and kind-hearted, and a fixture she became. After a year Miss Keppie went so far as to whisper into the ears of her lady callers that she believed Maggie might, in time, turn out to be a treasure, though she would not fine-down, but became stouter and ruddier, and more and more boisterous, as she became more at home in Roseville.

Maggie was a good girl, and as she saw her mistress come up the path she ran to meet her with a word of welcome. A hot dinner was on the table; and as she waited, Maggie with

kindly chatter encouraged Miss Phemie to eat. Then she cleared the table, made up a fire fit to roast a leg of mutton, and went to her own solitary meal of broken meats with heart light enough to enjoy even poorer fare.

Now, left alone by the parlour fire, the old lady did not sink into her usual Sunday nap. She grew restless and sighed many times with impatience; the missionary magazines for once failed to play their part in helping her through the long, quiet afternoon. It seemed as if the words of the sermon would not let her rest; the sad music still sounded in her ears, and it was impossible to forget the bowed heads and tearful eyes of those who mourned for dear ones they would never see again. At last the hands of the clock drew near to the hour of four, when it was her habit to visit the kitchen and talk with Maggie while the kettle boiled for tea. To-day she could not wait for the clock to strike; so, after wandering about the room in an aimless fashion, she softly opened the door and slipped into the kitchen.

Maggie was evidently startled, and with a hurried movement she turned to the dresser as if to hide something she held in her hand.

'Why, Maggie,' exclaimed Miss Keppie in tones that for her were severe, 'do I see you knitting on Sunday?'

'Oh, mem! I'm no' knittin'. I'm just takin' a luik at my wark, an' maybe countin' the stitches. I'm puttin' it by till the morn.'

Before the girl could cross to where her work-basket stood, the half-knitted sock was taken from her hand, and she saw with surprise her mistress handle it with flushed cheeks and eyes bright with interest.

'Why, Maggie, is this a stocking for a soldier? I see it is of the strange new colour which I believe is called khaki. I am told the soldiers prefer it to any other shade.'

'Ay, it's what they ca' karkay. They're sayin' it's the verra colour o' the Boers theirsels, an' so oor men are no' like to be a' shot gin they wear it a' ower them.'

'Your knitting is excellent, Maggie—most excellent, I am sure, firm and close. Does it take a long time to knit a pair of stockings?'

'Weel, no' sae verra long. But it's no' stockin's, but socks—juist socks. Div ye no' ken men dinna wear stockin's same's womenfolk, but juist socks?'

'Ah, I see! just socks. They are quite short; but I dare say they take a long time to knit, and are quite as difficult.' The old lady went on asking questions with a pertinacity that made the girl wonder.

'Deed, no!' she cried out with some indignation. She began to fear that her mistress was in one of her tiresome moods, and meant to find fault with her for spending time knitting instead of doing her proper work. 'Deed, no! I tak' them up whiles, when my wark is dune



for the day, or it may be when I'm waitin' on you to finish your denner an' let me redd-up for the efternoon.'

'And does this strange-coloured worsted cost more than ordinary worsted?'

Maggie was now sure of a scolding, always unpleasant even when mild. She expected to be reprimanded for wasting her money as well as her time; but she also had learnt to scold, and so take the wind out of her gentle mistress's sails, as it were. An easy matter!

'Hoots! dinna ye fash yersel,' she cried out impatiently. 'Nae hairm's dune to you or to me, nor time or siller thrown awa'. I was passin' by Forsyth's shop on Monday, or it may be Tuesday, an' I saw in the windy a bit notice. It was to say that a' patriotic women were ca'd upon to gi'e a hand to the knittin' o' socks for oor men at the front—wool an' needles an' directions provided within. Five hunner they ask for by the month end. An' if a' they say be true, they are like to get twice five hunner. Forsyth's was fu' o' folk, gentle an' semple, ready for the wark. I'm no' ane to be ca'd patriotic—I never had aught to say to a soger; no, but I've kent a volunteer. But where's the hairm o' sendin' warm socks to the puir lads in South Africa, an' winter comin' on?' She stopped, throwing a questioning and defiant glance at her mistress, daring her to say a word of disapproval.

Far from being displeased, however, Miss Keppie had listened with keen attention, for it seemed to her that here was help in the difficulty that had bothered her all the afternoon. Socks were urgently wanted: why should she not knit a pair? Eagerly and shyly she answered Maggie:

'This is most praiseworthy. I am greatly pleased to hear of Forsyth's liberality. Only this morning the minister reminded us that it was our duty to do all we could to encourage the brave men who are fighting for their Queen and country. Do you think, Maggie, I could knit a pair of khaki socks?'

'Knit! Did ye ever try it afore?'

'Yes, many years ago. I used to knit for charity. I have never knitted men's socks; but if you would kindly teach me I believe I could make a pair.'

'Teach you! What for no'? A lass o' six'll learn gin she be willin'. I'll teach you the morn. I'll fetch baith the wool an' the wires when I'm roun' at the grocer's. You'll learn fine.'

Quite a cheerful old lady sipped her tea by the fire that afternoon, dreaming of the socks that were to grow under her hand, and wondering how they would voyage across the sea, whose feet they would keep warm on some African battlefield.

In time the socks were finished.

'They do look very large,' said the old lady

as she smoothed them out on her knee. 'Are you sure men have such big feet?'

'Losh me!' gasped Maggie. 'Big feet! They're fair monsters. They'll only fit a laddie. I was feared to cast on ower mony stitches in case ye ne'er saw an end to them.' Then, very willing to find a reason to take her to Forsyth's pleasant shop, she added, 'Gi'e them to me. I'll mak' them up in a bit paper parcel an' tak' them roun'.'

'No, Maggie,' said Miss Keppie very firmly; 'I shall do that myself. Go to the kitchen. I think I hear a sound as if the kettle were boiling over.'

Maggie had to go. Half-an-hour later she saw Miss Keppie set out with a neat parcel in her hand.

'The auld leddy is real independent the day,' said the maid to herself.

## CHAPTER II.



IGHT had fallen on the African veldt: a winter's night, cold and dark. Through the gloom two lines of rails were indistinctly to be seen trailing across the vast grassy plain like a snake, and leading to a wayside station that lay as solitarily as a raft adrift on a wide sea. Along these lines, from time to time, trains thundered in hot haste, bearing diverse burdens to and from the seat of war. Those going to the front carried men from every part of the Empire, and these men went onward singing, shouting, and light-hearted, impatient of delay; but the trains that returned were laden with a sad burden of sick and wounded, who sought comfort in the sweet faces of the nurses and in the kindly voices of the doctors, ever ready to cheer and strengthen their weary patients. So hearts lightened and hope returned as they were carried ever onwards on flying wheels, hastening towards the life-giving sea, and the ship that was to bear them homewards.

In the vast desolation the station lay as an oasis of civilisation: lights twinkled, human voices called to one another, and a fire in the stationmaster's tiny cabin glowed in kindly comfort, sending gleams of light across the shining lines of railway—the all-important lines of communication—stretching far into the darkness. The little room seemed fairly to palpitate with warmth and good cheer, as a human heart warmed with kindness in a world of weary men.

The stationmaster came and went, busy over the packing of trucks that stood in a siding; he never crossed the threshold without saying a word to a young fellow who dozed by the fire with an empty pipe in his mouth; he had been there since the afternoon of the previous day, waiting for a train to carry him

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south. Although dressed in dusty and torn khaki uniform, he was not a regular soldier; an experienced eye would guess that easily. Any one with knowledge of the country might have pronounced him to be colonial-born; but that was not so; he had come to Africa when a child of five or six, and his father was a canny Scot who, with the help of a good wife, had done well on a small farm in Cape Colony. The wife died, leaving her son to her husband's care; and three or four years before the opening of this story the father also died. Then Dick was left alone in the world—that is, without kith or kin that he knew of, but with plenty of true friends. He found it advisable to let the farm to one of these friends; and when war broke out he readily enlisted in one of the newly raised regiments, and fought for his adopted country and the old flag. After seeing some hard fighting and a great deal of still harder campaigning, he was struck by a stray bullet when reconnoitring. He had lain for a month or so in hospital and, being now recovered from his wound, had been dismissed on sick-leave.

The kind-hearted stationmaster had heard his story with sympathy, and had done all in his power to make the long wait at the station pleasant for him.

'Going home?' he asked as he stepped in at the door and seated himself at his desk.

'Home?' questioned the other, wondering just what was meant by the word.

'Home—to the old country?' and Mr Doig's voice softened.

'Well, no. I have no friends there.' Then Dick sat silent, asking himself where he could find a home in which he might enjoy rest and be cared for. The stationmaster was also silent, thinking of the wife and babies he longed to be with, until a shout made him rise with a growl and go out once more into the darkness. Perhaps it was his loneliness, or perhaps only the draught from the open door, that made Dick shiver and draw closer to the fire. Then he remembered a small packet the kindly nurse had given him when he had reluctantly said good-bye to her, and left the hospital and her care: he felt at that moment very home-sick for the hospital. She had told him the packet contained some warm things that might be of use to him, as, above all, he must guard against chills. Wearily and painfully he dragged his bundle towards him, and, searching in it, found a somewhat tattered brown-paper parcel. He opened it and unrolled a knitted scarf, out of which fell a packet of tobacco that brought a smile of gladness on his thin lips; then, neatly tied together, a pair of worsted socks of khaki colour. These last pleased him, but not so much as the tobacco; so he sniffed at it with great relish and knew it to be good. He rejoiced as he filled his pipe. It had been hard to resist asking Doig for some from his scant hoard, and

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the thought of the long hours to be spent in the train without the solace of a smoke had weighed heavily on him.

With the thick, clean socks lying on his knees, he became aware that his feet were indecently and uncomfortably clad. Slowly he removed all that remained of a pair of heavy boots, and, stretching his feet to the fire, looked with disgust at the remains of a pair of cotton socks that lay in hard folds about his ankles; they had given way both at the heels and toes long since. He drew on his new possessions with a sigh of comfort; warm and soft, they promised him great ease. But, hullo! what was this that, scratching his toe, made him wince and quickly draw the sock off his left foot? He turned it inside out, and a small white calling-card fell to the ground. He picked this up, and, turning it over, read these words, neatly printed on one side: 'Miss Euphemia Keppie, Roseville, Sauchiebay, Fife; and underneath the name, in handwriting dainty as the silky lines that go to the making of a cobweb, 'A small offering to one of our heroes.'

'Hero?' he exclaimed. 'I'm dashed if I am a hero! You are out of it this time, Miss Euphemia Keppie. A miserable sick dog, and no hero; but he that finds keeps. Miss Euphemia Keppie!' his bitter voice softened as he pronounced the woman's name. 'She must be a good sort, even if she be high-falutin'—like the girl who handed in the fruit at the station window, and cried out it was for the bravest of the brave,' he murmured, twitching his toes in the socks and puffing the fragrant tobacco. 'She must have sense too, for she put in the 'baccy alongside the worsted things.' It was natural that he should think they all came from the same hand, but it was the nurse who had provided the tobacco, knowing he would suffer sorely when his own small supply was exhausted. However, in his ignorance, he dwelt on the pleasant sounding name of Euphemia, and blessed her as he pictured a fair and gracious girl, with a soft heart for a soldier. He felt more than content. Euphemia Keppie, Sauchiebay, Fife. He repeated the name over and over again, and it seemed to him to be not wholly unfamiliar. Sauchiebay, Fife! Surely his father had often told him of the village by the sea where he had grown up and married his wife? Yes, the name was Sauchiebay, and it was a village in Fife. The old man had loved to talk of his native land, trying to impress his son with a desire to go home one day and visit his birthplace, for Dick had been born in a red-tiled cottage overlooking the links, within sound of the sea.

'Hullo, matey!' a voice shouted at the door, and a young fellow came in and walked straight to the fire. 'It is a cold night—fit to make a fellow relish a blaze such as you have here!'

'Ay, ay,' answered Dick, and he made room for the new-comer, who settled himself on an

empty case, and, filling his pipe, remarked cheerily, 'Waiting for the train?'

'Yes; it is due to-night—some time.'

'Going home?'

'You too,' muttered Dick. 'It is always "going home," as if a fellow could go nowhere else.'

'No offence,' said the man.

'All right,' growled Dick, trying to be more friendly.

'Why, all you sick men—sick and wounded—are in a scorching hurry to get home. They say there is nothing like a sea-voyage for curing a fellow.'

'Why, yes, that is true,' mused Dick. 'That is what they kept telling me—nurse and doctor: "A sea-voyage will set you up. You won't know yourself when you reach the old country. The best cure for you is to go home."'

'I'd take a turn at sickness myself to have the chance of a trip home, all expenses paid, flags and bands and pretty girls awaiting you,' said the man; but he looked as if the chance was not likely to be given him.

'Do you come from Scotland?' questioned Dick. 'Do you happen to know a part they call Fife?'

'Fife! Man, what are you talking about? I was born and bred in Fife. But, you—you are no' frae Fife?'

'Why, yes, I fancy I must be. I have been told that I was born in a town called Sauchiebay, Fifeshire, Scotland.'

'Sauchiebay! Losh me! Did you say Sauchiebay?'

'I did. Sauchiebay; that is the name of the town. Do you happen to know it?'

'Town! I wouldna' ca' it a town. Man, it is but a bit o' a village, no' to be compared wi' Kirkcaldy. I come frae Kirkcaldy.' He made this announcement with a shining face; but Dick did not respond, not knowing Kirkcaldy. The man went on: 'I was born and bred in the lang toon o' Kirkcaldy.' His accent grew more and more Scottish, making it difficult for the colonial to follow, as he murmured on and on, recalling his far-away past. 'Born and bred there, and I am proud o't. I served my time on the railway; then a chance came, and I took it, and here I am in this weary land scraping together the needful to take me home again some fine day or other: home to Kirkcaldy! Ay, I ken Sauchiebay. I'd go there whiles, when a laddie, to veesit a cousin o' my mither. She's deid langsyne. It's no' a bad place, is Sauchiebay; but, mind I'm telling ye, it's no' to compeer wi' Kirkcaldy. So you're aff tae Sauchiebay? You'll be there afore me.'

Dick sat wondering. That night fate seemed to have knotted a tangle of threads round the name of Sauchiebay. The father he had dearly loved often talked to him of its beauty. The fair and kindly Euphemia Keppie lived there,

and this chance acquaintance spoke of it with familiarity.

'Yes, I am on my way home,' he answered, with sudden decision.

He carefully stowed away the little card in his pocket, and then gathered together his belongings, for they had both risen to their feet, becoming aware of a great noise that came out of the darkness, ever growing louder and louder, shaking the silence of the veldt and making the little cabin rattle as if it danced in the lap of a baby earthquake.

'Here she comes!' cried out the man from Kirkcaldy, and he shouldered his way past Dick and disappeared down the length of the platform.

Stretched in a railway carriage, trying to sleep and ever awakened by uneasy dreams, Dick spent the rest of the night and the long day that followed. He had made a decision, and he never swerved from it. A sea-voyage he had been told by every one who had offered him advice was the best cure for a sick and wounded man, and a trip home was the easiest way of securing it. Surely he could do nothing better than carry out his father's wish, and visit his native land. A rather inferior village the man had called it. Well, what matter? A village was good enough for him. He would there find Euphemia the fair, the admirer of soldiers. She had called him a hero. He was no hero. Perhaps she would be kind. Had she not sent him warm socks and tobacco of the best? He sighed with content, and drifted into sleep, pleasantly haunted by a vision of a gracious and beautiful girl.

He was a sick and weary man when he at last reached Capetown. Somewhat mechanically he threw in his lot with others, sick and wounded like himself, and with their help secured a passage on a homeward-bound trooper. That same night they went on board, and he woke the next morning to find himself rocked in the kindly arms of old ocean.

### CHAPTER III.



SURELY no man can feel his birthplace strange to him, even although he has spent but a few years of scarce conscious childhood in it. Surely when he returns to it he must feel some harmony with the surroundings that shaped his earliest thoughts, where he first woke to conscious knowledge of life and opened his eyes to the wonders of the world around him.

It was late on a summer afternoon when Dick first arrived at Sauchiebay; the train left him, with one or two other passengers, and took its leisurely way through the green links, alongside golden sands. He stood and looked round him, over the sunny Forth that lay a blue haze of

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light, melting into the softer blue overhead; he drank in long breaths of the caller air, and he knew it to be strangely familiar. This was *home*, although he was but a stranger. He recalled the far-off, well-known land, and surely it was but a foreign country; this was *home*, and he was well content.

He was tired; the long journey from Southampton had worn him out, yet he had never been tempted to linger on the way. His mind, enfeebled by ill-health, had remained clear but on one point, and that was to reach Sauchiebay and there find rest. There was quite a stir of excitement at the station when a man in shabby khaki uniform stepped out of the train. He alone was indifferent. In quite an unconscious fashion he hailed a small boy and asked him to direct him to an hotel.

'Ye'll be wanting the Ship Inn?' questioned the lad, with a glance round to discover if any of his familiars were on the spot to see him speak with a soldier from the front.

'The Ship Inn. All right; lead the way,' Dick answered.

With somewhat uncertain steps he followed the boy; he was utterly exhausted. A virtuous woman cried out, 'He is drunk!' and dragged her staring child from him, scolding her for looking at such a deplorable sight. Other folk, with more discerning eyes, saw that he was ill, and pitied him.

Out in the street Dick paused and looked round him. Again it seemed familiar. He called out to the boy:

'Can you tell me where Miss Keppie lives?' He had a great longing for a kindlier welcome than the mere hospitality of the Ship Inn.

The lad stared; his slow brains could not grasp the idea of Miss Keppie and a shabby, dusty soldier.

'Do you know? You don't. Go on. No doubt they can tell me at the hotel. March, quick.'

'I ken fine,' drawled the boy. 'There's her hoose up yon wynd.'

'Her house? Take me to it. I suppose it is because you are a Scotchman you are so slow. I never came across anything slower outside a home for incurables.'

The boy grinned. Anything said by a hero is pleasant to hear. Then a gleam of intelligence illuminated his stolid face, and he called out, pointing to a girl who disappeared round a corner in front of them:

'Div ye see yon lass? Weel, yon is Mistress Keppie's Maggie. Keep yer e'e on her an' she'll tak' ye to the hoose.'

'All right, my man; she will be my guide. You can carry my traps to the inn—the Ship Inn you called it? Wait there for me.'

A few steps brought Dick round the corner, and before him he saw a girl in a fresh pink gown and white apron, and with a white cap

jauntily stuck on her brown and very curly hair. She opened the gate of a garden that was gay with roses.

'Roseville,' he read as he reached it, and paused to make sure that he had found the home of Euphemia. Stepping up to the door, he rang the bell, and, while waiting, sought and found the card that had reached him in the toe of the khaki sock.

The door was opened by Maggie. She afterwards said that when a dusty, shabby soldier asked for Mistress Euphemia Keppie she was 'fair dumfoondered.' In some fashion she guided him to the drawing-room. For full five minutes, while the old lady put on her afternoon cap and sought for a clean pocket-handkerchief to hold genteelly in one hand, they discussed who this strange man could be, and what had brought him. Miss Keppie was strangely agitated. At last she found courage to face him. Maggie promised to wait outside the room, with her hand on the door.

It was a long five minutes to Dick. He wandered about the tiny room, wishing he could throw up a window and let fresh air in; the sun streaming through the panes of glass made the temperature unbearable. His heart beat with slow, painful effort; he felt as if he would choke. He thought of the fair Euphemia of his dreams, and wished she would not longer delay.

At last the door opened, and he turned eagerly, but drew back when he saw it was only a little old lady who came in. She also paused and looked at him fearfully. Stepping forward, he stuttered and stammered, trying to explain that he had called in the hope of seeing Miss Euphemia, and holding out the card.

She knew it! The sight of it made the colour come to her wrinkled old face, and her cap-strings fairly danced with excitement, for this card represented a secret and romantic thing that even Maggie had not heard of.

'Yes, yes,' she murmured, confused and timid, yet very pleased. 'I am Miss Euphemia Keppie—I am delighted to make your acquaintance; and, excuse me, but have you got them on? Were they too large?' She allowed her eyes to fall upon his dusty and somewhat untidy foot-gear.

'Miss Keppie—Euphemia! Why, I am a fool! Sure there is some mistake. I'— But Dick could say no more. The strange cloud that had befogged all his sensations for the last two or three hours seemed now to fall about him as a curtain, muffling all sounds and darkening his sight. He staggered against the frail sofa, knocking over a china pot holding a fern, which fell with a crash as he tumbled down on the beribboned cushions, his plumed khaki hat falling from his nerveless hand.

'He is drunk! he is drunk!' the old lady screamed.

Maggie was already in the room, kneeling beside the prostrate trooper.

'Drunk! No' him! He is mair like deid. Whisht your crying! Whaur's your keys? Fetch the brandy.' The quick-witted woman acted as promptly as she thought. She laid the helpless man on the floor and loosened his collar.

However, as all remedies available failed to restore him to his senses, Maggie was at last obliged to leave him with her weeping mistress and seek for aid. At the garden-gate she found a boy seated on a pile of luggage. Dick's guide had found that for once Roseville was more interesting than the Ship Inn, and sat patiently staring at it. Seizing upon him, Maggie told him to fly for a doctor, as a soldier lay dying in her mistress's drawing-room. Fortune favoured the very slow boy, and in a wonderfully short time he returned with the doctor, whom he had met driving into the village.

Putting aside Miss Keppie's incoherent explanations, the doctor questioned Maggie, and agreed with her that the man was not drunk, but was nearly dead from exhaustion. Indeed, he feared he was very seriously ill. He made some suggestions as to what was to be done with this interesting patient, so very much out of place in the old lady's drawing-room, when—to his astonishment, as much as to Maggie's—Miss Keppie, who had mopped up her tears and pulled herself together, announced with great determination that the soldier was to be carried up to her best bedroom and kept there until he fully recovered.

The doctor did not hesitate to accept such a refuge for the patient who seemed to have dropped from the skies into his hands. He had him carried up, with the help of the stalwart servant-lass, and laid between the sheets in no time, and there he was doomed to lie for many an anxious week.

All the interest of the neighbours now centred on Roseville. Miss Keppie was much pitied. It was a terrible thing that a feeble old maid should have a dying man on her hands with only a lassie to help her to nurse him. But had the neighbours known better they would have congratulated, not sympathised with, mistress and maid; for when Miss Keppie had by a kind deed opened her heart she had also opened her door, and life in Roseville was no longer dull and lonely. Everybody in the town seemed interested in the sick soldier, and a hundred little and big kindnesses brightened each day. The young doctor brought the old doctor, and the minister came. Miss Keppie had always been much in awe of the minister; but now she found herself telling him the whole story of the khaki socks, and the card hid in the toe of one of them that had been the means of bringing poor Dick to her door. The minister was greatly interested, especially when he discovered that she had been inspired by

his words to do what she could for those who were fighting for their country. In time she learnt to look upon the minister as her best friend; and he found his way into the sick-room and did his share of nursing there. Dick found himself eagerly watching for a visit from the parson, and told Maggie that, after all, he was a very decent sort of chap.

It was a happy day when the invalid was helped downstairs and out into the garden, where he sat on the tiny lawn amongst the roses. Soon he gained strength, and then became impatient to be away; but Miss Keppie would not hear of his going. When he spoke of it the smiles faded from Maggie's face, and she would set about cleaning and scrubbing with a temper bitter as the east wind.

Dick had never confessed to the old lady that she was not the Euphemia of his dreams. He had tried to forget that radiant vision, and was not a little ashamed to think that it was but a phantom creature that had so strongly influenced him. Maggie would not let him forget it, however. During his illness she had wormed out of him the whole story, and had forced him to confess to the disappointment he had felt when an old lady had appeared as Miss Euphemia Keppie in place of a beautiful girl. Now that he was so far recovered, Maggie was very scornful, telling him, with ever-increasing asperity, that he should be thankful that he had fallen into the hands of her good mistress instead of wandering about the victim of a 'cutty' who never existed; and when he laughed at this her anger amused him vastly.

As the time approached when he must return to South Africa, he spent long hours consulting with Maggie; and one evening he persuaded her to go with him into the parlour to break the news to the old lady. Before Miss Keppie found words to reply he completely took her breath away by telling her that Maggie had promised to be his wife and go with him to set up house on his farm in Cape Colony. He added that he was sure she would make things spin out there. It was poor Miss Keppie's head that was set spinning in the meantime.

'I'm real sorry, mem, to part wi' ye,' said the treasure of a maid. 'I doot but ye'll feel it sair; but what's to be wull be, an' Dick there wull mairry me. I'm real sorry; but I juist hope it's for the best.'

Nobody but Miss Keppie was surprised at this; she, good lady, spoke of it as perfectly astounding. She whispered in the ear of her most intimate friends that she believed Maggie in time might prove to be a useful wife; but, of course, she was far from being Dick's equal. Dick, however, would not agree with Miss Keppie when she considered it her duty to hint to him that he might find a more suitable mate, and Maggie very heartily agreed with Dick.

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# THE LAMP-BOY:

A STORY OF BAGDAD.

By VALENTINE GEERE.



WHEN the Germans run their railway to Bagdad we may expect great changes to take place in the old city. Whether it will really benefit by those changes is an open question. For my own part, I must confess that I consider the railway project an utterly detestable one; but then I have a weakness for the picturesque, and hate the idea of dragoman-led parties of tourists flocking through the bazaars and narrow alleys. Imagine a sleek Syrian telling his tweed-clad, Baedeker-crammed flock, 'This is the street where Morgiana lived, ladies and gentlemen; and here, on this door, is one of the chalk-marks which she made in order to baffle the forty thieves. It is rather faint now; but, of course, many hundreds of years have elapsed,' &c.

Faugh! The thought is sickening; but it is satisfactory to realise that the tourist will never see the real city of the *Arabian Nights*. All that he will see will be a modernised version of it; he will sleep on specially imported beds, in a specially built hotel 'replete with every modern convenience;' and when he walks abroad in the evening through the modernised streets the way will be lit for him by electric lamps. He will enjoy it all, doubtless, and think it 'awfully quaint,' as he does Cairo—modernised Cairo, with its electric trams and fashionable hotels. Quaint, save the mark! Thank heaven, he can never see anything truly quaint, because he never has energy enough to venture off the beaten track.

Of course the Bagdad of to-day is not just the same as it was in Haroun el Rashid's time, but it has moved astonishingly slowly on the path of progress; and although steam-boats run to the city from Busreh, and tram-cars run from it to Kazmain, both boats and trams are delightfully antiquated and gloriously uncertain in their times of arrival and departure. Lately some street lamps—oil, of course—have made their appearance; but happily they are few and far between, and not sufficiently brilliant to put the glories of the past altogether in the shade. Pedestrians who venture abroad after sunset either carry a lamp themselves, have a servant to carry one

for them, or make use of some other person's if they have the opportunity to do so. By all means it is advisable to have a light, for in winter the streets are full of mud-heaps, puddles, and pariahs, not to mention footpads; and in the summer scorpions are added to the list of things to be avoided. Everybody who pays any attention at all to appearances always has his *farnoosji* (lamp-boy) to walk ahead of him in the evening; and amongst the Europeans at least there exists quite a rivalry in the matter of the lamps and their carriers.

Not very many years ago, when the members of the British colony in the old city were nearly all bachelors, the lamp-boys were not only useful but often actually indispensable; for after a bachelor dinner it was the duty of each *farnoosji* to sort his particular *sahib* out of the crowd of jovial diners and pilot him safely through the deserted streets to his own abode. Sometimes the work of the boys was rendered difficult by the reluctance of the *sahibs* to part with one another; very often the lively spirits displayed a reprehensible desire to argue with the watchmen or to interfere with the domestic arrangements of the groups of pariahs scattered about the streets, by introducing the juvenile members of the canine tribe into respectable houses where their presence was not desired; and not infrequently some wag with a destructive turn of mind would start the sport of lamp-smashing. At that stage of the proceedings the *farnoosjis* generally fled, and their masters had to follow in their wake, calling vainly on them to go more slowly. On such occasions the boy who got home with his lamp unbroken was regarded as a treasure by his master, and became the envy of his fellows. One youth who served a jolly engineer was regarded as a paragon. His lamp was a gorgeous affair. Like all the other lanterns, it was made with a tin frame, the material of which was obtained by the thrifty lamp-makers from old Batoum oil-cans; but its peculiarity lay in its great size and its magnificent display of glass. Two panes were white, one was green, and one red. When his master was in a peaceful frame of mind the *farnoosji* showed the white light, when there was a chance of collision the green light warned stragglers to look out, and when the red light was shown the watchmen and pariahs always



discreetly left the coast clear for the engineer's progress. That lamp was never broken, and the *farnoosji* was the cynosure of the city.

However, this is a digression. My story concerns another lamp-boy and another *sahib*, whose conduct was always above suspicion, and who would never have had occasion to display the red danger-signal even if his lamp had been provided with one—which it was not.

For the blameless life of Exe, the *sahib* in question, I should feel safe in going bail. Careless he may have been, but nothing worse. Whether the story concerning him that I am about to tell is absolutely true I am unable to say. Exe himself would deny it forcibly, I know; but Bagdad has always been famous for strange happenings within its walls, as all readers of the *Arabian Nights* know full well. In fine,

I cannot tell how the truth may be;  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

John Exe was a canny young Scot, who managed the Bagdad branch of a large British firm. He was a bachelor, and lived alone in a comfortable house by the riverside. In business circles, native and European, he was looked up to and respected; and although he was of a rather staid turn of mind, he was well liked by all the European colony. His household was eminently respectable, and he enjoyed a freedom from domestic worries which made him the envy of his less fortunate fellows. For even in Bagdad the great 'servant question' is not unknown, and I have frequently heard bachelors there express their opinions on it in language which the sorest-ried housekeeper in England would hesitate to use, however much she might feel like doing so.

Exe, however, enjoyed complete immunity from that bother, and his ménage was a pattern one. Like most Europeans, he selected as his servants native Christians from Talkaf, or Telkaif; and he owed much of his freedom from worry to the character of his cook, Yusuf, who ruled the underlings with a rod of iron. At first Yusuf had been somewhat hard to please in the matter of his fellow-servants; but when his nephew Daoud took service as *sufragi*, or table-boy, and he had got hold of a hard-working youngster, Antone, as *farnoosji* and errand-boy, everything ran smoothly. Envious tongues whispered darkly that Yusuf and Daoud were 'as thick as thieves, and no wonder;' but Exe only smiled aggravatingly and pointed out that his orders were always carried out to the letter, and his peace never broken in upon with fights amongst the servants. He never heard of it if Antone did get thrashed rather often, and he was not going out of his way to make trouble for himself.

For over two years 'the happy family circle,' as it was called, remained unbroken. Then one

day Antone told Exe that he wished to leave. Pressed for a reason, he became confused and incoherent, but he stuck to his determination doggedly; and as Yusuf volunteered to find a boy to fill his place without any trouble, Exe let the youngster go and wished him luck.

True to his promise, the cook looked out a new boy, whose name, he said, was Nahim; and Exe accepted him on the understanding that Yusuf was answerable for his good conduct. The youngster was rather good-looking; but Exe barely noticed his appearance, being particularly short-sighted. However, he could not fail to observe that the new boy was particularly timid, not to say cowardly, and that he held himself much aloof from the other lamp-boys. Yusuf explained this by saying that Nahim had only lately come to Bagdad, and was shy at first; and, to Exe's great surprise, the martinet showed wonderful forbearance towards the neophyte, treating him with unwonted indulgence and overlooking his faults times out of number. Never once did the tones of anger rise from the courtyard to the roof, where Exe dined and slept after the usual summer custom in Bagdad; and more marvellous still, Yusuf used to send Daoud with the lamp to fetch his master home when he dined out. Nahim might carry the lamp when the *sahib* left his own house; but he never waited in the courtyard as the other *farnoosjis* did; and if Exe was late he invariably found Daoud, instead of Nahim, waiting for him when he was ready to return home.

This was so altogether strange that Exe questioned Yusuf about it. The cook replied that Nahim was 'a good boy,' and did not like the ways and talk of the other lamp-boys; and since Daoud was glad to go out, he (Yusuf) thought it better to let him do so under the circumstances, if the *sahib* did not object. He added that very soon Nahim would doubtless get over his shyness, and that, as he was in other respects a most desirable boy, it would be a pity to have the trouble of a change, possibly for the worse.

The explanation satisfied easy-going Exe, who was inclined to admire Nahim's taste in the matter of the other *farnoosjis*; and as Daoud heartily endorsed all that Yusuf had said, and declared that he really liked carrying the lantern, the young Scot troubled his head no further with the matter. Indeed, he had other thoughts to occupy his leisure moments, for his uncle, a retired Major of the Indian army, who was travelling for pleasure, was shortly expected on a visit; and as he was a rather fussy old gentleman, with a nice little sum of his own, and no other nephews or nieces, Exe was anxious to stand well in his eyes, and determined to make the visit a success in every way. The house was put in the smartest trim; Yusuf received so many instructions for the regulation of his own conduct and that of the other servants that he

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became irritable; and Exe's friends were warned not to offend against any of the Major's prejudices, and to avoid undue levity in their conversation. In fact, the anxious nephew endeavoured to provide against all possibility of mishap by the exercise of forethought and caution remarkable even in a Scot.

In due course of time Major Wise arrived, and took up his quarters in the riverside house. He was a tall, well-set-up old gentleman, and, so long as his will was not crossed, a delightful companion; but during his long service in India he had acquired a pronounced 'Indian liverishness,' and when his temper was once aroused he became perfectly unbearable. He expressed himself delighted to find his nephew succeeding so well in business and so comfortably quartered, and hinted broadly that, although John would have done much better to enter the army, the fact that he was a merchant should not adversely affect his standing in the Major's will. For Bagdad as a city he professed a hearty contempt, declaring that the place and its inhabitants were both confoundedly in need of cleansing. 'It wants the British here, my boy,' he said to John, 'to make 'em sit up. But these Arabs, or Turks, or whatever you call 'em, would never make soldiers. We could never lick 'em into shape as we have the Sikhs and sepoys. And as for your confounded servants—Talkaifs you call 'em, don't you?—they are beneath contempt.'

John agreed with the old gentleman, but pointed out that they were the best obtainable, even if they were a poor best. He added that he would have been glad to get Indian servants if he could have handled them, but that the expense, and his own ignorance of how to manage them, prevented his trying the experiment. This implied compliment to his particular pets and his own experience flattered the Major, and he was wonderfully amiable for the rest of that evening.

Next morning, however, his liver was out of order, and he was consequently in a most atrocious temper. He declared that the cook was an utter fool, who would poison any respectable person in no time; and when Daoud accidentally dropped some tobacco into his bath whilst filling it, the Major swore at him roundly, and forbade him ever to enter his room again. Later on he requested Exe to give instructions that in future Nahim was to prepare his morning tub and look after his wants. Of course the nephew readily acquiesced, and issued his orders to Yusuf. The cook hastily offered to wait upon the Major himself; but Exe firmly ordered him to carry out his instructions to the letter on pain of instant dismissal. Yusuf turned sulky, but he yielded the point, and for the next three days Nahim filled the Major's bath, brushed his clothes, and acted as his valet. Apparently he gave satisfaction, for the old gentleman was most amiable; but sometimes

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Exe fancied his uncle was thinking deeply over some matter, and once or twice he noticed him looking intently at Nahim in a puzzled way. Once he observed, 'John, these servants of yours are a queer lot. They look confoundedly womanish in these *ziboons*. Why don't you put 'em into a uniform?' John explained that native prejudice was too strong to combat, and the Major let the matter drop with a disapproving grunt.

Next morning Exe was aroused from his deep slumbers by the sounds of an angry altercation in the courtyard below. Anxious that his irascible uncle should not be disturbed, he hurried out on to the balcony which overlooked the court, intending to stop the hubbub at once. But it was some time before he could make himself heard over the angry voices of Yusuf and Daoud.

Evidently the trouble was serious, for he could see that the cook and Daoud were actually at blows, while Nahim was apparently trying vainly to separate them. As he had not got his glasses on, Exe could not make out quite clearly what was going on in the dim morning light; but he shouted indignantly to the combatants to be quiet. Then he became aware that his uncle had appeared on the scene. The Major presented a decidedly strange appearance, clad in thin pyjamas which clung limply to his lean figure, and with his cheeks sunk in owing to his not having stopped to put in his false teeth.

'What's the matter?' he shouted; and then as his eye fell on the struggling group in the courtyard he dashed excitedly to the steps, calling on John to follow. Uncle and nephew arrived just in time to prevent a tragedy. For Yusuf had succeeded in throwing Daoud to the ground, and was in the act of clearing his right arm for a stroke with a long-bladed, ugly knife when the Major grasped him firmly by the wrist and at the same time dealt him a blow behind the ear which sent him sprawling and very nearly stunned him.

'Now then, what is the meaning of all this?' demanded the old gentleman when he had secured the knife. Then, turning to John, he added sternly, 'See, sir, this is what comes of your keeping this girl in your house. Perhaps you'll explain. I can't talk their confounded lingo, so I can't ask *them*.'

'Girl?' said John blankly. 'Girl?' Then his eye fell on Nahim, and his jaw dropped in horror.

'Yes, sir, girl, I said,' snapped the Major. 'Will you explain, or am I to stand here in this state all day?'

'But I never knew he—she—was a girl, uncle, really, until this minute.'

'A likely story, sir. Don't try to fool me any longer. I insist on your asking these fellows and the young woman for an explanation and translating it to me fully. It is due to

the fair name of the family, you—you young hypocrite; and, damme, sir! I insist.'

The old fire-eater was not to be trifled with, and Exe hastened to obey his orders. Yusuf was too dazed and too furious to speak intelligibly, Nahim was choked with sobs, and Daoud was the only one capable of making himself understood. His version was that Yusuf, having married lately, had planned to get his wife into the house, and had made it worth his (Daoud's) while to aid and abet him. The girl, whose real name was Marek, was not known in the Talkaif colony, as she had only lately come to Bagdad; and therefore Yusuf had not found his scheme utterly impracticable, although he had been compelled to face many difficulties and resort to wholesale lying in order to carry it through. He had relied on Exe's short-sightedness and easy-going disposition to help along his plans; and, once embarked on the scheme, he had stuck to it through thick and thin. Then the lady had shown a disposition to coquette with Daoud; and that morning when they were indulging in a little interchange of pleasantries Yusuf had come upon them suddenly, and had lost his temper, with the results known to the *sahibs*.

'Ha! A pretty tale indeed,' snorted the Major. 'But it won't go down with me, sir. The idea of trying to fool me with such falsehoods. As if you did not know all about the girl. Your cook's wife—eh? Don't tell me! I don't believe you are such a fool as to let your cook be master here; but I do believe that this precious baggage is mistress. Gad, sir! you've tried to fool me, and I won't forget it.'

This very day I shall leave by the steamer for Busreh, and I never wish to hear from you, or of you, again.'

'Look here, uncle,' cried the exasperated Exe, 'it is all very well for you to talk like that. Of course I have been a fool; but I fail to see what *you* have to complain of.'

'What, sir?' thundered the Major. 'What? Has not this precious boy—girl, I mean—filled my bath every day? You can fill in the details of the picture for yourself, no doubt, since you seem to possess a decidedly lively imagination. I am a modest man, as you ought to know, and I shall never be able to think of Bagdad without blushing. Damme, sir! it was a bad day's work for me when I came here, and for you too—as you will find out later on. I admit that I had some slight suspicions two or three days ago, in consequence of—ahem—a little incident of which I will not speak; but I fought against them for your sake, and your mother's—my sister, sir. Now I see that I have been deceived. Well, I shall shake the dust of this place from my feet this very day. As soon as I can get dressed I shall go on board the steamer, and you will be left to enjoy the society of your—ah!—friends here, free from all restraint.'

Without another word he turned and strode off up the stairs, full of the dignity of conscious rectitude, although his pyjamas were flapping round him at each step in a ludicrous manner. After a helpless glance around, Exe followed him sadly and silently, while Daoud and Yusuf glared at one another over the head of the sobbing lamp-boy.

## AN ELEGY.

He whom the Day in slumber never found,  
Who ever rose as dawn began to trace  
Its first faint lines athwart Night's sombre  
ground—

The broad sun smiles upon his sleeping face!  
He who through lengthened years had held  
his place

Unequalled, foremost of the brawny throng  
Whose keen blade swept the fields. Ah, evil  
case!

By mightier scythe at last—by arm more strong—  
O'ertaken, on his own wide swathe he lies along.

No more the sleek, expectant herds will know  
His kindly pat, his briskly cheerful call.  
'No more! no more!'—the widow's wail of woe,  
With lonely son, who now must shoulder all.  
Prone by the restful form behold her fall;

Yet cheer thee, cheer thee, O thou heart forlorn!  
Still lives his God and thine, Who ever shall  
Be stay and shield, as says your Book well worn;  
And all is well with him, afar in radiant Morn.

Gone as he would have chosen. Not for him  
Of helpless idleness the weary doom,  
The slowly weakening hand, the shrivelling limb,  
The watcher's stealthy tread in darkened room,  
And whispering voices sibilant in gloom.  
Such had his active soul to frenzy driven.

Far better thus, in manhood's prime and  
bloom,  
Right sturdily to pass; quick transport given  
From June's exultant songs to jubilation of  
Heaven.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ERIC DUNCAN.

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# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### A STORMY MORNING.

By EVA NAPIER of Magdala.

#### CHAPTER I.



SOUTH-WESTERLY gale on the west coast of Scotland towards the end of August, and a tall girl clad in rough gray tweed, preceded by a little Skye terrier, with his hair blown all the wrong way,

hurrying before it.

A whirl of leaves, torn before their time from the trees of the avenue leading to the gray old house, accompanied their flying footsteps towards it. The hall-door was nearly wrenched from Betty Fitzhugh's grasp, though she held on to the handle with both hands; and the wind rushed roaring into the hall with her, peeling off and turning over the deer-skins with which it was carpeted, and greatly discomposing the old butler, who was arming himself with a weapon wherewith to smite the gong in announcement of dinner.

'It is five minutes yet to half-past seven, Reynolds,' said the young lady as she rushed upstairs to her room, Johnnie the terrier scampering after her as fast as his short legs could carry his long, heavy, little body.

'Will Miss Fitzhugh no' allow me to take down her hair?' said Betty's little Highland maid in an aggrieved tone, the dressing of Betty's beautiful hair being her chief joy.

'No, Morag; certainly not. No time. Give me that white rag,' pointing to a soft white gown spread out carefully on the bed. 'That goes on quicker than anything. You may stick three pins into my hair if you like.' And she brandished a silver hair-brush.

A slim, white-robed maiden emerged from her bower in very little more time than the said five minutes, and opened the door of the library, where her mother, Lady Fitzhugh, was sitting with her companion, Mrs Fletcher.

Lady Fitzhugh glanced sourly at her daughter, barely acknowledging her rather timid greeting.

The peal of the gong resounding through the

house, a progress was made in the wake of her ladyship down the broad staircase to the dining-room by Betty Fitzhugh and the companion.

A dreary meal enough, in the dark-oak panelled room hung with dingy portraits of departed Fitzhughs and game-pieces of doubtful beauty, where dead hares, melons, lobsters, grapes, and a jewelled vase or bowl formed an incongruous and unpleasing whole.

Handsome silver cup trophies won by the late Lord Fitzhugh for yacht-racing, cases of beautiful old silver-handled forks and spoons, and finely chased silver salvers adorned the sideboard, and were the pride of the old butler and a triumph of plate-cleaning. Heavy crimson curtains almost black as night veiled the deep recesses of the windows, while the massive silver branches with their shaded waxlights in the centre of the table served only to make darkness visible.

Reynolds and a kilted satellite plodded methodically round the table, and dinner progressed in silence, broken only by Lady Fitzhugh's querulous complaints of the noise of the wind and of culinary errors—chiefly imaginary these last, for assuredly never was stalled ox better cooked and served.

Mrs Fletcher chimed in with a deprecatory assent, but she nevertheless found much that was worthy of more than passing notice as the varied dishes travelled their weary round.

Betty ate her dinner in silence, with a growing feeling of depression. However, all things come to an end, and the time arrived in due course for the ladies to migrate upstairs. Betty flew down a dark passage, nominally in quest of her 'work,' really for an interview with Johnnie, who lay sprawling his long length on the hearth-rug, enjoying a well-earned rest in front of a cheerful wood-fire in his mistress's room. Occasional spits and sparks from the sweet-smelling birch-logs disturbed his beatitude; but it was such that even the advent of his beloved mistress had only the power to draw from

him a spasmodic wag of the tail and a quiver of the sensitive ears as he rolled his eyes round to look at her. The 'work,' however, stared Betty in the face; so, with a little sigh and a glance round the home-like room, she caught it up and proceeded to the library.

The old-fashioned, long-shaped room looked very comfortable in the lamp and fire light. Books lined one wall from floor to ceiling; and is there not an indescribable feeling of rest, comfort, and satisfaction in the presence of many books? The woodwork of the room was white. Heavy curtains of faded damask shrouded the windows, and on each side of the fireplace hung panels of tapestry almost covering the walls and concealing a small door which led into the disused drawing-room. Old-world chintzes covered the chairs and sofas, fresh and sweet-looking if also faded, and there were great Oriental jars of pot-pourri emitting sweet, faint odours of the long ago.

Lady Fitzhugh looked rather more genial after her dinner, and Mrs Fletcher purred an accompaniment to her looks.

Betty placed a cushion behind her mother's back, which was graciously received, and the three ladies settled themselves to their evening occupation of books, work, and newspapers, Betty bending her charming head over a huge stocking of intricate pattern, the pins glancing and flashing under her white fingers, and the evening wore on.

A preparatory grunt from the tall old clock in the corner, and ten struck drowsily. Shortly afterwards a diversion was created by the entrance of Reynolds, bearing a huge tray with the tardy letters, the post having a way of choosing its own hours of arrival in those rather remote regions.

An ominous orange-coloured envelope crowned Lady Fitzhugh's pile of letters, and was nervously clutched at and opened by her, as she ejaculated, 'I wish people would not send telegrams.' The discontented voice, however, took a pleasanter tone, though the words were coldly ungracious: 'A telegram from your brother, Betty, to say he arrives to-night at 11.30, posting from Dornie with his friend Mr Erle. He does not, I presume, expect me to sit up for him.—Tell Mrs Brown, Reynolds, that his lordship arrives to-night, and that a room must be got ready for Mr Erle. Bring the bedroom candles now. Such an hour to arrive!—Good-night, Betty,' with a cold cheek presented for the girl to kiss. 'You are not to sit up; I forbid it.—Good-night, Mrs Fletcher.'

'May I not come to your room, dear Lady Fitzhugh? I fear Joyce may not have come up from her supper yet,' said the companion, suiting the action to the word.

Betty stalked off down her dark passage and locked herself in her room.

In about half-an-hour a peremptory tap was heard.

'It is I, Miss Fitzhugh. I only came to say good-night.'

'Good-night, Mrs Fletcher,' said Betty without moving.

'Wouff!' said Johnnie, who hated her, as the silks rattled and rustled aggressively away. With a sigh of relief, the girl drew a big chair up to the fire, and was soon deep in the pages of a book.

'Wouff!' remarked Johnnie again an hour or so later, as the faint grinding of carriage-wheels was heard. There was a distant murmur, and the candles flickered as that unwelcome guest the wind careered round the draughty old house, and forced itself in with the young lord and his friend, who had just arrived.

A painfully suppressed clumping sound and a husky 'Betsy' at Betty's door. The door flew open, and brother and sister rushed into each other's arms.

'Well, old girl, how are you?' said young Lord Fitzhugh—Betty's adored 'Jack.'—'Johnnie, you little beast, come and say how-do-you-do,' and Johnnie waggled and squirmed and stretched himself.

'How's Cattleya been behaving?' ('Cat liar' being the boy's name for Mrs Fletcher). 'Is she still first favourite with mother, or is it beginning to tail off?'

'It is about the same; perhaps rather worse,' said Betty. 'I think she tries to interfere more.'

'Brute!' said her brother. 'You'll like Erle, Betty,' he continued; 'such a nailer across country, and never misses.'

Betty responded but faintly as the boy chattered on, pinching Johnnie's ears and pulling his tail.

In the long dreary days spent with her fault-finding mother and her toady Mrs Fletcher—whom the girl felt to be her enemy, depreciating her in a guarded way to Lady Fitzhugh, and drawing her attention to girlish shortcomings—Betty's one bright spot in the future had been the prospect of Jack in the autumn: Jack to herself; long days on the hill with Jack; sails with Jack in the little yacht 'clear away from it all.' The girl told herself, with a pain at her heart, now comes this hateful stranger to absorb Jack and keep her out of it. 'Of course I shall only be in their way shooting and fishing,' she thought. 'They won't want me. No one wants girls,' said she to herself bitterly.

But, with all a woman's unselfishness, she tried to hide her feelings as he rambled on sleepily, seated in her big chair, with his feet on the chimney-piece.

At last she packed him off, pointing to the little clock. With a heavy feeling of disappointment and chill, she laid her head on her pillow.

The storm had now spent its fury, and only an occasional gust shook the old house. The wind went sighing and moaning away over hills and sea with a sobbing sound, like a naughty child whose passion is spent but who still sobs in his sleep. Solemn silence fell, and gentle sleep, on just and unjust alike.

## CHAPTER II.



FEW words to explain our *dramatis personæ* to the reader.

Lady Fitzhugh, mother of the two young people Jack and Betty, aged respectively nineteen and eighteen, had lost her husband some two years or so before the opening of this story; a yachting disaster off the coast of Norway depriving her of the most amiable and long-suffering of husbands, and his children of the kindest and best of fathers.

Lady Fitzhugh was peevishly enjoying her yearly cure at a German bath when the news came, and fell an easy prey to a scheming widow, a Mrs Fletcher, who had been forming designs for establishing herself with Lady Fitzhugh for some time past, and by a thousand clever little manoeuvres was making herself necessary to her.

She had achieved Lady Fitzhugh's acquaintance in London through some matters connected with charity (charity that covereth so much besides sin), which involved many interviews with various people, and much writing (which Lady Fitzhugh hated), and had followed it up by the bold stroke, and the sacrifice of some capital, of pursuing her quarry to her German bath, throwing herself as it were accidentally across her path.

Lady Fitzhugh was by no means a stupid woman, though intensely lazy and rather selfish, and in the back of her head she realised the widow's schemes; but as she found her useful and amusing, she allowed Mrs Fletcher to obtain a certain footing with her.

'I can always get rid of her if she bores me,' thought the lady complacently.

The bath was deadly dull, and it so happened that Lady Fitzhugh found neither friend nor acquaintance there that year, so she and Mrs Fletcher drifted together, drove together, and sat together a good deal. Mrs Fletcher collected anecdotes (whether true or false mattered not to her) of many of the frequenters of the bath, for the delectation of Lady Fitzhugh. She had a certain knack as *raconteuse*, and an acid humour, which attracted Lady Fitzhugh in a languid manner.

When the terrible news of Lord Fitzhugh's death came, Mrs Fletcher saw her opportunity, and implored to be allowed to accompany Lady Fitzhugh home.

Unfortunately there were no relations available, as is sometimes the case when their presence and help would be invaluable, and Mrs Fletcher threw herself into the breach, taking all trouble off Lady Fitzhugh's hands, writing, telegraphing, arranging, taking the initiative in everything, and trampling on the suggestions of Lady Fitzhugh's faithful maid, who would gladly have slain her; so the new-made widow slipped into the toils and the wily woman was established, day by day strengthening her hold on the prey she had stalked so successfully.

Poor Betty, with her heart aching for her lost father, whom she had loved beyond power of words

to describe, and whose constant companion and pet she had been, had had a sad awakening indeed. When she could think at all after the awful blow, her one hope and dream, poor child! had been to become all in all to her mother, and to live for her entirely, devoting her life to Lady Fitzhugh.

A telegram had enjoined Betty to remain at Dunscath, instead of meeting her mother in London; and the day arrived for Lady Fitzhugh's return to the dear old home now made desolate. The girl, with bursting heart, walked to the door to meet her mother, and beheld a stranger with her, fussing over her, possessing her!

'Your mother is so tired, Miss Fitzhugh, I must take her at once to her room,' said the strange woman; and Betty, turned to stone, saw them go up the stairs together, Mrs Fletcher fluttering, chattering, ordering glasses of wine to be brought to her ladyship's room 'at once,' and therein they entered and the door was shut.

Are there many who know how a woman of the stamp of Mrs Fletcher can creep into a home and poison its very springs? How happy-go-lucky are many of us in the choice of inmates of the governess and companion order! How almost criminally careless as to the true character of the woman who is to be with our children all day and every day, influencing them, teaching them, imbuing them with we know not what ideas! How we take Mademoiselle B., Fräulein C., Miss D. for granted! 'An excellent character, my dear; quite a treasure, I can assure you;' whereas, if the latter attribute were analysed, the chief virtue of the treasure would often be found to have been in that everything went smoothly under her rule, in that she had never been a bore or importunate or clamorous of interviews and consultations, and in her having made herself pleasant to the servants, who never 'complained of her.'

What indeed do we know of the antecedents of Mademoiselle B., Fräulein C., Miss D.—of their characters, minds, and lives—beyond the generally sketchy, sometimes gushing, references passing them on from one family to another?

We talk glibly of the 'dangerous classes.' Do we ever give a thought to the possibly enormously dangerous class in our midst, sitting at our tables, perhaps poisoning the growth of the young minds and characters of the rising generation? Creeping into homes as secretaries, governesses, *souffre-douleurs*, cringing, pandering, toadying, with but one object in life—that of self-interest and comfortable quarters.

Of course 'treasures' exist—good, dear, devoted women, giving of their best, which is good indeed; but their name is not legion in these ranks, and the tales that could be unfolded by, and of, some of the aforesaid tribe might well cause the hairs of many a careless mother and woman of society to rise beneath her auburn wig.

Children never tell. When she who told the following tale (which may serve as a case in point, and is a true one, moreover) was an old married



woman, she used to relate how her mother had engaged a charming young French governess for her daughter, with undeniable references, convent, *pasteur*, what not; how mademoiselle was so kind, and never gave disagreeable lessons, or made her pupil do sums; how their walks were so entertaining; how they were always joined by a kind gentleman who used to take them to his beautiful house, giving the girl bags and boxes of delicious bon-bons, and amusing books to look at, while he and mademoiselle used to go into another room to talk about the relations of mademoiselle, whom he had known in Paris, and how the intervening door was always locked.

This is perhaps a needless digression, but it has often seemed to me that foreign lands would hardly send us of their best, and that there is more difficulty in verifying Mademoiselle B. and Fräulein C. than Miss D., who may be run to ground, and that this fact should give us pause before we take them into our homes and warm them in our babies' bosoms.

I fancy many a French and German adventuress has crossed the stormy water, cheerfully facing *mal de mer* and *Seelkrankheit* to plant herself in this comfortable and confiding little island, there to spend the remainder of her days with much comfort

and satisfaction to herself, and with many a secret grin at the recollection of *La Belle France* or the *Vaterland*, as the case may be, that she has but little inclination to revisit.

Young Lord Fitzhugh was preparing for the army at a tutor's. A fine, handsome lad, warm-hearted as his sister, and high-spirited; but, as is so often the case with boy and girl of the same parents, with less backbone than she. Rather vain, he was easily led by flattery, and his high spirits and love of fun would probably lead him into many a scrape in days to come; generous to a fault, and with the hot, passionate temper that so often goes with such natures. A little of his mother's indolence; but his faults were all on the surface, and he was a most lovable creature.

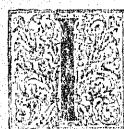
Betty adored him. The two had always been inseparable, sharing alike in most things. All their amusements were in common up to a certain point. Being so alike, they quarrelled and fought, kissed and made it up again, loving each other always, and it would have been bad for any one who tried to come between them.

Now, poor young creatures, they dimly felt that they stood alone, with the world before them, and its troubles, like the oft-quoted young Bears.

(To be continued.)

## UNCANNY TALES.

By MARGARET MACALISTER WILLIAMSON.



IF there is a life beyond, second-sight is not only possible but very probable; and it has often been said that the man who has no superstition is devoid of true religion, sustained thought, and judgment. By this it must not be understood that every one is capable of second-sight; neither must it be denied that a thing ever existed because it cannot be proved to demonstration.

Being connected with some of the oldest families in Skye (which place modern psychological societies look upon as their happy hunting-ground), and also having in the days of my youth spent many pleasant evenings with the crofters in their huts, I have had opportunities of hearing wonderful stories of second-sight, verified by facts, dreams fulfilled, death-warnings followed by their eventuating, and ancient prophecies coming to pass.

When a child, I used to sit on the floor in a circle with the crofters, a fire in the middle, a gipsy pot hanging above it, and the smoke going out at the roof; the only other light coming from a little oil-crusie nailed to the wall. The feast often consisted of hot boiled lobsters, oysters, or fish, which we ate with our fingers.

When Dr Johnson visited Skye in August 1773, he inquired if there were any remains of second-sight. Mr MacPherson, minister of Sleat, said he

was resolved not to believe it, because it was founded on no principle. Dr Johnson replied, 'There are many things, then, which we are sure are true that you will not believe. What principle is there why a lodestone attracts iron, why an egg produces a chicken by heat, why a tree grows upwards when the natural tendency of all things is downwards? Sir, it depends upon the degree of evidence that you have.' Dr Johnson further stated in a conversation with Crosbie in regard to witchcraft, 'If moral evil be consistent with the government of the Deity, why may not physical evil be also consistent with it? It is not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men, evil unembodied spirits than evil embodied spirits. And, sir, you have all mankind, rude and civilised, agreeing in the belief of the agency of preternatural powers.'

The gift of second-sight is a comparatively rare one, and often runs in families, as will be seen from the following stories which I relate, all of which I can vouch for as being absolutely reliable.

I shall begin with a story told by my great-great-grandmother, Mrs M'Kinnon, daughter of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who received Prince Charlie with Flora Macdonald, and sheltered him. She was twice married, first to M'Alister of Strathaird, and afterwards to M'Kinnon of Corry. At Corry she entertained the great lexicographer Dr Samuel Johnson and his biographer Boswell. 'Mrs M'Kinnon, who

is a daughter of old Kingsburgh, told us that her father was one day riding in Skye, and some women who were at work in a field on the side of the road said to him they had heard two *taiseeks*—that is, two voices of persons about to die; and, what was remarkable, one of them was an English *taiseek* which they never heard before. When he returned, he at that very place met two funerals, and one of them was that of a woman who had come from the mainland, and could speak only English. This, she remarked, made a great impression upon her father. The above story is in Boswell's own words, and is taken from his *Tour to the Hebrides*.

The daughter of Mrs M'Kinnon of Corry, Mrs Macdonald of Scalpa, was a most charitable woman. She had one dependant on her charity, a Mrs Macdonald who lived at Fassifern. Mrs Macdonald of Scalpa died suddenly while on a visit to Inverness. On the night of her death Mrs Macdonald of Fassifern dreamt that she saw an opening in the clouds and the spirit of Mrs Macdonald of Scalpa ascending to heaven. She was awakened by loud knocking at the door, and on opening it she saw a man on horseback, who had been sent as an express messenger to announce the death to Mrs Macdonald's relatives, and who, knowing the affection and gratitude that Mrs Macdonald of Fassifern had for her benefactress, stopped to intimate the sad news to her.

Mrs Macdonald of Gillen, my great-grandmother (*née* Margaret M'Alister of Strathaird), sister of Mrs Macdonald of Scalpa, dreamt one night that our Saviour came to her bedside and asked her to show Him certain jewels which she possessed. She handed them to Him. He selected the most beautiful, and asked if He might take it. She acceded to His request. He took it, put it to His lips, and it seemed to her as though He drew all the essence and beauty out of it, and then returned her the husk. Soon afterwards her favourite little child, the loveliest of her children, died, and she assumed that if she had refused the jewel, perhaps the child would not have been taken.

Norman M'Alister (the brother of my great-grandmother), who afterwards became Governor of Prince Edward Island, when a young man went to London from Skye, a tedious journey in those days prior to railways. He went in the hope of getting a commission, but was disappointed, and had to return to Skye. One evening while in London he and a friend went to consult an old spawwife, and had their fortunes told. I quote her words to Norman M'Alister: 'You expect to get into the army, but you will fail to do so. It is a good thing, however, for the ship in which you would have to go to India will take fire and never reach there.' All happened as she foretold, the ship never being heard of. The fate he escaped then came upon him at last, for he was lost while returning to his native land, crowned with honours and riches. The ship he embarked in never reached its destination.

The nephew of Colonel Norman (my granduncle),

Charles Macdonald of Ord, Skye, went into his drawing-room one day and saw the vision of a lady. He described the apparition to his wife, who recognised a friend from the description. A few days later this lady arrived unexpectedly, wearing the clothing described by my granduncle, even to the colour of the ribbon tying her bonnet. This he told me with his own lips.

My brother-in-law, Charles M'Alister Macdonald, bought the estate of Clayton, five miles from St Andrews, where I often visited him and my sister. One evening we were all three dining at St Andrews with General Briggs, whose grandfather had originally been the owner of Clayton. General Briggs, who took me in to dinner, and who could talk without taking the whole table into his confidence, said, 'What bedroom do you occupy at Clayton?' I indicated its position, and he said, 'That is where my uncle's spirit appeared, at the moment of his death on the battlefield in India, to my father. There is a vestibule at the door of that room, and a closet. My uncle stood there looking deathly pale, in full uniform. My father saw him, noted the time carefully, and it coincided with the moment of his departure from this life.' It was rather a weird room, with a large window to the front, and a rookery outside. I opened the door of the press in the little vestibule beside the bedroom-door, and found it bricked up. Probably this door led directly to the garden by a secret staircase. It is probable that Captain Briggs usually entered his room by this staircase, and his spirit came by the same way, and therefore they bricked it up! Fortunately for myself, I do not possess the gift of second-sight, and was therefore never disturbed by the spirit, though I slept many weeks in the same room. The room was certainly a weird place to sleep in, the moon casting cross-shadows through a fanlight above my bed.

I have contributed several well-authenticated stories of second-sight to the collection of Miss Goodrich Freer, a distinguished member of the Society of Psychical Research. When I was in Skye at the marriage of a relative, Miss Goodrich Freer happened to be in Portree collecting tales of second-sight, as also was Selous the great lion-hunter. The morning of the wedding, Miss Goodrich Freer told me she foresaw an accident at a certain part of the road between Portree and Skeabost. The marriage took place in the Scottish Episcopal Church at Portree, and we, the guests, had to drive six miles to the luncheon at Skeabost. At the very place where Miss Freer foresaw the accident one of the carriages broke down and the occupants were thrown out. As this carriage immediately followed the one in which I was driving, I can vouch for the prophecy being fulfilled.

The Braan seer's prophecy long ago of an earthquake at Inverness has come to pass. While the seventh bridge there was being built I was driving in Inverness. My coachman, a native of Skye, pointed it out, and said, 'There will be an earth-

quake when the seventh bridge has been erected.' Shortly afterwards a severe earthquake took place in Inverness. Inhabitants and tourists, fearing the buildings would collapse, left their hotels and homes, and spent the night in the open.

When visiting Culloden House during the lifetime of the late Mrs Forbes, who was an English-woman and free from Highland superstition, I questioned her as to the appearance of Prince Charlie's ghost at Culloden House, of which I had heard a rumour. I relate the story as told to me by her. 'One morning, in broad daylight, I entered Prince Charlie's bedroom, where he slept on the eve of the battle of Culloden. Everything in that room remains as it was in 1746. I saw a tall stranger with his back to me leaning his elbow on the high mantelpiece. I felt annoyed, imagining that the servants had allowed a strange tourist to come in. I at once went out of the room and told my niece to inform the stranger that it was not a show-place, and that the servants should not have let any one in. When she went to the bedroom no one was there, and no one could have passed out without her knowledge. I met this apparition of the Prince several times afterwards in the passage near his bedroom, and feel sure that if any place would be haunted by him, the vicinity of Culloden would.'

Miss Forbes, a lineal descendant of Forbes of Culloden House, told me the following story: A lady who owned an estate in Scotland, when dying, uttered the following words: 'Never sell the estate; never let the estate go.' After her death, her son, the heir, was killed in the Boer war. At the time of his death several of the tenants on the estate saw the apparition of his mother, who exclaimed, 'The estate may go now! the estate may go now!' I withhold the name of the estate and the owners, as I have no permission to give them.

It is said that prior to the death of the Earl of Airlie in South Africa, the funeral music of Airlie was heard by various tenants on the estate.

Once I had the pleasure of spending an evening at a friend's house where, amongst other distinguished guests, was Mr Bennet Burleigh, the celebrated war-correspondent. In the course of conversation he told me he would rather be in the midst of a battle than sleep alone in a tent in the desert. He also informed me that his mother was a Macdonald, and had second-sight. He himself must have inherited the gift, for he related to me that one night he slept alone in an Arab tent with his loaded revolver under his pillow. Suddenly he woke and saw a tall Arab gazing intently at him. He immediately fired; but the bullet went through thin air.

Sir William McKinnon, K.C.B., who eventually became head of the Medical Department in the War Office, told me he would rather attend the wounded under fire, as he has done in the Ashanti and Crimean wars, than visit a particular haunted castle. He was dining at a certain great house, where, as

the precursor of a death in the family, a phantom carriage drives up to the door. During dinner he, as well as the host and hostess and guests, heard the rumbling of wheels and the prancing of horses, which stopped at the front-door. On opening the door no carriage was there. The phantom har-binger had melted away, and the demise of one of the family occurred shortly afterwards.

The Macleods of Dunvegan Castle, Skye, have a fairy flag said to be powerful when waved to avert any misfortune to the family. I have seen it, and the silk is certainly unlike any fabric I have ever known. Baroness Macleod informed me that in ancient times a fairy took the infant heir out of his cradle, blessed him, and sang a song. That fairy song is taught to each successive nurse in the family in order that it may be sung to the children, and is extant up to date. The fairy's blessing seems to be effectual, as the present chief is the twenty-second in direct descent from father to son. Near the castle there is a bridge called Fairy Bridge, and in its vicinity small carved arrow-heads, which people call 'fairy darts,' are found. Since writing the above I have read a most interesting article in *Chambers's Journal* for May 1905 on 'The Home of the Pigmies,' by R. A. Gatty, from which I quote the following: 'What kind of people were these makers of pigmy flints? Were they a small race, the progenitors of the myths of dwarfs and fairies which delighted us in our childhood's days? . . . One of the minute tools used by the pigmies is so tiny as to weigh under half an ounce.' The fairy darts found in the vicinity of Fairy Bridge are beautifully carved, and appear to be made of jade.

I was much interested on seeing the pygmies in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh, lately. They are perfect in figure, and have splendid limbs, beautifully formed hands and feet, and walk and dance like tiny Highlanders. I examined their arrow-heads, and they resemble the so-called fairy darts found near Dunvegan Castle. Could these Central African pygmies be similar beings to those who made the flint arrow-heads found near Dunvegan Castle, or resemble the Brownie of Bodsbeck described by the Ettrick Shepherd, or the Brownie of Blednoch in Galloway, who did most of the housework, till a member of that family objected to his scanty attire, and suggested more modern clothing, when, in consequence of that suggestion, he struck work and disappeared for ever? The scanty costume of these modern pygmies resembles primitive kilts, their dance is similar to the sword-dance (minus crossed swords), and their step is like the strathspey step, their strut like pipers.

I lately visited an ancient manor-house undoubtedly haunted. In the time of Cromwell, when the house was besieged, the son and heir called out from a window in the gallery, 'I am for the King.' His uncle, in Cromwell's army, shot him right through this window. He fell mortally wounded, but managed to crawl into an old oak-



panelled bedroom, where he died. The blood-stains, like Rizzio's at Holyrood, still remain. I was told that while a lady was visiting that manor-house, her little boy slept in this panelled room. He was left alone during the evening, and his mother asked him if he had not been dull. He replied, 'No; a boy came to play with me.' His description of that boy coincided with a portrait still extant, which is hanging over the drawing-room mantelpiece. In another room of that same manor-house a valet stood on a rocking-chair to hang himself from the rafters of an attic. On the anniversary of his suicide there is heard the sound of a chair rocking. I heard it myself, but thought it was steam in the water-pipes, forgetting for the moment that in that manor-house steam was not used. A lady of title and an authoress, well known in London society and at all the European Embassies, told me that a friend of hers visited that manor-house. While sitting in the drawing-room, between six and seven at night, she saw a little old lady in gray, who remained for an hour quietly beside her, and it was not till afterwards she found the lady was an astral visitor. I sat often from six to seven o'clock, hoping to see the ghost, but she never came to me. A man who held a high appointment in Cairo visited that mansion with his wife. He woke at midnight and saw a little old gentleman, who seemed to emerge from the flooring. He had silvery-gray hair and a mild, benignant expression. He smiled sadly, waved his hand, and seemed to disappear into the flooring again. A second time the same old gentleman appeared to him. A spiritualist who had visited that manor-house for purposes of psychical research told me that she considered the ghosts there quite harmless, as they were the victims, not the perpetrators, of murder.

Some distance from Gretna Green is an old mansion-house which is certainly haunted. I, not having the receptive faculty, have seen no spirits, and have not been disturbed by them, though I have slept alone in the haunted chamber, with its immense antique furniture and tapestry. However, two of my brothers, my sister, and sister-in-law have all either seen them or felt their presence. My relatives left that house after six months' occupancy, although they had taken it for a much longer period. The house stands empty at present, in spite of its being a delightful residence, with its gardens and lovely scenery. From the drawing-room window there is an exquisite view of the river near which is the scene of Mrs Oliphant's *Madonna Mary*.

In India I slept in a reputedly haunted room. It was said that a native, who had been cruelly treated and murdered, haunted this room. The only alarming visitant I had was a monkey which had got free from his chain and hidden in the room.

A young cousin of mine living near Inverness was passing a certain road when she saw a man, strangely attired, suddenly appear. He jumped over a hedge and was lost to view. As she had

never seen any one like this man, she felt curious to find out who he was. On making inquiries she found that a murder had happened near that place in ancient times, and the appearance of this man coincided with the traditional description of the murderer. This was told me by herself.

A cousin of my mother's and her husband, who owned estates in Skye, had a son of about seven years of age. His father always came to visit us when he happened to be in our vicinity. My mother met him on one occasion when he had not called on us, and said, 'Why have you not visited us this time?' He replied, 'I must hurry home, for I dreamt last night that some great misfortune has overtaken my boy.' We afterwards heard that his boy had stepped into a wagonette whilst, with a pair of horses, it stood at the entrance to the house, in the absence of the coachman. The horses dashed off to the shore, and the boy was thrown out, his head severely cut, and he had a narrow escape for his life. This event happened the day before the father was told it in the dream.

One of my earliest friends, who married a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, had one little girl. When this child was about eight years of age she was being taken by her grandfather by rail from Glasgow to visit her grandmother and her aunt at Bridge of Allan. The door having been insecure, the child fell out of the carriage and was killed. At the time this happened her grandmother was taking a siesta, and dreamt that a beautiful butterfly alighted on the strings of her cap, and that while she was admiring it, it changed into a hearse. When the aunt went to meet the train at Bridge of Allan she had the sad news communicated of the child's fatal accident, and was told that the grandfather had gone back by express to find the body on the line.

One morning at breakfast my mother said, 'I must go and see Mrs C. I dreamt her mother died last night.' Mrs C.'s mother was an old lady in ordinary health. She really died that night.

A farmer and his wife who lived in Skye possessed corn-fields and cattle. When the corn was ripe, the wife dreamt that the cows were approaching the open gate of the field. She awakened her husband and wanted him to get up. He would not. She fell asleep and dreamt again that the cows were getting in amongst the corn. She woke him again; still he would not rise. A third time she fell asleep and dreamt that the cows were devouring the corn. She woke her husband once more, and said, 'You may sleep on now, for the corn is trampled, eaten, and destroyed.' In the morning they found this had happened, and the farmer truly regretted not having taken his wife's advice, as the damage to the crops was disastrous.

The following story I had from Mrs Macdonell of Keppoch: 'It is a well-known fact that in the Highlands those possessed of second-sight cannot foretell what will happen to themselves. Before

the loss of a ferry-boat in a certain Highland district a man who possessed second-sight foretold the fate of this boat. He told the names of all the men in it who were doomed to be drowned. He added, "There is another man, who kept his face turned from me, and I cannot tell his name." The incident he described occurred, true to the letter as he had delineated. He himself also was drowned, and was the man whose name he could not tell.

My grandfather, Captain Andrew Macdonell, of the Black Watch, and his wife died young, leaving a son and daughter of tender years. They were brought up by my great-grandmother at Gillen in Skye. One day the little boy was out for hours alone on the moors. When he came home he said that a beautiful lady with lovely clothing had come to him, and talked and walked with him the whole time. His description of her appearance coincided exactly with that of his deceased mother, and he was too young when she died to have any recollection of her.

At the moment of the death of an old lady in Glasgow, her eldest son and his wife heard a fearful crash during the night in their drawing-room in London. They got up to ascertain what damage had been done, but found nothing displaced.

One of my ancestors, a M'Alister of Strathaird, Skye, was in a hay-field one day when the reapers were doing their work. A crowd of girls amongst them were singing and laughing merrily. A person possessed of second-sight said to M'Alister, 'There is one among that group who need not laugh, for she will be dead in a week or two, and I can point out the men who will carry her coffin to the grave.' M'Alister requested the seer not to tell any one of his prophecy, fearing that the fright might kill the girl if she heard of it. He obeyed. In due time all happened as he predicted. The girl died of fever, and the men mentioned by the seer were proceeding to lift the coffin, when M'Alister, in trying to prevent the literal fulfilment of the prophecy, stepped forward to take the place of one of them, and a dog tripped him up and he fell, so that the six men indicated by the seer were the bearers.

There was a witch-like old woman who followed the humble and useful occupation of looking after

the fowls at Grishernish in Skye. When young I was afraid to go near her, as I was told she had cursed a man and he died soon after.

A crofter in Skye who had not been of a devout nature died, and appeared to his wife in a dream, saying that he could get no rest in the next world as he had never asked a blessing for his food in this. He assured her he could be permitted to rest in peace if she began the function and continued it.

Highlanders believe thoroughly in the evil eye. I heard a story from an old woman whose husband was sore afflicted with that occult malady. He was afraid to enter his own byre and look at his cows, for the effect was fatal to them.

I was present when Mrs Besant, lecturing on Theosophy at the Dome in Brighton to a crowded audience, invited questions, and was asked, 'Can Theosophy and Christianity go on the same lines?' Her answer was, 'Where can greater instances of such phenomena be found than in the Bible?'

In *T.P.'s Weekly* of July 28, 1905, a subject is discussed which I have often tried to solve—namely, why ghosts appear not in clothing appertaining to the grave. I quote from it: 'All ghosts are not shadows. Most of them are as substantial and strong as the people of this world, and their clothes are as material as those we wear. I have many times handled and examined them. How they get them is another question. When asked, they say it is no use trying to tell us, as they could not make us understand, as we are yet in ignorance of the many changes that take place after the death of the body.'

In this twentieth century what formerly was looked upon as the superstition of the ignorant is made the research of scientific and cultured men and women. The interesting remarks of Dr Johnson certainly indicate that he was in advance of his time in this respect.

In a future paper I propose to deal with the subject of animals appearing as harbingers of good and evil.

Coming events cast their shadows before.—CAMPBELL.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—SHAKESPEARE.

## ALTHEA'S LOVERS.

By JOHN FINNEMORE, Author of *The Lover Fugitives*, &c.

### CHAPTER I.



WHEN Lance Colquhoun was shown into the parlour of the finest suite in a great Odessa hotel, his first glance was at the stout, elderly gentleman who waved him a hand; his second shot round the room in search of another figure; and, as he did not find what he sought, a look of disappointment, quite involuntary, crossed his handsome face.

'So here you are!' cried Mr Locke. 'Getting pretty hot in Cairo, wasn't it?'

'Baking,' replied Lance, shaking hands. 'It's warm enough here. I thought you were going north before this.'

'Expecting to make a move every day,' returned Mr Locke, 'but the business of this grain syndicate has kept me kicking my heels here a full month longer than it should have done. Say, these

Russians are a sleepy lot! What they call a business man here couldn't earn enough in New York to buy himself collar-studs.'

Lance laughed. 'I've had something to do with them,' he remarked, 'and they take affairs pretty easy.'

'Easy!' snorted the American. 'That's putting it very politely.'

'But,' went on Lance, 'I thought you had a thoroughly capable man who was taking the work off your hands. You wrote to me of some one.'

'So I did, and so I had,' cried Mr Locke—'a fellow named Velinsky, who began to shape to the work in style. But of all the countries in the world, this beats the band. One fine morning Velinsky never turned up. I set on foot inquiries about him, and found he had vanished—dropped into a hole, as you may say, and never climbed out again.'

'H'm,' said Lance, who knew his Russia pretty fairly; 'sounds like a political business.'

'So they tell me,' rejoined Mr Locke. 'The police profess to know nothing about him; but his friends believe they've got him tight enough somewhere for all that.'

'Was he an Intellectual?' asked Lance.

'He never said a word to me about politics from first to last,' replied the elder man; 'but he was a long sight too wide awake to be satisfied with the way things go on in this God-forsaken country.'

'He must have been mixed up in the revolutionary movement,' said Lance, 'and the police have spirited him off.'

'And left me his work to do!' cried the American. 'When I lost him I made up my mind to see the deal through myself before we go north.'

The last remark was lost on Lance. He had taken a seat near one of the large windows which lighted the sumptuous room, a window looking into the large garden which lay behind the hotel. His glance quickened and his eye brightened as a beautiful girl dressed in soft white muslin came round a bend of the path, accompanied by a very tall man. Both seemed engrossed in an earnest conversation.

'I am glad to see that Miss Locke looks well in spite of the heat,' murmured Lance.

'Oh, she's there, is she?' said her father, strolling to the window. 'Yes, she's all right. Looks as if she were pumping Pavloff about his country. She can't hear and learn enough about Russia. It interests her more than any spot we've hit up to the present.'

'Pavloff?' murmured Lance. He was full of the uneasy feeling which holds an undeclared lover in its grip when his beloved is seen walking with one who may easily be another aspirant.

'Ah, Pavloff,' returned Mr Locke. 'Yes, you haven't met him. Well, he's the sort of fellow who gives you the idea that Russia hasn't lost her chances yet if there are many of his stamp to be found. Speaks all the European languages worth picking up, knows engineering work to the fitting

of the last rivet, and seems as straight as a gun-barrel.'

'An engineer, is he?' asked Lance.

'Got some big works in Odessa here,' replied Mr Locke, 'but making money out of them seems to be the last thing he worries about. He's great on this Young Russia idea of uplifting the people.'

At this moment steps were heard outside, and Mr Locke became silent. Then Althea Locke entered the room. Lance sprang forward to meet her, and a frank smile broke over her beautiful face. As they shook hands the tall figure of the Russian appeared behind them, and Althea presented Lance to Serge Pavloff.

The Russian was a splendid fellow. Lance was tall and straight and broad, but Pavloff out-measured him at every point, a true gigantic North Russian, with great blonde beard and moustache, fine dark-blue eyes with the dreamy Slav look in them, and a calm, resolute face.

He met Lance in the simple, brotherly fashion which gives so great a charm to the manners of the best Russians, and for ten minutes the conversation was general; then Pavloff took his leave.

'Say, Althea,' remarked Mr Locke when the Russian had gone, 'you seemed absorbed in your chat with Pavloff in the garden there. What was he laying the law down about?'

'Did you see us?' said Althea, with her frank laugh. 'He was explaining to me his views about profit-sharing.'

Mr Locke chuckled. 'Sounds a queer subject to amuse a young lady with,' said he; 'he might have kept that topic to enlighten me.'

'I'm glad he didn't,' replied his daughter. 'I was never more interested in my life. He hopes to educate his workmen greatly by a system of profit-sharing he has introduced into his works.'

'They need a trifle in the way of educating and uplifting,' said her father.—'Do you know anything of the Russian working-man, Colquhoun?'

'I've seen a good deal of him one time and another,' replied Lance, 'and if there's a more unlucky, down-trodden wretch under the sun, I don't know where to lay my hands on him.'

'Oh!' burst in Althea, 'it's dreadful the way the people are treated here. They are kept in the ignorance of beasts, and then crushed mercilessly if they lift a finger against the cruel conditions of their life. The working-men of America or England would not stand it for a single day.'

'No,' said her father dryly. 'I should like to turn the Knights of Labour just for a month on the Russian authorities. I don't love the Knights myself; I've run up against 'em twice and hurt myself both times. But I'd forgive them all that to see them at a tug-of-war with all these excellencies of one sort or another.'

'I think Mr Pavloff is on the right line,' said Althea; 'he is devoting himself entirely to the five hundred men who work for him. He is splendidly in earnest, and if he can succeed in



improving them he hopes that they will prove a leaven among their fellows.'

'All the same, Pavloff had better look out for himself,' commented Mr Locke. 'In Russia the powers that be don't believe in educating anybody. It leads to asking questions, and that's dangerous.'

'That's the cruelty of it!' cried Althea. 'To think that a man doing work for which he ought to be praised and thanked lives from day to day with the fear over his head that he may be punished for his goodness!'

'Say, Colquhoun,' broke off Mr Locke suddenly, 'you've come just in time for a little fandango we're getting up.—I guess we can find a knife and fork for him to-night, Althea?'

'Oh yes,' laughed his daughter. 'I'd forgotten that.—We're giving a dinner to-night to a few Russian friends. If you'll join us, Mr Colquhoun, we shall be very pleased.'

'I shall be most delighted to come,' said Lance, and the eager look in his dark eyes showed that the conventional words had this time more than their conventional meaning.

When Colquhoun left the hotel he strolled down the busy street in a deep abstraction which let the busy, lively tide of South Russian life flow by him without a thought.

'He's a confoundingly fine chap,' groaned Lance to himself. 'I know that type of Russian. They don't make a better sort anywhere, and Althea is a good deal more interested in him than I care to see. Hallo, I'm in for a fit of the green-eyed monster! Well, I don't know that I ever had a chance. I might have spoken before I went to Cairo, but it didn't seem to me that things were ripe. How was I to dream of such a fellow as this Pavloff turning up? There's no question as to what's the matter with him; I've been there, and know all about it.'

Lance had known the Lockes for nearly a couple of years. When the father and daughter—they comprised the whole of the family, Mrs Locke having been dead for some years—came to Europe they made a long stay at Edinburgh, and Lance had been thrown very much into their society. At first it had been his duty to deal with Mr Locke in the wide business transactions the latter had held with the firm in which Colquhoun was the junior partner; but later he had slipped into the position of friend of the family, squiring Miss Locke to garden-parties and concerts, and acting as guide to the romantic and legend-haunted spots of Auld Reekie. Little by little he had fallen deeply in love with the beautiful American girl, and he had had hard work to keep his feelings outside the frank and friendly comradeship into which she had received him. Many a time had he felt inclined to put his fate to the touch, and then had shrunk back, fearing to endanger the delightful and exquisite friendship which was his now, but which might be lost for ever if he failed to establish a closer tie.

When Colquhoun returned to the hotel in the evening, the waiter led him through the great entrance-hall to the beautiful gardens beyond. Here he found several of the party already gathered near a large arbour in which the dinner was to be served.

'This is Althea's notion,' said Mr Locke as he shook hands with the young Scotsman. 'She was dead against dining in a stuffy room this hot night. After all, this is pretty cheerful for a change.' As he waved his arm round, Althea came up and tapped it with her fan.

'A most charming and delightful idea to dine *al fresco* this evening, Miss Locke,' said Lance, taking her proffered hand, and bowing to Pavloff, who was walking with her, and had followed like her shadow.

'I thought it would be a success,' said Althea, smiling. 'It is delicious in these gardens after the heat of the day.'

Lance looked round and agreed with her. The soft, warm dusk was falling over the city, and the broad gardens were lighted by great Chinese lanterns swinging on the boughs of the trees. Here and there were tables and seats placed on the grass or in rustic arbours, where groups of guests were dining or seated with glasses before them, and the eternal Russian cigarette in every mouth. The table ready for the Lockes' party was near at hand, its glass and silver gleaming in the lights of softly-shaded electric lamps.

They chatted together for a few moments; then Althea was called away by her duties of hostess; and Lance, after being presented by Mr Locke to the guests who had already arrived, found himself alone with his host again.

'Say, that old lady's enjoying her smoke, isn't she?' murmured the American.

A short distance away, a stout, splendidly dressed old lady sat in a chair beside a small table. Between fingers loaded with twinkling diamonds she held a cigarette, and a delicate curl of smoke rose from each nostril as she inhaled, with every appearance of great enjoyment, the excellent tobacco.

Mr Locke chuckled, and Lance glanced at him to divine the reason. It was not because the lady was smoking, because in a country where the nurse-maid puffs her cigarette as she pushes the perambulator, one soon gets used to that.

'I know her,' murmured Mr Locke. 'She's a Countess Something-sky; I can't remember the name. She's staying in the hotel, and talks to me a lot at times. Last Tuesday I gave her a regular shake-up. She asked me where Althea was. I said she'd gone off with young Pavloff to see the mosaics in some old church or other. "Alone?" says she in a voice like a tragedy queen. "Why not?" says I. "Pavloff can't eat her." "But alone, my dear sir," she boomed out again, like a little fog-horn, and she gaped at me like a bull-frog going to sing.'

Lance nodded with a smile, but his heart sank.

Then Pavloff was taking Althea about Odessa as he (Lance) had once taken her about gray, windy old Edinburgh. His heart contracted with a sharp pain; how completely outside it all he felt.

'Say,' pursued Mr Locke, 'all these Dagoes are queer about their girls. They teach 'em to look at a man as if he were a sort of Fourth of July cannon—might burst at any minute and blow 'em into little pieces. I reckon our American and English plan is a long sight the best, where the girl's equal to looking after herself.'

'Rather,' said Lance. 'A girl's always with herself, but a duenna may be missing when she would be most needed.'

'Just so,' agreed the other. 'Hullo! the dinner's ready;' and he bustled forward with the eagerness of a hungry man.

It must be said at once that the Lockes' dinner was not a success. Althea made a most charming hostess, the service was faultless, and course after course testified to the fact that the hotel *chef* was a treasure. The blame lay entirely on the broad shoulders of Otis J. Locke, Esq., and his style of making conversation.

'Say, Mr Niloff,' he remarked across the table, 'these Cossacks of yours seem to be playing the very mischief in Warsaw.'

The Russian merchant addressed looked exquisitely unhappy. 'Pardon,' he said politely, 'I have heard of no disturbances in that city.'

Mr Locke looked at the Russian in surprise. He himself on that spring day of 1905 had received a letter from a sure hand painting a fearful scene of massacre and disorder in the streets of Warsaw. Supposing that he had the first information, Mr Locke launched into an animated description of the frightful events which had taken place in that city. His animation appeared to awaken no responsive feeling in the breasts of his Russian hearers. They listened in a polite and stony silence, and Niloff gently shook his head.

'I fear you have been misinformed,' he murmured. 'I have advices every day from Warsaw, where there is a large branch of my business, and the letters from my correspondents assure me that the city is perfectly tranquil.'

'Oh yes, perfectly quiet,' said Essen, another diner, who spoke with a strong German accent; 'it could not be otherwise. It would be against the wish of the Emperor that disturbances should break out.'

At this moment Pavloff struck in with another subject of conversation. It was of no particular interest, and had the air of being dragged forward by the ears; but the other Russian seized upon it and showed such lively interest in it that the topic of Warsaw and her troubles was crushed perforce. From this point conversation was made feverishly on the weather, on the theatres, on a new line of steamers running to a pleasure-resort along the coast, on anything and everything save on the fear-

ful troubles of the hour, on the events which were tearing the vitals of Holy Russia.

When the dinner was over the guests showed an extraordinary alacrity in remembering other engagements, and slipped away until Lance and Pavloff were left alone with their host and hostess. They had left the arbour and taken seats around a small table set on the turf. The glorious moon of South Russia was swinging up over the trees and filling the gardens with a splendour of silver light.

'Say, Pavloff,' remarked Mr Locke, taking his cigar from his mouth, 'it seemed queer that Niloff knew nothing of the troubles in Warsaw. Did you believe his denial of it?'

'Oh no,' murmured the Russian, glancing round. 'He knew perfectly well all about it. We all know. It is a horrible and unhappy business. But he would never confess to his knowledge in public. How was he to know that the man pouring wine at his elbow was not a *tschinornik*, a police spy?'

'Ah, I never thought of that,' said Mr Locke penitently. 'This country beats the band. I suppose if he spoke his mind about the massacre he might expect to see trouble.'

'The police would at once ruin him,' replied Pavloff simply. 'They would close his house of business, seize all his books and papers, and he would be a lucky fellow if he got off at that.'

'Are there many of these police spies about, Mr Pavloff?' asked Althea.

'Hundreds of them, Miss Locke,' replied the Russian. 'They especially abound among the waiters at hotels and restaurants, where they are most likely to overhear private conversation.'

At this moment the stout old Countess, the acquaintance of Mr Locke, passed their table, still puffing at her eternal cigarette. She stayed for a moment to exchange greetings, and it appeared that she was an acquaintance of Pavloff's too.

'Ah, Prince,' she cried in French, tapping his arm with her fan, 'when will you give up these foolish schemes of yours, this useless work among men who are incapable of understanding your Quixotic kindness, and return to live among us in Little Russia?'

'When I have proved them incapable, Countess,' replied Pavloff, with his slow, pleasant smile which showed a flash of white teeth under his great yellow moustache.

'You are mad, *mon Prince*,' she replied; 'they are beasts, and lower than beasts. They will repay your kindness by evil. Trust me, I know them.'

'And I am trying to know them too,' laughed Pavloff. 'When I have finished my studies we will compare impressions.'

'Bah! you are a foolish incorrigible,' said the Countess, and went her way.

Mr Locke took his cigar from his mouth and blew a long, thin column of smoke towards the glittering stars.

'Say, Pavloff,' he murmured, 'I didn't know you were a prince.'

The Russian threw back his huge blonde head

and laughed the laugh of a frank, jolly boy. 'I have never used the title,' he said; 'it came to me two years ago on the death of my cousin, together with the family money. I was very glad of the money, and set up my factory with it, and gathered my band of workers; but for the name I have no use at all.'

'Got any more titles up your sleeve?' pursued Mr Locke, on a note of deep relish. 'Any chance of being a king some day?'

'No,' chuckled Pavloff, taking him in the same vein. 'Our family fortunes do not range beyond a principedom.'

'Sounds gay, anyway,' said the American gentleman. 'Prince Serge Pavloff.' His tone of dry amusement greatly pleased Pavloff, who laughed again, and looked round at the others to share his entertainment.

'Oh,' said Pavloff, 'I have no romantic story to tell of why I dropped the title. It is simple enough. I had to think of my workers. They are so ignorant, and therefore so suspicious, that one must be very wary in dealing with them. I find it a tremendous piece of work to win a little, a very little, of their confidence by going among them as plain Serge Pavloff. If I went as Prince Serge it would be hopeless. They would go down before me to kiss the ground, and that is just what I do not want. I wish them to receive me as a brother among brothers.' He dropped his voice and glanced round cautiously. 'That is the only way in which we shall do service for our dear mother Russia.'

There was silence for a moment as the simple, earnest voice stopped speaking. Then Mr Locke took his cigar once more out of his mouth.

'Well, Pavloff,' he said, 'after all, it seems to me I can chew all the romance I want to out of that.'

Again the Russian laughed, but no one joined him. Certainly not Lance. The latter sat a little behind the others, and Althea's face was in full view of him. The girl's eyes were large and bright with unshed tears. The pathos of the situation had touched her deeply. The dropping of the voice, the cautious glance round lest he should be overheard by any but trusted friends, he whose only hopes were to raise the poor and down-trodden—these things went to the heart of the daughter of

a free people, and she looked upon Pavloff with shining eyes. Lance Colquhoun, too, was touched. His was no mean or ignoble jealousy. He admired Serge Pavloff at the moment that he feared him terribly as a rival. All that happened seemed to set the Prince, as they now knew him to be, in a stronger and stronger position as a candidate for the favour of a true-hearted and noble-minded girl.

The Russian now swiftly turned the conversation aside to light and impersonal matters, and the others followed his lead. Althea glanced uneasily at all who passed, at a clump of laurels a short distance away. It seemed horrible to her, this utter want of personal freedom in speech and thought. The waiter who deftly brushed by the little party, the diner in evening-dress who strolled carelessly along with his cigarette, either of these might be a police agent, and the bushes might hold a spy.

Mr Locke finished his cigar and tossed the stump into the tray; the two young men got up to go, and made their farewells together. In a few moments father and daughter were left alone in the garden.

'A pair of fine fellows,' murmured Mr Locke. 'It's hard to say which is the better-looking.'

'The Prince is the bigger,' said Althea.

'That's true,' agreed her father. 'And the Prince, eh? Just fancy the thing slipping out like that. I'd no idea that he came of a big family. I thought he was one of those Intellectuals filled with Young Russia ideas of working for the people.'

'He is an extraordinary man,' said Althea, 'to have thrown himself into the work he has undertaken.'

'He is,' said Mr Locke. 'I've met two or three Russian princes, and their chief idea seemed to be to make themselves comfortable in Paris on the money wrung out of the peasants on their estates. Pavloff doesn't seem built that way.'

'I never met a man of nobler ideas,' declared Althea.

Her father nodded in silence. A thought struck across his mind and gave him a little shiver. He did not wish to leave his daughter behind in Russia, even if she became the wife of a Prince whose mind was broad and filled with noble ideas.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE 'AULD LANG SYNE' SKETCHING CLUB, 1865-67.

By MARTIN HARDIE.



THE various sketching clubs that have had their existence among the artistic circles of London have played no unimportant part in the history of art movements. For the most part their membership has been limited to some particular coterie of artists. At the meetings the ties of friendship have been knitted more

closely, and the common influences that first brought the members together have found an opportunity to act and react with unceasing stimulus. Something of the social spirit that prompts the meeting becomes visible in the work produced, and in many of these clubs you see the gradual growth and formation of a school. In their history also there is displayed a warmth of human interest that fails



to appear in exhibition catalogues, in dictionaries of artists, or in official biographies. It is your privilege to obtain, as it were, a glimpse behind the scenes. You see the actors at their ease; wig and patches, and the stage declamation by which the public knows them, are laid aside; they become human beings, happy amid quips and cranks, jests and jollity.

Not long ago\* I published some information as to a sketching club consisting of Scottish artists working in London during the early seventies. Its members had nearly all been students together at the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh under Scott Lauder. Among them were Orchardson, Pettie, MacWhirter, Peter Graham, Frank Holl, Macbeth, C. E. Johnson, and Colin Hunter. It was in the days when the lordly studios of St John's Wood and Fitzjohn's Avenue, with their tapestries and armour, and curios rich and rare, were undreamt-of castles in Spain; but the meetings helped to mould the men, and the sketches that were made often contained the first idea for pictures that have since become famous.

There has now come into my possession a minute-book of the Auld Lang Syne Sketching Club. Again the club consists of Scottish artists settled in London, working with the *perferendum ingenium Scotorum* to set the Thames on fire; and it is the more interesting because it takes us some ten years farther back and gives the story of an earlier generation. The minute-book is a leather-bound, dumpy little volume, and the dealer who brought it confessed frankly enough that it had cost him the ridiculous sum of one penny at a bookstall in the north of London. He departed in happiness, having made many hundreds per cent. profit, while the purchaser could still pride himself on a bargain. A note on the fly-leaf by John Ballantyne, President and Secretary, gives in outline the early history of the club:

'Four members of the "Smashers" Sketching Club (instituted in Edinburgh, April 1848) having become residents in London, it seemed good unto them to reconstitute the club in the new locality, and under a new title—namely, as the Auld Lang Syne Sketching Club. To this end a preliminary meeting was held at Mr Erskine Nicol's on Saturday, November 21st, 1863, the Smashers present being John Faed, Thomas Faed, James Archer, and John Ballantyne. Erskine Nicol and John Stirling were elected members. The club at that date, therefore, consisted of the above-named resident members, and of William Douglas and William Crawford, non-resident. Ballantyne was elected President, Secretary, and Trustee; Archer, Poet-Laureate. Visitors might be invited to the supper by members. The club was to meet every alternate Friday at eight o'clock P.M.'

The meetings appear later to have become weekly, and a new and energetic member was elected in

the person of Andrew Maclure, a landscape painter. The complete list is therefore as follows; and where dates of birth and death are uncertain, the first and last years of exhibition are appended:

Archer, James, R.S.A., 1822-1904. Exhibited at R.A., 1850-93. Came to London, 1862.

Ballantyne, John, R.S.A., 1815-97. Came to London, 1864.

Douglas, Sir William Fettes, P.R.S.A., 1822-91. First exhibited in London, 1862.

Faed, John, R.S.A., 1820-1902. Came to London, 1862.

Faed, Thomas, R.A., 1826-1900. Came to London, 1852.

Maclure, Andrew. Exhibited 1857-81.

Nicol, Erskine, R.S.A., A.R.A., 1825-1904. Came to London, 1862.

Stirling, John. Exhibited at R.A., 1855-71.

The last survivors of the original group of members were Erskine Nicol and James Archer, both of whom passed away at a ripe age during 1904; but among the guests one notes the names of some living artists of distinction—among them Mr Orchardson and Mr Peter Graham. It will be noted that most of the members of the Auld Lang Syne Club came to London in 1862. Thomas Faed was one of the first artists of the modern Scottish school to migrate to the south; and the departure of Orchardson and Pettie in 1860 marked the beginning of a regular exodus.

The book now before us contains records of the thirty-second to the ninety-second meetings of the club, dating from 5th May 1865 to November 1867. Reference, however, is made to 'the old minute-book,' which presumably contains the account of the first thirty-one meetings in London. Perhaps it still rests somewhere in the 'muniment-chest' provided for out of the club funds by decree of April 13, 1866. The genial character of the meetings and the manner of work done may be gathered from the following extracts from the minutes, which may now be left to speak for themselves:

'2nd June 1865.—The club met at Maclure's, 14 Ladbroke Square—present: John Ballantyne, T. Faed, John Faed, Nicol (Newlands and Monville, visitors)—upon which occasion great efforts were made to exhibit skill in tracing blindfold the peaceful outlines of the Porcine Contour, in which the non-professionals excelled those who get their living by so doing. The night was harmonious notwithstanding, if not brilliant. AND. MACLURE.'

'Jan. 9th, 1865.—Club met at Sussex Villas. Strangers present—Mr Macnee and Mr Graham. The night was a most brilliant one, thanks to all, but especially to Macnee.† It seemed like old times to have Douglas among us. "Time hath not tamed the Douglas blood." Absent—our President and Stirling. THOMAS FAED.'

† Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A. (1806-82). It was on his death in 1882 that Sir W. Fettes Douglas was elected President of the Scottish Academy.

\* See *The Artist*, January 1902.

'Friday, 30th June 1865.—The club met at Maclure's, at Ladbroke Square, and the following members were present—viz. T. Faed, John Faed, Nicol, Stirling, Douglas, and self. The visitors were Macnee, Fraser, Peter Graham, and Orr. The night was tolerably uproarious. Macnee told good stories, and Peter sang divinely as usual, while the Orator distinguished himself in the usual happy manner, and the night ended peacefully, and no blood was drawn.

AND. MACLURE.'

'Friday, July 7th, 1865.—Owing to the absence from London of the present writer, he has been deprived for some time of the pleasure of receiving the club at his rooms. It was, therefore, with unusual satisfaction that he found himself on this occasion in the midst of an uncommonly full meeting, and that he had an opportunity again of experiencing in the society of his honoured and beloved friends, at home, a felicity not always to be found in the cities of the foreigner. All the members were present, with the exception of the non-resident W. Crawford. To T. Faed the club was indebted for the presence as a guest of Mr Brodie, the distinguished professor of sculpture in the north. While there is much on which the club may congratulate itself, there is nevertheless to be regretted a certain falling off in industry during the sketching sederunt. However, on the appearance of the whisky the members woke up, and, as the philosophers say, became adequate to themselves and the occasion. The intellectual jollity characteristic of the club never flagged, and the exuberant genius of several members delighted to expend itself during the evening in various displays of oratory and vocalism.

JOHN STIRLING.'

'Friday, 5th Jan'y. 1866.—The club met at 21 Phillimore Gardens (members absent—John Faed, Erskine Nicol), the first time it had met with me for above a year. I can't exactly tell why; but so it was, and despite that untoward sign, the good fortune with which I had hitherto been blessed in generally having a very pleasant meeting at my house returned at my beck "mair by gude luck than gude guiding." There was a generous and continuous flow of talk and toasting, with lovely break and link of a song from Maclure. There was the creation of a new post in the election of W. Douglas to the censorship. There was the wish expressed in an eloquent speech by the Orator to lay down his office in favour of one who, he said, could grace the dignified position better, but which too humble wish was met resolutely by the club with a dignified refusal to accede to his proposal, and with universal acclaim he was told he must still continue to hold office with all emoluments pertaining thereto, which honour he acknowledged in a speech proving his title. There was the drinking of the hostess's health, which touched her so much that she took the word out of her husband's mouth and replied for herself. There was a general feeling of heartiness and good-fellowship, which

culminated in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," with linked hands, and there was a feeling of regret on the part of the host that we had to part at all.

J. ARCHER.'

'Friday, 26th Jan'y. 1866.—Club met at Sussex Villa. Subject given—"O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide." Sketches very good. A pleasant evening, and parted at the usual time.

THOMAS FAED.'

'Feb'y. 2nd, 1866.—The club met at St John's Wood Park; the subject—"Saw ye my wee thing?" We had much laughing, and a late sederunt.

JOHN FAED.'

'Friday, 9th Feb. 1866.—The club met at Langham Chambers. Subject given—a spasmodic one from Tennyson's *Maud*—the quarrel-scene in the garden. With stiff arguments, songs, and speeches, the evening passed off harmoniously.

JOHN STIRLING.'

'23 February 1866.—The club met at my temporary residence in London, No. 2 Tor Villas, Campden Hill; and, with the exception of Maclure, all the members were present. It is now many years since the club met at my house, and the members were then denizens in a fairer scene. Now we have all been sucked into this cesspool of humanity—London, and it speaks well for the mental healthiness of the members that so little are they deteriorated by their Babylonish surroundings that I scarcely felt the change in the scene or the weight of the years which have pressed on and passed us.

'One change I did remark was that all seemed to have a sneaking tendency to Barnacle bearing; but this I attribute less to any deterioration in the eyes of the men than to the miserable deficiency in luminosity in the foul-smelling, dim-burning, inflammable stuff the Cockneys call gas, so unlike the gas we were all accustomed to in Edinburgh, and which I may truly call the light of other days.

'Another change in the feelings and practice of the club is the craving for office, which makes it, like the Irish Army, composed of Generals, Colonels, and Corporals, but not a single private. The duties of their various offices seem comprisable in three letters—N. I. L.—and they are most conscientiously performed. The Historian never rises above the level of the dreariest monkish chronicle. The Philosopher never even reaches the dignity of the low sublime of sophistry. The Poet—but the less said about him the better. His Pegasus is a low-backed Irish car, and he never mounts it; but mum is the word, and give place to the Censor, who alone has shown his fitness for office by writing these few, imperfect, but truth-beaming remarks, and subscribes himself as of old,

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.'

'March 2nd.—The club met this evening in the Mall—all the members present, but no guests. The character of the meeting was decidedly conversational. There was only one speech and only one song. They both were good, and one was beautiful. The tone of the conversation was naturally artistic,

and many interesting and instructive facts were elucidated in its course. Many incidents respecting the career of J. Linnell were mentioned, and much critical acumen displayed in discussing the merits of his works. The Censor of the club sensibly incensed the sensoriums of the members by some censorious sentences seriously and insensately censuring that centre of sense and centralisation, London; and had it not been for some sensible and sensuous sayings of the Orator the members would have slid into senile insensibility.

'JOHN BALLANTYNE.'

'March 9th, Sussex Villas.—Club met here. Subject "Retribution." Sketches admirable. Stranger—Peter Graham. The Ladies graced us with their presence, and with such company who would marvel (except Douglas) at the success of our evening? Success is enough to express the quintessence of gratification, so I need say no more, but subscribe myself

THOMAS FAED.'

'Tor Villas, Campden Hill, 6 April 1866.—The Secretary was desired to produce at the next meeting the old chronicles of the club, to gratify the curiosity of new members, and to recall to the old some details of their eighteen years of Friday night enjoyment.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.'

'13th April 1866.—The meeting was a full one, embracing all the members save John Faed, who for good and sufficient reason could not attend. The chronicles of the club were produced for the satisfaction of Crawford, and it was resolved that the President should be empowered to spend from out of the funds of the club in his possession a sum for a muniment-chest for their better keeping. The least said about the industry of the members on this occasion will be the soonest mended.

'ANDREW MACLURE.'

'Friday, November 2nd.—The first meeting of the third season of the club was held in the Mall this evening. All the members were present with the exception of John Faed, who is still absent from London. The subject given was "A Meeting," and the sketches were a good set, looking as if the members meant work this session. After supper the Poet-Laureate Archer read an admirable paper in the shape of an old Ballad travestied. It was full of point and delicate touches of humour, and the Secretary will have much pleasure in placing it in the club casket when such an article is *in rerum natura*.

JOHN BALLANTYNE.'

'Friday, Nov. 9th, 1866.—Club met at Sussex Villas. Members present—Ballantyne, Douglas, Nicol, Archer, MacLure, Stirling, and T. Faed. Subject—"Desolation." Sketches admirable. The Ladies joined us at supper, when mirth, if not fast and furious, so shortened the hours that "the wee short hours ayont the twal" came all too soon. Music as usual had its full share in the success of the evening, not the less from the introduction

of a brass band, conducted by the hands and lips of MacLure and Mrs Faed.

THOMAS FAED.'

'Friday, 22nd Nov. 1866.—The club met at 1 Langham Chambers, for the first time, instead of as formerly at No. 5. A thin meeting, comprising, however, the illustrious names of T. Faed, Nicol, and Douglas. The subject given was "Fire." No one, however, attempted the proposed theme. T. Faed illustrating the antagonistic element, water; but his sketch formed perhaps a not unpleasant contrast to the evening's work, which was of a more feeble and desultory nature than usual.

'After tripe and onions, the conversation assumed a philosophical character. The Darwinian Theory of Development was discussed with much excellent display of *a priori* argument, though with a less abundant supply of facts.

JOHN STIRLING.'

'Friday, 30th November 1866.—The club met at 14 Ladbroke Square, upon which occasion we had the pleasure of two of "the Ladies'" presence. The members present were Stirling, T. Faed, Archer, Nicol, Douglas, and the President. The subject was "Expectancy," but "Despondency" would have been better expressed, as the feeling that Douglas was to leave our brotherly association caused feelings of sadness.

AND. MACLURE.'

'2 Tor Villas, Campden Hill, 7 December 1866.—This was the last time the members of the club would meet in my house here. The subject given out was "Return," and the sketches were kindly presented to me by the members to serve as a remembrance in my scrap-book of my stay in the great Metropolis. Tom Faed had the further kindness to produce and read some lines of poetical regret on my disappearance from the London boards and my return to the pleasantness o' Auld Reekie.

W. DOUGLAS.'

'Friday, 21 Dec. 1866.—The club met on this evening at 21 Phillimore Gardens. The subject of the sketch was "A Situation." Two members absent on account of illness, Mr John Faed and Mr MacLure. As it was the last meeting of the club that Mr Douglas was to be present at (he going to Scotland next week), the host took the liberty of asking more than the allowed number of guests; but as they all belonged to the body of Scottish Artists in London (with one exception), he trusted that the appropriateness of their presence would cover his transgression. They were Mr Houston, R.S.A., Mr Pettie, A.R.A., Mr Orchardson, Mr Peter Graham, and Mr J. D. Watson. The usual toasts were proposed and drunk, and the non-presence of the absent members deplored. Mr Douglas' sad fate was bewailed, and a dirge sung on the occasion by the ladies. The host should mention that Mr Thos. Faed, in his enthusiasm for the club, having been ill all day, rose out of bed to be present! The meeting, he thinks, was successful, and separated at the usual hour.

JAMES ARCHER.'

'Jany. 18th, 1867.—Met this evening at 38 St



John's Wood Park, and considering the inclemency of the weather and the especial bitterness of this night, the members turned out well, the only one absent among those in town being Mr Maclure. The subject for illustration was "The Laird o' Cockpen." The meeting broke up at a reasonably early hour.

JOHN FAED.'

'Friday, Feb. 1st, 1867.—The club met at 1 Langham Chambers, the brothers Faed and Nicol being the only faithful found among the members. "General January" had done some execution on the club, and several members were invalidated or missing. In order to stir up the imaginations of the forlorn hope, the subject given was a "Bacchanalian Procession." But, alas! not the subject, not even the prospect of unlimited whisky neat as imported, could awaken the languid fancy of the sketchers on this unfortunate evening. The teetotalism of the age had done its work even on the club, and faithful History begs to be silent on the sketches. Though the club refused to tread "the vine-leaves with Bacchus," it took more kindly to the national liquor. Let it not be supposed that the evening was devoid of pleasure, as it was not of song, for the mild spirit of social enjoyment sat on the meeting with her brooding wings.

JOHN STIRLING.'

'Feb. 15.—The club met at 21 Phillimore Gardens; members present—Mr Thos. Faed, Mr Nicol, and Mr Stirling. The guest of the evening was Mr Orchardson. Although it was a small meeting the evening passed off very pleasantly, the salient point of it being a discussion on the shape and powers of the boomerang, each member drawing one on pasteboard, cutting it out, and sending it flying about the room with the firm conviction that his own idea of it was the only true one, even although it did not fly quite so well as his neighbour's. The subject of the sketch was "A Surprise," which nobody did.

J. ARCHER.'

'Feb. 22nd, 1867.—Club met at Sussex Villa, all members that reside in London present except John Faed. Subject given, "Watch." Our supper was enlivened by Messrs Maclure, Peter Graham, and Orchardson. The evening passed pleasantly mid song, smoke, toddy, &c. Note, Nicol was present.

THOMAS FAED.'

'November 1867.—The opening meeting of the session assembled at 9 Gordon Place this evening. The members present were T. Faed, Douglas, Archer, E. Nicol, Maclure, and Ballantyne. The sketching progressed with vigour. At supper the presence of the Epitaphist of the club, Mrs T. Faed, was hailed with much pleasure by all the company. She produced an epitaph on the occasion, which, with her usual wit and subtlety of construction, she had so framed as to fit, like the regulation cap, all the heads of the members. It was accordingly adopted as the headpiece for the evening by all present. The presence also of one of the non-resident members, Douglas, was a subject of much congratulation,

and many wishes were expressed that he should remain in the buzzums of his friends throughout the session. The Orator in the course of the evening surpassed even himself in the eloquence of his perorations, and all the members did their best—which was not bad—to enliven one of the pleasantest meetings which ever drank Whisky Toddy round the Presidential board.

JOHN BALLANTYNE, *Pres.*'

'Whisky Toddy round the Presidential board'! It is the best possible ending for the last minute of a club of Scottish artists.

It should be added that the minute-book itself has now found a fitting shrine in the library of the Royal Scottish Academy, to which the late Mr James Archer, a few weeks before his death, presented some other records of a similar nature.

#### A JAPANESE SERENADE.

Across the rice-fields I have come, your minstrel-lover true,

Beneath your casement, love, to sing my nightly song to you.  
Look down, in flowered silken robe, unfurl your dainty fan.  
And greet my longing eyes to-night, sweet maid of fair Japan!

Ah, come, my lotus-lily! with your smile dispel the gloom,

Your cheeks are cherry-blossoms, and your lips a rose in bloom.

Ah, moon of my delight! shine forth, your lover's way to light,

And whisper that your heart is mine, as mine is yours to-night.

The plum-trees in my garden were in blossom as I came,

But, ah! sweet maid, your beauty puts their loveliness to shame;

Your robe is like the kaide-flowers that bloom in early May,

And deep your eyes as mountain-lakes I passed upon my way.

Ah, come, my lotus-lily! ere the breeze of morning blows;

Your cheeks are cherry-blossoms, and your lips are like the rose.

Ah, moon of my delight! shine forth, your lover's way to light,

And whisper that your heart is mine, as mine is yours to-night.

The nightingale is singing, but your gentle voice to me  
Is sweeter far than song of birds in woodland minstrelsy;  
Ah! look from out your casement now, with dainty, flowered fan,

And say you love me, ere I go, my maid of fair Japan!

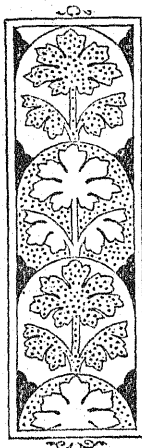
Ah, come, my lotus-lily! with your smile dispel the gloom,

Your cheeks are cherry-blossoms, and your lips a rose in bloom.

Ah, moon of my delight! shine forth, to cheer your lover's way,

Beloved! say your heart is mine, as mine is yours for aye.

MARY FARRAH.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### 'NORTHERN LIGHTS.'

**I**T seems an extraordinary thing that a little less than forty years ago there was still extant in out-of-the-way places in the north of England a class of clergymen who went by the name of 'Northern Lights.' In a parish where I served the first twenty years of my clerical life I came across some characteristic stories of a predecessor who was one of these worthies.

The village, which was nothing more than a hamlet, stood on the moor edges near the confines of Derbyshire, but it possessed a very remarkable church, spoilt and vandalised by the introduction of galleries and deal pews with doors in place of the old oak sittings which had been ruthlessly cast out. Beside the church was a public-house formerly known by the name of 'Heaven's Gate,' and here, no doubt, the rude forefathers of the hamlet drank and slept, for it was the custom of the farmers who came in from their distant homesteads to pass a week at a time drinking at the inn. The parish was nine miles one way and eleven miles the other, and the farms were scattered about from the bottom of the valley up to where the heather made its appearance on the hillsides.

The publican went by the name of Jerry. He was a dapper little man, who on Sundays and funeral-days always wore a wig, an old-fashioned tailed-coat, breeches, black stockings, and shoes with buckles. His custom was to direct the funerals and in his capacity as clerk to make responses in the service, and afterwards to provide the funeral-party with good cheer at his inn. His invitation was always given at the graveside in a high-pitched falsetto voice, and the formula ran in these words, and was never varied: 'Friends of the corpse is respectfully requested to call at my house and partake then and there of such refreshments as is provided for them.' The bracing air and long drive over the hills made this invitation always acceptable even under the most distressing circumstances, but unfortunately it led to a good deal of intemperance and disorder. An old song long preserved in the district depicts one of these funerals, which was by

no means a one-day affair, but sometimes lasted several days together, during which the drinking went on.

The reference made by the clerk Jerry to the 'corpse' seems to have been a common expression on such occasions, for I remember once taking a funeral on a very stormy day, when the undertaker came up to me with the weeper round his hat blowing at right angles, and the rain streaming down his face, to say that corpse's brother wished to speak to me before the service began. The inn was an absolute necessity in such an out-of-the-world place, but it was unfortunately a great temptation to the inhabitants and the clergyman, who should have set them a better example. Here on Sundays, for instance, the parson sat between morning and afternoon service with a long clay-pipe in his mouth and a glass of whisky by his side. When the bells began to settle and the time of service approached, he would send Jerry to the church to see if many people had arrived. When Jerry replied, 'There's not many comed yet, Mr Nowton,' the latter would say, 'Then tell them to ring another peal, Jerry, and just fill up my glass again.'

When I took the living I found the Communion plate was kept at the public-house, and the churchwardens gave me a miserable account of what took place when there was a Communion, which was only three times a year. Four bottles of port wine was the allowance on each occasion, and after a fractional quantity had been consumed in the church, the rest was finished by the churchwardens at the public-house. 'I can remember,' one of them said, 'old Mr — when he was churchwarden. He was a big man with a very red face, and in those days he was always present when we used to bait the bear at the top of the hill above the village. One day the bear escaped and ran on to the moor; everybody scattered away in all directions, and several dogs were killed before we managed to catch it. Mr — used to drink a great deal, and in the end it killed him. One Sunday when there was a heavy snowfall we had the Communion in church, and afterwards the churchwardens went to finish the wine at the inn.'

I saw Mr — when he came out, and I remember how red his face looked against the snow as he passed my window on his way to his farm. In a little while I saw a crowd of men coming down the street carrying somebody, and I went out to look, and saw they were bringing Mr — back to the inn; but he was dead, and his face was as white as the snow itself.

The successor of Jerry as clerk, but not as publican, was a rough, honest individual who was called Dick. When excited he had two oaths, 'By'r Lady!' and 'By the mass!' but as he always pronounced this last word *mess*, it was evident he did not understand the nature of the oath he used. He had a rough-and-ready way of doing things, and I have seen him, when handing out hymn-books during service, throw a book up to an applicant in the gallery to save the trouble of walking up the stairs in proper fashion. He talked the broadest Yorkshire dialect, and it was not always easy to understand him. This was particularly the case when, in his capacity as clerk, he repeated the responses at the funeral service.

We had a tremendous snowfall one winter, and the roads were all blocked. It was impossible for any one to go to church on the Sunday morning following the fall, as the snow had not been cleared away. It was necessary for me, however, to get there, as I had to read out the banns of marriage which were being published; so, putting on fishing-waders to protect myself from the wet snow, I succeeded with some difficulty in getting through the drifts. In the churchyard, standing before the church clock, I found Dick intently gazing at it, so I asked him if it was going. His reply was laconic: 'Noa; shoo's froz.' He and I then went into the church, and I read out in his presence the necessary publication of banns.

In those days it was necessary that the wedding service should be all over by twelve o'clock, and it was most important that due notice should be given of the date of the wedding, a matter about which Dick was sometimes rather careless. I had gone into Derbyshire for a few days to fish in the river Derwent, and one morning I left the inn where I was staying at an early hour and went a long distance up the stream. I was quietly wading my way, and throwing my fly over every likely bit of water I met with, when I heard my name called from the bank, and saw my servant running in my direction. I came out of the river and joined him, and found he had brought my trap to carry me back home, as a wedding was waiting about which Dick had forgotten to give me notice. We were ten miles at least from the church, and a rough road over the Derbyshire Peak range of hills was before us, with little over an hour to do the drive. I was encumbered with wet clothes, and the pony I drove was but small, and I felt the chance of getting home before twelve o'clock was a very remote one. However, we did the best we could; but by my watch it was certainly half-an-hour after the appointed time when we pulled up at the

church-gates. I glanced up at the clock in the tower, and, to my astonishment, I found the hands pointing to half-past eleven. The situation was saved, the service was concluded within the prescribed time, and I then turned to Dick for an explanation. 'I seed yer coming over the hill,' he said, 'and I just stopped the clock a bit.' This was his method of correcting the mistake he had made in not giving me due notice.

One of the difficulties I had was over the proper warming of the church in winter, for at an altitude of nine hundred feet above sea-level we often had very severe seasons. At a great expense the old, ineffective warming apparatus was taken out and a new one put in by a London firm. I think the cost of this work was nearly two hundred pounds; but we got a very elaborate stove which was worked with dampers to control the draught. Dick had been duly instructed by the work-people how to manage this delicate apparatus, and he seemed to get on with it all right. There was a chamber outside the church under the tower where the stoking went on, and this, as it proved, was a very fortunate circumstance, or more might have happened. One night when there was very little wind, Dick stoked up, and finding there was a poor draught, he pulled out all the dampers and so left it and went to bed. In the middle of the night a gale got up and blew very heavily, and the next morning, which was Sunday, I was summoned to go and see what had happened to the apparatus. It was an extraordinary sight which Dick showed me in the stoking-place. The wind had blown the furnace to a white-heat, melting the iron doors and sides of the stove and completely destroying it.

There was another character in the parish quite as peculiar as Dick, and he was one of the principal singers, who sat in the west gallery. He had formerly played the clarionet, before an organ was put into the church. During service he always kept a red cotton handkerchief over his bald head, which gave him a decidedly comic appearance. I was not present when the following incident occurred, but the organist was there and heard it all. The clergyman gave out a hymn in the old-fashioned way: 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the twenty-first hymn, second version.' Up jumped the old singer and shouted, 'You're wrang, maister; it's first version.' The clergyman corrected himself, when the singer again rose: 'You're wrang agearn; it's twenty-second hymn.' Without any remark the clergyman corrected the number, and the man again jumped up: 'That's reet, mon, that's reet.' When the old singer died his widow was very anxious there should be some record on his tombstone of his having played the clarionet in church; so above his name a trumpet-shaped instrument was carved on the stone, and some doggerel lines were to be added below. I had great difficulty in persuading the family to abandon the lines for the text, 'The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.'



It was always very difficult to get duty taken, as the parishes round lay far apart; but on one occasion the vicar of a neighbouring moorland parish undertook the services in my absence. He had formerly been curate in charge of my living, and was well known and respected by all the inhabitants. A very necessary reform had been going on in my church. We had taken out the galleries and unsightly pews, and a general restoration was in progress. As the new pulpit was not yet finished, the sermon had to be preached from the lectern. My neighbour was getting a very old man, and his sight was rapidly failing him from cataract. He loved to talk to the people whom he had known so well in former years, and Dick, who knew this, reminded him before the afternoon service that a funeral had to be taken at four o'clock. 'You must come into the church and tell me when it arrives,' he told the clerk, 'and I will stop my sermon.' It was the habit of my old friend to relapse into a strong Yorkshire dialect when speaking familiarly, and this will account for the brief dialogue which passed between him and Dick as he stood at the lectern. In due course the funeral arrived at the church-gates, and the first intimation the congregation inside the church had of this fact was the appearance of Dick, who noisily threw open the big doors of the south porch. He then stood and beckoned to the clergyman, but his poor blind eyes could not see so far. Dick then came nearer and waved his hat before him. This again met with no response. Then he got near enough to pluck him by the arm, which he did rather vigorously, shouting at the same time, 'Shoo's coomed.' 'Wha's coomed?' replied the clergyman, relapsing into his Yorkshire speech. 'Funeral's coomed,' retorted Dick. 'Then tell her to wait a bit while I finish my sermon,' and the old man went quietly on with his discourse.

Another instance of Dick failing to give me proper notice of a service was as follows; but on this occasion it was not really his fault. Some large reservoirs were being made in the parish, and we had nearly a thousand navvies employed on the works. These men were constantly coming and going, and very often they brought some infectious disorder which spread among the huts where they lived. One day a navvy arrived who broke out in smallpox of a very severe kind, and in a couple of days the man died, and the doctor ordered the body to be buried the moment a coffin could be got. It was winter-time, and I had ridden over to see some friends about ten miles away. As the afternoon advanced it began to rain very heavily, and I decided not to ride back home, but to sleep at my friend's house. About five o'clock a messenger arrived to say a funeral was waiting in the church, and I was to come at once. I started in drenching rain, which turned to sleet and snow as I approached the moor edges. It was pitch-dark when I got off my horse at the church-gates, and with some difficulty I found my way into the vestry and put a surplice over my wet garments. I could see nothing

in the church, but I asked when I got into the reading-desk if any one was there. A deep voice answered, 'Yes, sir; we are here;' and I began the service, which long practice had taught me to repeat by heart. When about half-way through the lesson I saw a glimmer of light, and Dick entered the church with a lantern, which he placed on the top of the coffin. It was a gruesome scene before me which the lantern brought into view. There was the coffin, and before it, in a seat, four figures of the navvy-bearers, and Dick himself covered with snow and as white as if he wore a surplice. We filed out into the churchyard, but the wind had blown the snow into the grave, and this had to be got out before we could lower the body into it. The navvies, who were kind-hearted fellows, explained that they could give no notice of the funeral beforehand, and they quite understood the delay was no fault of mine or Dick's.

The dread of smallpox spreading in the parish caused the vaccination officer to take some very decided action, and he went round the parish strongly urging people to be vaccinated. This was by no means an easy task, for they had very strong prejudices against it. Dick's grandson was now acting as clerk. He was quite a young man, and I used all my endeavours to persuade him to submit himself to the doctor's lancet. I pointed out how he and I might any day have a smallpox funeral, and the danger he would be in, but all to no purpose. One day I was passing down the village with my fishing-rod on my way to the river, when I came across a group of parishioners who were listening to the doctor's exhortations. The doctor begged me to join him in his efforts to persuade these stubborn people, and then he asked me to set an example by undergoing vaccination myself. I took off my coat in the street, and the doctor used his lancet, and by this means I secured one or two candidates.

In a few weeks after this we had a smallpox funeral from another parish, and the only persons who attended were the brother and sister of the dead man and the driver of the small funeral bus. I took the funeral straight to the grave to avoid infecting the church; but the difficulty was in lowering the body without help, as no one would come near. I had to hold the rope to steady the coffin while the mourner and the driver let it down into the grave. The unfortunate brother caught the complaint, and died a few days afterwards.

I was very sorry when death overtook my old clerk Dick. In spite of his faults he was an honest, kind-hearted man. He died in consequence of a fall from a ladder, which was entirely his own fault. A tree of some size grew in his garden, and one of the branches was rather in the way, so he placed a ladder against the bough and commenced sawing it close up to the tree. Naturally, as the bough fell the ladder went with it, and Dick lay insensible for many hours without any one finding him. He lingered on for a time, but gradually sank under the shock and his own old age. On his deathbed he

sent for his favourite grandson, who succeeded him as clerk, and made this pathetic request: 'Thou'lt dig my grave, Jout, lad.'

I found one of my churchwardens had very decided views about church collections. 'I count the heads,' he said, 'and put them down at a penny a head. As a rule they run about eight and fourpence to the hundred.' When we had the yearly school sermons there was always a large congregation, and the young people for the most part preferred sitting in the galleries. I am afraid this was for no good purpose, as, hidden away in the high pews, they were not always as orderly as they should have been. The collecting-boxes were made of wood, half-covered so that you could put in a coin without its being seen, and they were furnished with long handles. When the churchwarden had emptied the coins out on the vestry table after service and separated them with his hand, I was amused to see him gravely pick out the various peppermint-drops and other sweets one by one and transfer them to his mouth! He then proceeded to count the money.

A sad event occurred one day at a farmhouse in the neighbourhood. The farmer had lost his wife, and his house was managed by an elderly house-keeper, who one day went up to her room and cut her throat. She had been despondent for some time. The following replies were given to the coroner who held an inquest on the body. The farmer stated that he was not in the house at the time the woman took her life, but that his son was there. 'Where was your son in the house?' asked the coroner. 'He were in the kitchen,' was the answer. 'What was he doing there?' 'He were donning hissen on th' arstone.' 'What do you mean by donning?' 'He were lacing his buits.' 'When you went into the house did you go upstairs?' 'Yah; I went up to her room.' 'And what did you see there?' 'Sho were sprottling on t' floor.' 'Well, did you say anything to her?' 'Yah. I says, "Thou'lt made a pratty mess of theessen this time now, however." It was not callousness on the part

of the farmer which made him give this evidence, for he was greatly troubled at the sad event, but it was his way of describing what he knew of the circumstances.

One of the churchwardens had my orders to get an old sundial which stood over the church porch repainted and gilded. The motto below it was, '*Tempus fugit ut umbra*.' I never could ascertain whether it was a poor jest of the painter, who did his work in cold weather, or a genuine mistake on his part; but when I saw the dial after its completion I found the motto changed to '*Tempus frigit ut umbra*.' The badness of the Latin proved the man was no scholar.

A strange ignorance prevailed among some of the inhabitants regarding church ceremonies. I was asked one day to go a long distance over the moors to baptise a child. The mother was upstairs ill in bed, but a woman who was waiting on her brought the child into the sitting-room, and I christened it Mary Ann as requested. I had not gone many paces from the house when a girl came running after me to say that her mother had changed her mind, and she now wished me to alter the name to Amelia. Similar ignorance, only worse, was shown by a married couple who called on me, bringing two written agreements they had drawn up freeing each other from the ties of matrimony, and each giving the other permission to marry again. 'We thought,' they explained in answer to my refusal to have anything to do with the matter, 'that as you tied folks up at the church, you could untie them again if they were not satisfied.'

With Dick the last of the 'Northern Lights' flickered out. Nothing now remains in the village recalling those old times. The village inn has been suppressed, and the drinking-bouts are over. The old church has been entirely restored, and there is order and decency in the services. The strange thing is that it should have been possible that only forty years ago matters were in such a state of chaos and disorder and in such need of drastic reformation.

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER III.



So lovely a morning as ever came out of the heavens,' thought Betty, as, arrayed in her favourite gray tweed and stout little buckled shoes, she ran downstairs and out of the hall-door next day, closely pursued by Johnnie, a few minutes before the breakfast-hour.

The wind had quite fallen, and the air was soft and warm as new milk.

A thick layer of luminous white cloud lay over the whole of the sky, broken here and there by lines and patches of faint blue-green. A little pungent smell came from the broken boughs and leaves of

the old ash-trees which stood in a group on the lawn.

The sea-loch was perfectly still, only a long-drawn sigh from the heavy swell breaking the silence and causing the tangle to wave backwards and forwards in the surge. A bent old fisherman with a string of fish in his hand was coming up the approach, and in answer to Betty's kindly greeting and inquiry, explained that his catch would have been larger but for 'them crabs and dog-fish' that infested the point where he best loved to set his lines.

'And will ye no' be coming for a sail the day, Miss Elizabeth? And we will be trying the Cailleach

and Rhuunish,' said he. 'I'm thinking there will be a good chance the day, whatever.'

But Betty, suddenly remembering that she had not heard the breakfast-gong, and that it must be past the breakfast-hour, dismissed her aged admirer and rushed in.

Reynolds was hovering about the hall-door looking perturbed and put out, and on Betty's inquiry, told her that Mrs Fletcher had bidden him not to sound the gong, 'as it went through her 'ed,' and that Miss Fitzhugh would come in in a minute.

Betty, with her nose in the air, walked into the dining-room to find Mrs Fletcher seated at the head of the table, teapot in hand, with her head much on one side, smirking and smiling at the young lord and his friend, who were just entering the room by another door.

Jack rushed at his sister, introducing his friend; and Betty, stalking up to the breakfast-table, took the teapot from Mrs Fletcher's reluctant grasp, saying, 'Thank you, Mrs Fletcher; I will not trouble you,' and standing by until the widow was obliged to give up the seat she had so often tried to wriggle into—for this was by no means the first passage of the kind between the interloper and the daughter of the once great house.

Lady Fitzhugh never appeared on the scene before midday. A faint look of weary disgust settled on the girl's fair face, and Mr Erle's rather elaborate inanities and civilities met with little response, though she was too high-bred to be anything but courteous to the stranger under their roof.

Geoffrey Erle was rather a striking-looking man in his way: tall, well knit, and dark; bright beady eyes that were set closely together, and that nothing escaped; closely cropped black hair that still showed a wish to wave over the well-shaped head. The tell-tale mouth was hidden by a heavy black moustache; the chin and jaw were square—a gipsy, you would have said, the Oriental strain showing up in the vivid splash of colour given by his tie of scarlet and gold; well-cut clothes, too new; long, thin brown hands with many rings, a great ruby blazing on one finger; a little assertive air that you instinctively felt was assumed to conceal a want of ease and breeding. At times the restless eyes were downcast, and the whole man seemed to be pervaded by infinite depression and a wish to be unnoticed. Probably a pose adopted for the purpose of evoking interest and sympathy; but a deceiving pose, and the man was a dangerous man: clever, shifty, untrue, always on the watch, never losing sight of his own interests under any circumstances. A bird of prey, in fact.

He had made his way into a certain section of society, and was to be met with at many balls, luncheon-parties, race-meetings, and so on in the course of the London season. London is large, and there are many degrees. As young Fitzhugh had said, he was a magnificent shot and a fine rider,

and various country-houses opened their portals to him, so he managed to make out his time pretty agreeably, not being too thin-skinned for his own comfort. He sang, too, and was good-natured about it; and he had found it a most useful accomplishment. No one seemed to know much about him—strangely little, in fact; and he was the last person who should have been asked to remote and beautiful Dunseath, under existing circumstances, by heedless Jack.

Jack was enamoured of him, a very Admirable Crichton in his eyes; and Erle meant to work this vein for all it was worth, flattering and fooling the boy to the top of his bent. It was, 'I say, Fitz, give me your advice;' 'Don't you remember how you gave it to that chap, Fitz?' 'Not quite a match for Fitz,' says I,' and so on—the boy in ecstasies.

It was an irritation to Jack that Betty responded but faintly to his extravagant eulogies of his friend; and for the first time in his life he was a little cool towards his sister, who was too honest to join in the absurd praise of his hero, whom she wished anywhere but at Dunseath, absorbing her brother.

It was an exquisite autumn. The golden days chased each other with flying feet as week after week slipped by. The three younger people were much together. Lady Fitzhugh seldom stirred out of the house except to drive along the coast or wander round the lovely old garden; and Mrs Fletcher, who had by no means given up pretensions regarding the sterner sex, and who would fain have 'joined the dance,' had been obliged to retire from the field. Her well-curbed figure absolutely declined to face the stiff braes for the purpose of joining the shooters at lunch and walking a little with them afterwards.

The long outings in the fishing-boat, curtsying over the green, foam-crested waves, or gliding over the gray satiny swell, fishing and lifting lines; the evil-smelling bait; the scale-covered fish-baskets—all were anathema to her. The sun and sea-air always caught her across the nose, planting an unbecoming flush athwart her face; and the writhing, groaning conger-eels, cod, and huge skate in the bottom of the boat, flapping and squirming unpleasantly close to her high-heeled boots, made her shriek with terror. Betty, in rough blue flannel, the sun and wind kissing her fair cheek and blowing her hair about, felt, as she sat high up in the bows of the boat—her favourite perch—that life sometimes held compensations. Old Angus smiled in his beard. Mrs Fletcher was not generally beloved. Another of their diversions, the drawing in of what was called locally the 'scringe-net,' by the light of the moon, had no charm for her either.

The hush and glory of the wonderful white night, the myriad stars, the golden track across the sea, the sight of the silver masses of sea-trout flapping out their lives on the shining sand, the



black shadows, the ivory light, were a poor exchange in her eyes for her comfortable bed, French novel, and cigarette, and the sparkling drink at her elbow.

She made an effort through Lady Fitzhugh to detach Betty from the constant companionship of the two young men. Not that she cared for Betty, or for possible dangers to her happiness and future arising from her unrestrained intercourse with a man like Erle; but because the grapes were sour, and she was filled with venom and envy of the girl's youth, beauty, and charm.

Lady Fitzhugh, however, who was nothing if not contradictory, and who occasionally took a malicious pleasure in snubbing and thwarting Mrs Fletcher, whom in her heart of hearts she despised, would not hear of such 'nonsense,' as she termed the

companion's remonstrances and acid remarks on the doings of the trio.

'The children like being together,' she said, 'and have always spent their holidays together, and I am glad that it should be so; also, it bores me horribly having a girl coming in and out all day, fidgeting, or stitching and knitting, and reading in corners. As for Mr Erle, he is Jack's friend for the moment; and though he is clearly an outsider, I am told he goes to a good many houses, and he must know his place by this time, I should say,' she added rather pointedly.

The worm turned, with a murmured, 'Such very strange pursuits for a girl,' and the discussion closed; for more she dared not say, the limits to Lady Fitzhugh's temper being strictly defined.

(To be continued.)

## AN IDEAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY. THRIFT AMONGST THE WORKING-CLASSES.

**T**HERE is an old Scottish proverb which says, 'Frae saving comes having,' and it is sometimes applied in praise of the principles upon which the great friendly societies of this country are founded. These friendly societies have undoubtedly been great incentives to thrift amongst the working-classes, and without their aid in times of sickness thousands of families would have been reduced to the verge of pauperism, if indeed the workhouse had not been the only refuge left them; for when the husband and father is laid aside the household income stops, and poverty, which often is not far from the door in the best of times, crosses the threshold unless by forethought means have been taken to insure the sick man and his family against want. Still, can we truly apply the old proverb to these friendly societies? Does their method of 'saving' lead to 'having'? Indeed, is the word 'saving' rightly applied to them at all?

Perhaps these seem presumptuous questions. The five leading friendly organisations number nearly three million members, the cream, so to speak, of the working-classes throughout the kingdom. Is it to be suggested that they and the managers of their societies do not understand what they are doing? Will it be said that by laying up for the rainy day which sooner or later comes to all of us they are not practising thrift on the best and soundest principles? The immense importance of this question is my excuse for offering a few facts and reasons upon which it may be well to ponder. I will try to state them very simply.

First, let us see at a glance to how many working-men the question is one of immediate personal interest. The following figures showing the membership and the accumulated funds of the principal friendly societies are taken from the official returns published in 1904:

	Membership.	Total Funds.
Oddfellows (M. U.).....	1,018,635	£12,098,473
Foresters.....	929,720	7,766,586
Hearts of Oak.....	277,461	2,956,789
Grand United Oddfellows.....	340,986	1,145,733
Rechabites.....	330,500	1,500,000
	<u>2,906,352</u>	<u>£25,467,581</u>

The average reader, and possibly the average member of any of these great friendly societies, might at first sight suppose that the accumulated funds stated in the foregoing table belong to the members who have helped to subscribe them. In one sense they do, but in another and a vitally important sense they do not. To whom they do belong I do not know. The only thing demonstrably certain is that no individual member of any of the friendly societies concerned has any personal claim upon them except in case of illness. The question, therefore, is whether the system under which these funds are subscribed and accumulated is a right system. Is the member who from month to month drops his contribution into that great money-box, which he has no power to open, doing what is best either for himself, for his family, or for society? Is he really thrifty? Or is his supposed thrift wasteful?

Before attempting to answer these questions, let me remark that I have no sort of animosity—which, indeed, would be quite unwarranted and absurd—against the friendly societies, which before I was born were doing and are continuing to do an incalculable service to the working-classes of this country. But for their help the problems of Poor Law administration would have been rendered more difficult and more insistent than they are. No; I admire as thoroughly as the leaders of these societies themselves the splendid record of relief-work which by combination and mutual trust they have been able to do. Nevertheless, the questions here asked clamour for answer. If the managers of these great

societies like the Oddfellows and the Foresters had to start afresh to-day, would they adopt their existing rules? Or, on the other hand, would they avail themselves of the actuarial and economic experience of the past fifty years? Carlyle said, 'Experience takes dreadful high school-wages, but he teaches like no other;' and of few things is the saying truer than of the financial basis of our leading friendly societies, beneficial as these societies have been and still are to their subscribing members.

My object here is not so much to criticise the method of the old organisations as to point to a better; and the better method is not quite a new one, though I doubt if many of my readers are familiar with it. It is known as the Holloway Benefit Society, which was founded in 1875 by the late Mr George Holloway at Stroud, Gloucestershire, and now has many thousands of members in the South-Midland Counties, and is spreading wherever its principles are made known. I have no personal interest in it except that of a wish to assist in pointing out its advantages in order to lead thrifty-minded men, especially young men, for their own benefit, to invest their savings in the soundest and most profitable way alike for themselves and their wives and families.

About thirty-five years ago the late Mr W. E. Forster, M.P. for Bradford, offered two prizes in a national essay competition, the essays to embody a plan for establishing a friendly society at once equitable and safe, and combining the ordinary advantages of a sick-club with the provision of pensions or annuities for its members in their old age. The adjudicators in that competition were the actuary of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, the actuary of the Foresters, and His Honour Judge Hughes, Q.C., the author of *Tom Brown's School-days*. All these gentlemen were experts on friendly society finance, and one was a lawyer. It is scarcely necessary to say that they were a sufficient guarantee of the soundness of any scheme approved by their award.

Mr George Holloway wrote an essay on the lines indicated, and succeeded in winning a prize, and he at once put his ideal into practice by establishing the society which bears his name. Here it may be interesting to say a word about Mr Holloway himself. He was in the truest sense of the words a self-educated, self-made man. He rose from a humble position in life to one of influence and usefulness in Stroud, where he became a great employer of labour. For some years he represented the Stroud division of Gloucestershire in Parliament. It was his personal acquaintance with the conditions and the actual daily life of the working-classes that set his mind upon the study of questions relating to thrift, and induced him, even before Mr Forster intervened, to think out a scheme for founding a friendly society that should comprehend all the benefits of an ordinary sick-pay and funeral allowance society with those of a savings-bank and

the provision of annuities for the members when they attain an age at which they no longer are able to work. Until his death a few years ago Mr Holloway continued to promote the spread of the society in the towns and villages of Gloucestershire and adjoining counties, and when he died the inhabitants of Stroud, without distinction of party or creed, united in erecting a noble statue to his memory.

The essential difference between the old society and the Holloway Society may be expressed in a sentence. In the old society the member's contributions are added to a general fund. In the Holloway Society each member's contributions are entered to his personal account, precisely as if he put his money into the Post-Office Savings-Bank. In the old society the member's contributions belong absolutely to the Order. In the Holloway Society they belong to the individual member himself.

A moment's reflection will show that that is a vital distinction. When once the member of the old society has paid his contribution into the general fund, he personally has no claim upon it except in time of sickness. On reaching sixty-five years of age his contributions cease. Whenever he dies, either before sixty-five or after, his widow or other relations receive ten pounds to pay for his funeral. And that is all. In the Holloway Society, although the member's contributions are paid into his separate account, he receives sick-pay in the same way as the Oddfellow, and on reaching sixty-five the whole of his accumulated capital, with compound interest, is paid over to him in a lump sum, or he can receive it in the form of an annuity. If he dies before sixty-five, his accumulated capital, with compound interest, is paid to his relatives. That, expressed in a general way, is the scheme which makes the Holloway Society unique amongst the friendly societies of this country.

It will more clearly bring the value of the Holloway principle before the reader's mind if I describe a very simple example. Let us suppose that two young men join the Oddfellows' Society when they are twenty years of age. I do not quote the Oddfellows' Society invidiously, but only because it is the largest friendly society in the world. To these young working-men or clerks or artisans the payment of a monthly subscription to a friendly society is an important consideration. All thrift and saving involves some self-denial, and membership of a friendly society imposes a severe form of self-denial because it is regular. These two young men join at twenty years of age. One of them remains a member, let us say, for fifteen years, and then dies. The other remains a member for forty years, and then he dies. All the time—the one for fifteen years and the other for forty—they pay their monthly contributions. Each of them receives sick-pay in case of illness. The man who was a member for forty years paid into the society for twenty-five years longer than the man who was a member for fifteen years, and yet at the end they

and their relatives were on precisely the same level. Is that fair? Is it the result of sound thrift? Does such 'saving' mean 'having'?

Take another aspect of the case. One of the two men who joined at twenty, we will say, continued paying his monthly subscriptions until he reached the age of sixty-five. What advantage does he reap from all these forty-five years of self-denial? True, there will be ten pounds to secure him a decent funeral when he dies, but there is not much consolation in that. For the man's relatives a measure of prospective relief is assured, but what of the man himself? There are more than a million men subscribing to the general fund of the Oddfellows' Society to-day. Is it for this occasional sick-pay and this paltry ten pounds at death that each of these men is to continue throughout his working life practising what is called thrift? The Grand Master of the Oddfellows or the Chief Ranger of the Foresters tells him magnificently once a year, throughout those forty-five years, that the society possesses a fund amounting to hundreds of thousands of pounds. So it does. The individual member has paid into that fund in the course of the forty-five years nearly six hundred monthly contributions. But no part of that fund belongs to him. Has he received, or can he receive, any equivalent for his money? Does he ever calculate how much his forty or fifty years' contributions amount to, and ask himself whether he gets, or can get, an adequate return for his 'savings'?

But he has not 'saved' his money. He has paid it away. He may be a healthy man all his life and never require to 'come on the club.' In that case the whole of his so-called investment or insurance fund yields him nothing. So far as he is personally concerned it does not matter in the least how or whether the ten pounds is spent upon his funeral.

The really serious question, then, for any young man who is thinking of joining a friendly society is whether the many years of thrift, to practise which he undertakes when he pays his first subscription, is to be managed upon a sound and profitable, or an old-fashioned, unsound, and wasteful system.

Now, let us see exactly what happens in the Holloway Society. At first sight it seems absurd to say that the member receives sick-pay as he requires it throughout the years of his membership, and on reaching sixty-five gets all his money back again with compound interest. No matter how absurd, or how impossible it seems, it is the fact. Members are admitted into the society from fourteen to sixty years of age as share-members. Up to thirty years of age a one-share member pays a penny a day; that is, two shillings and fourpence per lunar month. From the age of thirty years onwards he pays an extra halfpenny per month for each year beyond thirty. That is to say, between thirty and thirty-one he pays two shillings and fourpence halfpenny per month; from thirty-one to thirty-two he pays two shillings and fivepence; from

thirty-two to thirty-three, two shillings and fivepence halfpenny; and so on, increasing one halfpenny per month for every year up to sixty-five.

The reason for the payment of these extra halfpennies is very simple, but very important; and it is because the old friendly societies take no account of it that their basis is unsound, and, as is notoriously the fact—admitted many times by their actuaries and Grand Masters—that a large proportion of their lodges are not in a position to meet their liabilities.

The simple fact is this: as a man advances in years his liability to sickness increases. Happy is the man who escapes that liability. But the average man does not escape it. The average man is ill on an increasingly greater number of days in every year beyond thirty. Mr David Williams, a well-known friendly society actuary, summarises the statistics on this important matter in his book on *Friendly Societies*, from which I quote one paragraph: 'If we refer to the Registrar of Friendly Societies' Tables (Table 1) we shall find that each member between the ages of eighteen and thirty-one experiences on an average a trifle less than one week's sickness during each year. At age forty—that is, between a man's fortieth and forty-first birthday—each member experiences on an average one week and three days' sickness. At age fifty this has increased to two weeks and one day, at age sixty to four weeks and two days, at age seventy to twelve weeks and two days.'

This increasing sickness of course means a gradually increasing drain upon the sick-fund on the part of the older members, and if no provision is made for meeting that liability on an equitable basis, it naturally follows that the result to the general body of members at any given time must be inequitable. The plea that friendly societies exist for the purpose of mutual help voices a noble and beautiful sentiment, and sentiment is a mighty factor in the world's progress. Life would be dreadfully prosaic without it. But in a matter of such supreme importance to working-men as the employment of their savings, sentiment ought to some extent to be governed by business-like considerations. On behalf of the old societies it is urged that the young members will in time become old, and will require the help of the young; they therefore, whilst young, should help the old. The old proverb says, 'God helps those who help themselves,' and the Holloway Society has adopted that as its motto, without, as I think, denying any of the claims of sentiment or losing sight of the value of co-operation; whilst it has at the same time assured constant stability for its fund, because the demands upon it can never be greater than it is able to bear. The slight extra payment per annum covers the liability to increasing sickness in the case of every individual member, and therefore places all the members, young and old, upon a footing of exact equality. This important principle is lacking in the old societies; hence all the financial and other trouble involved



in requiring the young members to provide for the old, and in the accumulation of a huge fund upon which individual members have no personal claim.

The penny per day which the one-share member pays amounts to one pound ten shillings and fourpence per annum. It is the experience of all friendly societies that up to thirty years of age the sum of about five shillings per annum suffices to meet the average cost of sickness per member and cover reasonable management expenses. It follows, therefore, that in the Holloway Society, after this *pro rata* deduction has been made, the one-share member at the end of his first year has about one pound five shillings remaining to his credit in the savings-bank department. Instead of being put into a big money-box, upon which he can make no claim, it is entered to his name in the society's books, and remains earning compound interest. So each year's liabilities are made up separately, and each succeeding year begins with a new slate. Every member knows from year to year how his individual account stands; and those who are not acquainted with the accumulative powers of compound interest would be astonished at the way in which thrifty saving multiplies itself.

It may possibly appear that the Holloway Society is an expensive society, but really the extra payment is very small, and the rules of the society provide for making it fall lightly. Besides, it must be remembered that every penny unexpended in sick-pay and management comes back to the member at the annual appropriation, and is added to his savings-bank account. The interest paid upon these savings in dozens of towns in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, and in Birmingham and its surrounding district, has never, I believe, fallen below 4 per cent.

The member who pays a penny a day is, as I have said, called a one-share member. In sickness he receives ten shillings a week for six months, and after that five shillings a week. He may subscribe for two shares, which would be twopence per day, in which case he would receive one pound per week in sickness; if he took three shares and paid threepence a day, he would receive thirty shillings a week. If he cannot afford one share (two shillings and fourpence per month) he can take half a share, and pay a halfpenny a day or one shilling and twopence per month, in which case he would insure five shillings a week sick-pay. The maximum number of shares any member can subscribe for is three, but below that he can increase or reduce his shares at any time according to his means. A statement of his share-account is furnished to the member at the end of each financial year, so that he can see precisely how he stands. He grows richer from year to year, and the tangible results of his thrift are ever before his eyes. In all the Holloway Societies the accumulated funds are invested upon mortgage of freehold property or in securities specified in the Friendly Societies Acts.

Recognising that the payment of the additional halfpennies per month after thirty years of age might in some cases impose upon a member a strain which sometimes he could not bear, Mr Holloway made provision in his rules for allowing the member's monthly contribution, from his fortieth birthday onwards, to remain at two shillings and ninepence (according to the table) and for taking the member's additional halfpennies from his interest account. In the Birmingham district a new system has been adopted under which, by paying a lump sum at joining, all the benefits of the monthly-contributing member may be assured. It is an improvement upon Mr Holloway's plan, and has secured the approval of very high actuarial authority. But it is somewhat complicated, and I will not destroy the simplicity of this article by explaining it in detail. It does not affect the fundamental principles of the society.

Another important provision in the Holloway scheme is that a member can at any time withdraw part of his accumulated fund, and still enjoy all the benefits of membership. It sometimes happens that ten pounds or twenty pounds is of the utmost importance to a man at a pinch, and many members have found this rule of the greatest assistance. If a member wishes to leave the society altogether, he can take out the whole of his accumulated capital with the exception of two years' appropriation. This forfeiture is a desirable precaution, because it is to the interest of the society and of the individual that the accumulated funds should remain as nearly as possible intact. But there is the provision in case of necessity.

In his work on *The Endowment of Old Age*, Mr Booth says that 'the certainty of the enjoyment of saving makes thrift attractive.' That is perfectly true. To the Oddfellow and the Forester such attraction is denied. The results of his thrift have been added to the general fund of the Order, upon which he as an individual has no claim. The member of the Holloway Society can watch the accumulation of his savings in the same way as a modern beekeeper can watch, through the glass roof of his hive, the thrifty accumulation by his stock of bees. In the district of Stroud alone the accumulated fund is approaching, if it has not already reached, a total of one hundred thousand pounds. Every one-share member who has been in the society for five years now has standing to his credit six pounds eighteen shillings and twopence; if for ten years, the amount is fifteen pounds eleven shillings and eightpence; if for fifteen years, twenty-seven pounds six shillings and a penny; if for twenty years, forty-three pounds eleven shillings and eightpence. So the individual accounts go on increasing. In forty years the member's capital must rise to one hundred and twenty pounds thirteen shillings and sevenpence, and in fifty years to two hundred and eight pounds one shilling and eightpence, which is actually a larger sum than he will have paid into the society in monthly contributions.

That sum of two hundred and eight pounds is worth all it looks to a working-man at sixty-five years of age, and if it be said that such a sum might not last as long as a man would want an annuity or old-age pension, the reply is: Well, perhaps not; but two hundred and eight pounds one shilling and eight-pence in the hand is worth more than any amount of State-aid in the clouds of a general discussion upon the question of how the State is going to provide it. I understand that considerably more than one thousand pounds has already been paid out in Stroud alone to members who have reached sixty-five years of age. The members of the old societies on reaching sixty-five do not receive a penny.

One other fact of considerable interest remains to be mentioned. Ten or twelve years ago it was resolved to establish the Holloway Society in Birmingham. It began in a very small way. The Right Hon. William Kenrick, one of the Members of Parliament for the city, was invited to become its first president. Mr Kenrick, being a shrewd

business man, had his 'doots.' He would not take it for granted, upon anybody's word, that the Holloway Society could do what its promoters said it had been doing for nearly twenty years. Before he would allow his name to be associated with it he insisted upon an investigation into its financial soundness by a firm of actuaries to be chosen by himself. The Birmingham trustees and secretary of the society agreed, and themselves engaged another firm of actuaries to make an independent analysis of the rules and contribution tables. Both firms of actuaries reported entirely in favour of the society, and Mr Kenrick without a moment's hesitation accepted the presidency, a position which he occupies to this day. Mr Kenrick is a brother-in-law of Mr Joseph Chamberlain. The society, in the great industrial district of which Birmingham is the centre, now has thousands of members, and there can be no doubt that the more its sound and equitable principles are understood the more widely it will be extended throughout the kingdom.

## ALTHEA'S LOVERS.

### CHAPTER II.

**T**WO weeks later, on a warm afternoon, Serge Pavloff called at the hotel where Lance was staying, and was shown to the young Scotsman's room. They met each other with perfect frankness and friendliness.

Each knew the other to be his rival for a prize which both deemed of incalculable worth; but they ran their race and fought their fight like men of honour and breeding. So far neither had gained the least notion of Althea's feelings towards him. She was not the kind of girl to wear her heart on her sleeve, and neither had spoken.

'What's wrong, Pavloff?' said Lance as they shook hands. 'You look worried.'

'My dear Colquhoun,' replied the Russian, with a sweep of his great arm, 'everything's wrong. When do your friends the Lockes leave Odessa?'

'In about a week,' replied Lance. 'So Mr Locke was telling me last night.'

'I wish they were safely away now,' said Pavloff.

'Do you expect trouble here?' cried Lance.

'I do,' returned the Russian—'the worst kind of trouble. The workmen have been greatly excited of late over the outbreaks and massacres in the northern cities, and now the revolutionists are busy here arranging a strike and preparing for a desperate conflict with the authorities.'

'Do the latter know anything about it?' asked Lance.

'Oh yes,' said Pavloff. 'Their action shows the seriousness of the affair. They are secretly pouring Cossacks and troops into the city. The soldiers arrive by night and are quartered in Government

buildings, and kept close, so that no one has any idea of the forces ready to be let loose on the insurgents if a rising should break out.'

'Will the people fight?' asked Colquhoun.

'Oh yes,' said Pavloff again. 'Those who have arms will fight; the rest will burn, loot, and destroy. If once they get out of hand there will be frightful doings. Suppose, Colquhoun, you were one of ten packed in a damp and filthy cellar for a home, working fourteen hours a day under slave-like conditions for a slice of black bread and a glass of *vodka*, as ignorant and more savage than the beasts of the field, what would you do when bidden to rise and seize that for which your soul lusted?'

Lance nodded. 'I have seen enough to be sure that your picture is far from overdrawn, Pavloff,' he replied. 'It makes one's blood boil to see the conditions under which the workers live in Russia. If they break out, they will exact a fearful vengeance.'

'No one can doubt it,' said the Russian. 'And I wish our friends were safely away. Well, we'll go down and look at my place.'

Pavloff had invited Colquhoun to look over his engineering works, and had now come to conduct him thither.

'On the way we'll take a turn through a working-class quarter,' said the Russian. 'You shall see some of the dens in which the workers of Odessa are packed together.'

In a few moments they left the noble avenue in which Colquhoun's hotel was situated, and began to tread byways.

'Are these workmen's houses?' asked Lance, looking with disfavour on the mean, dirty houses on either side of the narrow streets.

'No, no,' answered his companion; 'these are palaces compared with the hovels where the mass of the workers are housed.'

They turned the corner of a street, and the Russian pointed to the mouth of an alley before them—a tall, narrow slit between lofty buildings.

'We will plunge into that,' he said; 'there you will see what we seek. I hope you have a strong stomach. Within six steps of the street the stench is frightful, and becomes more overpowering as you advance.'

But they never entered the alley, nor was Lance called upon to undergo the ordeal Pavloff promised. For, of a sudden, the tiny opening began to vomit humanity. Out swarmed the dwellers in those horrible depths as if aroused by a sudden call. Out they streamed, men, women, and children. Nor had Lance ever seen so squalid and dreadful a crowd as that which now swept into sight like vermin pouring from a sewer—men with white, savage faces half-hidden in a tangle of filthy beard, their bodies scarce hidden by their miserable rags; women whose eyes glittered with ferocious rage caused by the famine which they and their children endured, their frowzy, unkempt hair falling about their shoulders; children stunted and half-starved. Out they rushed and streamed along the wide street, passing the two young men, who had paused in an archway. As the crowd rushed by, the men called to each other with low, fierce growls, a sound in its note of savage intensity far more terrible than any wild uproar.

'What is this?' said Pavloff, then answered his own question. 'It has come,' he said in a low voice; 'it has come.'

Lance stepped back a little. The crowd brought with it the pungent, sickening stench of the reeking hovels whence they had rushed, and for a moment he shrank from it. Then suddenly Pavloff leaped forward, seized a man by the shoulders, and dragged him aside.

'What does this mean, Dmitri?' he demanded.

The man, a gaunt, ragged fellow armed with a heavy bludgeon, looked up at his gigantic captor and recognised him. In turn he dragged Pavloff into the archway, as if fearful for his safety; but the main body of the crowd never glanced aside. All poured on towards the wide avenue the young men had lately left.

At a stroke the latter now heard of the extraordinary danger which menaced Odessa: of the *Kniaz Potemkin*, which had sailed into the harbour and now threatened the city with her mutinous guns, and of how strikers and revolutionists had at once joined hands for a blow at the hated authorities. Like an electric spark along a wire, the news had flashed through the slums of Odessa, and the forces of disorder and destruction had risen insurgent at the call.

'The strikers are marching on the factories still at work,' said Pavloff, turning to Lance. 'I must go on to my place as quickly as possible; but first, Colquhoun, I will show you the nearest way back to your hotel.'

'Not a bit of it,' replied Lance. 'Let me come with you. If I can be of the least service, pray command me. In any case, don't lose a second. Your presence may be most urgently needed.'

'This way, then,' cried the Russian; and off they hurried in a direction opposite to that which the crowd had taken. For twenty minutes they made their way swiftly across the city, only stopping once when Pavloff drew Lance aside as a *sotnia* of Cossacks galloped furiously along a wide avenue they were about to cross. They ran over, plunged into a side-street, and at once found they were nearing the heart of a serious disturbance. Shouting crowds swung to and fro, now barring their way, now opening and giving them free passage, and the farther they went the wilder became the rioters and the more violent the uproar.

As they passed a ruined building whose doors and windows were beaten in, Pavloff jerked a meaning thumb towards it. 'A spirit store,' he said briefly. It was deserted now, for all the *vodka* which had been stored there had been drunk or had run in waste down the kennel, and the place reeked with the vile odour of the maddening spirit.

This looked bad. What might not men do who were inflamed with wrong and drunken fury?

'My works are down here,' said Pavloff; and they turned a corner, and could hardly move a single step. They were wedged instantly in the outskirts of a vast crowd which filled the street from side to side. Pavloff forced his way fiercely through the throng, and Lance aided him.

Both were of great height and strength, and at first they drove their way through the crowd steadily. Then the mass of bodies thickened till they could move no longer, and at the same moment a pungent eddy of smoke whirled along the street, and the crowd set up a roar of savage joy. They were below a street lamp set on a stout rod of iron standing out at right angles from the wall. Pavloff stretched out his long arms, seized the rod, drew himself up, looked for a moment over the heads of the crowd, then dropped again with a groan of bitter sorrow.

'What is it?' cried Lance. 'What's wrong, Pavloff?' The face of the Prince had startled him, the great blue eyes blazing fiercely in a white mask.

With a gulp as of one choking something down, the Russian replied slowly, 'I have seen a dreadful sight. I have seen every hope I had in my life crumbling into dust. My works are on fire.'

'Can nothing be done?' cried Lance.

'Nothing,' said Pavloff; 'the place is burning like a furnace. There is an abundance of inflammable stuff about.'

A sudden swirl of the crowd threw up against them a tall, thin man with a long red beard. He



gave a loud, eager cry, and seizing the Prince by his coat, poured forth a flood of swift, purring Russian.

Pavloff listened, nodding from time to time; then he turned to Lance.

'This is my foreman Petrovsky,' he said. 'My fellows had not joined the strikers.' His sad face was brightened for an instant by a smile at the thought of that. 'But their steadiness only made matters worse. They were driven out of the works by force, and several casks of petroleum and spirit were burst open with hatchets, and a match applied. The result will be a heap of ashes, instead of a spot where five hundred worked in content and in hopes of better times.'

'This is cruelly hard, Pavloff,' said Lance. 'Believe me, I am deeply sorry for this bitter interruption of your work.'

'Thanks, Colquhoun, for your sympathy,' said the Russian, taking the hand which the young Scotsman extended. 'But it is more than an interruption. It is a full stop. I am done for.'

'What!' cried Lance; 'is not your place insured?'

'It is not,' said Pavloff slowly, stroking his great yellow moustache. 'I shall be a lucky man if I can meet my liabilities. This leaves me without a copeck in the world.'

Lance stared at him in dismay. Some idea that this might mean heavy losses to his companion had already crossed his mind; but ruin—that was another affair altogether.

He looked at the Prince and tried to frame some speech of sympathy. But at such a moment mere words seemed nothing, and less than nothing, as a vehicle to convey deep feelings. He could find nothing better than the exclamation, 'I say, Pavloff, this is frightful!' but the Russian understood, and replied with a nod and a faint smile.

'Well,' said Pavloff, turning and leading the way through the outskirts of the crowd, 'we can do nothing here. Let us seek our friends the Lockes, and see them safely on their way to the north. But you, of course, will go with them?'

He looked at Lance, and waved his hand with a great gesture. Colquhoun could not miss the meaning of either look or movement.

The Prince retired from the contest. He would see them off and secure their safety, himself remaining behind, alone with his blasted hopes. The act which caused his work for his fellow-Russians to crumble into ruin destroyed also his suit of Althea.

In another moment he began to speak in a half-musing fashion, and the speech showed still more plainly what was running in his mind.

'I must look round now for some means of earning a living. It will be as much as I can do to get bread for myself.'

'Oh Pavloff!' cried Lance, 'I trust you will find that you are not hit so badly as that.'

The Russian shook his head slowly.

'They are all over—my dreams,' he said; 'but do not fear, Colquhoun, that I shall starve. We are very friendly to each other in our family, we Pavloffs. There are half-a-dozen estates on which I can make myself useful. Luckily, I know much of woodcraft and forestry.'

He gave a low, bitter laugh at this prospect of dependency, and for a moment Lance felt that disgust of his own wealth which assails the high and generous spirit when confronted with a noble rival driven from the conflict by so ignoble a reason. Colquhoun's mind flew then to thoughts of Althea herself. What would this avail him, this disaster of Pavloff's? Of itself, nothing—he knew that very well. If Althea had begun to care for the Prince, the latter's misfortunes would only endear him the more to a true-hearted girl. Then his thoughts were suddenly interrupted. They had turned into a quieter street, and an empty *droschky* was coming along.

'Jump in,' cried Pavloff, seizing Lance by the arm and hurrying him forward. The Russian called a swift order to the man, and put a piece of gold into his hand. The *droschky*-driver at once whipped up his nimble pony, and away they went at a break-neck pace.

Ten minutes of this swift progress brought them to the door of the hotel they sought. Pavloff was on the side nearest to the pavement, and he darted out.

This district was quiet for the present, but the doorkeeper stood at the foot of the steps looking up and down in a disturbed fashion. Beside him stood one of the hotel clerks. Pavloff exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with the latter, then turned to Lance with an anxious face.

'Come on,' he cried in English, and led the way with long, hasty strides.

'What is it?' asked Lance as he followed.

Pavloff glanced over his shoulder, and opened grim lips to answer: 'Miss Locke has gone out alone into the city.'

(To be continued.)



## OPENING OF POST-LETTERS.



AN letters be opened in the Post-Office—that is, legally opened? The answer must be in the affirmative. To many persons this will come as a surprise. The inviolability of letters ‘while in the custody of the Postmaster-General’—that is, while they are passing through the post—is of first importance; but it is scarcely less important that the confidence in their exemption from violation, even though legal, which almost universally exists should be maintained. Millions of letters are posted every day without a thought on the part of the senders that they could be so interfered with, or the slightest fear that they will not be delivered intact. Yet the fact remains that the Government has the right or the power to open post-letters, has had it from a very early period, has used it not infrequently even in recent years, and if occasion arose would no doubt use it at the present time. No one, however, will suppose that a power so invidious and so repugnant to the British feeling would be made use of by any Government except under very special and exceptional circumstances or in an extreme emergency. It is, in fact, one of those weapons which have been confided to the executive, like the power to proclaim martial law, in obedience to the exigencies of national self-preservation, but on the understanding at the same time that they will be used most rarely, and only when all other methods have failed.

It may be interesting to trace the origin of the power or authority so conferred, and to refer concisely to the more important cases in which it has been exercised. In 1377 ‘bulls and other instruments’ coming from Rome were ordered to be searched for. In 1528 the letters of an ambassador in England of the Emperor Charles V. were seized and opened by Cardinal Wolsey. In 1641 a report was made to the House of Commons that ‘the House of Lords agreed to the opening of foreign mails,’ and saying also that ‘they did yield to the opening of letters, but that it would be very inconvenient if often used.’ It is significant that in the same year complaint was made by an ambassador of the republic of Venice that his letters had been opened. An Act of Cromwell’s Parliament establishing a postal system stated in its preamble that ‘a Government post is the best means to discover and prevent many and wicked designs which have been and are daily contrived against the peace and welfare of the Commonwealth.’ It would seem from this that it was intended to use the power very freely. Under Charles II. the Post-Office was leased to a private person, but the right of the State to open letters was reserved. It appears, indeed, that after the Restoration letters were often opened. The ‘Spanish method’ of opening and copying letters was shown to the king and Lord Arlington by a Sir Samuel Morland, who professed to be a

master of the art. It was approved—indeed admired—and was ordered to be put in practice at the General Post-Office, where it is stated to have been used ‘with advantage to the Crown.’ At the fire of London the appliances were burned, and the practice appears to have been discontinued for a time. Afterwards, however, the plan was submitted to William III., but it did not commend itself to his judgment. He considered the secret a dangerous one, and that it ought not to be encouraged. Up till the reign of Queen Anne no *statutory* power to open letters had existed, but in 1711 a statute was passed formally conveying such power to the executive Government.

In 1722 the principal evidence against Bishop Atterbury, when the question of the deprivation of his office was being considered by the House of Lords, was a copy of a letter that had been sent by him, and which was tendered by a Post-Office clerk and accepted as evidence. Similarly, a letter of J. Horne Tooke, who was being tried for high treason, was produced as evidence against him; it had been intercepted and opened in the post. In 1735 the House of Commons ‘censured the opening of letters of members without an express warrant in writing under the hand of any of the Principal Secretaries of State for every such opening.’ The letters *sent* by members of Parliament could then be readily identified from the fact that they were ‘franked’ on the outside by the member’s signature. For other correspondence, more general warrants were considered sufficient. In 1783 Lord George Gordon’s letters were detained. The records show that there were exactly one hundred warrants issued between 1712 and 1798; but during the great Continental war, when there were many enemies abroad and not a few traitors at home, the opening of letters was much more frequent, there having been three hundred and seventy-two warrants issued between 1799 and 1814. The details are in most cases given. In the former year a warrant was issued to open the letters of eighteen persons in Manchester and Liverpool, and in 1812 the post-masters of Manchester, Nottingham, and Glasgow received the very vague directions to ‘open all such letters as should appear to be of a suspicious nature and likely to convey seditious information.’ In 1843 there were some disturbances in the manufacturing districts, and warrants were issued to open the letters of seventeen persons who were suspected of promoting them.

It may be well to refer here in detail to some circumstances which occurred in 1844, and which led to a parliamentary inquiry regarding the power that existed to open letters, but more particularly to the manner in which the power had been exercised, and with what frequency. In that year the political refugee Mazzini, who was alleged to be connected with an insurrectionary plot in Italy that was cal-

culated to disturb the peace of Europe, and who was joined by some other persons probably connected with him politically, petitioned the House of Commons, alleging that their correspondence had been opened and read in the Post-Office, and praying for redress and that the repetition of such an unconstitutional and infamous practice should be prevented. Mazzini, who had many influential friends in England, including Macaulay, Carlyle, Grote, John Stuart Mill, and others—although it does not follow that they sympathised with his methods for securing Italian independence—was championed by a Mr Duncombe, a member of Parliament, who inquired of Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, if the statements as to the opening of the letters were true. The question was not definitely answered; there was an admission, however, that as regards the correspondence of one of the petitioners a warrant had been issued, but it was no longer in force. The Home Secretary concluded by saying 'it was not for the public good to pry and inquire.'

The effect of this reticence was unfortunate. As might have been expected, a long discussion followed, during which several extraordinary statements were made as to the extent to which the objectionable practice existed. It was alleged, amongst other things, that Post-Office officials had been sent to take lessons, under Fouché, the celebrated French detective, how best to open and refasten post-letters, and that the practice was systematically carried out in what was described as the 'Black Chamber' of the General Post-Office. Sir James Graham, very unwisely, neither admitted nor denied the truth of these statements, with the inevitable result that a large number of people concluded that he could not deny them. The flame was further fanned by a writer in the *Mysteries of London*, who describes the Black Chamber in detail, the implements it contained, their uses, and, minutely, the practices that were carried on; and a further petition complaining of improper interference with letters having at this time been presented to Parliament by a person named Stobzman, the people generally became quite alarmed. The press, too, with more zeal than discretion, did much to encourage the feeling. Seals engraven 'Not to be Grahamised' were on sale at the stationers' shops; 'safety' envelopes, for which it was claimed that it was impossible to open them without traces of their violation remaining, were invented and brought into use; and large numbers of letters were sent by coach, rail, &c., although this was contrary to law. At last the Government thought it better to let in some light on the matter, and to avow what under the existing power had been and what could be done. Sir James Graham, therefore, proposed the following motion: 'That a committee of secrecy be appointed to inquire into the state of the law in respect to the detaining and opening of letters at the General Post-Office, and into the mode in which the authority given for such detaining and opening has been exercised; and to report their

opinion and observations thereon to the House.' The motion was adopted.

The committee received assistance from officials of the Privy Council Office and the Record Office, and had many sittings. Its inquiry was thorough, going back to the earliest date at which the practice of opening letters was known to have existed; and the report, which was presented late in 1844, contained a reference to all the important cases, the most interesting of which have been already referred to in this paper. It stated that during the century the annual number of warrants issued was slightly over eight, affecting the letters of about sixteen persons annually, on an average. In Ireland, where the Lord-Lieutenant had statutory powers, thirty-one warrants affecting the correspondence of sixty persons had been issued during the twelve years preceding 1844. As regards the letters of the foreigners Stobzman, Worcele, and Godricki, it having been shown that the warrants of authority concerned the personal safety of a foreign Sovereign who was under the protection of England, it was held that the issuing of them was fully justified. In conclusion, the committee expressed the opinion not only that the Government should not be deprived of the power to detain and open letters, but that *restrictions on that power should not be imposed*.

It is not known to what extent, if any, the power has since been exercised; but it is believed that during the Fenian conspiracy it was again brought into use. Whether at a subsequent period the Irish members of Parliament really thought their letters were being opened it is impossible to say; but in 1889 one of them questioned the Government on the subject, desiring to know 'to what extent the "Grahamising" of letters was now exercised,' it having been alleged that some of their letters had been opened in the General Post-Office, Dublin. The Postmaster-General replied that if this had been done—he did not admit that it had, but promised to inquire—it would have been quite illegal, as the power to open letters did not rest with the Post-Office but with a Secretary of State. In connection with this it is alleged, on apparently good authority, that having protested to Mr Gladstone when on a certain occasion a Secretary of State issued a warrant to open letters, Mr Fawcett, then Postmaster-General, was told rather curtly to mind his own business.

While, as has been shown, the opening of letters in the post has occasionally resulted in some important information being obtained which was of use to the Government for the prevention of crime or the baffling of treasonable practices, it is to be recollected that in the present day Ministers are so severely criticised for almost everything they do that in the exercise of the power conferred upon them they are more likely to err on the side of caution than by an arbitrary exercise of that power. This should be sufficient to allay any anxiety on the subject that on the part of some persons might otherwise exist.



## PROGRESS IN NORTH-WESTERN RHODESIA.

By W. B. ROBERTSON.



THE Zambesi River in its middle reaches describes a course something like the shape of a bowl, with the Victoria Falls at the bottom of the bowl. Within this bowl is contained about a fourth of what, with the settlement of boundaries, is expected to become the administrative area of North-Western Rhodesia; and this fourth is the only part of that territory to which immediate general interest attaches. In it a clever piece of engineering work has been completed—namely, the Victoria Falls railway bridge; and in it the railway line from the Cape is travelling towards Cairo at the rate of a mile a day. Passenger trains have been running regularly right up to the Falls from the Cape—ninety-two hours' journey—since June 1904; and so near has this greatest marvel of its kind been brought to us that Cook's tourist agency now has it included amongst their regular bookings. The British Association sent out an advance-party of half-a-dozen eminent scientists to make special studies on the spot, preparatory to the visit of the general body of its members last September, and the results of their investigations will in due course be presented in accessible form. All this—to say nothing of the week-enders that run up from Bulawayo, two hundred and eighty miles away—implies extensive hotel accommodation. That is already there in the shape of a hotel with all the latest improvements, and with its cuisine under the supervision of a *chef* from the London Carlton and Savoy Hotels, in the town of Livingstone, three miles from the Falls. Yet it is no longer ago than 14th November 1855 since these haunts of the crocodile and hippopotamus were first trod by a white man—to wit, the great David Livingstone. As he approached the Falls in his canoe, and after the columns of vapour had appeared in sight, he says: 'The whole scene was extremely beautiful. . . . It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight.' This scene, it is gratifying to know, is in no wise marred by the advent of the iron horse, for areas two miles wide and six miles long on both sides of the river have been reserved by the British South Africa Company as public parks 'for ever.'

As to the modern operations now going on here, these had to be preceded by a wholesale slaughter of crocodiles. According to a private letter from Mr Ferdinand Aitkens, District Commissioner at the Court of King Lewanika, the crocodile's chief enemies hitherto have been the jackal and hyæna. These, however, being no match for the amphibian, only eat the eggs when they can get them, and at this the most successful is the jackal. Mr Aitkens's 'boys' say that the jackal has sixteen eyes—one on

the eggs and fifteen on the crocodile. The hyæna, on the other hand, being very greedy, has all his eyes on the eggs, and so often falls a victim to the watchful crocodile in motionless hiding. These 'boys' have also told him that the crocodile sometimes knocks its prey off the bank or off the canoe with its tail, and then seizes it with its wide-opening jaws. As many as twenty of these hideous reptiles have been seen in one group. Such dangerous neighbours had to be thinned out to allow people with only two eyes to pursue their business with a proper feeling of security. Lest sportsmen should regret this slaughter, let it be said there are still plenty of crocodiles in and about the Zambesi and its tributaries to provide quarry for several generations of sportsmen.

Extensive blasting operations had also to precede the laying of any portion of the bridge. Excavations wide and deep had to be made in each rocky bank; and a more moving spectacle, according to some, than that offered by the Falls themselves was presented by the descent of the huge basaltic boulders into the unfathomed torrent four hundred and fifty feet below. They struck the torrent with a mighty noise, indignant jets of water flew up seventy-five feet, and that was all that the smack of tons could elicit from the hurrying flood, burdened quite enough with trouble already. It was the engulfing of these rocky masses with no appreciable effect upon the raging water's career that made their disappearance impressive. To understand why the water thus rages, it is necessary to remember that the river at the Falls is over a mile wide. Here it drops four hundred feet—two and a half times the drop of Niagara—into a trough that extends along the whole front of the cataract, and that with its opposing face, which rises as high as the rock over which the water flows, suddenly bars farther progress except through a narrow cleft near its eastern end. Through this, which is called the Boiling Pot, the panic-stricken flood forces its way with increasing turbulence. Just below the Boiling Pot is the site of the bridge, where, as can be readily understood, the water must be still in a great state of agitation.

These excavations, as important as the laying of the bridge itself, had of course to be closely directed by the engineer-in-charge and his staff, and necessitated their presence now on one bank and now on the other. Though the banks are only two hundred yards apart, going from one to the other involved a land-and-water journey of ten miles, and engineers that build great bridges cannot have their time taken up with this sort of thing. So one fine morning a rocket with a string attached was fired across the great gorge. To this string, after it was in safe hands on the other side, was attached a stout cord,

then came a stouter cord, and finally a strong steel rope. This was made fast at each end, a sort of basket suspended by a pulley-wheel was attached to it, and Mr C. Beresford Fox, the engineer-in-charge, was hauled across the fearful chasm. He was the first to make this sensational journey, which by-and-by the requirements of the work made quite a commonplace affair.

Meanwhile, the bridge, an elegant, spidery, lattice-work structure, was being made in England, every separate part of steel being numbered so that it might be pieced together like a puzzle afterwards. There was also being made, and subjected to the severest test, an electric thirty-horse-power motor that was destined to play a daring part in the erection of the bridge. These, satisfactorily completed, and weighing over sixteen hundred tons, were shipped to Beira and thence conveyed by rail to the brink of the river. Steel supports of enormous strength—the one on the south bank eighty feet high, and the other, which had been punted slowly and laboriously, and in pieces, across the river above the Falls, on the north bank, thirty-six feet high—were now built; and between these was strung eight hundred and seventy feet of cable nearly five hundred feet above the water, with a breaking-strain of two hundred and forty tons. On this cable the already-mentioned electric motor was to achieve distinction, and on the 28th of July 1904 everything was ready to mount it on its aerial line. This took three days to accomplish, for it weighed four tons. The men appropriately named it 'Blondin, the four-ton rope-walker.' On its first trip down the sagging cable it was described as looking like a monster bee climbing down a string. It was supported on a framework which hung by the travelling wheels from the cable, and to which was fitted a chair for the driver. It was fed from a copper conductor stretched across the gorge, the electric current being generated by a dynamo working on the bank. The maximum load this modern Blondin carried was ten tons, when relieved of the detachable cage weighing two tons in which passengers were conveyed. Among early passengers to cross the Zambesi in this novel way were Princess Christian and her daughter Princess Victoria, and Lord and Lady Roberts. It also took locomotives to the other side. These, weighing over eighty tons, had to be dismantled and conveyed in instalments. As the bridge was being built from each bank simultaneously, and as the railway was being laid at the rate of a mile a day on the north side, it can easily be imagined that 'Blondin' had a very busy time, for all the material both for the northern half of the bridge and for the railway construction had to be transported by this electric cable-way. It is computed that by the time the bridge was completed 'Blondin' had carried as many as fifty thousand tons of material across. The union of the two ends of the bridge, which was thrown across somewhat on the cantilever principle, and which

consists of a single span of six hundred and fifty feet, was effected last April.

This now brings us into close touch with a territory that offers attractions—present and prospective—that have never been excelled, if indeed they have ever been equalled. For the viewer of wonders there are the Victoria Falls, for the sportsman there is every kind of quarry in the way of big game, and for the settler there are the rich valleys that intersect the healthy Batoka plateau. Sir Charles Metcalfe, the Rhodesian railway consulting engineer, says that in the territory bordering on the Congo State he has found what he considers the best farming land he has seen in Africa. There are also proved mineral deposits of iron, copper, lead, zinc, and gold only awaiting the rapidly approaching railway, which will also tap rich zones of rubber and cotton. All these attractions are, of course, not new. What is new, however, is the apparently startling suddenness with which they have been brought so near to us—so near that any one with the necessary means at his disposal, from this country, can now visit them and familiarise himself with them, and be home again inside of ten weeks. No wonder that Professor (now Sir G. H.) Darwin, in formally opening the bridge on 12th September, in the presence of a hundred members of the British Association, was moved to say that it seemed nothing short of a fairy tale to stand on this bridge over the Zambesi, in a place which heroic explorers had spent months in fruitless endeavours to reach, and which they in luxurious ease had now reached in a few hours.

#### OFF FINISTERRE.

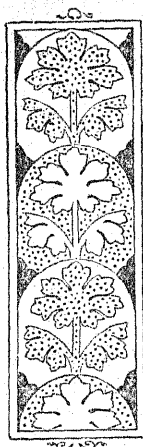
CLOSE-VEILED as Fate the sombre, starless night,  
Implacable the menace of the sea,  
Flinging its sullen, unchained, tireless strength  
Against the shrouded land it held in fee,  
Only the threatening waves and voiceless air  
About the coast of Finisterre.

Sad thoughts flung back recalled some parting word,  
While longing eyes sought the forsaken shore,  
Calling on memory to restore the past,  
Some frustrate hope buried for evermore.  
'Farewell!' they sighed, and all a sigh's despair  
The echoes stirred of Finisterre.

When swift across the wide dividing gloom  
There flashed a message lit with sudden flame,  
Light stole its menace from the threatening sea,  
And bridged a path of hope from whence it came,  
Kindling the dark as with a torch's flare  
Flung from the coast of Finisterre.

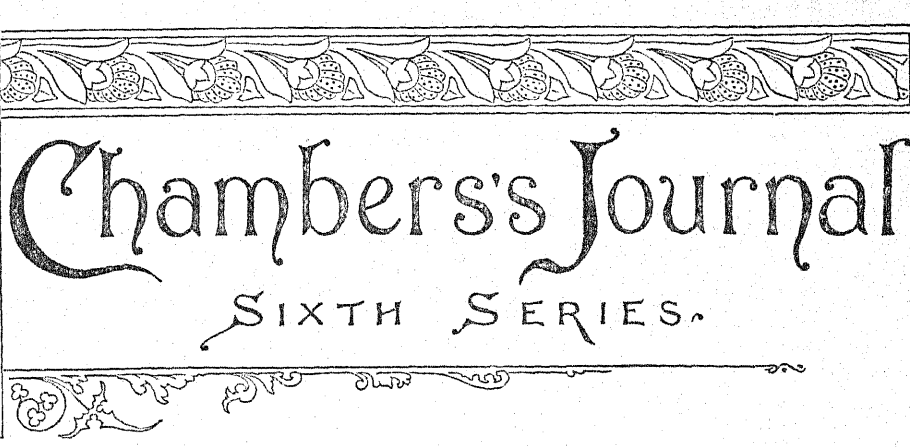
So, when the order sounds, and in response,  
Steering its course by unfamiliar stars,  
The soul sets sail upon its lonely cruise,  
Love still may follow, spite of prison bars—  
May carry comfort in its wingèd prayer,  
Like the broad flame from Finisterre.

AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO WILLIAM HUNTER.\*

Edited by VICTOR G. PLARR, Librarian of the Royal College of Surgeons.

#### PART I.

**S**OME of the leading London physicians of the eighteenth century were as much wits as the statesmen, men of letters, and philosophers whom they numbered among their illustrious patients. Two famous Scotsmen, Dr John Arbuthnot and Dr William Hunter, were each in his age notable examples of the good physicians whom men delighted to honour for their conversation or their achievements in literature or virtuosity quite as much as for their skill in physic. A vivid sidelight is thrown on the careers of these two ingenious men by the 'Hunter-Baillie Collection of Autographs,' now in the library of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. The collection consists of five large quarto volumes, of which the first is made up almost throughout of letters from celebrities sent to Arbuthnot and William Hunter during the first eighty years of the eighteenth century. 'These letters,' writes Miss Hunter-Baillie, who represents two great medical stocks, 'have been collected by the Hunter and Baillie family,' and they were in part long known as the 'Baillie Letters.' They were catalogued under the guidance of Miss Hunter-Baillie's father, Mr W. Hunter-Baillie, who died at the great age of ninety-six in 1894. This gentleman was the son of the well-known physician Matthew Baillie, who, through his mother Dorothea, was nephew of the famous John and William Hunter, anatomists, surgeons, and founders of great museums. Dr Matthew's sister was Joanna Baillie the authoress, and her correspondence with Sir Walter Scott forms part of the same collection. These, as now arranged, owe much to the taste and knowledge of Miss Hunter-Baillie, her late sister, and her cousin the late Right Hon. Justice Denman.

The Arbuthnot letters have been partly reprinted at different times and in different collections, and were known by Kippis in 1778 to be in the hands of the Misses Arbuthnot, whence they probably passed into the possession of William Hunter. They have been fully treated and set forth in Mr Aitken's *Life and Works of John Arbuthnot* (Oxford, 1892), where they are cited as the 'Baillie Letters.'

We need say no more of them here save that they were written by Swift, Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Harley, and that they show that John Arbuthnot, Queen Anne's 'favourite physician,' as he is called in the 'Journal to Stella,' and creator of 'John Bull,' was a man of the first importance in the first circles of his age.

The William Hunter letters, on the other hand, are little, if at all, known; but they interest us scarcely less than those sent to Arbuthnot. True, they belong to a later epoch and are more correctly written, and often individually more modern in appearance than the Arbuthnot letters. Many are, indeed, mere notes, but all are characteristic utterances of the *élite* of a great generation and an age not our own.

Old letters, even when their style appears to us stilted, contain a something—a force of sentiment, a turn of diction—of which the present, unduly ashamed to show its feelings and constantly haunted by the fear of egotism, has lost the secret. A hundred and fifty years ago a note was, at least, a small revelation of individuality; a long letter was often a human document. The very size of the paper, which was quarto instead of octavo, invited to fullness, confidence, and ease, and thus made of letter-writing an urbane art and a cherished leisurely pastime. We shall transcribe the letters under discussion exactly as they were written, with all their misspellings and little inadvertences in the way of punctuation and the

\* Reprinted by kind consent of Miss Hunter-Baillie and of the President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.  
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use of capitals. It is only thus that we can hope to hear the authentic voice of the eighteenth century, the age *par excellence* of letter-writers.

William Hunter was born at the old family-house of Long Calderwood in Lanarkshire in 1718. He was the seventh child of his parents, his illustrious brother John being the tenth. Less original, perhaps, but more of a scholar than John, William was carefully educated in the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh and in St George's Hospital, London. At the time the Hunter-Baillie letters were beginning to be received by him he was already a fashionable practitioner and had countless correspondents. The letters to him, indeed, bulk much more largely than those to the older wit, Dr Arbuthnot.

We begin with a letter from John Hunter, dated from Belleisle, where the writer was acting as surgeon to the English expedition and about to depart with the troops for Portugal. John opens with a reference to William's controversy with the Monros, senior and junior, relative to an anatomical discovery claimed by William :

'DEAR BROTHER I have read your answer to Monro I think that it is just the thing that it should be. It would give me great joy to see him read it. I am very much obliged to you for your introduction of me : I think my name will live, now that it is joind with yours. Mr. Pettigrew gives me strong hope of your being employ'd by the Queen. I think after all that I may come in for something.'

In this year Queen Charlotte actually did call him in at the time of the Prince of Wales's birth. It would appear that Mrs Thrale, afterwards Piozzi, wished to recommend a wet-nurse ; but William Hunter objected to this woman, whom Mrs Thrale had introduced to the notice of Lady Effingham in a set of phrases capable of two constructions. Mrs Thrale, in several letters addressed to third parties, was characteristically wroth with Dr William for daring to boggle at her suggestion. In 1764 Hunter became Physician-Extraordinary to the Queen, and illustrious correspondents began to apply to him for royal bulletins. Thus the Duchess of Argyll (once the beautiful Miss Gunning, and, later, Duchess of Hamilton by her first marriage) writes from Inveraray Castle (July 9, 1776) to inquire about the King's health, 'a paragraph in the newspaper' having alarmed her : 'If he is really ill sure the Queen must be miserable and so must every body that knows him tho' not all in the same degree.' This illness of the King's does not seem to have been mental, but the trivial note just quoted shows how much he was beloved. Many missives refer to general matters ; all prove Hunter's popularity. The following note refers to Fielding's comedy, *The Good-Natured Man*, written before the author was thirty, and performed for the first time after his death :

'Sir John Fielding presents his Compliments to

Dr. Hunter, and acquaints him that the Comedy of the Good-natured Man written by the late Mr. Henry Fielding will be performed at Drury Lane next Monday being the Author's Widow's Night.

'He was your old & sincere friend. There are no other of his works left unpublished. This is the last opportunity you will have of shewing any respect to his Memory as a Genius, so that I hope you will send all your pupils, all your patients, all your Friends, & every body else to the Play that Night, by which Means you will indulge your benevolent feelings & your Sentiments of Friendship.'

The note is dated 4th December 1778, at Bow Street, where Sir John Fielding had succeeded his famous half-brother Henry as police-magistrate. As such he carried out the novelist's plan for breaking up gangs of robbers, and we find him writing in the third person to William Hunter 'that there are two Highwaymen in Custody, one of whom may probably be the same that robbed him on the 18th of January last.' William Hunter nowhere mentions this robbery.

Allan Ramsay, the fashionable London portrait-painter (son of the Scottish poet), writes from Bolt Court on 1st June 1778 : 'Dr. Johnson with his usual humanity interests himself for a young artist who lies ill of some distemper which requires the advice of a skillfull anatomist, and has induced me to conspire with him in desiring that you would be so good as to call upon the young man when you happen to go to that part of the town where he lodges. . . . His name is Lowe. Being well acquainted with your benevolent disposition, I will make no apology for this request.'

Thomas Coutts, the famous banker, requests Dr Hunter to attend his wife in her confinement. This lady had been a maidservant, and of her three daughters two were married to peers, and the third became the ancestress of the present Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Thomas Coutts was an Edinburgh man, fourth son of Lord Provost John Coutts. His direction marks the period when houses in streets were as yet unnumbered : 'We are now at the house of Mr. Dennison at the last lamp on the south side of Little Mortimer Street near Oxford Market.'

Oliver Goldsmith writes, introducing his nephew : 'He has been liberally bred and has read some thing of physic and surgery, but desires to take the shortest and best method of being made more perfect in those studies. I beg sir you will put him in the way of improvement.'

Lord Chatham writes, asking for Hunter's professional assistance just prior to the birth of a child—afterwards the great William Pitt. 'The knowing persons here think it proper to desire your assistance. . . . Thank God, Lady Hester is in perfect health and calm, strong spirits, so that I trust all will go happily.'

Shortly we hear of the teething of the younger Pitt :

'I certainly wish'd to have continued Nurse Caruthers about my Boy till he had been older, and more particularly at this time that he is every day cutting more Teeth, but upon reading the account your Letter gives of the Melancholy Situation of poor Lady Maynard, I could not hesitate in giving my Consent to part with Nurse Caruthers, and shall feel happy if I have been able by so doing to contribute at all towards alleviating the distress of Sr William and Lady Maynard. I desire you will believe that if after the knowledge of the case, any Motive could have been wanting to my doing what I have done, the manner in which you interest yourself in it would have been an inducement to me, and that no apology is necessary on any part, for a request which circumstances made so natural. You will find that Nurse Caruthers is the Bearer of this Letter.—I am Sir Your most Humble Servant,

CHATHAM.'

The letter is dated at Lord Chatham's country-house of Hayes, 8th May (a Saturday).

In 1770 William Hunter built his famous museum in Great Windmill Street. It is now, of course, one of the glories of Glasgow University. After making a large and very valuable collection of anatomical and pathological specimens, he began to purchase medals and coins, minerals, corals, and latterly a fine library of rare Greek and Latin books. At the same time that he collected for his museum he was elected to and filled the new office of Professor of Anatomy in the English Royal Academy, and became a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. He was thus a connoisseur among all kinds of connoisseurs, just as Dr Arbuthnot had been a wit among wits.

William Hunter lectured eloquently on anatomy, and was assisted by his famous brother John. It is curious to find that the great historian Gibbon's passion for knowledge led him to wish to be acquainted with this science. He writes in his beautiful delicate manuscript: 'Mr. Gibbon presents his compliments to Dr. Hunter, and proposes himself the pleasure of attending some of his Anatomical lectures. He sincerely laments that his literary and Parliamentary avocations will not allow him to enjoy the whole benefit of so interesting and instructive a Course of Study.'

Dating from Strawberry Hill, on 7th October 1773, Horace Walpole writes with reference to an original or moose-deer, the property of Lord Orford. 'Pray do not think I pretend to be making you a present, for besides that I can only part with him on condition of his being restored to Lord Orford, if we should be so happy as to see his Lordship recover, the poor creature is in miserable condition, & when I saw him in August, was almost the Skeleton you ask for.' Throughout his published letters Horace Walpole makes rather uncivil allusions to Dr Hunter, but is polite enough when writing to him direct!

Barry the painter writes to borrow a medal or print of Pericles and Lysurgus, 'if there be any such.' 'It would be even of importance,' he says, 'to be certain there were no heads of them as Mr. B. would be then justified in recurring to his invention' in the very large picture he is engaged upon. Sir Horace Mann writes about the purchase for Hunter of a portion of the library of Morgagni, the anatomist, of Bologna. Joseph Priestley writes relative to the election of Dr Hey to the Royal Society. Lord Bute presents his compliments. 'He has received a singular fish from the Cape. He expects it to have some affinity to the frog fish . . . described by Merion, but however that may be, if the doctor thinks it worth a place in His collection, Ld Bute desires He would accept it, as a trifling Mark of his Regard.' Lord North writes familiarly, soliciting Hunter's vote at a meeting of the East India Company. Both statesmen write scrawls. Lord Rockingham, in a fairer handwriting, says: 'I am far better than when I had the pleasure of seeing you, and which I attribute to the Course you recommended, yet I have frequent moments, that keep up my Idea, that a Peephole might be useful to ascertain the real Cause of my Complaints.' The letter is dated 1768, and signed your 'obliged Friend.'

Dr Hunter was on easy terms with the great. Indeed, we gather from many hints in these letters that, like John Arbuthnot in the reign of Queen Anne, he was valued for the grace of his manners and for a certain sterling honesty and helpfulness quite as much as for his professional ability. The esteem in which he was held shines out in a series of letters written in 1767, in which year he had attended Lady Suffolk at her death in childbed. Her husband, Henry, twelfth Earl of Suffolk, K.G., Secretary of State for the Northern Department, writes to him in a strain of manly sentiment finely characteristic of the age. So remarkable is the letter that we cannot but regret that we know so little of the writer:

'SIR—You forbid me addressing you as I meant: you restrain my Gratitude from flowing in the only channel which is open to it at present. How am I to return the greatest of Obligations? You gave up every thing to us! You risked your own health to restore Her's! Your heart felt for us! and now by a delicacy, a sentiment, a principle, unknown to the mean souls of these times, you rise superior to Reward! you do so: for, the only adequate Reward must proceed, and can proceed only from yourself, independent of any body—I mean the consciousness of what you have done—that sweet Reflexion! which shall soften the pangs even of such scenes as we have witnessed, alleviate all the cruel circumstances of disappointed merit, when Success fail'd the kindest attention, and the Almighty was not pleas'd (Sublimarily speaking) to bless your care, or, smile upon the resigned fortitude of your patient. Indeed, in-

deed, Hunter! She bore her Illness in a manner to make Men blush!—But no more of that—my busyness is to beg of you, if *Reward* is an irksome word, to let me substitute *Regard* in its room: and when I come to London to entreat an opportunity of seeing you, and marking that *Regard*. I will say no more of it now; save to insist, if hereafter, in Life, at any time, in any case, I may ever be so fortunate as to have it in my power to indulge my own wishes by being able to shew my gratitude to you essentially, as I ought, and owe it, that you will do me the pleasure & favour, I will call it Justice, freely to command it; for I shall always esteem myself, *dum memor ipse mei!* Your much obliged tho' most unhappy friend & servant, SUFFOLK.

'Lady Andover, my sister and little orphan arrived safely here the day before yesterday. The Child is very well, and has not suffered the least inconvenience from it's journey. If she grows up in perfect Health, if her Beauty is compleat, if her mind is as free from blemish as her Body, and both are spotless; if she is truly virtuous, free from affectation, easy, unreserved, and with a word, a look, can keep Fools & Puppys at a distance—if in her happy composition, manly courage, and more than manly sense, is tempered with female tenderness & endearment, if in every kind character & Relation of Life, she stands unparalell'd, the best of Daughters, Wives, & Friends; if, above all, she looks up to the one Almighty God with humility and submission, Religiously conscious that she is rendering herself most acceptable to Him by Behaving well, by being Good, and doing her Duty Here in whatever situation it pleases Him to place her—then will she turn out like her Mother!'

William Hunter, it seems, had been deeply touched by Lady Suffolk's death, and had refused the fee of that fine fellow her husband. This refusal was to his credit; for, collector that he was, he valued money and sought to obtain it for the purchase of specimens and medals for his museum.

Hunter's manly letter to Lord Suffolk has been in great part reprinted in Dr Hingston Fox's *Life of the former*, published in 1901. 'I am now by your Lordship's kind sympathy,' runs the letter, 'as happy as I can be, after taking such a share in so great a calamity. I feel an inclination to say a thousand things which I must suppress. I wish to talk upon a subject which you must forget. We will take it up in Heaven. At this moment I fancy that I have a Friend there who listens to my thoughts, and bids me say to you in a little while we shall all be happy again; who bids me tell you, to take care, for her sake, of yourself and of your child. Allow me to love your child all the days of my life: she will be exactly what you describe and what you wish. Allow me sometimes to see her, that I may indulge a pleasing melancholy and fancy that I am doing something very agreeable

to Heaven. It may be preparatory to some exalted enjoyment there.'

He then advises Lord Suffolk to return into the busy world. The little girl, thus fondly written of, lived only a few years; and her father, after trying to console himself with a second marriage, died at the comparatively early age of thirty-nine.

William Hunter's position at Court sometimes involved him in situations requiring much tact. The Queen seems to have been nervous about herself, but, like many invalids, did not wish a doctor to be summoned when she was ill. An undated note to Hunter runs as follows:

'SIR—Her Majesty would like to see you at her House at a little after three, but you must not mention that you was sent for, only that you want to see Prince Frederick as you heard he was in town.'

On one important occasion William Hunter acted as the great Dr Johnson's ambassador to George III. At least, we infer that Hunter presented the *Journey to the Hebrides* to his royal master. Johnson's letter to Hunter is dated 29th December 1774:

'SIR—I am very much obliged by your willingness to present my book to His Majesty. I have not courage to offer it myself, yet I cannot forbear to wish that He may see it, because it endeavours to describe a part of his Subjects, seldom visited, and little known, and his Benevolence will not despise the meanest of his people.

'I have sent you a book, to which you are very justly entitled, and beg that it may be admitted to stand in your library however little it may add to its elegance or dignity.—I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant, SAM: JOHNSON.'

There is no record of this presentation having been made either in Boswell's or Sir John Hawkins's *Lives*, but we know that Hunter was punctilious in all such matters. It is curious to find Johnson too timid to offer the book in person, seeing that his well-known interview with George III. in the library of the Queen's house had taken place as long ago as 1767, on which occasion the King had paid him a royal compliment. 'I do not think you borrow much from anybody,' said the King. To which Johnson replied that 'he thought he had already done his part as a writer;' and George III. graciously rejoined: 'I should have thought so too, if you had not written so well.' The actual tour through the Hebrides had taken place in 1773.

William Hunter seems to have been a friend of many of Johnson's friends. This was only natural, as they both knew the leading personages of their day.

Here is a sprightly note from Lady Di, wife of Johnson's Topham Beauclerk:

'Lady Di Beauclerk sends her comp<sup>ts</sup> to Doctor Hunter and is extremely oblig'd to him for his offer of the venison, which she will send for Saturday morning. Mr. Beauclerk & L<sup>y</sup> Di wish



vastly to see Doctor Hunter at Muswell Hill & think that if he wish'd as much to come he might find a day.

'N:B: Doctor Hunter is desir'd to recollect that a note can not well be answer'd before it is receiv'd.'

Hunter was no gad-about. He kept very much to himself, lived very frugally, and attended closely to business. Many of the Hunter letters are from 'brither Scots.' Thus, William Robertson the historian thanks Hunter for a present of books to the library of the University of Edinburgh: 'They are all entered on the Register of our Library as donations from you, and I am glad to see your name stand there in that character. Any mark of your regard to our Medical Colleges here shews a very different spirit from that illiberal one which prevails at present among some of your fraternity.' Professor Joseph Black, discoverer of latent heat, writes from Glasgow in 1764 to say that he cannot take into his house a student recommended by Hunter. 'But I shall do my best to have him well lodged, in a Professor's house as an ordinary Boarder at £10 the quarter. . . . If he is tractable, and has a taste for the studies abovementioned (Chemistry and Natural Philosophy) I shall take the more pleasure in conversing with him & will see him the oftener.'

The letter is characteristic of a philosopher of common sense.

The following, dated 'Ed. Feb<sup>y</sup> 18, 1776,' is from Bruce of African fame:

'DEAR DOCTOR—You Gave me infinite pleasure by your Goodness in writing to me the 3 Inst in your little leisure you do more than we all can do who have no avocation Building the Ague & a Lawsuit the last by much the worst disease have taken up my whole Summer. There is another destroyer of time which I have also to acc<sup>t</sup> for it shall be at Meeting you may suppose it in the mean

time Matrimony & the Ladys Name Dundas a Niece of Sr. Lawrence's this is *entre nous*.

'I think to set out next Thursday for London My old Lodgings are taken for me I bring with me a few Drawings which should make if encouragement was Given me The first desigus for the *King's* Third Volume of the Antiquities of Africa. I have done something towards my Voyage or Journey which in spite of my teeth becomes the History of Abyssinia I have translated a Considerable part of their Annals. I have likewise translated half Enoch [the Ethiopic version of the famous apocryphal Book of Enoch] tis a strange Rhapsody. I am happy you have Duanes collection Yours is Indeed a Noble one Duane when I was Last in London desird me to Write to Alexandria to See if I could procure him some Gold medals of the Ptolomeys which he promisd to Give me £20 the piece for. I have this Summer Got four which are all duplicates of those I have Got already what will he have me do with them?

'Be so Good as to keep Burneys book for me it has been long in coming. I Receivd a Letter from Mr. Woide desiring I would bring up my Papyrus Coptic Manuscript with me which in consideration that he is protected by you I will do. Pray never forget to remember me In the most respectful manner to all friends. To Lord Hertford Col Keene Sir Tho<sup>s</sup> Wynne assure them how faithfully I retain the Sense of all their past Goodness to me.'

He signs himself with 'the Greatest Consideration and Esteem.'

The Burney mentioned in this letter is Dr Burney the musician, and father of Fanny Burney. We find him writing on business to Dr Hunter, as also does David Garrick, while Sir Joshua Reynolds and Vicq D'Azyr send diplomas.

(To be continued.)

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER IV.

**S**O Betty's gloomy anticipations as to her being 'kept out of it' as regarded the amusements she was wont to share with her brother were certainly not realised. The little coolness between brother and sister, caused by her apparent non-appreciation of the many charms of Erle, vanished like hoar-frost in the sun, and habit reasserted itself, the boy never seeming happy unless his sister was of their company in their sporting, fishing, or sailing expeditions.

In spite of her apparently slender frame, Betty was strong of wind and limb and as active as a cat. She never seemed to tire, and was never so happy as when her light foot was on her native heath and she was following Jack's gun.

Of course she was thrown much with Erle, and many were the walks home alone with him, careless Jack taking a last 'cast round.' Often did they two sit together silently under a dike or behind the stooks, waiting for driven game; and, as was to be expected, the girl, as time went on, found herself thinking a good deal about Mr Erle; but Jack was always first with her, so far.

The young people were seated one afternoon on a bank near a little wood not far from the house, Jack idly throwing sticks and stones at Johnnie, who shrieked with delight; Betty, with her long arms clasped round her drawn-up knees, her straw hat pushed back off her forehead, remonstrating; Erle furtively watching her.

They had given up shooting early that day, as

the net was to be drawn that night, and keeper and gillies and all hands would be required.

'Good gracious! here comes Cattleya and her kodak,' said Jack. 'What a bore she is! We shall all have to sit, I suppose, and figure in one of her volumes. She has stacks of them.—Well, Mrs Fletcher,' he continued as the widow drew near, smirking and smiling archly, 'how will you have us? Like this?' and he jumped up and struck an attitude; 'or Sandow's last?' and he put himself into position for performing some grotesque exercise; 'or, wait!' shouted the boy; 'I am sure you would like a picture of fond lovers.—Get up, Betty,' and he seized his sister round the waist, holding her hand.

'Charming, charming!' said the widow; and snap, and the deed was done. 'Please, one more. Full-face, Lord Fitzhugh,' she said; and the bright young pair posed again, Betty, with a smile on her lips, looking up fondly at the boy, the latter gazing at Mrs Fletcher.

'It is quite charming! Such an addition to my little collection of friends!' she drawled.—'Now, Mr Erle, pray be kind to me too;' and she looked with bold and admiring glance at the strong face and well-knit figure, the dash of coarseness and bravura appealing to her full-flavoured tastes. 'Full-face, please; they are always so much more like the people, and so much more interesting so!—A fine fellow,' she muttered under her breath. '—One more; my very last film,' she said, suiting the action to the word. 'So—many, many thanks.'

She turned away, a smile on her sly face, settling her tight waistband and smoothing down her sheath-like skirt.

'I think tea is ready, Miss Fitzhugh,' she said over her shoulder.

Mrs Fletcher had one accomplishment; she was an admirable photographer. She knew every trick of the trade, kept pace with all the improvements and progress. She was also far from wanting in artistic sense. Perhaps the late Fletcher (if, indeed, he had existed) may have been a photographer, and madame had thus acquired her knowledge; but no one had ever heard her speak or allude to that misty personage, a deep sigh and eloquent wave of the hand checking any reference to him most successfully. She could easily have earned bread and much butter with her camera; but she was sensuous and lazy, and preferred the tables of the rich and the freedom from care or trouble of any kind which she obtained in a position such as she had so skilfully achieved in the house of Lady Fitzhugh.

She preceded the young people into the house, mounting hurriedly to her room to stow away the treasured camera in safety and to attend to her complexion before she went down to tea.

She developed the films that night. She had established a most comfortable photographic studio at Dunscaith. The little pictures were gems in

their way—sharp, clear, and distinct. Mrs Fletcher gloated long over them, and a smile was on her full lips as she locked them away.

#### CHAPTER V.



N the many and much-to-be-deprecated occasions when he found himself alone with her, Erle's fits of moody disgust with himself and with life in general, hints at the injustice and jealousy of others, 'because one happens to do some things just a little better than most people,' were exploited freely for the benefit of Betty's kind and generous heart.

The girl's fine, straightforward nature and noble instincts were easy to work on; but she was also rather boyish in some ways, and a faint feeling of distaste sometimes swept over her at Erle's diatribes and laments.

'I think he rather whines,' she said to herself, and then she felt compunctions.

One fine day, however, Erle discovered that he loved Betty as he had never loved before in all his stained and stormy life—his experiences had been wide and varied enough, in all conscience, in the tender passion—and that his project of indulging in the pleasing excitement of stirring the heart of a beautiful young girl had recoiled on his own head. He saw also that he had no grounds for believing that she looked upon him in any other light than as 'Jack's friend, Mr Erle;' she was so frank and free in her treatment of him as such, and as a pleasant companion.

He knew that there could be no question of marriage between himself and young Fitzhugh's sister. Not on account of any disparity of rank; those landmarks are being rapidly removed, and the day is approaching, if it has not arrived, when the pastrycook's son will wed with the countess's daughter, 'the money being all right, don't you know?'

In this case the money was not all right—far from it. Geoffrey Erle's dollars were few—barely sufficient, indeed, for his own needs, even when eked out by sharp transactions in the ring, in the City, and by sailing very close to the wind with the cards, of which he was past-master. Betty, he thought, would, of course, be possessed only of the pittance that usually falls to the daughters and younger sons of most noble houses. In this, however, he happened to be mistaken, there being a secret trust in the close fists of the family lawyer, whereby Betty would benefit considerably on attaining legal years of discretion. This was only known to the said family lawyer and to Betty's uncle and guardian, Lord Forsyth. A wise provision indeed on the part of the late lord.

I do not think that I have made it clear how exceedingly attractive Betty was.

Tall and slim, with an erect figure and long limbs, beautiful hands and feet; a little head proudly set.

on a long and graceful neck—a head with thick brown hair growing low on the brow, waving quite independently of Mr Hinde and his curlers away from the temples; straight brows; clear, true eyes, brown as the pools of the moorland streams on her native hills; straight nose, with sensitive nostrils; firm lips; and those rarest of all beauties, a perfect chin and line of cheek. A good girl, a true girl, a clever girl, proud and sensitive, with a strong dash of temper and obstinacy, but a heart of gold, so tender that it had a way of casting a veil over the sin in pity for the sinner.

She was adored by the poor people on the property, most of whom she knew personally and went among constantly, interesting herself in their families, their hopes, and fears; laughing with those who laughed, weeping with those who wept.

Many and anxious were the looks cast on the strange Mr Erle who was staying so long at Dunscaith, and heavy were the hearts in many a humble home as his visit still dragged on its unconscionable length. 'For he is no' a match for the lord's daughter,' they muttered under their breath, with many a depreciatory epithet in Gaelic. The verdict of the servants' hall—which, however much we may scorn the idea, is often so just and accurate—had filtered through the keepers and gillies, and it was most unfavourable to Mr Erle.

Of course the day came when the man lost control over the passion that devoured him. Perhaps he did not try to control it. Selfish and bad at heart, devoid of all principle, he felt he would risk all in this world and the next could he but wring one word of love from Betty's beautiful lips, could he but see the clear eyes cloud for him, the pale cheek flush.

They were crossing a burn on the way home from a day on the hill. Jack had gone round by a birch-wood on the chance of black-game, and the man and the maid wandered homewards together.

It was a glorious evening. The air seemed to be full of gold-dust in which the gnats danced madly. The rays of the setting sun intensified the colour of the great sweeps of purple heather rolling away to the pale hills far beyond. The grouse crowded on the moorland; the curlew wailed on the shore.

'It is as beautiful as a dream,' said Betty softly as she gazed on the scenes she loved so well.

'It is indeed,' said Erle, devouring her with his eyes.

He crossed the stepping-stones first, Betty following. Her foot slipped slightly on the last boulder over which the amber water was sliding, and her lithe figure swayed.

In an instant Erle's arm was round her, crushing her to him, and the black moustache and hot lips were sullyng the pure cheek.

With a strength of which he had not thought her capable, the girl wrenched herself free, and stood at bay with blazing eyes like an outraged young goddess.

'How dare you, Mr Erle?' she said. 'How dare you?' tears of anger and shame rushing to her eyes.

The man was beside himself. He flung himself on the ground at her feet, pouring forth a perfect torrent of protestation, prayers for forgiveness, and a declaration of his hopeless love.

Betty stood like a statue; anger, pity, terror, helplessness, on her tearful face.

A 'Halloo!' aroused them, and Jack's figure, without his gun, was seen approaching.

'What on earth have you been doing?' he shouted. 'I have been all the way home and back again. I thought you had gone in.'

Betty was mute.

Young Fitzhugh looked sharply at her.

Erle tried hard to regain his composure and made some futile remark.

They all walked home in silence, a sudden fear chilling the boy's heart, and rousing a wrathful suspicion as to his friend. For some time past an uneasy feeling had been creeping over him that Erle's stay was of unreasonable length, and that he still showed no signs of leaving, though he was always talking of his many engagements to stay at country-houses, to ride at steeplechases, &c.

After they reached the house Jack followed his sister up to her room.

'How much longer is Erle going to stay here, Betty, do you know?'

Betty answered faintly in the negative.

'I must say I think it very odd,' said her brother. 'I asked him up here to shoot; but I never meant him to stay nearly two months. And what's more, I don't like it, and I wish the fellow would go,' he said rather crossly.

Betty burst into tears.

'Jack, Jack, don't be cross with me,' she sobbed. 'I have only got you in the world. Mother would not care if I were to die to-morrow, and Mrs Fletcher would be delighted. You have been so different to me, too, sometimes lately. I wish I could die,' she said hysterically.

The boy clasped her in his arms, soothing her and comforting her with all the old affection, and she grew calmer; but he went out from her presence with care on his young brow for the first time in his careless life, and a settled resolve on his lips.

'I must go, and take the brute with me, I suppose; for he won't go otherwise,' he said to himself. 'We can go and shoot Glen Crotal,' naming a distant shooting, with a lodge where they usually passed the night on such occasions. 'He can go south from there. We must shoot Duncraig and Barabreac to-morrow, and next day here; but never shall he set foot inside this house again. I am sick of him; and, moreover, I don't think he is good form, and I don't believe he has got all those places to go to that he talks so much about. He said he had a mount for Wearmouth steeplechases, and they came off last week. I suppose he thought I should not notice. — it! if I thought he had been



making love to Betty I would kill him,' said the lad savagely. 'I don't half-like the way he looks at her sometimes when he thinks it safe. What a blooming idiot I was to bring him here!'

Jack became a perfect dragon during the last days of Erle's stay, and seldom lost sight of his sister or of his friend. Nevertheless, Erle cleverly managed to secure an interview with Betty, by the use of considerable strategy, before he left the house that had sheltered him so kindly and hospitably for so many weeks, and where if he had failed to work great harm it was certainly by no virtue of his.

In Betty's eyes he certainly showed to advantage during his last moments with her. Haggard as he was with sleepless nights—for he really did love and desire the girl in his own selfish, brutal way—broken and apparently deeply penitent for the insult he had put upon her, with tears in his eyes and quivering lips, Betty felt extremely sorry for him, and went perhaps rather near the kindred feeling. Something, however, seemed to hold her back from this. Her instincts were fine and true, and Erle had often unconsciously jarred them. She, however, very foolishly agreed to write to him now and again, 'if only one line to tell him where she was and if she were well and happy.'

They parted, with his kiss burning her slim fingers. Young Fitzhugh and he were to leave at daybreak next morning.

After a night of agitated dreams, Betty sprang from her bed and cautiously put her ruffled head out of the window of her room, Johnnie scratching furiously at her dressing-gown, asking to see what was going on as clearly as though he had spoken.

The great stars of the north were still burning in the sky, and there was a frosty feeling in the air. The sea rippled gently on the beach, and the many little shore-birds muttered and wailed. The dog-cart looked a shapeless mass in the dim light; the ponies stamped and the harness jingled. A scrunch on the ground, and a faint smell of cigar-smoke floated up to Betty's window, and Jack's voice was heard:

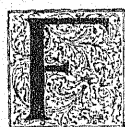
'Hurry up, Erle. We have not too much time if we are to shoot all that ground. Those birches alone will take us most of the day.'

The drag was shoved on, and they were off; and I am ashamed to say Betty jumped into her bed and cried herself to sleep, Johnnie hurling himself after her, and lying on her feet like a little lump of lead.

(To be continued.)

## THE THREATENED DEPOPULATION OF GREECE.

By LASCARIS.



OR years past, Greek journalists have been raising their voices against the ever-increasing emigration of their countrymen.

A journey through any part of Greece will show that from every town and village a greater or lesser number of youths are absent. Some have gone to the Cape or Australia, others to Khartoum or Canada; but though it has been correctly said that wherever sparrows are to be found there Greeks will be found too, yet the greater number by far are in the United States of America. When it is taken into consideration that these emigrants do not consist of women and children under age—for one of the great differences between Greek and Italian emigrants is that Greeks will never take out their wives till they have created a position for themselves—but of youths of twenty and upwards, who are the bread-winners of their families, this is a somewhat alarming discovery at first sight.

It should be borne in mind that Greeks do not emigrate as our younger sons do, going to Australia merely because they can turn their hand to anything there without loss of caste. In fact, of the better-class Greeks who have gone to the United States few have prospered, the expenses of living there having often absorbed all their earnings. Those who really find America an El Dorado are the peasants and the workmen. They generally share one room

among five or six men, for which they pay from three to ten dollars, according to the town they are in. It has been observed that Greeks, however poor, preserve a greater sense of self-respect and decency than Italians, who will often crowd together with an utter disregard of all sanitary and hygienic considerations. The contemptuous designation 'Dagoes,' which was formerly bestowed indiscriminately on Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks, has almost entirely ceased to be applied to the latter, who would deeply resent it. Accustomed to privations, and proverbially sober, Greeks will pinch and save out of their earnings, living on bread and cheese at first, and feeling quite happy when they can begin sending over a little money, in sums small at first, but gradually getting larger; for it is one of the finest traits of these folks that they never forget their friends at home.

The first money thus sent over is for their Church, and the next is invariably destined for building a house for their father, and sometimes also for releasing his land from debt. Only after this has been done will the emigrant begin to think of setting up in business.

Italian and Macedonian emigrants are quite content to remain workmen all their lives, and the latter go to America to create for themselves a home where they may live free from Turkish oppression. Greeks from Greece proper like 'bossing,' or at any rate object to being 'bossed over.' Though they

may be compelled to start as workmen or shoe-blacks, they will soon put by enough, or be helped by their more prosperous countrymen, to start a small push-car laden with fruit; but even the want of this will not deter them, for they often begin by carrying their flowers or other goods for sale in a basket. In time, however, they generally contrive to set up 'barangas,' or booths, all along the roads frequented by bicyclists, where they sell soda-water, lemonade, iced creams, &c. When they have earned sufficient by this means they will often open a regular shop for the sale of Greek produce. Others will open a shoe-blackening establishment, while many start confectionaries, which accounts for Greek names being found on some of the smartest confectionaries in New York. Greek specialties of chocolate creams and other sweetmeats are largely exported, even to England.

In Chicago there are about sixty-five thousand Greeks who went out as simple workmen, and who are for the most part thriving, many of them contributing even to the defence fund of their country. But they have many ways of making a living. Some carry portable stoves on which they cook waffles; others will mend gentlemen's suits of clothes. A friend who was in New York lately came across more than a thousand flower-sellers, nearly all of whom had been sponge-divers in their own country. They congratulated themselves on the improvement in their condition.

Such men will generally return after saving up some three hundred pounds to five hundred pounds, a sum worth six times as much in Greece, where living is cheaper and the rate of exchange still continues high. Should the paternal estate be small, they will add to it enough to enable them to live on it in comfort. This has caused land all over Greece now to be worth five times what it was only a few years ago.

Though most Greeks in America consider themselves birds of passage, many Greek clubs and churches are to be found there. Some Greeks have married with Americans. When the man who borrowed a few pounds ten or twelve years ago to pay his passage out third-class brings his bride over on a visit, travelling of course first-class, and having replaced his picturesque *fustanella* and *cappa* by a lounge suit of the most approved American fashion and a shining collar and brilliant necktie, he is welcomed by an admiring group, and many a heart beats faster at the prospect of following his example with like results.

Instead of the Greeks finding fault with their countrymen for emigrating, it is the Americans who might be justified in complaining of immigration, for they derive little benefit from this inroad of foreigners of every nationality, who lower the wages in coal-mines, railways, and factories, while spending as little as they can in the country that supports them. The people who benefit by this are the large owners of mills and mines. The American Government is taking steps to protect its subjects against

this competition by sending back all those who go to the States under labour contract. On the other hand, it is said that if immigration in the States were stopped, or if there were an exodus of those already there, the price of production would so greatly increase as to put America quite out of the market. Leaving such questions to better economists than myself, I may merely remark that it is not a roving disposition that induces Greeks to forsake their penates, but the poverty and misery they endure at home.

So long as the legal rate of interest continues to be 8 per cent., and so long as capitalists can lend their money on good security at a higher rate still, many will not be found willing to risk their capital in starting mills or running farms.

Though the tobacco grown in the country is excellent, and the Greek currants supply the whole world, there are many parts of Greece wholly destitute of water. In a country where there is often not a drop of rain from May till October such tracts are useless even for pasture. In other parts the soil is so stony that it requires much coaxing before it will produce anything.

Besides the low salaries that prevail, many saints interfere with a man's earnings. The year in Greece consists of two hundred working days, but many of these even are claimed by the patron saint of the village and of the workman or his family. A farm labourer makes about two or three drachmai per day (a drachmè is now worth about eightpence), and a woman much less; good workmen in factories make two to five drachmai, but girls there seldom get even one drachmè; many clerks in banks and large firms get only a hundred drachmai per month, those who are in receipt of four hundred or five hundred drachmai being few and far between.

All except the higher post-office officials get between ninety and one hundred and forty drachmai per month for work often prolonged from 9 A.M. to 7 and even 8 P.M. Last June the Government reduced the wages of these pampered servants by about 10 per cent. When the inevitable strike came, the higher officials were employed to sort the letters as best they could. The confusion that ensued was further augmented by the letters being entrusted for distribution to common soldiers, often puzzled to read addresses written in their own language. But the saddest part of this business was the alacrity with which hundreds offered to replace the men on strike for lower wages still. Those with whom I spoke all shrugged their shoulders, saying, 'Fifty drachmai are better than nothing; we are hungry.' Greeks talk eloquently about the oppression of the lower classes in Russia; but there seems to be little to choose between a Government that interferes with the liberty of its subjects and the sublime indifference of a constitutional Government where sinecures are maintained at the expense of much privation among the real workers. No wonder, then, that these poor people raise money on their land to

pay their passage across the ocean, where better wages await them.

Up to the present there has not been any direct line of ships travelling from Greece to America, beyond a few spasmodic departures of small and dirty French ships. The Cunard, the German Lloyd, the Transatlantic, and the White Star Line all convey emigrants *via* Marseilles, Trieste, Naples, and Genoa. From all I have been able to ascertain, emigrants are best pleased with the White Star Line, both for its business-like arrangements and for the care it takes to protect its passengers from being fleeced by boatmen, hotel-keepers, and interpreters on the road, taking all the arrangements into its own hands. Many hope it will soon establish a direct line from Piræus. Despite the difficulties in the way of sending Greek produce to America, the Greeks there import Greek olive-oil, olives, cheese, wine, and salt-fish. With a direct service, the importation will naturally greatly increase, and this will be another blessing in disguise of the much-abused emigration. That Greece has already reaped many benefits from it is undeniable.

Though the money sent by emigrants generally comes in microscopic sums, varying from one and two pounds to thirty and forty pounds, the latter being in the minority, these small sums produce a total of nearly one million pounds sterling per annum. This is no contemptible sum in a country as poor as Greece, and the fall in the rate of exchange during the last few years from 170 to 125—that is, 30 per cent.—is due at least two-thirds to the money thus sent by emigrants to their families.

In currant-growing districts, where there is little emigration, money is still lent out at 10 to 20 per cent., whereas in Sparta and other parts where there is much emigration the rate of interest has come down to 4 and 6 per cent.; and it is a curious proof of the Greeks' faith in emigration that a man will find it easier to borrow without security if he intends emigrating than others can do on security if they

intend remaining in Greece. Hitherto the mother-country has not suffered from the exportation of her hands. Were this to increase in a very large proportion the effects might be serious; but the tendency does not appear to lie in that direction at present.

Greeks began emigrating in 1893. Those who went to America were not at first successful in finding work, and many returned disheartened; but those who persevered were soon able to send money to bring their friends over. The great current of emigration set in between 1898 and 1901, after the disastrous Greco-Turkish war, when many were left completely destitute. It is now reckoned that from ten thousand to twelve thousand Greeks emigrate to America every year. Travelling is good for us all; more especially is this the case with Greeks, whose natural intelligence and power of adapting themselves to their surroundings remind one of their ancestor Alcibiades.

It is a common complaint in Greece that peasants possessing a few acres of land are ambitious not to let their sons follow in their footsteps. They will often sell or mortgage their estate to send their sons to the university in the hope of enabling them to adopt a liberal profession. The consequence is that there are almost as many doctors and lawyers in Greece as there are patients and clients. Hence the low rate at which both professions are paid.

In small towns where every one who is a little more enlightened or well-to-do than his neighbours becomes a small potentate, he expects to do as he likes in most things, irrespective of laws and regulations. More especially is this the case in Greece, which has been so long under the yoke of Turkey. All these notions are soon cured when a man finds his level, and lives in a country where law is the same for rich and poor. Hence a great improvement has been observed in the manners and the very ways of thinking of the Greeks who return home at the end of a few years' residence abroad.

## ALTHEA'S LOVERS.

### CHAPTER III.



At the time Pavloff and Colquhoun were walking towards the dens whence they saw the workers swarm out, Althea sat in her room writing a letter. She paused and laid down her pen. She was making future arrangements, and it became necessary to consult her father as to dates. She went down to the reading-room, where she expected to find him, but he was not there. She spoke to the porter in the hall, and found that he had gone out. He had spoken at breakfast of an important business engagement; clearly he had gone to fulfil it.

'I must finish my letter when he comes back,' she said to herself, and went towards her own room

with the thoughts of a half-read novel in her mind. On the stairs she paused and looked back. There was a sudden commotion at the entrance. The bus which fetched visitors from the station had driven up to the door with a terrific clatter, and a couple of white-faced attendants rushed into the hall. She could not catch a word of their eager speech, but she felt at once that there was trouble in the air. The same electric thrill of uneasiness seemed to flash instantly throughout the vast building, and in the twinkling of an eye the hall was packed by a crowd thronging from every passage to hear the news. She descended and stood on the outskirts; but amid the babel of Russian, French, German, Polish, she could not



gather what was wrong. Then she heard a voice in her ear, and turned to see a Russian gentleman with whom her father had struck up an acquaintance standing at her side.

'Ah, Miss Locke!' he said, 'we are on the eve of great events.'

'What is it, Mr Rianoff?'

'A revolution has broken out in the city,' he replied. 'A desperate battle is already in progress between the insurgents and the troops. Everywhere barricades are springing up. These fellows had to whip up their horses to full gallop to save the hotel-coach from forming a useful piece of a barricade.'

'Then the streets will not be safe?' cried Althea, a sudden fear gripping her heart.

'Safe!' and Mr Rianoff snapped his fingers. 'The streets will become Aeldama—a field of blood. Keep safely within doors, my charming young lady; lie low, as you say in America.'

He laughed and showed all his white teeth in a happy smile. His eyes flashed; his air was triumphant. It could not be doubted on which side his sympathies lay; he too was against the Government.

Althea left him and went swiftly up to her own room. Where was her father? Was he likely to be drawn into this maelstrom of civil battle about to whirl through the streets of the city?

There were two men in the world whom Althea loved very dearly. One was her father, and the other—ah! only her own heart knew that, and she had made no sign. At this instant the thoughts of her father's safety filled her mind entirely, and she ran from her own room to his.

Yes, there was the tablet of memoranda, on which he always noted his engagements for the day, lying on his table. She caught it up eagerly and read only one address upon it. To this place, then, he must have gone. She copied the address on a sheet of paper, and went down to the hall. The throng had partly dispersed, and she found one of the hotel-clerks.

'Will you please tell me where this place is?' she asked him in French, for he was not the English-speaking representative.

'But willingly, mademoiselle,' he replied. 'This is the address of a great business house not far from the quays. Do you wish a messenger to be sent there? If so, you have only to give the command.'

'I will not trouble you for a messenger, thank you,' said Althea. 'Can you tell me if it is likely to be a disturbed quarter?'

'I think everything is quiet there at present,' he returned; 'but the disturbances in that neighbourhood are bound to be great before peace is restored. It is, you see, not far from the docks, and the dock-labourers are the most turbulent class among the strikers.'

'Thank you,' said Althea; 'that is all I wished to know;' and she went back to her own room and began at once to put on outdoor raiment.

She meant to drive straight down to the house of Messrs Pakhovitch and bring her father back with her. The truth was that Althea felt a profound distrust as to the movements of Otis J. Locke. In her mind's eye she saw his look of amused inquiry when he heard of the outbreak, and with her mind's ear heard him remark, 'Say, this is great. Sounds like a lively scrap. I'm off to have a look at that.' And she did not propose that he should have a look at it. A Cossack bullet would drill a hole through him just as neatly and thoroughly as through a starving Russian striker, and she much preferred him to remain as he was. As for sending a messenger, she had never given a second thought to such an idea. She had already employed Russian messengers, and had acquired a wholesome distrust of them, unless the answer was a matter of no importance for a week or two. No, she would do her business herself, and she hastened her preparations and went down to the great hall. Here she found that fresh rumours were pouring in every moment, and being bandied to and fro amid an excited crowd.

Slipping through the chattering groups, Althea approached the great swing-door. The door-porter opened it for her, and said something earnestly to her as she passed out. He was a big, simple-looking man with, as a rule, a friendly smile. But now his face was very grave, and as she went down the steps he hurried after her and spoke once more and very anxiously to her. She could not understand his words, but she knew that he was uneasy at the thought that she was going out alone; but her mind was made up and she had planned her course. She nodded and smiled at him, for she had no language at command with which to thank the kindly fellow for his solicitude; then she waved her hand towards the row of carriages drawn up in the avenue before the hotel. Her signal was answered at once. At the head of the row was the man who had driven her and her father here and there a score of times already, and knew them well. He touched his nimble brown pony with the whip and trotted across at once.

As he came Althea looked up and down the avenue. This part of the city was as quiet as ever. A few foot-passengers strolled along the broad pavements; the shops drowsed beneath their blinds in the sun. As the *droshtky* drew up before her Althea handed a slip of paper to the driver. It contained the address where she expected to find her father, and the driver read it, and nodded half-a-dozen times to show that he quite understood. She sprang into the carriage, and away the pony whirled, for from her few words of Russian Althea picked out the word of the moment.

'Quick, quick!' she said.

The *droshtky*-driver turned on his seat with a merry grin, nodded again, and echoed her command, 'Quick, quick!' to show that she should be obeyed.

It was a long drive, and the first part was ordinary enough. The driver avoided main avenues

and kept to quiet side-streets, where their progress was uninterrupted. Suddenly they entered a quarter where the silence, at a bound, became uncanny. The shops were closed, the shutters drawn tightly over the lower windows of the houses. The pony's hoofs raised hollow echoes in the deserted street. Althea looked around uneasily. What did this mean? She glanced at the upper windows. At almost every casement faces peered out to see who passed. None looked out openly. She saw the corner of a blind raised and hastily dropped; eyes flashed at a slit in the venetians of sun-shutters; a head was popped out quickly from a window far above, and as hastily withdrawn. A profound feeling of uneasiness and suspense was in the air. The *droshky*-driver looked from side to side as if eager to find some one whom he might hail and question, but no figure was to be seen. Save for the stealthy faces which came and went, they might have been driving through a city of the dead.

The *droshky* whirled round a sharp turn into a wider street, and, again at a bound, they were in the midst of a band of the insurgents. Fifty yards down the street a crowd of men worked like ants building a barrier from wall to wall. Carriages, wagons, *droshkies*, were piled together. One group was busy tearing up paving-stones to strengthen the defences; another received the furniture which men were pitching through the windows of the neighbouring houses; everything was piled on the barricade.

Althea instantly grasped the meaning of this barrier at which these pale-faced, savage men were working with such feverish haste, and she called upon the driver to turn back. He needed no command; he had already drawn his pony up on its haunches and was pulling it round.

He went to work with rein and whip, for half-a-dozen wild figures were running swiftly upon them, eager to seize the *droshky* and add it to their pile. But the nimble, wiry pony saved both Althea and his master. Quick as a cat, he was round in an instant and scouring away at full gallop, Althea holding tightly to the side of the carriage lest she should be flung out. In a few moments they turned into a cross-street, and the hoarse shouts of the pursuing strikers died away.

The driver eased his pony, turned on his seat, and addressed Althea in voluble Russian. She caught a word here and there, but his pantomimic gestures were by far more helpful than his language, and she grasped that he intended to try another way. She nodded agreement, and he drove on.

Five minutes later they gained an avenue where plenty of people were about. Here the shops were open and all appeared quite peaceful. Knots of talkers were gathered on the pavements chatting together, and women went to and fro with baskets on their arms.

'No fighting here,' said the driver, glancing over his shoulder. 'Good—good!'

Althea understood his concluding words, and smiled assent. But they had not gone a hundred yards when they saw the front ranks of an approaching crowd. For an instant the driver looked as if he were about to turn again; then he saw that the crowd was harmless, and drew his vehicle aside into a deep gateway to let it pass.

On came the procession, and Althea looked at it with deep interest and pity. The marchers numbered no great force, perhaps three hundred all told; but surely no other three hundred in Christendom could have presented so heart-rending a picture of wretchedness and despair. There were very few men among them, mostly women and children, clad in foul and tattered rags, the withered skin drawn tight as parchment over their broad, square faces, the horrible glitter of famine in the wild eyes which looked out from a tangle of filthy, matted locks. The women tramped on with eyes set before them in sullen, hopeless despair, but the children glanced from side to side, and when a loaf of bread was flung among them from a window, a dozen pounced upon it and fought over it with tooth and nail like a pack of starving wolves till the last crumb had vanished.

A passer-by, having the dress and air of a better-class workman, had paused beside the *droshky* and fallen into conversation with the driver. In a moment he turned to Althea, took off his cap, and addressed her in excellent French.

'Your driver tells me, mademoiselle,' he said, 'that you are a stranger. He wishes me to tell you of these unhappy people who interrupt your journey.'

'You are very kind,' said Althea. 'I should be much interested to hear.'

'It is a deputation,' said the Russian, 'and they seek the Governor of Odessa to beg food for themselves and their children. The women are the wives of dock-labourers, the poorest and lowest class in the whole city. At best they do but little more than keep life in their bodies, but their husbands have earned nothing of late, and they are starving. Many have died already of famine or famine-fever; the rest are on the brink of a like fate. This morning a number of them resolved to appeal to the Governor, and you now see them on their way. But it is a hopeless affair.'

'Hopeless?' said Althea. 'Will he not do something for these poor creatures?'

'It is to be hoped he will not,' replied the man, with a bitter laugh; 'they will be lucky if they meet with neglect. They are more likely to be met and driven back by the Cossack whip.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Althea became witness of a scene which was to haunt her dreams for many a day, a picture of organised cruelty, absolutely terrible in its cold-blooded ferocity. Far up the avenue there burst out a sudden thunder of galloping hoofs, and at once a shout of alarm and warning rose like an echo.

'Cossacks! Cossacks!' was the wild cry. The avenue cleared of the strollers as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. From shop-doors, from friendly courtyards, from side-streets, their frightened faces peered out and their voices rose in warning to the unhappy people in the little procession, bidding them fly at once. But the starving women and children, their minds dulled and their movements rendered slow by famine, had done no more than halt and huddle closer together when the whirlwind was upon them and escape was impossible. Down upon them swept the swift Cossack ponies, each bearing a rider who yelled in ferocious glee and cracked his *nagaika* (a heavy Cossack whip) when he saw his work before him.

As Althea watched these wild, shaggy light horsemen of the Czar dart with tremendous speed upon the unhappy crowd she held her breath with terror as she awaited the moment when they would draw rein before the poor, pitiable wretches and strike. But in a moment a more frightful horror seized upon her. *They were not going to draw rein.* Instead, they lashed their ponies to still more terrific speed, and crashed, a tornado of crushing hoofs and whirling thongs, into the hapless, helpless mass of human bodies. Down went the poor creatures in scores, crushed to earth before that savage charge, and upon the heads and shoulders of the rest descended the heavy lashes, as they fled and screamed for the mercy which it was all vain to expect.

'See, mademoiselle,' said the Russian, who still stood beside the *droshky* withdrawn into the comparative safety of the archway—'see the brave Cossacks! Ah, what a victory! Is it not a triumph for them?'

'Oh, what monsters!' breathed Althea. Her beautiful face was white, but her eyes blazed with superb contempt for the ruffians who still pursued the flying wretches with pitiless lash.

Just beyond the archway a small group of men had been driven into a corner, and were there surrounded and taken prisoners by three or four Cossacks who had jumped off their ponies. To this spot galloped the officer commanding the troops, a tall figure clad in a splendid uniform, his high Astrakhan cap made of the blackest and finest wool. The features beneath the cap showed the thin, narrow face, the beady black eyes, which mark the Tartar blood so common among the Russians, and he smiled with undisguised satisfaction at the havoc which his men had made.

Suddenly a small piping voice hailed him as he sat, a magnificent figure, on his fine charger. It was a street urchin who spoke, a ragged youngster, perhaps nine years old, who had provided himself with a piece of broken stick, from the end of which floated a tattered red rag. Waving this symbol of the revolution, he shouted shrilly, 'Look at the brave officer who has beaten the women and children! Ah, the great victory! But do not go to Manchuria, my officer. The Japs are there. Then it would be your turn to run.'

The thin Tartar features blackened with rage at this taunt, and the officer snapped out an order. A Cossack near at hand began to unsling his rifle.

'Merciful heavens!' cried Althea, 'they are going to shoot the child. Stop them!' She had not been able to follow the boy's speech, but the movements of the Cossack were unmistakable. She glanced at the two Russians, the workman and the driver.

They were looking on, silent and immovable. Both knew that interference was sheer madness and would involve them at once in a like fate. But Althea could not sit still and see the boy murdered before her eyes. She leapt from the *droshky* as the Cossack swung up his weapon, ran forward, and sprang in front of the muzzle of the pointed rifle.

'No, no,' she panted; 'you shall not kill the child!'

The trooper would have shot the boy as coolly as he would have shot a dog; but when he saw that the ball would strike a tall, beautifully dressed, and very handsome young lady, he checked his finger on the trigger and looked up for fresh orders.

The Cossack officer had given a start of surprise when Althea rushed forward, but now he sat his Arab as still as a figure in bronze, only his keen dark eyes moving in their narrow slits as he surveyed the girl from the tip of her pointed toe to the flowers in her hat. At last his glance came to rest on her face and remained there. She was looking superbly beautiful; her colour had returned in a brilliant flood; her eyes shone like stars; her figure was drawn up to the fullest height; her whole air was dauntless and resolute.

In her excitement, Althea had spoken in her own tongue, and the Cossack officer now began to speak in perfect English. 'Ah, madame, so you take an interest in this *mauvais sujet*?'

'Surely,' said Althea, 'you could not have meant to kill a mere child like this? You were only intending to frighten him perhaps.'

'Not at all,' replied the officer, with a grim smile. 'You have certainly interfered with a death sentence. I am surprised that a lady should take part with this wretched *canaille* in introducing disorder into the city.'

'I have done nothing of the sort,' replied Althea. 'Could you expect any woman to sit within a few yards and see a child put to death in this cold-blooded fashion?'

'It is certainly expected in Russia,' replied the officer very dryly, 'unless the woman is anxious to get herself into the serious difficulty into which you have rushed. She also imposes a very unpleasant obligation upon *un homme galant*.'

'And, pray, what is that?' said Althea coldly. She began to dislike this man for something else besides his brutality, something which shone from his dark, evil eyes, and was shown in the air of savage mastery with which he surveyed her.

'The obligation of doing his duty,' replied the



Cossack, 'a duty which may not be agreeable to him—such as, for instance, putting a lady under arrest and lodging her in prison.'

'Arrest!' blazed out Althea. 'Do you hint at putting me under arrest? Are you mad?'

'Most sane, on the contrary,' he replied, smoothing his horse's mane gently; 'nor do I hint at all. I state a plain fact. I shall put you under arrest for taking part in a street riot.'

(*To be continued.*)

## THE NONCONFORMIST 'CAMPO SANTO.'



ALTHOUGH London abounds in 'God's Acres,' it has, apart from Westminster Abbey and St Paul's—neither of which has, strictly, any legitimate pretension to the title—no real 'Campo Santo' of Nonconformity but that situated in the centre of the City Road, and known as Bunhill Fields.

In the midst of a heavy downpour, and while scores of sightseers were seeking shelter from the pitiless January winds in every nook and cranny of this historic graveyard, I—only two days ago—stood pondering over the tombs of Daniel Defoe, John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, and John Owen.

Here, in the very heart of busy London, is a piece of ground the like of which is not to be found in the whole British Empire; and yet how few of the many thousands who daily pass by and through it (for it is an open thoroughfare) ever give a moment's thought to the hallowed associations of the place!

Distance truly lends enchantment to the view, and persons in the Antipodes who may read this account of Bunhill Fields will be better able to appreciate it at its proper value than those who live next door to it, or who, like the writer, have passed it daily for many years without being in the least affected by its long and varied history. And what a history!

Iford, Kensal Green, and Abney Park, the chief Metropolitan cemeteries, are of mushroom growth compared with old Bunhill Fields; and it has long been a source of wonder to many that in the work of renovating London—a task upon which the London County Council has set its heart—this ancient 'Campo Santo' has not long since been swept away. But no. Here it stands to-day much as it stood nearly seven hundred years ago, when the Lord Mayor and Commonalty of London took it over from the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's Cathedral, whose property it then was.

Although it was at that time a graveyard, it shortly afterwards became a playground, and the archers of old London took possession of it for their exercises. Here, too, the whole population were accustomed to seek their pastimes; and what with saints' days, fast-days, and civic feastings, our festive-loving forefathers spent much of their time in Bunhill Fields.

Bunhill, by the way, is a derivative of 'bon-hill,' which, in its turn, came from bone-hill or hill of bones—a name sufficiently expressive of its origin.

In this connection I may say that Defoe stoutly maintained that 'the Great Plague pit was excavated near this spot, when men were dying at the rate of from eight thousand to twelve thousand a week,' and space could not be found for them elsewhere.

Owing to the destruction by fire of the books connected with City properties, there is no 'record' in reference to this burial-ground earlier than 1698, although it is known that 'many of the ministers ejected in 1662, and whose remains were refused burial in the City churches, were laid at rest here by their pious followers;' while there is one tombstone (that of Debora Warr) which bears the date 'Nov. 10th, 1623,' the earliest to be found there.

For very many years the grounds were 'let out' by the Corporation, and much litigation ensued between that body—whose chief aim was to make money out of the concern—and its tenants. But leaving the sordid and mercenary strife as being unworthy of the hallowed associations of this strip of 'God's Acre,' let us turn to the records of the illustrious dead whose bones have lain for centuries guarded only by an obsolete statute and an innocent 'keeper,' who holds a sinecure, having no duty to perform except that of giving admission to the public during certain hours of the day, subject to their good behaviour.

It would, of course, be impossible to give the names inscribed on the six thousand tombs which are still to be found; we can only take the most distinguished among them, and in this category the name of Thomas Bradbury may be first mentioned. Here is the inscription as it stands to-day:

'In this vault is deposited the body of the Rev. Mr Thomas Bradbury, a very eminent Dissenting minister of the City. He was greatly distinguished for his zealous defence, both from the pulpit and the press, of the fundamental principles of religion; nor was he less remarkable for his hearty affection and firm attachment to the Protestant succession in the illustrious House of Hanover, particularly in the alarming and perilous crisis at the close of the reign of Queen Anne. Full of the joyful expectation of a better and eternal life, he departed from our world September 9th, 1759, in the 82nd year of his age and the 64th of his ministry. Reader! go thy way and consider that if the vivacity of genius or the charms of eloquence could have prevented the stroke of death, this monument had not been erected. Remember, also, that as surely as night

succeeds the longest day, so surely will death conclude the longest life. Work, therefore, while it is day."

This obituary notice is certainly long enough; but there is more to follow, as we are assured by the faithful chronicler that—

"Early on Lord's-day morning, August 1st, 1714, Mr Bradbury was walking along Smithfield in a pensive condition. Dr Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, happened to pass through in his carriage, and, observing Mr Bradbury, called out to him by name, and inquired the cause of his great thoughtfulness.

"I am thinking," replied Bradbury, "whether I shall have the constancy and resolution of that noble *Company of Martyrs* who were burned to ashes in this place; for I most assuredly expect to see similar times of persecution, and that I shall be called to suffer in a like cause."

"The Bishop, a zealous Protestant, endeavoured to quiet his fears, told him the Queen was very ill, that she was given over by her physicians, and that he was then going to Court to inform himself of the exact particulars. He assured Mr Bradbury that he would despatch a messenger to him with the earliest intelligence of the Queen's death; and that if he should happen to be in the pulpit at the time of the messenger's arrival he should be instructed to drop a handkerchief from the gallery as a token of the event.

"While Mr Bradbury was preaching, the news was communicated to him by the *signal* agreed upon. He suppressed his feelings during the sermon; but in his last prayer he returned thanks to God for "the deliverance of these kingdoms from the evil counsels and designs of their enemies," and implored the Divine blessing upon "His Majesty King George and the House of Hanover."

"Mr Bradbury, we are assured, ever afterwards gloried in being the first man in the kingdom who proclaimed *King George the First*."

In striking contrast to the wordy epitaph on Mr Bradbury's monument is the brief obituary notice on the tomb of a man of world-wide reputation. I allude to the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*:

"John Bunyan, Author of "*Pilgrim's Progress*," *ob.* 31st August 1688, *at.* 60. Restored by public subscription under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, May 1862."

Such is the inscription upon the tomb of one of the best-read and most prolific contributors to the religious literature of his age. As a biographer puts it: "He lived sixty years and wrote sixty separate works, the best-known of which is the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

It is pleasant to note that in the same tomb with Bunyan, the Rev. Robert Bragge, a friend, and Mr Strudwick, the landlord of the house on Snow Hill in which Bunyan breathed his last, are both buried—united in death as in life!

The significant brevity of the inscription on

Bunyan's tomb is equalled by that on the tomb of Daniel Defoe the novelist. The granite obelisk was erected in 1870 'By the Boys and Girls of England to the Memory of the Author of "*Robinson Crusoe*.'" A high pyramidal peak surrounded by iron rails, this monument seemed to remind me of the lines of the satirist: 'Earless, on high, stood unabashed Defoe;' although there is nothing about the pillar to suggest the persecution once endured by the fearless writer lying beneath. Five lines carved on the face of the monument are all that the curious can find. They are as follows:

"Daniel Defoe, author of "*Robinson Crusoe*," who died April 24th, 1731, in his 70th year."

A much more pretentious monument lies hard by, and, although the person whose memory is perpetuated was of less public notoriety, it is evident from the inscription that he was thought much more of—at least by his friends:

"The Rev. Henry Hunter, D.D., 1802. Beneath this pillar, raised by the hands of friendship, sleep the mortal remains of the Rev. Henry Hunter, D.D., who through a long life, deemed of those who knew him, alas! too short, served with unwearied assiduity the cause of religion, literature, and the poor. In him, to distinguished talents and a capacious mind, were united energy of disposition, affability of manners, benevolence of heart, and warmth of affection. In the hearts of those who were blessed with his friendship is preserved the most sacred and inviolable attachment; but his best eulogium and his most durable memorial will be found in his writings. There he has an inscription which the revolutions of years cannot efface; and when the nettle shall skirt the base of this monument and the moss obliterate this feeble testimonial of affection—when, finally sinking under the pressure of years, this pillar shall tremble and fall over the dust it covers—his name shall be perpetuated to generations yet unborn!

"Reader, thus far suffer the effusions of affectionate remembrance, when no adequate eulogium can be pronounced, and when no other inscription was necessary to perpetuate the memory than Henry Hunter, thirty-one years pastor of the Scots Church, London Wall; and who, on Wednesday the 27th Oct. 1802, left his family and his church to deplore but never to retrieve his loss, and silently took his flight to heaven in the sixty-second year of his age."

The foregoing inscription, we are gravely informed, 'was written by Dr William Bengo Collyer.'

One of the oldest inscriptions in this old burial-ground is that on the tomb of Hansard Knollys—or, to be exact, *was* on that tomb, for it is admitted that it is now impossible to locate it, although the record of it is extant. It was as follows:

"Here lyeth the body of Mrs Anne Knollys, daughter of John . . . eney, Esq., and wife of Hansard Knollys, minister of the Gospel, by whom he had issue 7 sons and 3 daughters, who dyed April 30th, 1671, in the 63rd year of her age."

My only wife, that in her life  
Lived forty years with me,  
Lyes now at rest, for ever blest  
With immortality.

My dear is gone—left me alone—  
For Christ to do and dye,  
Who dyed for me and dy'd to be  
My Saviour, God Most High.'

Another desperate attempt at an epitaph is found on the tomb of Lady Page, a person who seems to have suffered terribly from what we call 'dropsy,' but which might have had another name in those days:

'Here lyes Dame Mary Page,  
Relict of Sir Gregory Page (Bart.).  
She departed this life March 11th, 1728,  
In the 56th year of her age.

In 67 months she was tapped 66 times,  
Had taken away 240 gallons of water,  
Without ever repining at her case,  
Or ever fearing the operation.'

A more successful attempt is that found on the tomb of Vavasor Powell, who seems to have suffered eleven years' imprisonment for preaching the Gospel. He was known as the 'Whitefield of Wales':

'In vain oppressors do themselves perplex  
To find out arts how they the saints may vex:  
Death spoils their plots and sets the oppressed free,  
Thus Vavasor obtained true liberty.  
Christ him released and now he's joyned among  
The Martyred Souls, with whom he cries, "How long?"'

Better known to fame than Powell or most of those inferred about her last resting-place was the mother of John and Charles Wesley, on whose tomb these words are inscribed:

'Here lies the body of Mrs Susannah Wesley (widow of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A., late Rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire), who died July 23rd, 1742, aged 73 years. She was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Samuel Annesley, D.D., ejected by the Act of Uniformity from the Rectory of St Giles, Cripplegate, August 24th, 1662. She was the mother of nineteen children, of whom the most eminent were the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, the former of whom was, under God, the founder of the societies of the people called Methodists:

In sure and steadfast hope to rise  
And claim her mansion in the skies,  
A Christian here her flesh laid down,  
The Cross exchanging for a Crown.'

Embedded for a long time in seven feet of earth, until dug up and restored by the Corporation of London, lay the monumental slab or stone erected to the memory of Lieutenant-General Charles Fleetwood, who also was buried in Bunhill Fields. As we know, he married Bridget, the widow of Lord-Deputy Ireton and eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell.

A *propos* of the Cromwell family, the tombs of Henry and Richard Cromwell, which, like that of their relative Fleetwood, had long been buried seven feet beneath the surface—probably overthrown by design—have given rise to many useless

discussions. But if those interested would only take the pains carefully to decipher the inscriptions on the stones (still to be seen in this old churchyard) they would soon stand corrected.

Both Richard and Henry Cromwell were buried here; but they were not the sons but the grandsons of the 'Lord Protector,' as the inscriptions show. Whether from choice or necessity, however, a large number of the Cromwell family were interred here, and, indeed, there may be many more than the dozen whom I have clearly traced lying under the sod in old Bunhill Fields. Anyhow, by far the greater portion of the family have found a resting-place here.

Here, too, are deposited the mortal remains of the Right Hon. Lady Ann Agnes Erskine, eldest daughter of the tenth Earl of Buchan. She was the sister of Lord Chancellor Erskine, and it is said of her—nothing more need be said—that 'she spent forty years in befriending the poor.' Unfortunately, many are lying in old Bunhill Fields who were of quite a different stamp from the noble Lady Erskine.

#### HOLIDAY.

This piece is remarkable as having been written by Mr George Croal, an Edinburgh gentleman, in the ninety-fifth year of his age. In his *Living Memories of an Octogenarian* (A. Elliot, 1894), Mr Croal, amongst other matters, gives cherished recollections of having heard Jenny Lind and Paganini, and of a visit to the Ettrick Shepherd in his native haunts. Another recollection is that of having been present when Sir Walter Scott avowed himself the author of the Waverley Novels. Later he played some Scottish airs to Sir Walter at Abbotsford.

In opening manhood, when the stress of life  
Commands intent, then comes the ceaseless strife  
With honesty and virtue well begun,  
And firm in purpose till the race is run,  
Alternating with many hopes and fears;  
To some is given, through many changing years,  
To trust in fortune with the Stoic's pride,—  
Through loss and gain to cling to virtue's side.

In course of time the matrimonial chain  
Is riveted in love, and hence the gain  
To God's own heritage, which forms the sum  
Of blessed spirits in the world to come.

The spring now past, its budding treasures o'er,  
Gives place to summer and its fruitful store;  
Scholastic days now o'er, new thoughts employ  
To kindle bright the now impending joy  
Of wanderings many by the cultured field,  
And marking well the teeming fruits they yield;  
While some, from hoary mountain, may be given  
To contemplate the majesty of heaven.

Paternal love now crowns the happy day,  
And loving children own the gentle sway;  
Thus time rolls on, and aged spirits cling  
With living hope to Love's eternal spring.

Blest spirit with the one thing needful fraught,  
By grace of Heaven thy utterance is taught;  
'Welcome the blessed hour, come when it may,  
Which brings the EVERLASTING HOLIDAY.'

G. C.

August 1905.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### THE ICY OCEANS.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, Author of *A Manual of Marine Meteorology*.

**I**CEBERGS have their birthplace in the inhospitable regions adjacent to either of the earth's poles; they are drifted to sunnier climes by surface winds and ocean currents, and menace the safety of passing ships in certain zones of the two hemispheres. In the Far North, where glaciers abound, the extremities of these frozen rivers become water-borne on reaching the deeper water of the open ocean, and are eventually broken off by the upward thrust of the water into which they glide under the influence of gravity. Ever the glacier moves seaward, although the rate of advance is not invariable; and ever the protruding portion is severed. The northern ice-barrier is destroyed by the increasing power of the sun's rays, as the orb of day moves northward along the ecliptic; the liberated icebergs are borne towards the equator on the broad bosom of the cold Labrador current that washes the east coast of North America as far to the southward as the orange-groves of Florida; and scarcely a year passes away down the broad avenues of time without vessels traversing the North Atlantic falling in with icebergs drifting south in the vicinity of the Banks of Newfoundland. As a rule, the annual iceberg season lasts from March to August on the western side of the North Atlantic; but in exceptional years some of these unwelcome visitors from 'Greenland's icy mountains' and elsewhere are sighted throughout the whole twelve months. Admiral Markham, when gaining experience for an Arctic expedition in a Scottish whale-ship, saw eight hundred at one instant in Baffin Bay; and Scoresby, the eminent scientist and seaman of whaling renown, when two hundred and fifty miles south-east of Cape Race, Newfoundland, was surrounded by icebergs of all sorts and conditions, exceeding three hundred in number; while passengers on the mail-boat between Newfoundland and Labrador not infrequently count from two hundred to three hundred bergs above the horizon. Frequent attempts have been made during a long series of

years to trace an intimate relationship between the frequency of icebergs near Newfoundland and the temperature of the air in the shade over the United Kingdom, but without avail. Cowper suggested that icebergs should be fitted with sails, so as to ensure a quicker passage for them to the southward, and thus more rapidly rid the ocean of those 'ice islands that spoil our summers.' Summers of the United Kingdom, according to reliable statistics, are sometimes abnormally cool when icebergs to the westward are very few, and exceptionally warm when they are very numerous.

A cubic foot of ice weighs, approximately, fifty-seven pounds avoirdupois, whereas a cubic foot of water is just seven pounds heavier. Hence it follows that icebergs float with about one-ninth of their volume exposed to view. Consequent on the irregular shape of many of these drifting dangers, the vertical heights of the submerged and the exposed portions seldom vary directly as the volume. Bergs having an altitude of four hundred feet from water-line to summit are rare in the North Atlantic, and probably not more than a dozen loftier have been sighted in that ocean throughout the past twenty years. In January 1890, south-east of Cape Race, just where icebergs delight to linger, the *Mineola* passed one which was seven hundred feet high! Six years later, and again in 1899, not far from this favourite geographical position, several bergs having an altitude of six hundred feet were sighted from the decks of passing steamships.

Compared with the icebergs frequenting the lone Southern Ocean, those of the North Atlantic pale into insignificance. The reports respecting such mighty masses of ice would appear to be incredible were it not that measurements by sextant come very close to those depending upon estimation. So far back as 1833, when midway between New Zealand and Cape Horn, the captain of the sailing-ship *Arethusa* determined the altitude of a berg above the sea-surface by the aid of a sextant, and found it to be eight hundred and forty feet; and in September 1896, by the same method, Captain A.

Simpson, of the Aberdeen Line steamer *Thermopyla*, obtained an altitude of six hundred and forty feet. Quite a number of bergs have been sighted of recent years in the Southern Ocean varying in height from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet! In January 1893 the famous clipper *Loch Torridon*, when four hundred miles east of the Falkland Islands, fell in with several bergs which were showing a side of one thousand feet; and, towering high above these lofty ice-islands, there was a still loftier one of one thousand five hundred feet from water-line to summit! The Eiffel Tower is nine hundred and eighty-five feet high, St Paul's (London) four hundred and four feet, Washington Obelisk five hundred and fifty-five feet, Ailsa Craig one thousand and ninety-eight feet, and the South Foreland three hundred and eighty feet; so a faint idea may be gathered as to the awe-inspiring spectacle of a mass of ice, remote from dry land, half as lofty again as either Ailsa Craig or the Eiffel Tower. There were not wanting honest doubters as regards the report of the one thousand feet berg; although in August 1840 a berg of the same height was actually sighted only two hundred miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, and another in 1892, in a higher southern latitude, by the *Cromdale*—Captain Andrew. Both had been forgotten! Fortunately for those interested, the report of the *Loch Torridon* has been confirmed by several independent observers. Almost in the same geographical position, but two months later, the *Turakina* steamed close to a berg which was one thousand two hundred feet high; and a considerable number of ships reported bergs of one thousand feet altitude during the prolific period extending from 1890 to 1894. Still more recently, the United States Hydrographic Office has received a report from the British bark *Zinla*—Captain Macdonald—to the effect that she passed a large iceberg in November 1904, when five hundred and sixty miles east of the Falklands, which was one thousand five hundred feet high and seven miles long!

Since the glacial epoch, when icebergs scored their story in indelible characters on the higher hills of our islands, they have seldom approached the United Kingdom within a distance of thousands of miles. In January 1836 H.M.S. *Cove* passed a berg not far from the north of Scotland—between the Faroe Islands and the Shetlands; and quite recently some fishermen sighted a small berg a few miles to the westward of the island of Mull. Farther towards the equator, according to the monthly pilot-charts of the North Atlantic published by the British Meteorological Office, in 1883 the *Olivette* passed a large lump of ice near the Azores; and the *Elenora* sighted a somewhat smaller piece when about two hundred miles north of Madeira; thus, as it were, confirming the report of the *Olivette*. But for the two independent testimonies, and the corresponding data as regards time and place, it might have appeared that some error had inadvertently crept into the information. In 1890, however, the German steamer *Slavonia* fell in

with the remnants of an iceberg when six hundred and fifty miles west of Seilly, and this is probably the nearest approach of an iceberg to England for a very long series of years. With respect to the most south-seeking icebergs on the American side of the North Atlantic, the most reliable records are those supplied by the monthly pilot-charts of that ocean issued by the United States Hydrographic Office. In September 1895 the steamship *Gulf of Turanto* sighted a small berg, thirty feet high and three hundred and fifty feet long, not far from Cape Hatteras; and other instances of a like nature are on record. Hence, based upon actual observation, we may safely assert that icebergs setting out on a journey to the southward from the glaciers of the Far North defy the elements until entirely overcome by the temperatures of air and sea within two thousand one hundred miles of the equator. Nearer than this to the Tropic of Cancer an iceberg has never been, apparently, within the period of authentic history.

In the Southern Ocean, speaking generally, icebergs may be met with anywhere on the polar side of the fortieth parallel of south latitude; although occasionally they are sighted much nearer to the equator. A sea-surface current which sets to the north-east from the vicinity of Cape Horn drifts the southern bergs in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope; and the danger of collision with an iceberg in the Southern Ocean is at a maximum along a line joining the southern extremities of South America and Africa. In several different years icebergs have been seen from the Cape of Good Hope; and in August 1895 the bark *Queen Mab*, when only fifty miles south-east of Cape Agullas, passed no fewer than seven small bergs varying in height from seventy feet to two hundred feet. In April 1894 the fleeting fragments of an iceberg were passed about a thousand miles south-east of Rio Janeiro; and this is probably the most northern ice on record in the Southern Ocean. This piece of ice was twelve feet long, four feet broad, and four feet high, and was clearly made out by the watch on deck of the bark *Dochra*. Hence, in the South Atlantic, under exceptional conditions, ice from the great southern ice-barrier may withstand the increasingly vertical rays of the sun and the warmer sea-water until within one thousand five hundred miles of the equator.

A height of one thousand five hundred feet appeals most forcibly to the imagination. Yet after a close study of records carefully kept for two decades, it would appear that the length and breadth of some of the ice-islands encountered during that period are even more remarkable than the admittedly phenomenal height. In 1902 the steamship *Pelican*, of the Hudson Bay Company's fleet, passed an enormous berg near Ungava, Hudson Bay, which was nine miles long and two hundred and seventy feet high. Seldom, if ever, has a longer berg been sighted in the North Atlantic. It is in the high southern latitudes that we are compelled

to seek for ice-islands of dimensions far in excess of anything evolved from the inner consciousness of the most successful follower of Herodotus or De Rougemont. Yet many independent and trustworthy shipmasters of various nationalities, on board different ships and at periods sometimes separated by long intervals, have closely observed floating masses of ice approximating more nearly to continents than to islands. During the first four months of 1854, about half-way between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, a never-to-be-forgotten mass of ice was passed by a large number of the splendid sailing-ships then engaged in carrying eager hearts and willing hands to Australia. It was shaped like the letter J, and therefore especially dangerous to vessels entering between the two sides under the assumption that they were in the presence of two enormous parallel bergs. The longer side stretched in impenetrable solidity for sixty miles, while the shorter side was less by only twenty miles! Situated between these perilous promontories of ice was a deceptive bay forty miles wide; and one of the emigrant-ships that entered this *cul-de-sac* was lost with all on board, while several experienced a grave difficulty in beating back to the open sea. In December 1892 an ice-island thirty miles long was observed by the *Drum Craig*; in January 1893 the *Loch Torridon* sailed along one side of a similar danger for fifty miles, the indentations of this awful coast-line being full of small bergs and detached pieces of ice; and in November 1894 the *Antarctic*, when five hundred miles south of Antipodes Island, passed an icy mass which was seventy miles long although but sixty feet high. In January 1893, when seven hundred miles east of the Falkland Islands, the crew of the ship *Wasdale* underwent an experience that they would not desire to be repeated. At dawn of day she was found to have sailed into a bay of horseshoe shape, hollowed out by the forces of nature from the side of a huge ice-island. It was four miles wide at the entrance, ten miles wide at the central portion, and extended into the icy mass for a distance of twenty miles. Many other instances of a similar nature might be given; but sufficient has been written to indicate that a height of one thousand five hundred feet is at least not more remarkable than a length of from fifty to seventy miles. There are some glaciers in high southern latitudes, yet they can scarcely be regarded as the origin of such remarkable ice-islands. Erebus and Terror are active in the Far South, and it is not improbable that an earthquake occasionally sets free the whole edge of the ice-barrier. On the other hand, we may fairly assume that these huge icy masses arise from the property of regelation. Individual icebergs of moderate dimensions probably collide under the action of wind and current, freeze together at the surfaces of contact, and thereafter continue to the finish as one mass. Icebergs of the Southern Ocean are generally of tabular form, whereas those of the North Atlantic assume every fantastic shape. Owing to various causes, among

them being the lesser depth of water in Behring Strait, the North Pacific Ocean is not troubled by icebergs, although drift-ice from the Arctic fastnesses is not unknown near Japan at times.

Not only in height and volume, but also in numbers, do the icebergs of the Southern Ocean surpass those of the North Atlantic. In March 1893 the ship *British Isles*, near the Falkland Islands, while sailing two hundred miles passed over one thousand bergs. In April 1895, when six hundred miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, the *Earnock* fell in with her first berg of the passage; and for several days in succession she steered to the eastward with bergs on every hand. Captain Yates estimated that she passed more than nine hundred bergs, some of which were six hundred feet high and three miles long. In December 1896 the Aberdeen Line steamship *Damascus* passed nine hundred and fifty-four bergs in three successive days. Of this number seven hundred and eight were seen on one day, and two hundred and thirty-six in a short watch of four hours. At night-time, and in thick weather, there may be bergs that are above a vessel's horizon but concealed from view.

Icebergs not infrequently serve as carriers of earthy matter, large rocks, and other items that are annexed as the parent glacier glides seaward. In October 1879, when in 78° N. 1° 30' W., the whaler *Hope*, of Peterhead—Captain J. Gray—came across a large mound of earth of a brownish hue, weighing about sixty tons, which was drifting south on the ice. Numerous birds were resting on it, and there were also some birds' eggs. Polar bears and Arctic animals of various kinds have been observed upon drifting icebergs, remote from the land of their birth; and a few months ago the passengers of the steamer *Hanover* were gratified by the sight of six huge bears restlessly patrolling an iceberg which was adrift on the Banks of Newfoundland. Live walrus are occasionally found floating on ice in the open ocean. One was seen near Norway's North Cape in 1868, and another on the west coast of Scotland, in the Sound of Harris, some years previously. The crew of the German discovery-ship *Hansa* sought safety on an enormous mass of ice when their ocean home was crushed by the irresistible pressure; they constructed a hut thereon out of coal saved from the wreck, and were eight months drifting southward until safety was assured to them. In 1851, near the eastern edge of the Banks of Newfoundland, two large ships were observed high and dry on an iceberg. They appeared to have been made snug for the winter at some previous date, and eventually abandoned by the crews. Many erroneously assumed that these derelicts were the ill-fated *Erebus* and *Terror*, of Arctic and Antarctic fame, which had drifted out of Baffin Bay in much the same way as did H.M.S. *Resolute* after she was abandoned fast in the ice. In July 1894, a few days after rounding Cape Horn, in the South Atlantic, the bark *Gladys* was surrounded by huge icebergs. On one of these



were signs of human beings having found a temporary resting-place there; a beaten track, clearly visible on one side, led to a sheltered nook, and five dead bodies of men lay prone in the vicinity. As the long night of a Southern winter was coming on, and a gale of wind was blowing, discretion forbade a detailed search. In 1881 the steamer *Isabel*, off Cape Race, Newfoundland, foundered after striking an unsuspected portion of a berg which happened to be submerged. All hands but one were drowned. The sole survivor clung to a wooden grating, reached the berg, succeeded in effecting a landing-place upon the side of the icy mass, and was rescued after an exposure lasting several hours.

Collisions with icebergs by steamships anxious to make a passage are not nearly so numerous as might be inferred. In November 1879 the then fastest vessel afloat, the Guion liner *Arizona*, crashed into a berg while on the way from Liverpool to New York with five hundred and fifty persons on board. Her whole forepart was crumpled up, and it is said that after her arrival at St John's in distress about two hundred tons of ice were taken out of the gaping wound. In July 1895 the steamer *Port Chalmers*—Captain Free—collided with a berg in 45° S. 52° E. Her stem was broken, her bows smashed, her fore-compartment filled with water, and seventy tons of ice were left on the forward deck. But for the good lookout kept by Mr Tunbridge, the second officer, and his prompt action, the steamer might easily have been injured beyond repair. She, however, succeeded in reaching Adelaide in her crippled condition. On this occasion the R.M.S. *Tainui*—Captain E. J. Evans—for the first time in twenty-eight round voyages, had ice in sight between the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand, and also between New Zealand and Cape Horn. For twenty-three voyages not a single berg was sighted by this steamer on the outward passage, and but one on the homeward passage.

For many years it was supposed that a fall in the temperature of the sea-surface was a sure indication of the proximity of an iceberg. Nothing can be more remote from the truth. At the margin of the cool Labrador current and the relatively warm water of the Gulf Stream a sudden change of twenty degrees Fahrenheit in the sea-surface temperature is not infrequent, even though the weather be delightfully clear and not a sign of ice above the horizon. On the other hand, ships have often passed close to a berg without experiencing the slightest fall in the sea-surface temperature. A vigilant lookout may perchance hear the echo of a steam-whistle or the wash of the waves against the base of a berg, or he may even see the ice-blink, but the sea-surface temperature is not in the least a guide as to the proximity or otherwise of ice. A fall in the temperature merely indicates that the ship has got into a cool surface ocean current, and this may or may not be carrying icebergs towards the equator. As a matter of fact, in very cold weather, such as is often experienced near the Banks of Newfoundland, the thermometer used for the sea-surface temperature is not immersed in the water to be tested sufficiently long for the mercury to take up the temperature. The remarkable immunity from serious casualty enjoyed by the large transatlantic liners, notwithstanding fog, derelict ships, and icebergs, speaks volumes in favour of the good lookout kept by those responsible for the safety of the ship and all on board.

In the days of old, prior to the perfecting of a timekeeper for use on board ships at sea, the geographical position was sometimes considerably in error. An enormous iceberg would be mistaken for an uncharted island, and reported as such; the chart-makers hastened to indicate the alleged newly found danger on the navigating charts, in the erroneous position; and for many years after the iceberg had disappeared the report would cause grave anxiety to navigators in the affected area of old ocean.

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER VI.

**I**T is certain that the days dragged rather heavily with Betty after the departure of the two young men, for Jack went south with Erle, and did not return to Dunscaith as he had intended. The old house was strangely quiet without his vigorous presence and his sonorous young voice shouting orders or calling his sister; without the click of the billiard-balls in the hall and the scent of tobacco (towards which Lady Fitzhugh was singularly lenient); and without Johnnie's furious cat-barks—the cat being usually imaginary; but Johnnie was always ready to fall in with the humour of the moment and responsive to all teasing, which he really loved, like the poor fool

in the village, Angus Gorach. The old minister had reproached the boys for teasing him, and one day found him sitting crying by the roadside. 'What is it, Angus?' he said. 'Have the boys been at you again?' 'No, sir; but none of them speaks to me now, and I dinna like it. I would far rather they made a fool o' me.' Johnnie was quite of the same opinion.

Then the weather broke at last, and gale after gale raged, the trees bending like whips before the wind, waving weirdly to and fro, the old house trembling in its grasp. The dead leaves whirled and crackled in the approach, the loch was white with foam, and the spindrift flew across the waves.

No more peaceful sails with old Angus for Betty, round the Cailleach and Rluhunnish for fishing, or away to the Flannan Isles far out at sea, to see the seals lying out on the rocks, the splendid brown tangle waving its masses in the tide; the pale islands sleeping in the sunshine on the bosom of the calm sea, where great whales coming up to play would sometimes show their black backs and fluked tails above the surface, blowing and plunging again into the depths; porpoises would roll head over heels after each other, pursuing the herring; and dolphins would jump high out of the water, falling back again with a splash into their native element. Then the sail home in the sunset-light, or the row, if the breeze died down, over the glassy, golden sea, not a sound but the cry of the birds, and the rhythm of the oars as the girl and the old man rowed.

A great peace seemed to flood Betty's soul at these times, and the jarring notes at home seemed strangely trivial after days like these.

Now, alas! the days had changed, and there was more than one sad tale in the small townships of lads away at the fishing who would never come home more, except in one of the terrible long boxes so often carried by the cargo-steamers to the outlying islands and landing-places on the coast; for, however poor the Highlander and Islander may be, he still loves to think he will take his last rest in his native land, and generally leaves provision for his journey to his long home should his end overtake him in the 'south.'

Lady Fitzhugh, however, was kinder to Betty now, and looked at her with more interest and liking. Perhaps she was growing a little tired of Mrs Fletcher, which was a way of her ladyship's; perhaps the girl's beauty and grace and goodness had made their way with her mother. At any rate, Mrs Fletcher felt that she dared not give utterance to the covert allusions she longed to make as to Betty's evident depression.

There is, I think, at all times, a great flatness in a manless house. In a household of women all things seem to narrow to a point, and the sense of proportion fails. Trifles become of huge importance, and the change or misdemeanours of a servant seem of far greater importance than a change in the Government of the country or a possible invasion by France. With the master in the house all is different.

There is greater breadth, a wider horizon, a feeling of strength and solidity which, were it quite fallacious and ill-founded, is pleasant. Although there may be moments when household fidgets are in the air, claiming time and attention, which cause a little feeling of relief when the scent of the morning pipe floats in, the hall door is banged, and the master departs for the day, it is far outweighed by the anticipation, as the day wears on, of his return, tired but cheerful, full of breeze and of outer things, appreciative of his dinner, his comforts, his woman-kind.

## CHAPTER VII.



URING the bright weeks that had passed so quickly there had been a little diversion in the shape of a flying visit from Lord Forsyth, the uncle and guardian of the young Fitzhughs. He had swooped down upon Dunscaith unexpectedly, as his manner was, on his way south from his own fat shooting in Caitness, for a few days. His keen eye and clear common-sense took in the height, depth, and breadth of most things, and he pretty nearly fathomed the depths of Geoffrey Erle. Lord Forsyth looked upon him with disfavour and suspicion from the outset, but treated him with the most elaborate courtesy, deferring to his opinion, agreeing with all he said, yet closely observing him.

The man, however, was not taken in, and was completely a match for his undeclared adversary. As he was quiet, retiring, most deferential yet dignified, Lord Forsyth's suspicions were partly lulled to rest, and Erle's shooting powers distinctly modified the hostility of the elderly sportsman.

Jack and the old keeper had arranged for a few days in the Dunscaith coverts. Charming shooting, shaggy woods full of wild pheasants and black-game, always a chance of woodcock—though it was full early for that lovely bird, a certain number bred in fair Dunscaith, where were soft green places that seldom froze, in the sheltered, quiet coverts. There were a good many roedeer; but these, at Betty's earnest prayer, were let off, and the morning was not made hideous by their piercing cries, their white 'tickets' disappearing into the shadowy depths of the wood. The green velvet rides through the masses of bronze, gold, and brown bracken were fatal traps for the heedless bunnies, who, thoughtlessly dashing across them in hundreds, fell victims to the unsuspected guns. Duck and a wily curlew or two were shot on the way home along the shore.

Lord Forsyth enjoyed himself mightily. There were exquisite pictures of blue hill and shining sea all day; and they ate their lunch in a lovely spot, the bright, hot sun, that often comes to bide a wee in those parts at that time of year, pouring his rays upon them, to the amazement of the Southron.

As young Fitzhugh had said, Erle never missed, and was most modest over his brilliant right and left-ers and difficult shots; neither was he a jealous shot, a being Lord Forsyth hated. And the end of the day left the latter considerably mollified as to the man he looked on with so much distaste and suspicion, there being a great camaraderie about field-sports.

The glamour, however, was fleeting, and as the old peer drove away in the dim morning on leaving Dunscaith, rather cold and cross with his abnormally early start and hurried breakfast, he looked sourly at the veiled windows in the bachelors' quarters, devoutly wishing he had asked Jack point-blank how long 'the fellow' was going to stay.

'Just the sort of chap to take Jack into bad com-

pany in town,' he thought. 'Probably rook him at cards or over horses. What on earth made the young ass bring him here when there are thousands of such nice fellows about?'

Of Betty he hardly liked to think in the same breath; but he gave way to an inelegant explosion when he thought of her mother and her 'tabby,' as he called Mrs Fletcher, to whom he had instantly taken a dislike when he had first set eyes on her.

Then, as he did not like being uncomfortable in mind or body, he dismissed the matter, and turned his thoughts southwards: to his horses and the hounds of which he was master, to the cubbing now in full swing, to the prospects of the hunting season close at hand.

'One thing I shall do,' he said to himself, reverting to his former train of thought, 'and that is to get Betty to Brayborough. She can ride the tails off two or three of the young ones. Dear thing, she will like that, and she will soon forget Don Quixote and his red tie, confound him!—if she has ever thought of him, which Heaven forbid!'

The day brightened, and his spirits rose with the sun; but it was with a sigh that he stepped into the train. The autumn colour and still, clear air were exquisite. The wild hills took every hue of a plum: russet where the brackens were turning golden green, dusty purple and tenderest blue as they faded away in the distance.

Lord Forsyth looked sadly upon them as the train hurried along, winding its long length round their bases. He thought of old friends who were gone, and of days that were dead, when, sound and strong of wind and limb, he would have thought but little of the highest of the peaks, as he swung gaily along, rifle in hand, with a heart as light as the sweet wind that blew in his face.

Now all was changed. Time had ran lead into his shooting-boots and cut his breath sadly short, and the days had but little pleasure in them. He thought of his great place in the Midlands; of 'her ladyship's' perpetual parties of people he did not care about, flirting women and their fancy men, incessant bridge and games of cards in corners, shrill laughter and cackling and dressing and gossip; of the responsibilities that bored him but which he never shirked; and of the pomp and circumstance of his station in life, which bored him most of all.

The country was rapidly opening out into plain and field, and the hand of man was over all and lay heavy on the land. Away northwards—now far away—the hand of God was lying lightly and lovingly on the quiet hills, painting them with unutterable beauty; on the wide sweeping moorland, where the bog-myrtle sent sweet savours up to heaven, and the *cannach* (cotton-plant) waved its foolish and fluffy little head in the breeze; where the still pools among the rich brown peat-bogs stared up with turquoise eyes to the pale, sweet sky above, and the hand of man was not.

Lord Forsyth looked no more from his window

in the train, and bought a *Scotsman* at the next available station; and they rumbled and rattled and shrieked their way to the south, to the south, away to the south.

#### CHAPTER VIII.



AFTER weeks of wild gales from the sea, the air soft as velvet, the warm rain dashing in sheets against the windows, alternating with occasional days like bits out of heaven, winter asserted itself in remote Dunscaith by the snow that shone in the sunshine on the high ground and distant peaks.

A few brown leaves remained trembling on the trees, and some of the birches still looked as though they were hung with quivering golden coins. The air was sharp and still and sweet, making young blood run quicker through the veins, but not cold enough to make older folk grumble and stir their fires, should they be happy enough to be possessed of means for such comfort. With the inmates of Dunscaith the days flew by very quickly in quiet monotony.

Lady Fitzhugh occasionally remarked that she must go up to London to see her doctor and some plays; but on being encouraged thereunto with ill-disguised fervour by Mrs Fletcher (who was eating her heart out in what she called 'the hideous dullness of this awful place'), her ladyship relapsed contentedly into her paterfamilias, little drives, and short walks in the sunny garden, which was still charming even in winter guise, with things put away and tied up, the earth brown and moist, and stripped of flowers, the clods at times silvered with sparkling hoar-frost, and the robins singing little songs to the gooseberry-bushes.

Betty's days were busy and pleasant enough, the happier relations with her mother continuing, the change having come about quite imperceptibly and for no apparent reason.

There was great poverty in the various townships on the estate, and the girl spent a good deal of her time, as we said before, visiting the poor people. She spoke Gaelic well and fluently, as her father had always insisted on having a Highland lassie in the nursery, who was a good deal sniffed at by her ladyship's beer-drinking English nurse.

But Gaelic was learnt by both young Fitzhughs; and the nurse and her beer took themselves off in time. Or perhaps the converse took place, and the beer took off the nurse. The Highland lassie remained; so did the Gaelic.

Great was the disgust of the factor with the results of this fad of his lordship; many a time and oft had it interfered with his plans, for he had his favourites, and loved power.

Although so young in years, Betty had a wise little head on her shoulders, and clear good sense and judgment as well as sympathy and tenderness.



Many a wrong was put right by her gentle management, and many a grievance allayed. She was an industrious girl, too, spinning and knitting, and doing all she could to keep up the old industries of the Highlands, trying to interest the children in them, and the younger women—no easy task when they had once been south, returning with hats covered with artificial flowers, and high-heeled shoes that melted as they took the short-cut across the hill to church.

One evening Betty did not make her appearance in the library until considerably after dark.

'Where have you been, Betty? I do not like your being out so late alone,' said her mother.

'So very odd,' chimed in Mrs Fletcher at a venture.

'I went to see poor Donald Roy's widow, mother, up the glen, and it is such a strange story, I was sure you would not mind when you heard it.

'She told me that the night on which poor Donald was drowned she could not sleep for the wind, and she got up to put peats on the fire, and took little Janet into bed with her. She was lying looking at the door, and she saw the latch move, and her husband came in dripping wet, the water pouring off his oilskins. He went up to the fireplace, and put his hand and arm up the chimney at the side, and groped about; then he turned and looked at her, and as she looked at him he vanished. She said she knew he was dead when he looked at her.

'She was in a terrible state, poor woman! and as soon as it was light, went to her sister and told her; and, sure enough, the telegram came a day or two later saying that his boat had gone down that night.

'But just imagine, to-day little Janet was sitting by the fire, her mother told me, watching the pot and staring up the chimney, when she said suddenly, "Look, mother, one of the bricks is nearly out. I am afraid it will fall into the pot."

'Mrs Roy looked, and the brick came away in her hand, and there was a hole scraped out, and a small canvas bag lay in it, and she opened it, and there was twenty pounds in it. She remembered poor Donald groping in the chimney that night she saw him, and she is sure he came to tell her of it. She cried so dreadfully, and said that now she had

lost him she did not care for anything; but I tried to comfort her, and offered to take the money and put it in the savings-bank, as I was sure that was what he would have wished; so I ran home and took the cart and Neil, and settled it all for her at the post-office. Wasn't it strange, mother?'

Lady Fitzhugh looked pale and grave.

'The Scotch are so superstitious,' said Mrs Fletcher, with an incredulous simper.

'They may be superstitious,' said Lady Fitzhugh, 'but they are certainly more interesting than the low-class, beef-and-beer English, or the middle-class English either,' she added curtly.

Mrs Fletcher had forgotten her ladyship's nationality in her attempt to annoy Betty.

'I don't quite see, either, where the superstition comes in in this case,' said Betty. 'Mrs Roy would never have invented such a tale, and she told it to Neil Bane's wife a day or two before the telegram came; and she knew nothing about the money in the chimney, as she could not think what poor Donald was doing groping there that night she saw him.'

Mrs Fletcher found herself between two fires for once, as sometimes happens to the toady and sycophant, so she retired to dress, sidling out of the room yellow and discomfited.

During those winter days I am sorry to say that Betty's thoughts often turned pityingly to Geoffrey Erle: his sadness, his wrongs, and the unkindness of the world. She was perforce obliged to spend a good deal more time in the house now; and as her spinning-wheel hummed in the firelight she mused and dreamt, and there was some little danger in this contemplation of a most unworthy object.

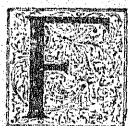
It would have been well to uproot the girl for a time from her present way of life, dearly though she loved it, and quietly happy though she might be.

With the appositeness with which things sometimes occur in this strange world, the means of uprooting happened to be close at hand, even at the door, among Reynolds's heap of letters, as the old clock wheezed and grunted and struck ten one frosty night; the means, as we may suppose, being a letter from Lady Forsyth to Lady Fitzhugh, inviting Betty to Brayborough for a long visit.

(To be continued.)

## UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO WILLIAM HUNTER.

### PART II.



FAMOUS or well-known Scots who send letters of introduction to Hunter, not in themselves important enough to quote, are Doctors Pitcairn, Smellie, and Fothergill, Professor Simson, and Foulis the Glasgow printer. It is to be regretted that David Hume does not send a characteristic letter. He writes from Fontainebleau, in October 1764, relative to a letter Hunter

had desired him to give to Dr Astruc. Hume's script is very neat, distinguished, and French-looking; but an even more faultless handwriting is that of Hunter's old master and lifelong friend, the illustrious Dr Cullen. His long, vivid letter to William Hunter on the death of David Hume has been reprinted from the Hunter-Baillie Collection in Thomson's standard *Life of Cullen* (1859), with the omission, in the interests of good taste, of the

word 'Christian' before 'superstition.' Cullen avers that Hume, his patient, died *en plaisantant*, as other great men had done before him; but William Hunter's own end was not less philosophic. 'If I had strength enough left to hold a pen,' said he in 1783, 'I would write how pleasant and easy a thing it is to die.' The phrase may be set beside Dr Johnson's '*jam moriturus*,' spoken in the following year. An unpublished letter from Cullen seems to have been sent off uncorrected; for, exquisite otherwise, it lacks commas. The last paragraph alludes to Hume's death:

'MY DEAR FRIEND—I have wished to have your opinion on many subjects and if I was near you I should be very troublesome. Your distance has hitherto saved you but I must now break thro that obstacle. I am very diffident in offering my works to the publick but the necessities of a teacher have obliged me to publish for the use of my Students and now after a trial of two or three years, I venture on giving my text book to the publick. It is still however with diffidence and if I was not kept in a constant hurry and putting off to the last I should not publish without having your opinion upon the whole of it. This however I cannot now have but will still make an effort to have your opinion on one part of it. For this purpose I send you by this post a section of my work which I beg you'll look over and give me your corrections with respect to the matter in the first place and by the way with respect to the language and the stile which I shall in several places correct, as it certainly requires. You will perceive that I have decided many controversies which you are a much better judge of than I am, and I expect your opinion without reserve. You will find perhaps some new doctrines for which I crave no mercy tho they might appear better if I was by to give my reasons and explanations but I shall certainly endeavour to make the best use I can of your opinion.'

Dr Hunter is urged to return the papers within a fortnight.

'I know well, both that you have little leisure and that it is not proper to hurry such a business but I cannot now help it and must trust to your quickness of parts in doing the business in a short time and to your friendship for me in finding that time. The Post Office have been so kind as to transmit the printed papers but would not take this letter along with them, and therefore it is that they come separately. I am this day to pay my last duty to David Hume and you may believe with great concern. By Dr Black's nonchalance there has been no dissection so that I can tell your brother John nothing more exactly concerning his disease.'

Cullen signs himself 'with great affection,' and adds, in a postscript, 'Upon further inquiry I believe I have blamed Dr. Black unjustly in the above.'

The letter is dated Edinburgh, 29th August 1776.

David Hume in his time was a terror to worthy souls. The Bishop of Down and Connor (Dr James Trail) writes to Dr Hunter:

'DEAR SIR—Some Days ago I took the Liberty to write a Letter of a very delicate Nature to Mr. Hume. . . . Now since that Letter was written, I find every Day, almost every Hour, new Proofs how necessary it was to make Use of every Method to prevent Mr. Hume's coming into this Country. His Character as a Philosopher is an object of universal Disgust not to say Detestation in this Country; & his historical Character, especially where Ireland & the Stewarts are concerned, is excessively disliked. It is become therefore an object of Importance both to himself & to this Family (the Earl of Hertford's) that he set not a Foot in this Kingdom. If he knows any Thing of the World, & if he reflects but a single moment, I think my Letter must infallibly determine him to remain in England. But it has been so customary a Thing with him to dissent from all established opinions & to oppose the Common Belief of Mankind, that possibly in the present Case he may not be struck with any Idea of Impropriety. In general indeed his Theory is of such a Nature as cannot possibly be put in Practice; however, there is always Reason to apprehend Impropriety in Practice from a Man who affects a universal Singularity in Sentiment & opinion. This has appeared to me in so strong a Light,' &c. The long back-handed attack continues for many lines. At last we reach an appeal to Dr Hunter, which shows him to have been David Hume's intimate friend: 'I must therefore beg of you to seize the first Moment in your Power of talking with Mr. Hume; if by any accident he has not received the Letter which I wrote to him . . . it will be proper to give him the copy which I inclose to you; & if the Letter does not absolutely determine him, you must use all the Arguments in your Power to prevail upon him. In short he must not come here; I am sure my Lord himself (Lord Hertford) sees the insuperable objection; & therefor I the more chearfully undertake the Task, that my Lord may not, in Contradiction to all his Feelings for Mr. Hume, be at last reduced to the disagreeable Necessity of laying an absolute Embargo upon him and his Philosophy. I am well persuaded that Mr. Hume will not require any sort of argument to be used with him to induce him to serve my Lord; all I wish is only that he may see Things in their true Light; it is his Understanding & not his Will that I want to move. If therefor it should be necessary (to produce that effect) to shew him this Letter, you are at full Liberty to do it.'

The letter is dated at Dublin, November 14, 1765. The Earl of Hertford was at that time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Hume was still in Paris, where he had been acting with much credit to himself as Hertford's temporary successor or *chargé*

*d'affaires* at the British Embassy. This egregious effusion ends with a postscript :

'My Lord desires that this Letter may not be shewn to any Person whatsoever ; he thinks that nothing but extream Necessity would justify its being shewn to Mr. Hume. The Copy I inclose had likewise better be destroyed, if Mr. Hume has already received the Original.'

The letter does not appear to have been shown to Hume, who in January 1766 arrived in London, conveying in his train the sensitive Jean Jacques Rousseau. Hume did not go to Ireland, splendid as his position there would have been, for he was aware of the absurd prejudice against Scots then prevalent in that country. Lord Hertford had at first proposed to appoint him Secretary in Ireland in conjunction with Lord Beauchamp. Hume's salary was to have been two thousand pounds per annum, which he calls 'a splendid fortune.' We have no means of ascertaining whether Hunter had any share in dissuading him by word of mouth from going to Dublin.

Perhaps the most interesting of the Hunter-Baillie manuscripts is a series of five letters from the pen of William Hunter's colleague and famous compatriot, Tobias Smollett. The bond between Smollett and the brothers Hunter was of the closest. He was accused of having written for John Hunter everything that appeared in the latter's name. His part in William Hunter's *Commentaries* is well known. These ceased to appear in 1764, and are written in a style of increasing acerbity. 'Perhaps,' as Dr Hingston Fox remarks, 'the sharpest arrows were barbed by the author of *Peregrine Pickle*.'

In 1762 Smollett penned a manly and pathetic begging letter to William Hunter. 'I have been hedging and lurching these Six weeks,' he says, 'in expectation of that cursed Ship from Jamaica,' where Mrs Smollett owned a small property. The ship had 'at last arrived without Letter or Remittance. I am at present,' he continues, 'in absolute necessity of eight or ten pieces, without which I can no longer answer the occasions of my Family. This Declaration is by God himself ! like wormwood & Brimstone to me : and were myself alone concerned, I would rather perish than have Recourse to such beggarly solicitation :—for heaven's Sake, do not look upon me as one of those Sneaking Rascals who can stoop to subsist upon what they can borrow, without shame, Remorse, or purpose of repayment. I am an unfortunate Dog whose Pride Providence thinks proper to punish with the Tortures of incessant Mortification : & I resent my Lot accordingly.'

Hunter sent him fifty pounds ; and at the foot of a letter from Bath, vividly descriptive of ill-health and regimen, Smollett formally promises repayment. His small, neat writing is in great contrast with Hunter's fine and bold endorsement on the verso of the letter, dated May 13, 1766, four years after its receipt : 'In case of my death I desire my Execu-

tors will not make any demand upon Dr Smollett, because I sent the money to him as a present, never meaning to take it again.'

This generous endorsement was penned when Smollett had returned temporarily from the south of Europe, whither he and his wife had gone broken-hearted after their only child's death. Often had the grim, satiric genius been wont to give over his task, and 'to betake me'—the words are Smollett's—'to a game of romps with Betty.' Elizabeth Smollett died at the age of fifteen in April 1763, and her father was never the same man again. The stricken parents left England, where every scene and object had become to them painfully reminiscent of the child. On 14th June 1763 Smollett writes a touching farewell to Dr Hunter :

'DEAR DOCTOR—In case I should not have the Pleasure of taking my Leave of you by word of mouth, I seize this opportunity of thanking you for the manifold Instances of your Friendship which I have received ; Instances which I shall ever remember with the strongest emotions of Gratitude, Esteem & Affection. Should I never return, I hope I shall leave effects sufficient to discharge all the Debts I have contracted. I am now ambitious of nothing so much, as of dying with the Character of an honest man. Such is the Tenderness of my nature enervated by ill Health & misfortune that I cannot well stand the shock of parting from my best Friends. . . . I heartily pray God you may proceed in the Path you are in to wealth and Honour, that you may enjoy every species of Happiness, and continue to do Honour to your Country as well as to your particular Friends, in the number of whom I flatter myself you will admit, Dear Sir, Your much obliged humble servt.,  
'T<sup>S</sup> SMOLLETT.'

In a postscript he alludes to the coolness then existing between the brothers Hunter, who were not really reconciled until John came to nurse William on his deathbed :

'Dr Hunter, I cannot help expressing an eager Desire that your Brother's future Conduct may entitle him to a revival of those favourable sentiments in you, which he has indiscreetly Forfeited.'

Smollett's headquarters were Nice, which he may be said to have discovered. He is called by Leslie Stephen 'the pioneer of the Riviera,' for which he foresaw a great future. The following characteristic letter is not included in Smollett's *Travels* (1766), a work of much learning and observation, addressed in great part to a doctor, probably William Hunter. The letter was written, as will appear, before Smollett had travelled in Italy, where Sterne met him and unkindly dubbed him 'Smelfungus' :

'DEAR SIR—I received your last Favour at Boulogne when I was upon the wing to the southward, and deferred answering it, untill I should be able to say something satisfactory of the place where I might pass the winter. I was induced to visit



Montpellier by sundry considerations, tho' it is about twelve Leagues out of the Road to Nice. I expected my baggage at Cete which is the Port of Montpellier. I wished to see the antiquities of Nismes, which gave me incredible pleasure; and I hoped that the air of Montpellier would agree with my Constitution, so as to save me the Trouble and expense of a long Journey to the Banks of the Var. I found the Place very agreeable, and met with some Families of English People with whom I could have passed my Time in a very sociable way: but in a few days after I arrived, the weather broke up; it rained incessantly a whole week; and this change of the atmosphere relaxed me to such a degree that all my complaints returned together with a most uncomfortable dejection of spirits. I had the advice of one Dr. Fitzmorrice an honest Irish Physician of the Place; and I consulted Dr. Fises the Boerhaave of Montpellier, who is an old Sordid Scoundrel, and an old woman into the Bargain. I sent him my Case in Latin, which he answered in French. The Correspondence between us was diverting enough. if ever I return to England, you shall see the original Papers. Tho' I expressly assured him that I never discharged anything like matter from the Lungs, he insisted upon it that I had Tubercles which were suppurated. he prescribed Bouillons of Land Tortoise, for a fortnight, opiates at night and then a course of Goats milk; but, not a word of Exercise. I found he had a set of Phrases and Prescriptions which he applied to all Cases indiscriminately for when I arrived at Nice Mr. Mayne an English Gentleman (now dead) shewed me a Paper of Directions written by Fises, in exactly the same words which he had used to me.

'Finding the air of Montpellier too sharp for my Constitution, & the place too expensive for my Finances, I set out for Nice on the thirteenth of November and here I arrived on the twenty third. As I take it for granted you have seen my Letter to Dr. Macaulay, I need not repeat what I have said to him with respect to my situation. I have now resided above two months in the place & find myself surprisingly recovered as to the asthmatic Disorder, the little hectic Fever and lowness of spirits. All these are gone. I eat heartily. I sleep sound, almost without interruption from the cough which is much diminished, as well as the spitting: but still the Tabes continues. I grow thinner & thinner; but, I am not without hope of recruiting in the spring. Indeed, here is spring & even summer all the year. Roses, Jonquills, Ranunculas & Anemonies flower all the year; and in about three weeks, the oranges, Lemons, Citrons & Bergamots will begin to be gathered. Nice is a narrow Town wedged in between a high mountain & the River Taglion which washes the walls on one side and falls into the Mediterranean at the Distance of ten yards from the corner of one of the Bastions. This River at present puts me in mind of a Scotch Brook divided into several small streamlets brawling

over a broad Bed of Pebbles: but after sudden storms it swells to a very formidable stream; & in the year 1744, many hundreds of the French & Savoyards were drowned in it, after having been repulsed in an attack made upon the Piedmontese Intrenchments within a short mile of Nice. The assailants lost five thousand men upon that occasion. The Maritime Alps begin about half a mile from the land Gate of Nice, and form a most delightful amphitheatre extending about a league [*sic*] all around the City. The mountains are covered with olives to the very tops, and these trees are green all the winter. The Eye is enchanted by a vast number of white Cassines or Houses rising through the Trees, and each of these Cassines has a Garden with Groves of Oranges & loaded with Fruit. Some of these Houses are magnificent: but the greater part belong to Farmers and Citizens & look much better at a Distance than near at hand. Among them also are two Convents standing in a most imperial situation; & divers old fortified Castles which add greatly to the Beauty of the Prospect. When the wind blows from the mountains (which at a distance are now covered with snow) the air is sharp on the land side of the Town, & I have seen the pools covered with ice: but, on that part of the Rampart which faces the Mediterranean, you enjoy Summer all the year. While the wind blows from the mountains, the weather is always fair; because indeed, there is no room for a collection of Clouds & vapours between the mountains & the sea, & those mountains are so high, that the Clouds from Piedmont are detained on the other side. It rains only when the south wind blows the vapours of the Mediterranean against the Nice side of these mountains; & this is so seldom the case that we have often clear skies without the least spot or Blemish for six weeks, two & even three months successively. Even in the severest weather at Nice very few People use Fires in their Chambers, & most of the Houses in Town, have no Glass in their windows. In such an equal & benign Climate, I apprehend, the Perspiration must be equally and happily performed; & to this Cause I chiefly ascribe the free Respiration which I and many other asthmatic people enjoy in this place; for, here are some Persons who live comfortably and breathe freely after having found even the climates of Languedoc and Provence intolerable. At Villafranca which is on the other side of the mountain about two miles from hence, the air is still more mild than at Nice, because that mountain defends it intirely from the North & East; but then the Place is so confined that there is no room for Exercise. We lie right opposite to Algiers, & (I am told) can see the Island of Corsica, when the sky is very clear. Our Situation is in the Bottom of a Delightfull Bay, within thirty leagues of Marseilles on one hand, & of Genoa on the other: we are at the same distance from Turin. We can go from hence in a Felucca to Leghorn, in four and twenty hours; & I own I am strongly tempted to make a short Tour of Florence,

Rome and Naples, which I think I can finish in one month. With this View I am at present giving my whole attention to the Italian Language which I think I shall be able to speak tolerably in six months. All the People of Condition here speak Italian which is used in all Pulpits & in all the Courts of Justice; but the Language of the Country is the old provençal, which is improperly called *Patois*: for *patois* means no more than the vulgar Dialect of any Language; whereas this is an original of itself. It is indeed the Language which rose upon the Ruins of the Latin, & was spoke by the Inhabitants of Italy, Spain, & France, before each of these nations refined it into the Language which is now spoken in each of those Countries.

'If your Sister is with you still, pray offer her my most respectfull Compl<sup>ts</sup> & those of my wife who is in good health & spirits & sends her best Respects to you. Also remember me kindly to Jock, to Dr<sup>rs</sup> Macaulay, Pitcairn, Dickson & all my worthy friends; and allow me to be with unalterable Truth, Esteem & affection, Dear Doctor Your much obliged humble servant,

T<sup>s</sup> SMOLLETT.

'Nice Feb'y 6 1764

'Dr. Dr. I forgot to mention that the scurvy is not known in this country; & all the People have the whitest and the soundest Teeth that ever I saw. I wish I could send you a Head: but, I am afraid I shall find no opportunity. That there is something in the Climate which attenuates the Blood would appear from the case of some of our [here more than a line is erased]—Adieu.

'I went last week to see the remains of Cemeleon an old Roman City on a Hill about two miles to the northward of Nice. I found the Ruins of an Amphitheatre which was not large. The Arena is intire, with some of the steps, & two or three Gateways arched: but the Columns & Façade are intirely destroyed. A great many medals (gold, silver & copper) have been found in the neighbourhood, together with Sepulchral & other Inscriptions & there is an old Temple now converted into a Peasant's House. The Portico is taken away. The arcades are built up with Rubble. The Peasant with his Family of nasty Brats live like so many Rats immediately under the Roof; & the space below serves for a stable, in which I found a starved Ox, a Jack ass & a He-goat—I mention this assemblage, because in passing thro Burgundy I saw three Animals of the same species drawing a Plough very peaceably together—Here is no Learning, nor Taste of any kind all is gothic pride, Ignorance & Superstition.'

Smollett returned to England in 1765, and enjoyed slightly better health for a time. He went again to Italy in 1769, and died near Leghorn in 1771, being long survived by William Hunter, to whom he penned the following remarkable letter, dated Bath, 24th February 1767:

'DEAR SIR—I would rather be found guilty of Intrusion than be suspected of Ingratitude, & therefore I trouble you with this Intimation as in Duty bound, that you may know I am still crawling on the face of the Earth, & that I am even in a condition to crawl on all four as the use of my right hand is in some measure restored. . . . About three months ago, I was verily persuaded that the cursed ulcer on my Forearm was become cancerous; & that the sore was a Judgement of God upon me for the ridiculous use I had made of that wretched member, in writing such a Heap of absurdities in the course of my authorial Probation. At present the part is skinned over, but looks very shabby and leprous, & the Lord knows how soon it may break out again. Meanwhile, I can sit without agony, and sleep without an opiate; & I am very ready to compound with Providence for the Privilege of these happy Exemptions. After all, it is a long time, since I had any other than negative Enjoyments, & indeed I have almost forgot what positive Pleasure is. I am almost stupefied with ill Health, Loss of memory, confinement & solitude; & I believe in my Conscience, the Circulation would have stopped of itself, if it was not every now and then stimulated by the stings of my Grub Street Friends, who attack me in the public Papers. Sometimes I am baited as a Dunce, then a ministerial Hireling, then a Jacobite, then a rancorous Knave, then a Liar, Quack & assassin—a Dunce I partly believe myself to be; but as to the other Epithets, I humbly conceive [*sic*] they are misapplied: for, even Mr. Secretary Conway himself, will never be able to persuade me, either that I am a Jacobite, or that I ever exhibited the outward Signs & Symptoms of that Infection. Long Life to those great Men! & I pray God they may become Saints in Heaven. For my Part, even after their Canonization, I shall rather than trouble them on their Thrones of Beatification, address my Prayers to the spirit of honest George Macaulay who I know will do me all the service in his power, notwithstanding the Discrepancy betwixt my notions of Government & those of his learned Spouse. . . . Pray excuse this nonsense as a Thing of course from Dear Doctor, Your much obliged humble Servt,

T<sup>s</sup> SMOLLETT.'



## ALTHEA'S LOVERS.

## CHAPTER IV.



ALTHEA stared at the officer for a few seconds in sheer blank amazement. Then she remembered where she stood, in the street of a Russian city, and a dozen stories of the arbitrary powers of police and military flashed to her mind. She glanced round to the spot where her late companions had stood. Both had vanished. The *droshky* stood there, with the pony nosing the flags before him, but Russian workman and *droshky*-driver had disappeared. The latter had preferred to abandon his carriage and horse, his whole worldly property, rather than draw attention to himself by attempting to drive away.

This significant fact showed Althea in a very illuminating fashion the danger in which she was placed. She turned again to speak to the officer, but he was now busy giving sharp orders to his men. The wall against which the captives were herded was about nine feet high, the wall of a courtyard beside the street. In the centre of the wall was a small door, and in a trice the Cossacks burst the latter open and drove their captives into the courtyard. Althea was forced to go with them. The officer motioned to her to follow the little crowd of miserable creatures, and when she hesitated, a huge and very ruffianly-looking Cossack advanced upon her to seize her and thrust her through the doorway. Rather than suffer this indignity she followed her companions in misfortune, and found herself in a flagged space, some thirty feet square, belonging to a large house. But the latter seemed untenanted; the windows were dirty and curtainless, and no one came to see what this intrusion meant.

The prisoners were driven into a corner of the yard, Althea among them. 'What can I do?' she thought. 'I must get a message to my father in some fashion or another.' She looked out at the avenue through the open door, and the next instant gave a great gasp of relief and thankfulness. A gigantic figure bent to the low doorway and moved swiftly into the courtyard, followed by a companion. The next moment Serge Pavloff and Lance Colquhoun stood by her side, their faces filled with eager and anxious inquiry.

'Ah!' said Pavloff, 'you have taken refuge here. How glad I am to see that you are safe!'

'Thank God we met your *droshky*-driver!' cried Lance.

'It is indeed you, Prince,' murmured a quiet voice behind them; 'it is some time since we met, but I thought I could not be deceived. I have not forgotten our pleasant days at Kieff.'

The two men turned to see the thin face and dark, glittering eyes of the Cossack officer at their elbow.

'You, Kozlitine!' cried Pavloff. 'Then it is to you our thanks are due for protecting this lady.'

'I grieve to say it is not as you suppose,' replied Kozlitine, with a malicious smile on his thin lips; 'this lady is my prisoner. I have been compelled to place her under arrest.'

'Prisoner! Arrest!' thundered Lance. 'What do you mean? How dare you use such words in connection with this lady?'

But Pavloff had not joined in this outburst. His face went very pale, and he looked keenly at the Cossack, and anxiously tugged at his long moustache. 'Surely, Kozlitine,' said he very quickly, 'there is some great mistake here.'

'None, my dear Prince; none at all,' he replied. 'I ordered one of my men to shoot a rascal making seditious speeches and waving a revolutionary flag, and this lady interfered and protected him.'

'It was a child,' cried Althea, 'a tiny little fellow. How could I look on quietly and see him killed?' In a dozen swift words she poured out the story, and Lance listened with growing excitement.

'Of course you could not help interfering, Miss Locke,' he cried; 'it would have been sheer murder.'

But the Russian said nothing for a moment. The look of uneasiness deepened; his face became set like a mask. Then he turned to his compatriot.

'You must remember, Kozlitine,' he said, 'that this lady is a foreigner and is absolutely unused to our methods of maintaining order. Under the circumstances, she acted as she would have done at home in her own country. I am sure you will not wish to inconvenience a lady and a stranger for following so natural and womanly an impulse.'

The mocking smile on Kozlitine's lips deepened.

'An excellent speech for the defence, Prince Serge,' he replied; 'but you must reserve it for the proper tribunal. For my part, I have nothing to do but to hand this lady over to the authorities and make my report.'

'Will you permit her to accompany us on condition that you receive the most positive assurance that she will appear and answer to any charge you may bring against her?'

'No, I won't,' said the Cossack curtly.

'What, then, do you intend to do?'

'I shall lodge this batch inside the military prison;' and he turned away carelessly, as if he had nothing further to say.

Lance was about to break out into furious speech, when he was silenced by a look and gesture from Pavloff, both so full of fierce anxiety that the words were checked on the young Scotsman's lips. For his part, Lance could not understand the quiet, submissive line which Pavloff had taken. 'Is it possible that he is afraid of this popinjay and his ruffians?' thought Lance. 'It looks uncommonly



like it.' To the fiery young Scot it was the hardest thing in the world to hold his temper under command, and not force a way for Althea through them all and bear her off. The idea of throwing her into prison for a simple act of humanity made his blood boil, and to him Pavloff's behaviour seemed little short of pusillanimous. Why had he not laughed Kozlitine's tyrannous order to the winds and thrust him aside? Lance turned and was about to speak to Althea, when the Russian gripped his arm and drew him, almost by main force, two or three yards aside.

'Do not speak to Miss Locke, Colquhoun,' he murmured. 'If you do you will only play Kozlitine's game. He is seeking the smallest pretence to clap us under arrest as well, and then how are we to assist her?'

'Us—under arrest?' repeated Lance, knitting his brows and wondering whether or not Pavloff had lost his reason. 'What could he arrest us for?'

'He could arrest you for nothing at all,' replied the Prince grimly, 'and make up a charge afterwards. But I have strong friends, and he looks for some shadow of excuse before seizing upon me. He would find his reason at once if we even spoke to a prisoner whom he has placed under arrest. Kozlitine is an acquaintance of mine, but we are no friends.'

'Look here, Pavloff,' said Lance. 'Are you mad, or is this country mad? You speak as if Miss Locke stood in some danger.'

The Russian's nostrils dilated, and his eyes shone like blue steel in his white face.

'Danger!' he whispered in a voice which went to Lance's heart. 'Yes, she is in such frightful danger as she has never stood in before, and as I pray God she may never stand in again. Colquhoun, she must never enter that prison.'

'What do you fear for her?' said Lance.

The Russian drew a deep breath. 'Everything,' he said. 'You do not know what a military prison means in Russia. And Kozlitine is a man of the worst character. If we anger him he will put a hundred vile indignities upon her.'

Lance gazed upon his companion in stupefaction. But the Prince went on quickly.

'Listen. Here is our only chance. I am armed. I have carried a revolver for some time—ever since the strikers threatened an attack on our works. Here we have Kozlitine and three Cossacks. I shall attack them. On no account are you to help me. I shall shoot Kozlitine and one Cossack easily enough by surprise, and then fling myself upon the other two. Your share is to lead Miss Locke away at once and secure her safety.'

'But then her father, the American consul, the British consul?' said Lance, beginning to enumerate authorities whose aid might be invoked.

'Useless, useless!' said Pavloff, cutting in abruptly. 'There is a revolution raging in the city; the military are all-powerful; the ordinary machinery

of life is out of gear. Do you not see? Silence! He is coming.'

But Kozlitine did not speak to them. He passed them without a glance and went on to give orders to his men. Three troopers only had remained with him; the rest had galloped far down the avenue, pursuing the flying crowd. The three Cossacks were posted before the outer door, and about a yard away from it.

'Now!' murmured the Prince in a deep, quiet voice. 'Now is my chance! Leave this to me, Colquhoun. Your duty is to secure her safety.'

He moved a little, in order to secure the cover of Lance's broad shoulders, and slipped his hand into an inner pocket. But the revolver was never drawn. A far more terrible intervention was at hand, an intervention unknown except in countries where misery is goaded into the most savage form of reprisal. A laugh rang out above their heads—a harsh, cackling laugh. They looked up and saw the head and shoulders of a man thrust over the courtyard wall, near the closed door. His broad, white, bloodless face surrounded by a tangled mass of filthy hair, and the look of ferocious hatred with which he surveyed the soldiers just below, marked him as a striker, an insurgent, a revolutionist. He grinned maliciously into the upturned faces of the soldiery and swung up his right hand. In it he held a small metal sphere; it looked to Lance like a large cricket-ball.

'A bomb!' roared Pavloff and made a leap like a stag. Lance followed on the bound, and both men flung themselves in front of Althea. The Cossacks whirled up their rifles; Kozlitine tugged at his revolver. Too late, too late! With a wolfish howl the striker flung his frightful missile, and hurled himself backwards. The bomb fell at the very feet of the troopers and exploded with a fearful report. The concussion was tremendous. All were flung to the ground headlong. Lance felt something strike his head, but pulled himself together in a moment, and reeled dizzily to his feet. Pavloff was already up, and the two men raised Althea. She had been entirely protected by their bodies, but was faint for the moment from the fearful shock.

'We must carry her,' cried Lance.

'Yes,' said the Russian, 'here is our chance of escape.'

'No, no; I can walk very well,' said Althea; and all three went forward.

They shot a glance round the courtyard, then averted their eyes. Kozlitine and his Cossacks were no longer to be feared. Standing in the very heart of the explosion, their bodies had been torn almost to pieces, and several of the prisoners had shared their fate. Those who could move were already beginning to scramble into the avenue, and the two men went quickly out with Althea between them.

'Ah!' cried Pavloff, 'the *droshtky*. Good! Bring Miss Locke forward, Colquhoun.'

Up to the moment of the explosion the good, quiet little *droshtky* horse had stood like a statue, now and again pricking an ear as if to ask when his master would come back. Now it was rearing and plunging with fright; but Pavloff ran forward, seized its bridle, and quieted it. He sprang to the driver's seat and seized the reins.

'In with you!' he snapped; and Lance helped Althea to the seat. He jumped in after her, and away went the *droshtky* at tremendous speed, Pavloff urging the swift little beast on with voice and whip. Two or three sharp turns were taken, and then the Prince checked the furious speed to a brisk trot, which soon carried them into a quarter where the streets were quiet.

'I believe we have got clean off, Miss Locke,' said Lance, turning to his companion. Up to this moment he had been watching for signs of pursuit, and the left part of his face had been hidden from her. He had felt something strike his head, but had thought no more of it. The truth was that he had had a wonderful escape from death. A jagged piece of steel from the flying bomb had scored his skull clean across, and the wound was bleeding freely. His hair was matted with gore; the left side of his face was almost hidden under a horrible mask of crimson. But in the tremendous excitement of the moment he knew nothing whatever of it, felt nothing of the wound, nothing of the flowing blood.

He turned his head and saw that Althea was rapidly becoming herself once more, her colour returning, her heaving breast less troubled as she drew more tranquil breaths. She looked towards him with a faint smile playing about her mouth; but at sight of the grisly apparition he presented, the smile froze upon her lips, the colour fled, leaving her lovely face a deathly white, in which great shining eyes showed the extremity of horror and dismay. Shaken as she was by the dreadful things she had seen, this seemed to Althea the most terrible stroke of all. Lance was bleeding to death beside her.

'Ah!' she said in a low, gasping voice, 'you are hurt. You are dreadfully wounded. Oh, what can I do? What can I do? Let me see the place!'

Lance looked wonderingly into her beautiful eyes, his heart beating furiously in his breast. He could scarcely breathe in his rapture of wonder and awed delight. Althea was bending towards him with all her soul in her face, and her secret was a secret no longer. In some swift, inscrutable fashion, Lance knew that this was no mere burst of womanly sympathy; it was the passion of anxiety which a woman feels for the safety of the man she loves.

'Am I hurt?' he said stumbly. 'I did not know it. It can only be a scratch.'

The *droshtky* drew up with a jerk. 'Here we are,' said the Prince from the driving-seat. 'I have brought you to my house. It is safer than

the hotel. Too many prying eyes there. I will despatch a messenger to fetch Mr Locke.'

The door opened and a couple of servants appeared on the threshold.

'Will you please take Miss Locke inside, Colquhoun, and then come back to me?' said Pavloff.

Lance, murmuring assurances that his hurt was trifling, led Althea into the house, and came back to the *droshtky*, where, to his surprise, Pavloff still sat immovable on the driving-seat. Lance glanced up at the Russian and started. The Prince's face was one uniform, horrible shade of gray. His lips were set as those of a man who sternly represses a groan of agony.

'What's wrong, Pavloff?'

The Russian turned his eyes slowly upon Lance. 'Would you mind giving my man a hand to get me into the house, Colquhoun?'

'You were hit!' cried Lance in horror.

'Badly,' said the Prince. 'I am bleeding internally. I think I am already partly paralysed. I cannot move.'

Two hours later Althea, her father, and Lance were gathered in the dining-room of Pavloff's house. Mr Locke had only recently arrived, and was detailing in a low voice the arrangements which he had been successfully making for their instant departure, when the door opened and a message was brought in. The Prince wished to see Althea. She went at once, and was conducted to a large room where Pavloff was lying on a simple bed. The room smelt faintly of the drugs which the doctors had been using for the mortally wounded man, and was very quiet. An elderly woman, once Pavloff's nurse, now his housekeeper, sat on the other side of the bed and watched her patient with eyes full of dumb sorrow. As Althea came in she rose and went into a room beyond. The girl swiftly crossed the room and stood beside the Prince. He smiled faintly at her, and she bent over him and raised the hand he could not raise himself.

'Oh!' she said, 'I cannot tell you how grieved I am to see you lying here. You flung yourself before me; that piece of shell would have struck me had you not sacrificed yourself.' The tears welled up in her eyes and fell slowly.

The Prince moved his magnificent blonde head a little as it lay on the white pillow, and smiled. 'A sacrifice gladly, most gladly offered,' he said in a low voice. 'Believe me, Miss Locke, I am not unwilling to die. In truth, I have nothing to live for. I had hoped to do something for Russia, to raise a few of her workers from the horrible slough where they live a life lower than that of the beasts; but I am a ruined man, and these hopes are destroyed.' He paused for a moment, and a look of deep affection came into his big, bright eyes. He went on in a still lower voice. 'I had other hopes too, Miss Locke. I have never mentioned them, and I know now that they were vain. We who are dying gain strange glimpses into the soul of things; the scales fall away; we know as we are

known. Pardon me if I tell you that I have loved you deeply and truly. I do not ask you if you have cared for me, for I know that you do not.'

'I have liked you and trusted you from the first,' murmured Althea. 'You are a true, brave man.'

A beautiful smile flashed across the white face. 'It is good to hear you say that,' murmured Pavloff; 'but you do not love me, and that, too, is good. It rejoices me that I, a broken, dying man, do not carry your heart with me into my grave. The thought would double my agony.'

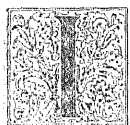
The supreme unselfishness of this noble soul, whose eyes were already glazing with the films of death, stirred Althea's soul into a tumult of emotion. She bent over him with quivering lips, unable to speak. He looked up, and she read in his eyes an unspoken request. In answer, she bent still lower and laid her lips on his. A look of

supreme joy flashed across the face of the dying man, then his head sank lower on the pillow, and a swift, sudden change passed over his features. Althea cried out in alarm, and the nurse ran quickly to the bedside; but for the Prince the hour had struck, and somewhere in Russia another stepped to the headship of the House of Pavloff.

Late that evening the Vienna express rushed westwards from Odessa through the soft summer twilight. It bore across the plains of South Russia three travellers who would not feel easy until they had crossed the frontier. But two of them could scarce remember the danger in which they stood. Althea and Lance sat together in the dusk of the dimly lighted carriage, and, in shelter of her ample travelling-cloak, he held her firm white hand.

THE END.

## LITERARY ELBOW-GREASE.



IN this age of hurry and unrest a life of learned leisure is almost an impossibility. Literary work, like that of other kinds, has often to be produced too rapidly to allow time for polishing; by which is not meant the packing and stuffing, the beating about the bush, and the amplification which too often constitute the larger half of a publication, and are often the ruin of much good work—'striving to do better, oft we mar what's well'—but simple embellishment and adornment, the smoothing of asperities, the rounding off of angular passages, the erasion of redundancies, and the toning down of anything crude or blunt.

'Tis not timber, lead, and stone  
An architect requires alone  
To finish a fine building.  
The palace were but half complete  
If he could possibly forget  
The carving and the gilding.

COWPER'S *Friendship*.

The hasty productions, 'pot-boilers,' of those who write for support are never either widely known or long-lived. Of such were the numerous farces and comedies of Fielding; much of poor Leigh Hunt's work, whose temporary requirements allowed him no leisure to polish, correct, or eliminate; and Dryden's inferior tragedies, which arose from no other inspiration than that of want.

Why write, then? He wants twenty pounds.  
His belly, not his brains, the impulse gives.

On this point it has been remarked that the literary and the natural world resemble each other. 'The productions of nature, whether vegetable or animal, as they are either of a slow or speedy growth are known to be durable or transitory, solid or substantial. The oak and the elephant are long before they attain perfection, but are still longer before they decay; while the butterfly and the

floweret perish as they arise, almost within a diurnal revolution of the sun.' Nor must we omit those little compositions which Chatterton, the unfortunate 'Boy of Bristol,' produced for the magazines, when, in moments of destitution, he was forced to relax his mind from his grand work to scribble an extemporary essay or copy of verses that would procure for the humble child of want and obscurity, distressed for food and raiment, to use the words of one of his admirers, a halfpenny roll and a draught of small beer.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride.

We poets in our youth begin in gladness;  
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.  
WORDSWORTH'S *Resolution and Independence*.

No better proof of this assertion by natural historians, that whatever is formed for long duration arrives slowly at its maturity, is afforded than by the writings of the ancients. Statius, we are told, spent twelve years upon his *Thebais*:

Polish'd with endless toil, my lays  
At length aspire to Mantuan praise.

Want of time for satisfactory revision and correction led to Ovid's consigning his *Metamorphoses* to the flames, but other copies were in existence, from which the book was given to the world; while Horace advised the deferring of any publication for nine years, till the fancy was cooled after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment.

It is a mistake to consider brevity as any criterion of lack of toil and care. In Locke's 'Epistle to the Reader' introducing his *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, he apologises for its bulk by saying: 'To confess the truth, I am now too lazy, or too busy, to make it shorter.' Dryden concludes the dedication of his translation to the *Satires of Juvenal*,



as an apology for its length and to make his adieu as short as possible: 'The best manners will be shown in the least ceremony.' Hayward, in his essay on Sydney Smith's *Letters*, writes: 'The shortest are the best. The longest, we believe, cost him no effort.' And a celebrated French author, remarkable for conciseness of style, in a letter to a friend, which he had made rather longer than usual, excuses himself for his prolixity on the plea that he had not time to write a shorter.

It is equally erroneous to suppose that because a composition reads easily, therefore little time or effort has been expended on it. It has been the writer's privilege to see the final revise of Gray's *Elegy*, than which perhaps no poem in any language flows with more perfect ease. It was a mass of erasures, alterations, and interpolations. 'It is less difficult,' says Dr Johnson in the *Idler*, 'to write a volume of lines swelled with epithets, brightened by figures, and stiffened by transpositions, than to produce a few couplets graced only by naked elegance and simple purity, which require so much care and skill that I doubt whether any of our authors has yet been able, for twenty lines together, nicely to observe the true definition of easy poetry.' Spence in his *Anecdotes* tells us that when he was looking on Pope's foul copy of the *Iliad*, and observing how very much it was corrected and underlined, Pope said, 'I believe you would find upon examination that those parts which have been most corrected read the easiest.'

Pope himself narrates how, when about fifteen years old, he made the acquaintance of Mr Walsh, who gave him much encouragement and told him there was one way left of excelling; for though we had several great poets, we never had one great poet that was correct; and desired him to make that his study and aim. This advice Pope evidently took to heart, for we learn from his own pen in later years that when translating both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* his usual method was to take advantage of the first heat, and then to correct each book, first by the original text, then by other translations, and lastly to give it a reading for the versification only.

Thackeray, in commenting upon the immense research evident throughout Macaulay's *Essays* and *History*, says: 'He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description;' and Sir George Trevelyan, in the *Life and Letters* of this great author, gives an instance of the trouble he once took and the letters he wrote in order to ensure the correctness of five and a half lines of print. 'Whenever,' he remarks in another place, 'one of his books was passing through the press, Macaulay extended his indefatigable industry and his scrupulous precision to the minutest mechanical drudgery of the literary calling. There was no end to the trouble that he devoted to matters which most authors are only too glad to leave to the care and experience of their publisher. He could not rest until the lines were level to a hair's-breadth, and the punctuation correct

to a comma; until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence, and every sentence flowed like running water.'

We read in a recent volume of *Chambers's Journal* (1902) how the manuscripts of Hugh Miller, who was a frequent contributor to that miscellany in the earlier half of last century, were severely corrected; how in the revised proofs whole sentences would be rewritten; that there was a second and a third revise, and sometimes a fourth, on all of which were still corrections; and that the last of these was finally subjected to a *vivâ-voce* reading before being permitted to go forth to the world.

Of the great pains taken by Sir Arthur Helps to secure accuracy we are told in a notice in the *Athenæum* by John Hullah, a passage in which runs: 'If ever there was a writer in reference to whom it could be said that genius and industry were convertible terms, it was he. No expenditure of toil or money did he ever allow to stand between him and a truth of whatever kind. Were the only copy of a manuscript at Simancas, to Simancas he would go; were a book inaccessible save by purchase, he would buy it; were it written in a language he did not know—bitter experience had given him an absolute distrust of translations—he would set to work to study that language.'

The *magnum opus* of the learned and profound Lord Bacon, his *Novum Organum*, was wrought and polished with the sedulous industry of an artist who labours for posterity. Like Butler's *Analogy*, it was the result of painstaking industry spread over many years; and we are told that he copied it no less than twelve times, revising, correcting, and altering it year by year, before it was finally reduced to that form in which it was committed to the press. It was in the opinion of Vicesimus Knox, whose own lucubrations savour strongly of the midnight oil, an insult to mankind to present them with a work less perfect than the author might have rendered it.

'The infinite capacity for taking pains' illustrated by the few brilliant examples here selected serves to enforce this useful lesson to those who are standing at Helicon: '*Age quid agas*;' 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

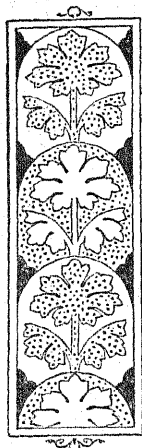
#### ONLY A MEMORY.

Only a Memory—sweet and tender,  
A purple twilight, a noon of splendour,  
A nightingale's plaint, a skylark's rapture,  
Fleeting joys for a heart to capture!

Only a Memory—small face gleaming  
White as a star in the dusk, a-dreaming;  
Lending to noontide and roses a glory.  
Who shall finish the half-writ story?

Only a Memory—tears and laughter.  
She may be mine in the Great Hereafter.  
With dim eyes turned to the red sun setting.  
I wait, and watch, and—there's no forgetting.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### WILD TIMES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

**T**O trust to honest foes when they surrender and declare they mean to become friends is good policy. It was this course which was recommended by the third Duke of Argyll to the British Ministry after the overthrow of the Stuart cause at Culloden.

The Highlanders had a fine notion of honour. Had they not all the same blood that ran in the veins of their chief? Were they not all one great family, called by one name, and having common interests for offence or defence? The Highland country had been incessantly torn by dissensions between the different clans. Some of these clans were always 'agin the Government.' The tribes of the Hebrides had been under the Norwegian Crown for centuries, and did not care to obey the Scottish ruler. Hence MacDonalds, MacLeods, MacKinnons, MacDougals, and others who were Islesmen, and had been brought up under a Lord of the Isles as successor to the Norse Sovereign, were often at loggerheads with the Government at Edinburgh. When the political change came which deposed the Stuarts from their sovereignty and gave it to their collateral descendants who had been more staunch to the Reformation faith, this feeling of independence took the form of making the Islesmen desire rather to bear with the ills they had in the shape of Stuart rule than to fly to others that they knew not of, but which came in a suspicious way.

This suspicious thing was the certainty that the clans which had done their best to keep the Islesmen in order, and were therefore their more immediate and natural foes, had taken the side of the new rulers. The Campbells had, more than those of any other name, kept good order and repressed the excesses of the Islesmen; the Campbells took the side of the new men and of the new ideas. This was reason enough for the Islesmen. They would take the Stuart side.

War broke out in 1715. The rising was suppressed; but the West Country remained disturbed.

There is an amusing report sent by Sheriff

Campbell of Stonefield to the Duke of Argyll in 1729 about the state of the country of Morven. The Sheriff visited each parish, and his message from each is that there is always fear of incursions from Lochaber, whence the Camerons are constantly coming to spoil the farms and drive away cattle. Fifteen men and a sergeant should be put at one clachan or village. Then another raid by Camerons at another place is related, and fifteen men and a sergeant are to be placed there also; and the worthy Sheriff concludes the survey of each part by the phrase, 'and I would recommend earnestly that the officer deputed to keep order here also be a Campbell.'

The worthy gentleman thought that his folk were the only bulwarks of law and order. The clan had been loyal because circumstances had made it apparent that the line its chief had taken was the best. It had not always been to their advantage. Two heads—those of a father, and of his son twenty-four years afterwards—had rolled on the scaffold. The clan's land had been laid waste. The instinct for good government had led them to espouse the cause by which it was ultimately secured. They had taken part with those who, in 1686, saw a revolution was inevitable. They had taken part with those who in 1709 had worked for the union of the Crowns of England and Scotland. They had supported their chief when he rode to Kensington Palace and prevented the proclamation of the brother of Queen Anne when she lay dying, and had a few days afterwards established the succession of George the First.

The Campbells had resolutely refused to take part in any intrigue for the restoration of the exiled family. The Stuart was 'The Pretender' to them because he had not the Divine Right of the call to government by popular vote and will. Yet their chief believed that the military honour of the hostile men would enable them to serve a new Government as true and trusty soldiers after they had found that the cause of the Stuarts was finally shattered.

He was right. The British Government resolved

to try the experiment suggested, and formed companies composed entirely of Highlanders, taking as a nucleus men from those clans which had served on the Reformers' side, such as the Sutherlands and Campbells. Both these tribes wore a tartan in which black, blue, and dark green were the prevalent tones, in contradistinction to the colours of the Stuarts and MacGregors and others, who had a red pattern. The red-tartan people should be gradually mixed with the dark-tartan, and should be thus gradually brought into harness.

The plan succeeded. In a few years there were no more devoted regiments in the new King's service than his Highland regiments.

The rush of the Highlanders on the line of regulars had often proved successful. I have heard an eminent officer of regulars, himself a Highlander, speak of the moral effect of the charge of hill-tribesmen in Indian warfare as having severely tested the courage of the regular troops when the old musket, 'brown Bess,' was still the weapon used.

Some of the best English regiments, horse and foot, had been broken by the fierce human torrent at Falkirk and Prestonpans in the last civil war. At Culloden the cavalry charged the clans only when they were in retreat, and did not carry the pursuit far. No quarter was given, however, and as far as possible the same cruel policy was adopted after the battle.

The bitterness in those days was far greater than anything known in modern civil war. For instance, one officer high in command in the Hanoverian army wrote some months after the battle, when Prince Charles was being hunted through glen and island: 'They say that their Prince has been at last captured and taken alive. If it be true, it cannot have been by any of our men, who would not have troubled to preserve his life, but must have been by the regulars.' Each side had many cruelties to avenge, and patience was a rarer quality in the eighteenth than in the nineteenth century.

It was astonishing how many succeeded in baffling the pursuit from the field of Culloden. The kilt gave great freedom to the limbs. Most of the men were injured to long marches and could exist on little food. They knew the passes through the hills, and the best hiding-places were pointed out to them by the country-people, who kept them from starving and would give no information.

A reward of thirty thousand pounds was promised for news that would lead to the arrest of Prince Charlie. Many knew where he was, but no word ever reached the camp or the garrison of the victor, and the Prince issued through the midst of vigilant enemies and got away safely to France.

The adventures of the Jacobites were numberless. This is how a dairymaid saved her master. After King George's army had subdued the rebels, they went through the country dispossessing King James's friends of their lands. A captain with a band of soldiers was sent to take possession of MacLachlan's

land. They surrounded the house, and would not let any persons out without searching them. There was a dairymaid there called Christine Sinclair, who was washing the house at the time.

She knew the soldiers would try to take the title-deeds of the lands, and, going to her mistress, said she could save them.

'What can you do, Christine?' said her mistress. 'They will put a sword through you if they find you with the deeds.'

But the dairymaid insisted that, were the papers given to her, she could get them away through the midst of all the soldiers. At last the lady allowed Christine to wrap the deeds in one of the cloths with which she washed the floors. A dry clout or napkin was selected, and the papers wrapped up in this. She put this dry cloth inside one of the wet cloths she had used, and wrung it to make it look like the rest. She then put all the cloths in a basket and went out to spread them to dry on a green.

When she got to the door a hostile officer with a guard was standing there. He stopped her and asked, 'What have you in your hands?'

She let down the basket at his feet, and said to him, 'There it is for you.'

He took his bayonet and pushed the cloths backward and forward with it. When he saw what he thought was nothing but a lot of wet cloths with the water wrung out of them, he said, 'You may lift them away with you.'

Christine went to the green and spread the cloths there, but took out the title-deeds, and, placing them in her bosom, concealed them.

The soldiers searched the house, and made the lady take an oath that what she said about ignorance of them was the truth. She could do this with a good conscience, as only Christine knew what had happened to them, so the titles to the property were saved by the ready wit of her brave dairymaid.

Another interesting picture of the times following immediately on 'The Rebellion' is given in the adventures of Stewart of Ardshiel. He was a heavy man, but was lucky in getting a horse, and so escaped from Culloden. It was thought that all the family would be hunted up and questioned; so, after hiding his silver plate, he made his children change dresses with the children of a poor family, that they might not be recognised and questioned.

It was an ancestor of the present Marquis of Breadalbane, Campbell of Glenfalloch, who was sent with soldiers to search Stewart's place. There was a half-witted man there named MacColl, who was in the house when the report came that the red soldiers were near. All had fled but this fool.

'Where are the rest of the people of this house?' the leader asked him.

'I do not know,' Donald replied, 'unless they be at Inverrain over there, or at Callard over there.'

'And where are these places?' they asked him.

'They are here and there throughout the country,' he answered.



That was all they could get from him, though they poked fun at him half the night. The next day they set fire to all the houses except that where the fool was. There was a feeling in the country that a man who had not his wits was especially under Divine care, and this is how the house escaped burning.

The pursuers then got information that some of the men who had fled were in a cave in hiding, and a Captain Scott with a party of soldiers was sent to trap them. Donald had wit enough to determine to save them. He had been at the big battle, he said, and he would endanger his life again for his countrymen.

He set out for the cave, but found a guard at a point on the shore. They were walking up and down between the shore and the base of a bank, and were between him and the place he must reach to get into the cave. He watched until the backs of the soldiers were to the shore, and then ran and hid himself behind a rock on the beach. Then, waiting till they had approached him and gone back again in their promenading, he ran to another rock, and so passed them. He got to the cottage of a friend, whom he found engaged in burying a chest of meal in the floor of his house, so that the troops might not get it. Donald told him of the danger of the men in the cave.

Buchanan—for such was the man's name—was a swift runner, and he started off to warn the Jacobites, who fled at once. Stewart of Ardsheel knew of another hiding-place, and again lived like a badger in a hole, venturing out only at night, when an eight-year-old girl took food to him at a spot remote from the cave.

Once, visiting his wife, he incautiously stayed a night with her in a barn. A whistle warned the pair of danger. The wife took the straw on which she, with a child, was lying, and hid her husband under it, lying on the top of the straw herself. So he escaped again, and soon afterwards he was hidden among cabbages in a garden, when he heard the soldiers talk of him and of his folly in joining 'The Rebellion.'

His next move was to a lovely island that lies in the Firth of Lorne. Taking boat from there, Stewart went to the Cameron country of Lochaber, then southward to the lovely glens about Loch Etive.

There happened to be a farmer there drying his corn at a kiln, and he saw Ardsheel, who was evidently a wretched fugitive, coming. He promptly raked back the fire in his kiln and filled the inner part of the fireplace with dry sods, so that no smoke or fire from the smouldering flame could reach the inside of the kiln.

When the Laird of Ardsheel and his gillies or servants came up, the farmer said to him, 'Make haste, honest man, and go into the pot of the kiln and hide you.'

The laird was exhausted, and thankfully 'went into the pot.' The farmer laid the sticks in their proper places, and covered them with the straw,

then put the corn on the straw in the state of being dried, and sat outside, keeping up a fire in the fireplace. Ardsheel's gillies, seeing him well hidden, ran away, and, being light and swift, were not long in getting out of sight.

Soon the soldiers came up, sure of their man this time, knowing that he was large and heavy. They searched all about the head of Loch Etive, and then, when they were baffled, set a watch.

On the second night one of the soldiers came to the farmer, who was keeping up the fire, and said, 'Why, man, you have kept the corn very long in the kiln.'

'Oh, there have been several parcels of corn dried,' he replied; 'one even since you came.'

'Oh no, I understand how it is,' was the soldier's answer, 'and more than I understand it; but our captain does not. We are going away to-morrow, and you may take the corn off the kiln. I think that it is dry enough.'

The farmer understood from this that there were men among the pursuers who were not keen to seize the poor fellow. Next day the Scotch soldier's word proved true. He and his comrades went away, and once more poor Stewart saw the light of day. He made his way through Aberdeen, and thence to Flanders.

The historian of those days says that they were hard for the Highlands. Rich and poor who rose for the cause of Prince Charles were plundered. Neither cow nor horse, sheep nor goat, was left to them. The blankets were taken off their beds. All their body-clothing that was worth anything was taken from them. Even the skeins of yarn that were soaking in the indigo-pots for weaving the tartans were robbed, and their houses were set on fire. When a fugitive party of the rebels would come to a house, if there were King George's men there, a friend within would say, 'Beware, men; there is a drop of ooze within.' This would keep them from discovering themselves as rebels.

'Is there any ooze in this house?' became a common query; and the answer would be, 'Yes; take care of the place in which you sit.'

So, through many perils, some escaped, and lived for years on the Continent of Europe. Some died of the hardships they had to face. Many were taken, and their doom was a miserable imprisonment in the Tower of London, and then the hangman's cart and the dreary drive to Tyburn, a place at the corner of the present favourite carriage-drive in Hyde Park, and death on the gallows. It is natural that we should admire and pity these men, who from the commencement of the Prince's attempt to win the Crown knew he had little chance, but who threw into the scale their all, and lost.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away and the mourning was over, the Highlanders, led by the example of such clans as the Sutherlands and Campbells and Grants and Munros, and a few others, were glad to take service in the army.

At first it was arranged that the dress should be

the dark tartan of those clans who had fought on the side of what we call the Government. They were first raised in 1668, and in 1729 were increased to six companies called the Black Watch (from their dark tartan), to distinguish them from the red soldiers.

The wearing of arms having been forbidden, and the guns used even for sporting purposes surrendered, it became an ambition to enter these companies, and men of position could be found in the ranks. So there was a possibility of making a good choice, and very fine this new force looked, for the best-looking men in the country joined.

An English officer of Engineers wrote to a friend: 'I cannot forbear to tell you that many of these gentlemen private soldiers have gillies or servants to attend them in quarters, and upon a march to carry their provisions, baggage, and firelocks.'

Some years later these separate corps were placed under the command of Lord Crawford, as colonel. This was the origin of the gallant Forty-second or Black Watch. They wore a red 'hackle' or feather in the side of their ostrich-feather 'bonnet.'

This bonnet is a portentous head-dress, a high pile of black ostrich plumes. The birth and growth were in Egypt. The old bonnet was a moderate glass-stopper-shaped thing of blue cloth; on this ostrich feathers were grafted during Abercromby's campaign in Egypt. To carry the ostrich feathers the bonnet rose higher and higher, and this head-dress and that of the British Guards—who wear high 'bearskins'—form about the last surviving relics of the great helmets, shakos, cocked-hats, and other paraphernalia which Napoleon loved, and which were more or less imitated from the French army after the Revolution in France.

But at this early date of the Highland regiment's formation their dress was eminently practical. The kilt is a capital preservative of health. The thick folds round the loins give warmth where most needed alike in cold and hot climates.

George III. had never seen a Highland soldier, so two men were sent up to London, and were presented to the King in the great gallery at St James's Palace, and performed exercises with the broadsword and Lochaber axe before His Majesty. The King ordered a guinea to be given to each. Both men, on passing out, gave these guineas to the

porter to show that their position in their own country was too high to allow them to accept such presents, though they were simply privates in their corps.

Well did this regiment answer to the trust reposed in it. At Fontenoy, when Marshal Saxe had succeeded by a great attack, badly met by the Dutch, in repulsing the British line, the corps was selected to cover the retreat of the army.

'The British behaved well, and we were three times compelled to retire before we gained success by the last charge,' wrote a French officer; 'and the Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest.'

America saw them fight with desperate valour against the French at Ticonderoga. Another Highland regiment, called after the commander 'Fraser,' remained in America after the campaign against Montcalm and the surrender of Quebec, and many of the soldiers settled on the banks of the St Lawrence, marrying French Canadians. Their descendants now speak French; but one can tell their descent, if not by their speech, by their appearance.

Again, after seven years' fighting against the French in the West Indies and in the present United States, the 'Royal Highlanders' contributed to the population there, few going back to Scotland. It would seem, therefore, that many in the United States have as much right to be interested in this corps of the British army as has any one in Scotland.

As with one corps, so it was with all. The men were not averse to enlisting when fighting was going on. Many got grants of land after their service. This was notably the case with the Argylls and Sutherlands. Men who had not served were dispossessed for those who had done well in the army.

It is needless to say how greatly the corps has distinguished itself of late in India and in Africa. As long as military fame and admiration for brave deeds animate men to cherish patriotic pride, the deeds of the Gordon Highlanders at Waterloo, at Dargai, lately in Northern India, and in many fights on the veldt will be signal-lights on the road to glory. Happy the nation who can arm the wisdom of their statesmen with the prowess and self-devotion of our kilted soldiery!

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER IX.

**L**ORD FORSYTH had by no means forgotten his intention of inviting the niece of whom he was so fond to pay a good long hunting-visit to Brayborough. He liked seeing her out, he said; she rode so well and was so fresh and fair to see, so different from the painted, card-playing ladies who pervaded the place in constant relays.

So he marched up to Lady Forsyth's boudoir some weeks after they had settled for the winter at Brayborough. He found her seated at her gorgeous writing-table, covered with coroneted fittings, and strewn with letters, papers, and bills, which she was wading through methodically.

A stout, good-natured-looking woman, waging an unequal war between her figure and her French cook, arrayed in plum-coloured velvet and point

lace; her fair chevelure beautifully matched and arranged, her complexion in exquisite order, her fat white hands carefully manicured and sparkling with splendid rings. A carved gold chatelaine of great value hung from her waist supporting many 'dingle dangles,' as Betty used to call them, and a coroneted bag with a fine old clasp.

A glorious fire burned on the hearth, and there were great pots of lily of the valley and specimen gardenias in glasses scenting the warm air. The whole room was typical of its owner; sumptuous, comfortable to luxury, perhaps just a little vulgar.

A fat pug snoring on the snowy rug woke and barked feebly at his master, choked, and snored again.

'Shut up, you fat pig!' he said to the dog, who gladly subsided once more.

'Poor Jumbo!' said Lady Forsyth reproachfully.

'I should like you, my dear,' he said, 'to write to Marcia Fitzhugh, and tell her to send that child Betty here. I can give her some rides, and I like having her out. Her fool of a mother does nothing for her; she sees no one, or worse than no one. Fancy their having that bounder Geoffrey Erle up there for weeks, a fellow one only sees at race-meetings and in the Row with second-rate people! A fellow one would not even ask to lunch. That young ass Jack ought to have known better even at his age; but the lad is so easily flattered, and I fancy the fellow got the length of his foot long ago. Jack met him at those Beachey's, who live near his tutor's. Very mixed biscuits there, I fancy. Luckily, I don't think any harm is done; the girl has a good square head of her own, and she will not meet Erle at any house she is likely to go to; but I must say I did not like it at all.'

'Certainly, dear, certainly,' said his wife. 'But you know we have a good many parties coming on, and I cannot possibly look after the child; and don't you think the hunting-field—for young girls—I have never quite liked it; they hear such things.'

'Hear such things!' roared his lordship. 'Hear such things! I do like that, I do. Why, I was sitting in the middle drawing-room not long ago, writing some orders for the stables at one of the tables, and that Williams woman and some of her pals were in the little room beyond, and, 'pon my word, I never heard such talk in my life. As some of your pretty French books would say, "It was enough to make a monkey blush." I don't know if they knew I was in the next room. They could have seen me perfectly; but I don't suppose they would have cared if they had. No! Betty shall come here, and she shall ride Erl King and Blackbird. I shall look after her right enough. She can paddle about with me shooting, and so on, on off-days. So you just sit down, like a good creature, and write to Marcia.'

And she did so, and there lay the letter on Lady Fitzhugh's lap—cordial, kind, and ungrammatical.

Lady Fitzhugh looked rather thoughtfully at the girl, who made such a pretty picture bending over her spinning-wheel, the firelight flickering on her figure and charming head, and decided that she should go to her uncle's and get her riding, and see some people and be seen of them—'Though Heaven only knows what a collection Marion may have got together, with her present manias for bridge, spirit-rapping, theosophy, and so on. But I really am not equal to society'—she was, quite; but it bored her—and the girl must take her chance. After all, Forsyth is responsible, as her guardian.'

So she made the announcement, and also decided that as she could not be left alone at Dunscaith, she would run up to London by easy stages, taking her daughter as far as Edinburgh, and sending her on with her maid.

Mrs Fletcher was too happy at the thought of London—'dear London'—to resent the implied slight to herself in Lady Fitzhugh's remarks, and soon there was bustle enough at Dunscaith; boxes and bags rooted out of lumber-rooms, shrill objurgations from ladies'-maids as to lost straps and missing keys, always lost by somebody else; carpenters and village smiths in hot request. But all was soon packed and arranged, and the old house was left alone with closed shutters and rolled-up carpets, rats and mice holding evening-parties in the stately rooms to the accompaniment of the winds that howled and whistled outside; the housekeeper, monarch of all she surveyed, looking fondly forward to a fine time of scrubbing, chimney-sweeping, and cleaning to extend over many weeks to come, with much tea and harrying of maids.

Betty's feelings on the subject of the visit to Brayborough were mixed. She always hated leaving Dunscaith and her poor people, and her many interests and occupations, and she loved the beautiful wild land, with its wonderful pathos and mystery, as it is often loved by those who belong to it with a passion akin to pain quite incomprehensible to the many who look upon Scotland and talk of it as though it were a pleasant invention for providing them with so much 'shootin' and fishin', to be fled from, as though the Evil One pursued, when the grouse begin to pack, and the days draw in, and the scenery is at its best.

To those who belong to that dear land, and who love it, and are often forced by circumstances to leave it and to let the old home to the men of dollars, beer, and brass, it is a blissful moment indeed when the swift steamer has taken her last trip south laden with moneyed shooting-tenants and their troops of greedy, lazy English servants, when the time has arrived for the potatoes to rattle in the cans, the people lifting them busily in the fields. The long level rays of the sun shine in the eyes; the autumn hush and glory is on hill and sea; woodcock are coming into the coverts, duck into the potato-fields in the dusk. The country is our own again. The Sassenach and the tourist have gone!



## CHAPTER X.

**B**ETTY loved riding, and rode very well, moreover; and her uncle and aunt were always very kind to her, and she liked going to Brayborough. Her father in his youth had been a very good man across country, hunting with all the crack packs. Many were the tales of his prowess in the hunting-field, and many were the portraits of favourite horses at Dunscaith. Betty knew every point of them, and most of their deeds. As a child she used to sit on his lap listening with round eyes and open mouth to his stories of this horse and that, and of their various performances, virtues, and vices: how Muley flew the Whissendene, how King Cole kicked a dogcart into toothpicks, how the Nun won the Liverpool; and she made him repeat the tales over and over again. Sometimes he would vary them to tease her, the child indignantly correcting him, drumming on his broad breast with dimpled fists. He taught her to ride almost as soon as she could walk, and the fearless child was a pretty sight on her shaggy Highland pony.

Lord Fitzhugh had been left a comfortable, square, ugly house with splendid stabling, in the middle of a very good hunting-country, by an old bachelor who admired his hands. Such was the reason given in his will, and the courts refused to upset it at the instance of the several cousins and aunts left out in the cold. So the Fitzhughs always moved up there every year, for hunting, after Christmas.

Jack had never cared much for horses and hounds. His gun was his love in the way of sport; but Betty was a horsewoman by nature. A strong lover of animals and quite fearless, she was gifted with her father's wonderful hands and an easy, square seat. The most fidgety animals, that would plunge and buck and fret with most people, covering themselves and their riders with splashes and blobs of foam, would settle down into perfect quiescence in the first half-hour under her firm and gentle hand.

Her father gave her every opportunity of becoming a finished rider. She was beautifully mounted; but her horses always gave her something to do—too much to do would have been the opinion of many women.

Lord Fitzhugh took her out hunting in the teeth of Fräulein, perhaps oftener than was fair towards that learned lady, who shook her head over 'dese English.' After her father's death the hunting-box had been let on lease, and all the hunters sold; so Betty's hunting had practically come to an end, and depended chiefly on future visits to Brayborough.

Lord Forsyth had always delighted in her riding; indeed, he and her father had taken an equal interest in it, laying their heads together during his visits to his brother-in-law for the circumvention of Fräulein.

At Brayborough he was always most kind in mounting Betty, and uncle and niece had had many happy days at both places, following the sport they both loved and understood so thoroughly.

(To be continued.)

## NOTES AND STORIES FROM A DIARY.

**T**HE recent election contest in the Elgin Burghs recalls the fact that although its last member was one of the most eminent Scottish lawyers, Mr Asher's predecessor, still alive, was even more eminent as a politician, an administrator, and a *littérateur*.

Sir M. E. Grant Duff can hardly be said to have outlived his reputation; but certainly he has long ceased to attract the attention that he drew, say, thirty or forty years ago. In those days he was looked upon as 'a coming man.' He was first elected for the Elgin Burghs in 1857. In Mr Gladstone's first administration (1868-74) he was Under-Secretary for India, and for a short time (from 1880) Under-Secretary for the Colonies and a Privy Councillor; but in 1881 he became Governor of Madras, and from that time the spell of his influence—in practical politics at least—was broken. His books are numerous and interesting. They cover a large part of the field of European politics, include literary and political essays, biography, and, above all, autobiographical 'notes.' Amid a variety of honorary occupations, chairmanships of learned and

literary societies in London, he has mainly devoted his leisure years to writing his reminiscences; and as he has known almost every celebrated person in European public life within the last half-century, it may well be supposed that his recollections have an interest absolutely unique.

Probably even Sir M. E. Grant Duff himself never imagined to what length his *Notes from a Diary* would run; but he has at last completed them in the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes recently published. This remarkable work covers the period from New Year's Day 1851 to 23rd January 1901, when the Privy Council took the oaths of allegiance to King Edward VII. The last of the fourteen volumes is as sparkling as the first, and one is safe to take a volume anywhere in the series and be sure of finding it full of interest.

We all have heard stories of the fantastic pronunciation of English proper names. Lady St John becomes 'Lady Sinjin,' Lord Beauchamp is 'Beecham,' and so on. Many readers will recall the story of the German lady at a dinner-party. 'I cannot follow your language a leetle bit,' said

she. 'You spell a name M-a-r-j-o-r-i-b-a-n-k-s, and pronounce it "Chumley"!' Here is one of Grant Duff's of the same kind:

'Who was it who declared the other day that a German, in despair at the difficulties of English pronunciation, said we write *caoutchouc* and read it *gutta-percha*? He was not driven to such desperation as one of his countrymen, who gave up the study of the language on being told that the *Mikado* was pronounced "a decided success."'

Dean Stanley, in his letters, mentions Clayton the devotee of the Roman Wall, of whom an excellent story is told. He was immensely rich, and on being asked for a subscription for some object of which he approved, handed a cheque, which he observed was received with disappointment. 'Doesn't that meet your views?' he asked. 'Well,' said the man, 'we are much obliged; but, if I may say so, we expected a rather larger amount. Your nephew Nathaniel has given' such-and-such a sum. 'Ah,' rejoined the old gentleman, 'there is a difference. Nathaniel has expectations.' Nathaniel was his heir.

Witty repartee is a feature of many of the sayings quoted in these volumes. Mrs St Loe Strachey is responsible for the story that when one of the daughters of Horace Smith was going to be christened the clergyman asked the name of the child. 'Rosalind,' said the father. 'Rosalind, Rosalind, Rosalind!' was the reply. 'I never heard such a name. How do you spell it?' 'Oh,' was the rejoinder, 'as you like it!'

Not long ago the country was startled—or, rather, refused to be startled, and *Punch* turned the circumstance to amusing account—by a speech of Lord Roberts, declaring that the country was wholly unprepared for war. It is comforting to know that at least while we are asleep preparations are going on for our defence. In 1896 Sir John Ardagh, chief of the Intelligence Department, informed Grant Duff that 'the arrangements for the defence of our own shores by the army are very far advanced.' Apparently these arrangements embraced throwing a hundred thousand regular troops into the country near the sea, and a much larger volunteer force on to the chalk escarpment. Perhaps the outlook of the Intelligence Department commanded a little more confidence then than now.

How many people have read—and remembered—Macaulay's 'Epitaph on a Jacobite'? Grant Duff uses it as a kind of literary touchstone. At a dinner one evening—Mr Balfour, the present Prime-Minister, in the chair, and among others present Professor Courthope, of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, Sir James Paget, and Lord Wolseley—the conversation turned on Macaulay. Grant Duff said the 'Epitaph' was the best thing Macaulay had ever written, and Balfour agreed. By some strange chance, Professor Courthope, whose *History of English Poetry* is one of the monumental productions of the present generation, had never seen or heard of it. Nor had Wolseley. Grant Duff repeated it accord-

ingly. Unfortunately we are not told Courthope's verdict on the piece. Most people will find it very admirable, extremely pointed in expression, but certainly not the best thing that Macaulay ever wrote.

Lord Byron once said, 'And Barabbas was a publisher'? Here is something quite as good. It is told of Lord Bowen, who, on being shown a church built by a publisher who was credited with driving rather hard bargains with authors, exclaimed, 'Ah! the old story: "*Sanquis martyrum semen ecclesiae*,"'

Stanley's letters were often the subject of conversation. A friend mentioned that Miss Stanley had a good deal of her brother's power, and read in illustration of the remark a letter of hers, of 1863, describing the marriage of the present King, 'during which the future Emperor of Germany employed himself, characteristically enough, in biting his uncles.'

Father Healy's remark, quoted from his *Memories*, distinguishes him, if true, as one of the wittiest of a witty nation. Canon Farrell said to him at a dinner, 'I hear your Scotch whisky has a great reputation.' 'Go,' said Healy, pushing the bottle across the table; 'seek the bubble reputation at the Canon's mouth!'

One is surprised that the *Spectator* has not yet laid hold of some of the excellent animal-stories told in these volumes. They have the merit, if everybody is to be trusted, of being true. Mrs Wodehouse, a friend, told Grant Duff that when she was passing the Royal Court Theatre one day a black-and-white cat came up to her. Arching his back and waving his tail, he trotted on in front towards her own house, 21 Sloane Gardens. When they got to No. 9 the creature stopped, laid hold of her dress with his teeth so as to stop her, then ran upstairs and tried to reach the bell. She rang it for him, the door was opened, and he returned to his family.

Here are some of the acquirements of the most magnificent and wisest dog that the writer has ever seen. It was a golden collie at Congham Hall, near Lynn, and belonged to Grant Duff's nephew. 'He plays the piano when told to do so; finds a ball when it is hidden at least as well as a professional thought-reader; brings the newspaper from another room; dies for the Princess of Wales, not for Queen Victoria (this in 1896), who prefers dachshunds; rushes to the entrance barking loudly when asked what he would do if the German Emperor appeared; and comports himself in every possible way as the most amiable and sagacious of quadrupeds.'

This beautiful little story must be true, for it is told by Archbishop Benson: 'Talk wandered to birds, and Dr Benson gave a curious account of a hen-bullfinch which had lost her mate, and was so disconsolate that she was taken down to the lawn and the cage-door opened. She did not, however, attempt to escape; but a very beautiful cock-bull-

finch, after conversing with her from a neighbouring tree, entered the cage, and they lived happily as man and wife ever after.'

Everybody likes a good riddle. Here is the cleverest in the books: 'What is the difference between a model woman and a woman model? The one is a bare possibility, the other a naked fact.' Take another amusing one: 'Dined with the Literary Society. . . . The question was asked how it was that Millais had never quite fulfilled the promise of his youth, and the answer was given that he received too many *checks* in his artistic career.'

It must not be supposed that Grant Duff merely repeats excellent stories or capital conundrums, or tells of enjoyable dinners. Certainly it is part of his scheme, deliberately laid down, that he shall speak only of pleasant things, and thereby he encountered the disapprobation of that admirable critic the late R. H. Hutton. But many things are recorded in these volumes fitted to give rise to serious reflection. Take, for example, this remarkable experience of the late Justice Denman. Lord Denman once received a large quantity of wine, and ordered that a portion of it should be sent as a present to a much older friend. Luckily, just before it was despatched, the discovery was made that the butler had put it into bottles which had contained poison. Lord Denman afterwards said: 'If a similar set of facts resulting in a charge of wilful murder had been brought before me after I became a judge, I should certainly have recommended the jury to find a verdict of guilty, for the bottles which were to be sent to my friend were all poisoned, while not one of those retained for my own use was so; and the motive would have seemed perfectly clear, since he had made a will in my favour, and I was aware of the fact.' The dangers of circumstantial evidence were surely never more strikingly exemplified.

How many lady readers, accustomed to use that dainty requisite of the tea-table, a doily, know the meaning of the name? Grant Duff tells that on a visit to Sir William Hunter the historian of India, at Oaken Holt, his house near Oxford, he was told by Sir William of a visit received shortly before from Sir Charles D'Oyly. It appears that Sir Charles D'Oyly's family once held the Castle of Oxford and very broad lands in the neighbourhood, the obligation being to defend the same against all comers, while the formal act of homage was the presentation every year to the king of a small tablecloth to be used at dinner; hence the familiar word 'doyly.'

'And now, sir, can I sell you an Encyclopædia?' 'No, I don't think so,' replied old John. 'Yon see, I'm gettin' too old to ride nowadays.' Thus far *Punch*. Grant Duff has something of the same kind, even more amusing. At the Athenæum Club, one day, he was told of an answer given by a little girl to a bishop, who, examining on the service, asked the meaning of the Communion. 'Please, sir, a

chemise and drawers all in one piece.' A lady friend to whom Grant Duff repeated this story informed him that she found entered in her washing-book, 'six pairs of consternations,' and her husband, whose tendencies are conservative, thought them well named.

One is very much surprised to find a person so well read as Grant Duff stumbling over a literary point relating to the Scottish national bard. There was a lunch-party, in June 1898, at which were present the Duchess of Albany, Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen, and others. 'In the course of talk Lord Mount-Stephen said that in the well-known Scotch song, "Comin' through the rye," the last word should be spelt with a capital, the poet having meant, not the well-known cereal, but a little river in Ayrshire.' Even if he had forgotten literary history, a little thought would have shown Grant Duff that Burns just did mean 'the well-known cereal.' Does not the song run:

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' through the rye?

And who would want to meet any one else coming through 'a little river in Ayrshire'? But as a matter of fact, this is one of the old songs that Burns remodelled, and originally it stood:

Gin a body kiss a body  
Comin' through the grain;

and on the window of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, Burns wrote the well-known stanza beginning with the above lines, and ending:

Need a body grudge a body  
What's a body's ain?

Furthermore, the suggestion about the Rye Water is very old. It was brought forward in an article, 'New Readings of an Old Poet,' in the *Glasgow Herald* in 1867, and was then authoritatively disposed of, and here it reappears in Grant Duff's pages with the imprimatur of two of the nation's leading citizens.

It is always interesting to have the opinion of strangers on 'Auld Reekie.' Mrs Oliphant spoke of it as the faithful city which has a knack of turning its favourites into demigods. That was not quite Stevenson's view; but here is what Grant Duff, who has visited probably every considerable city in Europe, says: 'We passed all the 7th [July 1898] in Edinburgh, which my companion saw, chiefly under the guidance of Mrs Douglas, quite to perfection. Never did it look to me half so beautiful; and, good heavens! how it has improved since I first beheld it, sixty-two years ago, with just half its present population, the capital of a semi-barbarous country! The transformation of St Giles's from a triple dog-kennel into a noble church is a type of the change that has come over the whole place.'

How extremely interesting the references in these volumes to many of the great men of our age! True, we get them in their pleasantest moods, as a rule; but it shows them, at least, off the pedestal,



and probably more themselves. Palmerston was told by a lady that her maid, who had been with her to the Isle of Wight, objected to go there again because the climate was not *embracing* enough. 'What am I to do with such a woman?' she asked. 'Next time,' replied Palmerston, 'you had better take her to the Isle of Man.' Jowett, during his last illness, beckoned to a relative near him and said, 'You had better all go. I do not think I shall do anything definite to-night.' That was very philosophical, and to be looked for in Jowett; but one likes better the story of Faber, also in his last illness. He asked a person at his bedside how he was. 'Very ill indeed,' the friend replied. 'Then,' said the sick man, 'you had better order the prayer for the dying to be read.' 'No,' answered the person; 'I think you will live four-and-twenty hours.' 'Oh, in that case,' rejoined Faber, 'read me *Pickwick*.' One would like this story of the Great Duke to be true. Grant Duff found it in the *Spectator*. It is said that a maiden aunt of his was staying at Walmer, and possessed a French poodle. The creature ran one day into the grounds of Walmer Castle, and its owner stood calling to it, 'Blücher, Blücher!' The old Duke looked over the wall and remarked, 'Madam, time was when I too should have been extremely glad to see Blücher.'

Grant Duff once dined with Anthony Hope—he evidently never got nearer than a distant view of Mr Barrie—and of the party were Professor Knight and Mr Andrew Lang. That, naturally, meant ghosts. Mr Andrew Lang talked of these, in which he entirely believes. "I have," I said, "met only three people who thought they had seen a ghost." "Now," said Mr Lang, "you have met four, for I myself have seen several."

The best ghost-story in these volumes is not from Mr Lang. A hostess said to a friend, 'The house is dreadfully full. I am afraid I must put you in a

room which has the credit of being haunted. You won't mind that?' 'Oh dear, no!' replied the other lady. 'Well,' continued the hostess, 'the haunting consists of nothing save a very loud knocking, which is sometimes heard in the night.' The friend went to bed, and in due time the knocking commenced. She called out something, and put her head under the bedclothes. When she appeared at breakfast her hostess said, 'You frightened my maid dreadfully this morning when she knocked at your door. You called out, "Get away, you demon!"'

But those who wish more of Grant Duff's interesting recollections must go themselves to the fourteen volumes. They will find there both entertainment and instruction. They will get much of diplomacy and politics, a little of botany (for it is a favourite study), something of the knowledge of precious stones (for the study of gems is also a hobby). The interesting bits of information scattered up and down cover every possible variety of subject—even to the mixing of drinks; for, hearing one day a person ask for a 'mother-in-law,' and making inquiries, Grant Duff was told that a 'mother-in-law' was 'stout and bitter.' It would be too much to speak of philological discussions, but references to the missing 'H' are very amusing. Thus, at lunch one day, 'We talked of a lady long since dead, who had risen suddenly from obscurity to a high position. "The world," said Lady Reay, "had given her everything it had to give except its H's." And on this topic one may fitly close with what seems to be the very latest. It is told of a London 'bus conductor. "Igh 'O'born! 'Igh 'O'born!" he went on shouting as his vehicle proceeded towards that well-known thoroughfare. "Excuse me," observed a waggish passenger; "but haven't you dropped something?" "Never mind," retorted the quick-witted 'busman, "I shall pick it up when we come to Hoxford Street!"'

## THE GRAYBEARD.

By MARGARET WATSON, Author of *Under the Chilterns*, *Alice Loveday's Training*, *A Short Engagement*, *Polly*, *Mrs Drewitt's Hoard*, *Old Sacks*, &c.

### CHAPTER I.

**I** AM a country doctor with a wide practice and a narrow income; my only inheritance a tradition that a fine property in Hertfordshire had once been in our family, but the title-deeds had disappeared some two hundred and fifty years ago, and the heir being unable to make good his claim, the property went into Chancery.

I had enough on my mind in all conscience, what with the effort to make ends meet and overlap a bit for a rainy day, and trying to satisfy the patients who were offended if I did not come often enough, and those who looked at every visit with one eye on

the bill. And then, what must I do but fall deeply, hopelessly in love with the only child of the richest man in the place, Mr Macwalter, a merchant who had bought land, and built a mansion, and was playing at being a country squire. He looked the part, too, for he was a tall, fine-looking man, with a strong, quiet manner.

Her name was Lettice, and she was said to be like her mother, who had died when she was a child. She was the loveliest, the most charming— But there, I assure you that your own sweetheart is not a patch upon her!

Of course it was utterly absurd my dreaming of her. Her father expected her to marry a title—a

baronet at the very least ; and I should never have betrayed my folly if it had not been for that old writing-table.

I had an uncle, a direct descendant of the Hertfordshire landowner of ancient memory, who had lived and died a bachelor, and when he died left me his heir. The heirship amounted to nothing but some fine old furniture, for he was a retired colonel living on his pension and a small annuity.

One piece of furniture was a curious old writing-table. I had it set up in my study, and one night, in a rare hour of leisure, began to overhaul it thoroughly.

I found no less than three secret recesses. One had evidently been unknown to its late owner, for in it were five crown-pieces, quite unworn, of the date of Charles the Second. But the important find that changed the fortunes of my life was not there.

No ! It was in an old, leather-bound, black-letter Bible which lay in the centre recess. On the first leaves were the records of three generations of my ancestors. It had evidently been handed down from father to son, and used for a record of births and marriages till the blank leaves were all over-written. The last entry of a daughter to Charles and Mary Marchmont, on the 18th January 1620, was crowded into the bottom of the page.

Then the book had probably been laid aside ; being black-letter, it had fallen out of daily use, and had been kept simply for the records contained in it.

I was not learned in old books, but turned the leaves with interest, thinking of the men and women from whom I had sprung, who had found help and comfort from its pages. Parts of the book were perfectly fresh and clean, but the Book of Psalms was much thumb-marked. The volume contained the whole of the Apocrypha ; and as I turned it over curiously I found in 'The Wisdom of Solomon' two leaves fastened together at the top and bottom.

I took my penknife and separated them carefully, and found that they had been sealed by wafers. Lying between the two leaves was a single sheet of paper covered with writing.

This is what was written :

'I, John Marchmont of Marchmont House, in the County of Hertford, Gentleman, being about to take up arms in the cause of his most gracious Majesty King Charles the First, now in peril through the rebellious and seditious action of certain evildoers, have thought well to put the title-deeds of my estate into a place of safety where they may be found again when these troublous times are past. Therefore I have placed them in an earthen jar of the kind commonly called a graybeard, and had the jar placed within the new wall now a-building round my kitchen-garden, five feet from the ground and seven feet from the east end of the wall abutting on the road. I have sent my wife and little son to France for safety, and now send a copy of this paper by a trusty hand to her.

'Written this 22nd day of January 1644.'

A voice from the dead indeed !

I began slowly to recall all I had heard of this John Marchmont. He had joined the King's forces, and had been killed at the battle of Marston Moor. His wife, who was a Frenchwoman, had stayed gladly enough in her own country, and brought up her boy there.

The 'trusty hand' had probably never reached her, for when the boy came of age, and returned to claim his property from the Roundhead who had it in possession, there was a long lawsuit, in the course of which it came out that neither party could produce title-deeds, and after many years, during which the lawyers picked the bones of the estate, it went into Chancery, and stayed there, and the Marchmonts had to turn to and work for a living.

Very good for them, doubtless ; but the memory of past glories was an heirloom in the family, and each generation had speculated as to the hiding-place of those lost title-deeds ; and now, my uncle had been the last in the direct line, and I was my uncle's heir !

Theoretically, it is an excellent thing to have to work for a living ; practically, the prospect of a landed estate with untold thousands of accumulated wealth is alluring, especially if you are a poor man in love with a rich man's daughter.

The first thing I did was to wire to a friend to ask if he would come down and take my practice for a day or two. This was on the Monday, and I had an answer that he would be down on Thursday night.

As it happened, I was not very busy, and I found it very difficult to keep away from Mr Macwalter's for those four days ; but I did. I was determined not to say a word till I could come with the deeds in my hand.

But Chance, or Fate, or Providence sent me a summons on the Thursday to see an old man who lived about five miles away on the top of the hills. It was not an urgent case, so I decided to walk by the path across the fields and up through the woods, and so occupy myself for this last evening, and make it impossible to go and see Lettice.

It was a perfect June evening, shadows chasing each other over the hills, great pink sprays of wild roses in the hedges, the hay-fields full of the scent of clover.

I saw no one as I went up but the people working in the fields. I found the old man chiefly requiring a little comfort and encouragement, sat with him a little while, and then started home.

I stood a moment, before taking the road down through the wood, looking over the valley stretched out below me, all radiant with the setting sun. The beauty of it went to my head, my pulses thrilled, and I saw myself reigning, with Lettice as my queen-consort, in the home of my fathers.

At this moment I heard the *yap, yap* of a dog after a rabbit, and a voice I knew well calling, 'Fox ! Fox ! Here ! You bad dog !'

I turned, to see Lettice coming towards me, and evidently making for the road down through the wood.

I was not master of myself as I went forward to speak to her, and she felt it. Her cheeks deepened in colour to the tint of a wild rose, her long lashes drooped, but she spoke gaily.

'What an unusual thing to see you afoot so far from home, Mr Marchmont! Has your bicycle broken down, or your horse caught cold?'

'Neither,' I returned; 'but, for a wonder, I was not in a hurry to-night, and I wanted exercise. It's a splendid evening. Are you going home through the wood?'

'I meant to; it's so much shorter.'

I opened the gate for her, and she passed through into the deepening shadows of the beech-trees.

The road was rough, and the only smooth path brought us very close together. My resolutions began to melt away. I found a hundred excellent reasons for telling her of the good fortune that was coming to me. A casual question of hers and a felled tree made the full cup run over.

'Shall you be at the tennis meet to-morrow?'

'No. I have to go down to Hertfordshire.'

'To Hertfordshire?'

It was here the tree came in. It was beside the road in a little clearing; a most comfortable seat for two, and its worn appearance showed that others had thought so before us.

'Will you sit down a moment, and I will tell you all about it?'

She sat down without a word, and I beside her. I told her everything: of the estate which had been ours, of the mysterious loss of the title-deeds, of my uncle and his legacy to me, of how I had found in the old black-letter Bible a key to the riddle which had puzzled so many generations of Marchmonts. She listened thoughtfully, poking her stick into the soft earth, flushing a little in response to the emotion in my voice. When I had done she raised her eyes to mine.

'It would take you away from here,' she said.

Was I to blame if I told her in poor and halting words that the only thing for which I valued this sudden prospect of fortune was that I might offer her a fitting home, and asked her if she would be willing to share it with me?

I will not set down what she said in reply; but we started at last on our way home as happy a couple as any in the length and breadth of the land.

It was too late for me to see her father that night; and, besides, I felt my tale would be more convincing when I had secured the graybeard and its contents; but Lettice said she would prepare him for my story.

I found my friend waiting dinner for me with some impatience; but he soon forgave me when he heard my wonderful tale, and we sat up far into the night discussing the subject from every possible point of view.

## CHAPTER II.



SET off by the first train next morning. I shall never forget how I felt. I could have written a new poem on the pleasures of hope. The sky was palest blue at the horizon, deepening above to the colour of a hedge-sparrow's egg; a light mist yet lingered in the hollows of the hills; but the sun, as it mounted, was clearing one hollow after another and absorbing the mist into itself. I held my hands out to the soft warmth of its rays. The one porter and the stationmaster greeted me with pleasant morning faces. I took my place in the train, and as I was carried through the fragrant country I made elaborate plans for obtaining permission to break into the wall and find my graybeard.

The village of Little Catcombe was two miles from Gorham, the nearest station; and knowing that Catcombe did not afford much accommodation for travellers, I had some food at Gorham, engaged a bed, and left my bag there, and walked across by a footpath through the springing corn.

The village is long and straggling, quaint houses set every way, a fine old church with a square tower. The home of my ancestors is a very beautiful old manor-house, with a long gabled front; it stands back from the road, and is entered by a fine gateway. It was all in excellent preservation, for the Court of Chancery had kept it let to very good tenants, and looked well after the repairs. The wall in which my graybeard had been embedded was round the corner of the gateway, up another street of the little village, and I thought I would look at it before going to the house.

As I turned the corner I heard the sounds of tools on stone, and slow voices. A cold chill of apprehension struck me, and I hurried on.

There, sure enough, was a group of white-jacketed workmen busy with picks and trowels and mortar before a great breach in the wall.

'What's happened here?' I asked, trying to speak like a casual, curious stranger.

'This bit o' wall, he've been crackin' some time, sir,' answered one of the men; 'and last Toosday he give way all of a sudden like. There was a big thunderstorm; and whether he got struck, or whether 'twas the rain—that did come down—I don't know, but this gret piece fell out into the road. 'Twas lucky as there wasn't no one for it to fall on; it choked up the roadway so as nobody couldn't go along till we'd cleared it.'

I measured the distances with my eye: seven feet from the east end of the wall, and five feet from the ground. The graybeard must have been just here.

'Was there anything in the wall besides stone and mortar?' I asked. 'Sometimes there are all sorts of things built into these old walls.'

'Well,' said one of the men, 'there was a rum old jar fell out. Not a bit broke he wasn't'—

'A jar? That would be a curiosity, I expect,' said I. 'Could I see it?'



'Oh yes, you could see it, and welcome. You go round to my missis; she've got it. She don't think much of it. She ses as how when they was a-hidin' summat they might ha' found summat a bit tastier like nor that for them as was to find it.'

'Where does your missis live? I'd like to see it.'

'You come up from Gorham, I expect? Well, my house be the second on your right as you comes up.'

I did not take very long to retrace my steps.

'Your husband says you have an old jar that was found in the wall up at the Manor,' I said to the woman who answered my knock at the cottage door. 'Might I have a look at it?'

'Certainly, sir,' she replied. 'Will you step inside?'

I stepped in.

She took from the mantelpiece a gray-coloured, narrow-necked jar, with the characteristic markings which gave it the name of graybeard. There was a singing in my ears and my hand shook as I took it from her. I carried it to the light of the doorway and looked inside. It was empty.

I steadied my voice as well as I could, and asked, 'Was there nothing in it?'

'Oh yes! There was a lot of old papers; but they was all in such a muck I put the old thing in the big pot and b'iled 'em out; it's quite clean now. They wouldn't come out o' that narrow neck, so I b'iled 'em out.'

There was no more to be said.

I bought the jar for a few shillings. It was worth much more; but I felt that the woman, having cheated me of my inheritance, was not entitled to its value.

I travelled home the next morning, a man whose 'castle in Spain' had crumbled to dust before his eyes.

As soon as I arrived I went straight to Lettice's home with the graybeard in my hand, and asked for Mr Macwalter.

He came in, grave and courteous. I held out the empty jar, and in a few words told my tale.

'Astonishing!' he said. 'Astonishing! The coincidence of your finding that paper just when the jar was being exposed is most extraordinary. Well, I'm sorry for your disappointment.'

'Will you tell your daughter?' I said. 'Of course this makes me again a poor country doctor, quite ineligible as a suitor for her; and you will no doubt think that it was unjustifiable of me to speak to her on such an uncertain prospect. All I can say is that I crave her forgiveness and yours, and that I will as soon as possible sell my practice and remove myself.'

'I don't think you need do that,' said Mr Macwalter, looking at me very kindly.

'You would not allow Lettice to marry me as I am?'

'Why not? She appears to wish to. She and I settled it all last night. I can't say I built much upon the title-deeds. If you had found them, it's a hundred to one you couldn't have established your claim. But you belong to a well-known family, and I do not, and therefore value it perhaps too highly; and you have a good character, which is invaluable; and, moreover, Lettice seems to have made up her mind about it, and I do not think she will listen to any suggestion as to your running away and leaving her. I will send her to tell you what she thinks of it now, and have a business talk with you to-morrow morning.'

He left me, and in a few moments a rustle of silk made my heart beat more quickly.

She came straight to me.

'I'm so sorry for your disappointment, dearest,' she said.

'But I have no disappointment,' I replied, holding her in my arms, 'for I have you, and that is all I wanted.'

'Let me look at the jar,' she said.

I gave it into her hands, and she examined it curiously. Then she said, 'I shall always love the queer old thing, for if it had not been for it I do not believe you would ever have told me you cared about me.'

'I would not—if I could have refrained. I am even now astonished at my boldness. I scarcely know whether I have a right to be grateful to the graybeard for tempting me to ask for so much when I can give so little.'

'Men set money above everything,' she returned, with a quaint glance; 'but the graybeard must have the place of honour in our home.'

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### THE ORIGIN OF PEARLS.

**T**HE pearl-fisheries are of great importance to the island of Ceylon, and the many uncertainties connected with the industry have given cause for much concern to the Government, who have lately caused the conditions to be thoroughly investigated, and have instituted researches into the nature and habits of

the pearl-oyster. As a result of these investigations, and the knowledge obtained from them, it is hoped that the pearl-fisheries can be placed upon a more scientific basis, and that some at least of the uncertainties now connected with them may be removed. In the course of the investigations, which were under the control of Professor Hardman, F.R.S., some interesting facts came to light. Among these, the history of the formation of the pearl itself is of particular interest. It has usually been held that

the pearl was the result of a grain of sand which, having gained an entrance to the shell, became a source of such irritation to the oyster that in self-defence the rightful occupant of the shell deposited a number of layers of the pearly substance around the intruder. It has been shown, however, that in the great majority of cases the pearl is, in reality, due to the presence of a small worm, and it is around the dead bodies of the spherical larvæ of this worm that the oyster deposits the numerous layers of nacre, and thus forms the beautiful pearls which are afterwards so highly prized. It thereupon became important to learn the life-history of this parasitic worm, and it was ultimately found that certain species of file-fishes which prey upon shell-fish become infected with the worm, and they in turn cause the infection to spread to the large fish-eating rays or sharks which feed upon the file-fishes. It is in these rays that the worm attains maturity and liberates into the sea a numerous family of embryos, which enter the oyster and begin again the interesting cycle of adventures. It will be seen that this succession of different hosts is necessary to the fulfilment of the life-history of the parasitic worm, and, consequently, without these file-fishes and rays the beautiful orient pearl would probably have no existence. It is therefore possible by keeping infected ray-fishes in large cages in the vicinity of the oyster-beds to increase materially the product of orient pearls.

#### EAST AFRICAN COTTON.

The scientific and technical department of the Imperial Institute, in connection with an exhibition of Empire-grown cotton recently held at South Kensington, has been investigating some samples of cotton grown in British East Africa, and the results of their experiments are given at length in the *Bulletin of the Imperial Institute*. The cotton samples were subjected to various tests for strength and general healthiness, and measurements were made of the length of the fibre. The samples were also sent to commercial experts, whose reports on the market value of the cottons are given. The general conclusion arrived at is that these cottons are on the whole of promising quality, but that they show evidence of lack of care in cultivation. The investigators believe that if more care was exercised, particularly in choice of seed and also in the harvesting of the cotton, without doubt a product would be obtained which would be suitable for the demand in Great Britain.

#### OZONE.

The strong and peculiarly refreshing smell of ozone was distinctly noticeable at the recent Electrical Exhibition in London, and it was easily traced to the exhibit of a new company with the name of Ozonair Limited. The ozone, or rather the ozonised air, is produced in great quantities by means of a simple apparatus utilising the principle of the silent discharge of high-tension

electricity. It has long been known that this silent discharge resulted in the production of ozone from the oxygen in the air, and it has been shown by Warburg that the formation of ozone in these conditions is due to emission of ultra-violet light. The high-tension electricity necessary for the purpose is produced by means of a suitably arranged transformer from the ordinary lighting supply mains, and the air is driven through the apparatus by means of a simple electric fan of the familiar type. It is claimed that ozonised air in public buildings, sanatoria, &c. is directly conducive to health, and also that it has a marked germicidal influence on the air.

#### NATURAL VENTILATION.

An interesting comparison of the various systems of ventilation, natural and artificial, is contained in a booklet recently issued by the proprietors of the Boyle system of natural ventilation. The disadvantages of utilising forced ventilation, whether created by machinery or other means, are fairly obvious, for ventilation produced by fans or blowers or heated flues generally means an excessive draught in some portions of the building and vitiated air in others. Natural ventilation, on the other hand, if properly applied, keeps large bodies of air constantly moving at a slow rate of speed, and all the air in a building is renewed in a short time, although no perceptible draughts are created. In the Boyle system of ventilation the air is withdrawn from the top of a building by means of what is called an air-pump ventilator, and fresh air is introduced at somewhere about the breathing level by means of a system of air inlets, by which the air is directed upwards and diffused about the building in all directions. The so-called air-pump, which is contained in a kind of cupola at the top of the building, consists of an arrangement of metal plates set at certain angles around a central chamber which they enclose, and they are so arranged that every movement of the external air has the effect of exerting a pumping action on the air contained in the chamber. This becomes partially exhausted, and the vitiated air within the building rises up to take its place. At the same time the delicately valved inlets allow the ingress of a sufficient quantity of fresh air to keep up the circulation within the room. It is claimed that there is always sufficient movement in the atmosphere even on the stillest day to operate the ventilator effectually, and as the ventilation is effected in an upward direction, the warmth of the vitiated air helps the general ventilation scheme. The system has been applied to churches and schools and other public buildings with conspicuous success.

#### CALCIUM STEEL.

Whether to use metal or some other material for any particular piece of work is a question which arises with wonderful frequency in the minds of

every inventor and original mechanic. Metals have vast advantages; but they are conductors of heat and of electricity, and they are liable to corrosion by the action of the atmosphere and of acids. On the other hand, glass and porcelain are easily fractured and difficult to work; wood is inflammable and susceptible to damp, and the question can only be answered as a rule by choosing the least of many evils. A new material, bearing the somewhat misleading title which heads this paragraph, has recently been introduced, and advantages are claimed for it which, should they be substantiated, will at once give it a vast importance. This so-called calcium steel is obtained from feldspar sand and lime flux, and, according to the description, it combines the good qualities of steel with those of several absolutely dissimilar materials. It is metal-like in its workability, and may be hammered, chiselled, filed, and bored; yet it may be polished, painted on, enamelled, or otherwise treated just as if it were glass or porcelain; while it is of tremendous strength and is capable of resisting the action of the atmosphere, and it cannot be touched by acids. Moreover, it may be cast into moulds like a metal, or the dry components may be moulded into shape by hand or otherwise, and then heated up to the required temperature to cause the constituents to be welded together into one homogeneous mass. Calcium steel is of a white colour, but may be coloured to any desired hue by the mixture of metallic oxides. Further particulars of the new material are anxiously awaited, and in the meantime it would perhaps be wise not to place too much credence in the statements which have so far been published.

#### COLOUR MEASUREMENT.

When a man is asked the colour of any article which he has seen, he may reply promptly that it is red, blue, &c.; but if he be asked 'How red?' or 'How blue?' he will find it very difficult to explain himself quantitatively. An attempt to establish a system of colour measurement has been made by Mr Joseph W. Lovibond, which is thoroughly described in his recent book, *An Introduction to the Study of Colour Phenomena* (Spon, London). A series of glass standard colour-scales are provided, by the superposition of which any given colour can be accurately matched in a special instrument provided for the purpose whereby all extraneous light is excluded. A colour which requires so many units of red and so many units of yellow to match it exactly can at once be quantitatively described. The glass slides used for testing have been prepared with the very greatest trouble and accuracy, and they are said to comply with the essentials of a scientific standard in that the divisions are equal and the unit recoverable. Certain standard and invariable chemicals, dissolved in a given proportion in pure distilled water, require for a certain temperature and thickness of liquid a certain combination of colour slips to match them. These

chemical solutions can always be obtained, and in this way the units of the scale are recoverable. The whole system has evidently been prepared with the greatest care, and the book is a remarkable record of painstaking and accurate work.

#### REPAIRING A STEAMSHIP.

A very interesting welding operation has recently been performed by the North German Lloyd Steamship Company on their steamship *Friedrich der Grosse*. The steamship on her way home from Australia had lost one of her propeller-blades, and in the resulting irregular working of the screw the steel bracket which projects from the side of the vessel to carry the end of the propeller-shaft had been fractured. The fracture occurred in a very awkward position, close up to the main plating of the hull, and it would have required some months to prepare a new propeller-bracket and fit it ready for work. A perfectly successful joint, however, has been made by utilising the thermite process, and that in a relatively short time. A mould was built up around the fracture and filled with thermite, a mixture of metallic oxide and pulverised aluminium. A pre-heating by means of a furnace combined with an electric fan was arranged for, by which the massive metal parts were brought to a high temperature, and then the crucible containing the thermite was drawn into position and the mixture ignited. The mixture burned with a temperature of about three thousand degrees, which was sufficient to reduce the oxide and produce a pure metal which welded the fracture. When the mould was struck off next morning, it was found that a perfect weld had been accomplished, and the vessel was shortly after ready to be placed in commission once more.

#### A NEW BICYCLE BRAKE.

Since the free-wheel forced its way so undeniably to the front and came into such general use, the question of providing efficient brakes for bicycles has attained even greater prominence than hitherto. It was speedily found that brakes acting directly upon tires were out of the question except for emergencies, for the brake has to be so constantly used under the new conditions that the tire would be very rapidly worn out. Rim-brakes are open to the disadvantage that unless the wheel is absolutely true the action of the brake is jerky and spasmodic, and wheels cannot be kept true for very long. Band-brakes acting upon the wheel close to the hub have proved themselves to be the most efficient, but they are open to several disadvantages, as, for instance, the very high temperature to which they rapidly rise. In coasting a long hill it sometimes happens that the leather will be badly charred or even burned away completely, with the result that the brake suddenly ceases to hold. A new device has recently been placed upon the market which appears to obviate all these disadvantages. It is a



kind of inside-out band-brake, if the expression may be permitted. In the interior of the hub is a smooth metal surface, against which is the equivalent of the band in the form of a circle of steel in three separate portions. In the normal position this circle of steel is smaller than that which encloses it, and exerts therefore no pressure upon it; but the slightest pressure of the brake-handle inserts an ingeniously shaped wedge or lever between two edges of the trisected band, which is thereby swelled out until it presses tightly but evenly all over the inner surface of the ring on the hub. The braking is therefore performed by metal against metal; and while only a small amount of heat is produced as the result of the necessary friction, there is nothing to be burned by it, and the brake should therefore remain in perfect condition for years. The device is known as the Chamberlain Patent Brake, and it is of course applicable to either front or back wheel, or to both.

#### COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.

Much attention is now being devoted to the production of electrically heated cooking utensils and devices, while at the same time the electricity supply companies—conscious of the advantages to themselves of a daylight load in the reduction of their working expenses—are reducing their prices for current intended for cooking purposes to a very low rate. Nevertheless, the general introduction of electrical cooking appliances in place of those in common use to-day would probably mean an alarming increase in the domestic expenses of the average household. But apart from the question of the introduction of electrical cooking generally, there are many smaller ways in which electricity for culinary purposes might be adopted with great advantage. Afternoon tea may be made in the drawing-room without any help from the kitchen, boiling-water being procured at very short notice without any further work than the turning of a switch. Eggs may be boiled without the aid of fire or flame, or a chop or steak grilled on the table from which it is to be eaten. The actual cost of current consumed may be heavy compared to the work done, but it would be in itself so small as to pass unnoticed when the saving of labour is taken into consideration. But to cook a whole dinner by electrical means, to roast a joint and keep stock-pots constantly stewing, is quite a different matter, and it remains still to be proved that the system can be economically introduced into a household where at present the gas-cooker or the coal-fed kitchener holds sway.

#### SKIDDING.

A novel device for the prevention of skidding—that grave danger to automobilists from which the bravest shrink because it is uncontrollable by the coolest head and steadiest nerve—is described in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*. It consists of a small trailing wheel attached to the under-side of the car, and so placed that, normally, it is out of

contact with the roadway, but may be depressed so as to run upon the ground whenever the driver of the car thinks that there is danger of side-slip. In connection with this little running trailing wheel is a wheel or set of wheels having rough jagged jaws set in them. The trailing wheel runs lightly on the roadway so long as the car shows no tendency to skid, but directly the smallest side-slip occurs, the trailing wheel is instantly deflected to one side or the other, and this deflection automatically brings the jagged cog-wheels in sharp contact with the roadway, into which they dig with sufficient tenacity to arrest the skidding at once. The danger being over, the trailing wheel assumes its vertical position and the cog-wheels rise out of contact with the ground until the next incipient side-slip brings them into action again. The principle of the device appears to be good, and it should certainly be welcomed by all drivers of motor-cars who have in their hearts the fear of side-slips.

#### A NEW UMBRELLA-RACK.

A convenient and handy device for use in vestibules and shops and other places where umbrellas are wont to be collected has been designed and introduced to the public under the name of Bromhall's Patent. It consists of a strong leather strap gathered up into a series of short loops, each sustained by a strong pear-shaped spring within. The springy loops are almost touching one another, but can be momentarily pressed apart when the stick of an umbrella is pushed against them. The umbrella then slips into the space between the springs, which close around it and hold it with sufficient firmness but without scratching the polish. The looped strap can be fastened around a pillar or attached flat to a wall or any other convenient support, while an enamelled iron trough to catch the drips completes the scheme of things. The umbrella-rack takes up very little space, and is quite inexpensive.

#### PRESERVATIVES IN FOOD.

The ever-increasing separation of the food consumers from the sources of their supply, due to the constant growth of towns and cities where food cannot be grown or cultivated, makes the preservation of perishable articles one of supreme importance. The postponement of natural decay in meat by smoking and salting has been practised from immemorial times, but the growth of knowledge of the causes of decay, and simultaneously the big strides in the science of chemistry, have made it feasible to restrain decomposition of food by a variety of methods. The principal chemical preservatives are boric or boracic acid, sulphurous acid, salicylic acid, and formalin. Used in the small quantities requisite for the preservation of food for reasonable periods, these chemicals are practically without taste or odour, and are probably quite harmless. The so-called boron preservatives are very largely used for the preservation of dairy

produce, while salicylic acid is chiefly used to prevent change in beverages, jams and jellies, &c., and various other foods derived from fruits. Formalin is sold as a preservative of milk, but is objectionable, as it retards digestion, and milk treated with it is quite unfit for infant feeding. The use of chemical preservatives being so largely on the increase, the question arises whether the *accumulated* quantity of all the extraneous chemicals consumed with our food may not have an injurious effect upon our systems?

#### BIRDS AND THE FRUIT-FARMERS.

Another strong and convincing warning against the thoughtless and stupid extermination of birds supposed to be inimical to farmers comes from Canada. Thousands of fruit-trees were destroyed last year by mice, and in the report of the Ontario Fruit-Growers' Association it is pointed out that the enormous loss was due solely to the fact that the value of certain classes of birds had been overlooked. The writer remarks that the most important law in all nature is the one which maintains the balance between various forms of life. The balance had been destroyed by killing the birds which prey upon these mice, and in consequence the mice had increased and the trees had suffered far greater damage than the birds themselves would ever have inflicted. Woodpeckers are ruthlessly shot because they are supposed to suck the sap of young trees. In reality they are seeking out and destroying the boring insects whose ravages it is almost impossible for man to check. In one case it was actually proved that a single woodpecker had found and eaten no fewer than eighty-two borers in one morning.

#### BREAD.

It is confidently asserted by bread-reformers that the demand for a dead-white article, as yielded by modern methods of milling, takes away some of the most wholesome and nutritive properties of the bread. Flour in some cases is actually bleached with chemicals to make it whiter. In most modern milling methods the germ which provides the colour, flavour, and nourishment of wheat is thrown away. In a grain of wheat the outer covering contains the bran or sharps, the larger half the white substance or flour, and the smaller half the germ of the future plants, now thrown away. The old method of milling, to which it is suggested we should return, ground up the whole grain. Steel rollers have taken the place of the old millstones, and roll the germ out, and it is sifted from the flour by sieves of silk. There are flour-mills at Kingston-upon-Thames, Dorking, Ewell, Wrexham, and the Apostoloff (at 93-94 Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.), which by their methods are said to retain all the nourishing properties of the wheat. The Hovis system, with headquarters at Macclesfield, retains the wheat germ. In the case of the Apostoloff system there is a specially patented process

for dealing with the 'middlings.' Home-grown wheat is used, which is put in at one end of the bakery and comes out in loaves at the other. All the berry except the bran is used, with a yield of 85 per cent. instead of 72 per cent. of the weight of wheat milled by the ordinary process. It is contended that bread which contains the germ, besides being more nourishing and pleasant to eat, will remain fresh longer than that from roller-ground flour. Dr Rabagliati, in his *Air, Food, and Exercise*, says we eat far too much bread, and thus lay ourselves open to indigestion, colds, bronchitis, &c. Much might be said against raw, half-cooked bread. The whole subject is one of national and world-wide importance. The methods here outlined are discussed by Mr Francis Fox with approval in *Macmillan's Magazine* for November 1905, and there is an article on similar lines in the *World's Work* for October 1905.

#### SUSAN BRAY: HER SAMPLER.

QUAINT relic of an older, primmer day!

Out of the past, with charmings fragrant, rare,  
Your faded silken letters, once so gay,  
Announce to all, 'This is the sampler fair  
Of Susan Bray.'

Upon the parlour wall you hang in state;  
Yet of the maid who wrought you nought you tell.  
We feel she must have been demure, sedate,  
But you just say she lived and 'broidered well  
In 'twenty-eight.'

We seem to see her as she bent above  
Her sampler-frame, her needle flashing bright;  
Her sweet pursed mouth, eyes gentle as a dove,  
Bare neck and arms, soft hair tied smooth and tight:  
Maid made for love.

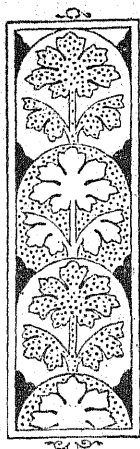
That she was loved 'twere madness to gainsay;  
She, we know well, had lovers and to spare.  
If she loved too is harder far to say,  
And yet we deem her gently shy as fair,  
This Susan Bray.

Perhaps— But vain must all conjecture be;  
Her sampler shrines her secrets from our gaze.  
Small comfort to be told, 'Here you may see  
How well my parents in my youthful days  
Had care for me.'

F. W. SAUNDERSON.

#### \* \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE BOXER'S DAUGHTER.

By ALFRED COLBECK, Author of *The Maiden's Shoe*, &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

**W**E had become reminiscent over an excellent brand of Manilla cheroots, when Foster, who was watching the ascension of a perfect ring of gray smoke which he had cleverly puffed out from between his rounded lips, suddenly said, 'You knew Alice Chester, Dick?'

Of course I knew Alice Chester. I had heard her name coupled with his, and I had never clearly understood why the intimacy had not ripened into marriage. I answered him warily, nevertheless. Where anything personal came in Foster was proverbially reticent, and I wondered rather at the abrupt reference to Alice Chester. 'Yes,' said I. 'The last I heard of her was that she had turned medical student, and intended taking her diplomas as a lady doctor.'

'And she succeeded, Dick. More than that, she married, and came out here as Mrs Macpherson to help her husband in curing the maladies of the Celestials. She met him in Edinburgh. He was in training there as a sort of medical evangelist, and she caught his enthusiasm, and married him, and devoted herself through her husband to the China Inland Mission.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed; for all this was news to me. 'And where did they settle?'

'In Shan-si, about a couple of hundred miles to the south-west of Peking.'

'Then you would see them as they passed through?'

'No. They didn't call upon me. Alice had reasons. And it didn't matter, for the disinclination was mutual. I shouldn't have known that they had passed through if Mary hadn't written to tell me. She and Mary—my sister, you know—were always friendly, and still keep in touch with each other. Alice is a distant cousin of ours.'

'So I understand. Is she still in Shan-si?'

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'Bless you—no! There isn't a single European left in Shan-si. That devil among the Boxers, Yu Hsien, saw to that.'

'But surely, Foster, she and her husband were not killed in Shan-si?'

'No; they are in Nagasaki—Alice and the youngster as well as can be, but Macpherson, poor fellow! sadly shattered, and not likely to survive.'

'How did they get away?'

'Well, I will tell you,' said Foster, squeezing the lighted end of his almost burnt-out Manilla into the ash-tray, and pulling himself up in his lounging bamboo chair. 'There are very few I should care to tell; but you are different, Dick, from the majority. You will not put a false interpretation upon my part in the drama, and it will give you an idea of the worth of a Chinawoman, who, after all, played the leading part, and played it nobly.'

'After the Macphersons had settled in Shan-si, I heard nothing about them except by stray references in Mary's letters, and I thought I didn't care the toss up of a button how they fared; nor did I until those ugly rumours about the dastardly deeds of the Boxers began to fly about. Then, somehow, I began to care. They were in the thick of it in Shan-si. I couldn't get Alice out of my mind. You see, Dick, she was a cousin after all, even if she had married a Macpherson; and I couldn't leave her to the tender mercies of a crew of bloodthirsty spiritualists, with the devil himself at their head, without an attempt to save her.'

'News reached me that Yu Hsien had let loose his infernal compatriots. I knew him, Dick—knew that no foreigner within the province, man, woman, or child, would be safe if he could possibly work their destruction; and that decided me. The music hadn't begun in Peking. When I asked the chief for leave of absence he looked at me from under his beetled eyebrows as if I were demented, so I had to tell him why I wanted to go. He made no demur.'

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He reminded me that the instrumentalists were tuning up, and that the music might begin at any moment. It would be easier to face it inside than outside. He gave me to understand that if I got into a tight place he would be quite unable to assist me. I should have to shift for myself. When he saw that I was ready to take the risks and was determined to go, he gave me his consent and a hearty hand-shake; and his eyes grew suspiciously moist as he expressed the hope that I might regain the Legation with Macpherson and his wife—we were both ignorant of the existence of the youngster—before the place was barricaded and shut in by the howling Harmonies.'

'Harmonies, Foster! Why do you call them Harmonies?'

'Oh, that's the name they give themselves. Boxers we call them. It's a short, expressive, convenient name enough for us; but any name so laconic is an abomination to them. There is no finesse in it—no poetry, no religious sentiment. Their name is the Society of the Doubled Fists of the Heavenly Harmonies.'

'It certainly smacks of spiritualism.'

'There you have it, Dick. It is spiritualism, but it has a nasty materialistic way of showing itself. John Chinaman is nothing if not spiritualistic. He alone is the true Celestial. We Westerns don't know him; and, depend upon it, he'll surprise some of us yet.'

'He's a yellow contradiction.'

'That may be; but the Boxer is the typical Chinaman.'

'I've put you off, Foster. Go on with your tale.'

'An explanatory parenthesis—eh? Well, in Chinese toggery, with an artificial pigtail and a face to match the costume, I started from Peking, and reached my destination in five days. It was a lively business. In more than one town I saw the Boxers at their antics, gathering recruits and initiating them into the society by mesmeric means—or so it seemed to me, for the fellows fell into a kind of trance, and then arose possessed by the pugilistic spirits and in the belief that they were thereby rendered invulnerable—sabre-proof and bullet-proof—because clad in heavenly armour. As you may suppose, although curiosity drew me, and for my own safety sometimes I had to appear among the spectators, I didn't make myself too prominent, but sped on my way.'

'Alice was suspicious when I arrived, as she had good cause to be in the state in which the country then was, and neither she nor her husband penetrated my disguise. But there was one person in the compound with keener eyes than theirs. Tsie, little Rob's nurse, as plucky a Chinese maiden as ever lived, and as true as steel, turned her quiet orbs upon me, and whispered to her mistress; and in an instant Alice said, "You are an Englishman," and her whole manner changed. So I made myself known; and, flinging aside all reserve, she welcomed me with

cousinly cordiality. Macpherson, whom I found to be a sensible fellow, with all his wits about him, seconded the welcome heartily enough, for his wife's sake, if not for his own. Rob was a placid, smiling, cherubic little chap, and took to me at once, pigtail and all.

'While we were at supper an urgent message for Macpherson came from the mandarin; and, late as it was, he set out for the Yamen.

'Rob was asleep under Tsie's charge, and Alice and I were alone for an hour or more. From the conversation I gathered that she had become really alarmed at the increasing depredations of the Boxers. Her fears had been quieted somewhat by the calm, steady, matter-of-fact way in which her husband had continued his work. He thought that the local mandarin was to be trusted. He was persuaded, also, that the people who had benefited by their skill, and who had professed to receive their doctrines, were perfectly friendly, and would warn them in time if there were any pressing danger, or even defend them if need be. And Alice had the fullest confidence in her husband. Still, her alarm was real, as I could see by the look that crept into her eyes more than by the words she spoke.

'The curious part of the conversation related to Tsie. She was one of the first to place herself in the hands of Macpherson and his wife for medical aid, and there is no doubt that Alice by her assiduous nursing had saved her life. Upon recovery she had refused to leave the compound, and had installed herself first as Alice's attendant, and then as Robbie's nurse. Lately, from some quite exceptional source, she had brought them news of the Boxers—news that always proved to be correct; and she had told them that there was no immediate cause for uneasiness. It was safer for them to stay than to flee. She said that she would inform them when the danger became imminent and flight a necessity.

"The mandarin has received peremptory orders from the Governor," said Macpherson upon his return, "to send us across the mountains to Tai-Yuen. The escort has arrived already, and we are to start with the dawn. All the missionaries of the province are gathering there at the Governor's request, that he may afford them proper protection until the storm has blown over. He will not be responsible for our safety if we remain here."

"And have you consented to go?" I asked.

Macpherson turned his steady eyes upon me. He detected the tone of eager concern with which the question was put. It escaped me unawares.

"Why?" said he.

"Because Yu Hsien is the devil incarnate."

Macpherson smiled at my confident assertion, and then became very grave. He could see that I was serious enough. "My consent was not asked for," said he. "It was assumed by the mandarin that we should only be too glad to go."

"But you didn't say, dear, that we should go?" put in Alice; and then we both turned towards her, and found that her face was blanched to the lips, and that she was endeavouring to suppress the fears which were surging within her.

"No. Don't alarm yourself," said he. "I received the message with the customary official courtesies, and replied in a diplomatic fashion which left me perfectly free to follow my own course; but, for all that, the escort will assemble outside the compound with the dawn. I wonder if Tsie knows anything about it. Would you mind asking her, Alice?"

"When she had gone Macpherson whispered, "Alice is extremely nervous. We had better talk this over alone. I don't like it. My opinion of Yu Hsien is not quite so unfavourable as yours, and it might be less dangerous to trust him, and take advantage of such protection as he can give, than to refuse his escort and shift for ourselves."

"Macpherson," I replied, "I am sorry that I was betrayed into saying what I know Yu Hsien to be in Alice's presence—solely, however, because it will unnecessarily increase her alarm, and not in the least because I believe I am wrong in my estimate of him. I would like to repeat deliberately that I *know* him to be as treacherous and cruel a man as ever sat in a provincial governor's chair; and you could enter a lion's den with greater security just now than you could enter the Yamen, where Yu Hsien can work his merciless will unchecked by any outside power." Then, nettled by Macpherson's exasperatingly cool reception of my statement, I continued: "What do you think I have come here for? Has it been a pleasure-jour, think you, in native disguise, merely for the fun of it—a kind of peripatetic picnic, eh?"

"He regarded me with surprise, but before he could frame an answer Alice had returned.

"Tsie is gone," said she in a subdued and fear-some whisper, "and there is not a single soul except ourselves left in the compound. They are all gone."

"What!" exclaimed Macpherson in amazement; "the servants, the patients—every one?"

"Yes; we are quite alone. Rob is fast asleep. I thought Tsie must have slipped into the women's ward; but it is empty, and the men's ward too. The people seem to have been spirited away. What does it mean?"

"I'll have a look round," said Macpherson. "Don't distress yourself, Alice. Tsie will be sure to come back again, and, whatever it means, we shall pull through.—Excuse me a minute or two, Foster;" and he hurried away.

"Do you think Tsie will come back again, Alice?" I asked.

"I don't know. I hope so."

"Can you trust her?"

"Perfectly." Then, after a pause, "Whether Tsie comes back again or not, I can trust her perfectly. She would not leave us except for the very gravest reasons. But why should she go without telling me? And why should they carry off the patients secretly, stealthily, without a sound? There is something uncanny about it."

"Macpherson returned only to confirm his wife's statement that the premises were empty. He could scarcely believe his own eyes, and knew not what this secret withdrawal of all the occupants might portend. We chatted about it in a make-believe, easy fashion, hiding from each other the thoughts that were uppermost in our minds. Macpherson and I had one aim in this—the quelling of Alice's fears. She was deadly pale. What she was inwardly suffering we could only surmise; but she controlled herself admirably."

(To be continued.)

## TIPS AND TIPPING.

By CHARLES WINDHAM.



ALL things considered, it is perhaps as well that the identity of the man who first gave a 'tip' has never been discovered. No doubt the individual in question was animated by the best motives, and had no idea of the heritage of annoyance and expense he was bequeathing to an innocent posterity. It may fairly be presumed, too, that he meant his ill-placed generosity to be regarded as a personal matter for that one occasion only, and not as establishing a precedent in either his own case or that of anybody else. Unfortunately, these praiseworthy intentions failed utterly, and the innovation spread promptly and to such an extent that

what was originally an entirely optional custom has now practically become an obligatory one. From time to time, certainly, a few bold spirits have been daring enough to make a determined stand against the evil—for it is nothing less—but the attempt has never proved successful. Sooner or later the iconoclasts have, under pressure of the class whose vested interests are thus assailed, given way and fallen into line with every one else. Nor is this really to be wondered at, for to walk out of an hotel ignoring the outstretched hands of the army of domestics lined up in the entrance-halls demands considerably more than an average amount of moral courage. Similarly with regard to every other instance where custom decrees that

the insidious 'tip' shall be bestowed. Perhaps this explains in part why it is that although we all bitterly inveigh against the practice, yet we all subscribe to it.

One of the most irritating features in connection with 'tipping' is that there is no rhyme or reason about it. Thus we see A., who does nothing, and pass by B., who possibly deserves recognition. When we dine at a restaurant the imposing head-waiter has a coin slipped into his hand at parting, although his labours on our behalf have commenced and ended with the presentation of the bill. Yet the cook who has prepared the dinner gets nothing at all. Again, we 'tip,' or 'remember,' as the individuals concerned prefer to term it, the employes in a hairdresser's shop, but not those in that of a tailor or bootmaker. In the same way, cabmen are overpaid as a matter of course, while every halfpenny of change is firmly exacted from bus conductors. There may be some good and sufficient grounds for drawing these delicate distinctions, yet nobody seems to be aware of them.

That the practice of 'tipping' is on the increase there is not the slightest doubt. New claimants for this form of recognition are continually springing up. In the old days, for example, when one stopped at an hotel the waiter, chambermaid, and 'boots' alone expected a gratuity. Nowadays, however, these functionaries are joined by lift-boys, luggage-carriers, hall-porters, and waiters from all the various departments of the establishment—smoking-room, drawing-room, reading-room, restaurant, &c. Every one who has travelled must have a lively recollection of how, at the moment of leaving, all sorts of individuals who have hitherto kept out of sight suddenly spring into existence. To ignore their mute, but at the same time exceedingly eloquent, appeals is impossible.

It is said that a hardy Briton once left an ultra-fashionable hotel in Paris without bestowing so much as a single sou on any of the expectant throng gathered together to speed his parting. Waving them aside with a lordly gesture, he walked calmly through the front door into the street, ordering his luggage to be sent after him. The hall-porter was so taken aback that the daring visitor was safely out of sight before he quite grasped what had happened. Then, with great presence of mind, he transferred the luggage to a cab bound for the wrong railway station. It was the only possible method, he felt, of marking his sense of horror at the outrage committed on himself and colleagues.

A less drastic, but equally efficacious, manner in which hotel employes notify their uncomplimentary opinions of those with whom they come into contact takes the form of inscribing on the luggage certain hieroglyphics in chalk. Another plan is to arrange the labels in such a way that the staff at other establishments subsequently patronised will be able to decipher their hidden meaning.

The code is rather complicated. Thus, according to whether an innocent-looking label be pasted the right or the wrong way up, or on the top, the bottom, or the side, something different is meant. If only the system were known the traveller could ensure the command of special attention, for all he would then have to do would be to arrange the labels so as to read, 'This is a generous man; treat him well,' or something of the sort. It may possibly have been within the reader's experience on arriving at an hotel to find the servants extending him a welcome the reverse of cordial, and eying his trunks and boxes with apathy. For this the position of a tell-tale luggage label is responsible. At times, also, hall-porters, when they consider themselves inadequately rewarded, go a step further and chalk an offensive epithet on the baggage of the individual concerned. A place where this sort of thing frequently happens is Monte Carlo, and any one who falls below the standard of liberality laid down by the staff of the hotel he stops at there is liable, on departing, to find the words '*salte*' and '*salir*' scrawled on his boxes. The result is that when he reaches the railway station the porters, instead of attending briskly to him, all suddenly remember pressing engagements elsewhere. It often happens, too, that anything thus marked goes astray on the journey, rather leading one to suppose that it is thrown out of the window at the first convenient opportunity.

Ladies seem to be special sufferers from this unwelcome form of attention. A few weeks ago a letter on the subject appeared in a Continental paper. The writer, a lady travelling alone, complained that on leaving a certain well-known Riviera hotel after a week's stay she dispensed gratuities on the following scale: *Femme de chambre*, hall-porter, and head-waiter, five francs each; 'boots,' four francs; lift-attendants (two men), four francs; luggage-porters (two men), four francs; omnibus conductor, three francs—total, thirty francs. Despite this really liberal expenditure she evidently failed to satisfy the greed of the staff, for when she reached the station she discovered that all her luggage had an insulting remark chalked on it. An experience of this sort is not calculated to give one a very pleasant impression of Continental travel.

Just as the appetite grows on what it feeds upon, so does 'tipping' increase with 'tips.' It is the lavish and ill-placed liberality of certain individuals that is responsible for the serious proportions which the system has now assumed. The moderate gratuities once given in rare instances and entirely as a matter of grace for services outside the ordinary no longer obtain. 'Tips' have become many and large, and are looked upon by their recipients as their just due. If they are not forthcoming pressure is brought to bear by the class concerned, and pressure of a nature that few are bold enough to stand against. It seems that it is the wealthy



tourist from the United States more than any one else who has made 'tipping' such a tax. Scattering dollars where shillings would be more than ample, they make the way very difficult for the equally well-intentioned but poorer individuals who come after them. It is only natural that when once a waiter has had half-a-sovereign for performing a trifling service, he turns up his nose when the next patron offers him half-a-crown.

One of the chief difficulties in connection with the whole system of 'tipping' is that there are no exact rules about it. Thus no one can declare with certainty either whom to 'tip,' when to 'tip,' or how much to 'tip.' It is all very well to say that the answer is 'everybody,' 'always,' and 'liberally;' for, though excellent in theory, this does not work out in practice at all. Then some professed experts declare, with regard to the amount, that the proper scale of disbursements is, in the case of residence at an hotel, 10 per cent. of the bill. This, however, is by no means a safe calculation, as it generally means far too small a sum. Suppose, for example, a four days' hotel-bill to be two and a half guineas. The 'tip' percentage would then be a trifle over five shillings, a sum which it would be impossible to divide in such a manner as to satisfy everybody who expects to share in it. The number of these is often embarrassingly large. First and foremost is the lordly head-waiter; then comes at least one assistant. These two alone will leave very little change out of five shillings, while the hall-porter, chambermaid, lift-attendants, and luggage-carriers have also to be reckoned with. Then, if one stops long enough to run up a bill for twenty pounds, the 10 per cent. basis is equally inapplicable.

To lay down the precise amount to be bestowed on each applicant is scarcely feasible, as the distribution depends on many different circumstances. A long stay, for example, means larger gifts at parting than a small one; and, similarly, more is expected of the occupant of a first-floor suite than of the individual who contents himself with a modest bedroom at the top of the house, while the class of hotel patronised is also a governing factor. Striking an average, however, it may be said that, in the case of a week's residence, the following sums are ample: head-waiter, five shillings; waiter, half-a-crown; chambermaid and hall-porter, two shillings each; luggage-porter, eighteenpence; lift-man, a shilling. They will all probably look as though they wanted more, but they will at least have the grace to say, 'Thank you.'

People who are inexperienced in the ways of hotel life, and especially ladies travelling alone for the first time, often find their ignorance on the subject of 'tips' occasioning them grave embarrassment at the moment of departure. While they are anxious to do the right thing, they do not in the least know what the right thing is. Before now the imposing manager himself has had half-a-sovereign slipped into his hand, while the hard-working chambermaid is overlooked altogether. There is a story, too, of

a young girl who, when leaving one of London's most fashionable hotels, sought out the head-waiter and, with many blushes, pressed sixpence upon him. To the credit of the individual in question, it is said that he took it with the air of accepting a five-pound note. At the big restaurants the waiters generally solve the difficult question by seeing that the change includes no single coin smaller than a shilling. If by any chance there should be a sum of elevenpence halfpenny in it, they will blandly ask the customer for another halfpenny so that they can avoid the necessity of returning any coppers at all. When the little pile of silver coins is presented with a deferential smirk, one feels that one can scarcely do less than hand one of them over to the waiter.

In restaurants, as elsewhere, the 'tipping system' has grown considerably of late. When the habit of patronising such places was not so widespread as is at present the case two or three coppers would have been received with gratitude. Now, however, not only does the waiter look scornful if he is offered less than a shilling, but he is accompanied by a host of other claimants upon the customer's bounty. The magnificent individual who, in a uniform suggesting a blend of a field-marshal and vice-admiral, stands at the door and says, 'Cab, sir?' expects sixpence at least for his onerous labours. Then there are the cloak-room attendants to be considered. Even when the establishment is one in which the 'no fees' rule obtains, one is sure to find openly displayed on the counter a saucer with a few coins in it. They are probably placed there as bait, but it is impossible to overlook them. Should a visitor be daring enough to pretend to do so, the attendant will jingle the saucer meaningly and remark in a loud tone that the cloak-room service is not charged for. 'Awed, I'm glad to hear it,' once replied a customer from north of the Tweed as he struggled into his overcoat. 'It's the only thing in this place that's cheap.' Then, in the restaurant itself the dispensing of gratuities does not begin and end at the man who actually brings the food to the table. After him, for example, is his assistant who carries the plates, the wine-waiter who seeks to mesmerise customers into ordering costly brands by presenting a list that invariably opens at the champagne portion, the head-waiter who brings the bill as though he were conferring a personal favour, the cigar-attendant who never has any brand under sixpence an inch, and, finally, the small boy in buttons who, when the meal is over, brushes imaginary crumbs from one's coat. All these individuals have remarkably itching palms, and all regard a sixpence as though they had never seen such a coin before in their lives. The practice that obtains in some restaurants—as also in certain hotels—of charging separately for 'service' is theoretically supposed to relieve patrons of this form of extortion. As a matter of fact, however, it does nothing of the sort. All that it does is to add to the expense of going to such places. By

the way, while on the subject of restaurant 'tips,' it may be mentioned that during the last few months a highly objectionable custom imported from Paris has sprung up in certain London supper-rooms of permitting one of the bandmen to go round the tables at regular intervals and openly solicit gratuities.

Although theatres have held out for a long time against the insidious advances of the 'tipping system,' many of them have now succumbed. At few, for example, is it possible to secure a cab after the performance until the commissioner on duty has first pocketed a few coppers. Very often, too, the attendants who show the audience into their seats look as though the sixpence levied for the ill-printed pamphlet by courtesy termed a programme, in which the cast-list is hidden among a mass of whisky and corset advertisements, should be supplemented by a second for themselves. The cloak-room charge, too, is little short of an outrage, considering the lack of accommodation provided and the way in which hats are piled one on top of another and coats rolled out of all shape. At one place of entertainment, it is said, a stalwart individual used to stand in the hall and shout in stentorian tones, 'This way to the cloak-room. Overcoats and sticks to be left here—sixpence each!' 'But I haven't got either,' mildly observed an old gentleman among the crowd. 'Then out you go and get 'em!' was the triumphant retort.

The extension of the 'tipping system' to country-houses is of comparatively recent growth. It seems, however, to have more than made up for this by the large proportions it has assumed. Nowadays, indeed, a country-house visit is almost as expensive as is residence in an hotel. Butlers, footmen, coachmen, valets, and housemaids all have to be reckoned with. Even a modest Saturday to Monday means half-a-sovereign for the butler; while if the guest shoots, motors, or rides, there are gamekeepers, chauffeurs, and grooms to be added to the list of those expecting fees. At big establishments these gratuities amount in the aggregate to such a tax that people of moderate means often find themselves compelled to refuse invitations altogether. Hosts and hostesses certainly do their best to keep what they admit to be an evil within reasonable bounds, but they are powerless to uproot it entirely. In some houses a box is placed in the billiard-room for the reception of whatever the guests choose to leave behind for the staff. Such sums are then pooled and divided at regular intervals among all entitled to participate in them. The plan has much to commend it; but, as may be imagined, it is not popular in the servants' hall.

Gamekeepers are perhaps more highly 'tipped' than the members of any other subordinate class. A couple of pounds for a day's shooting is quite an ordinary fee for them to pocket. One individual, however, on a certain occasion returned this sum to the donor with the chilling remark that

he only accepted 'paper.' The guest very properly reported the matter to his host, with the result that a piece of paper was instantly handed to the keeper. It took the form, however, not of a five-pound note, but of a month's notice. At the same house on another occasion a guest who had a single afternoon's sport presented the keeper with a sovereign. When he reached London again he found that he had left his gun behind him. Thereupon he wrote to the keeper, instructing him to forward it. The reply he received was as follows: 'SIR,—The gun you ask about is in my possession. I shall be pleased to forward it when you pay me the four pounds that you owe me.' This is the sort of thing that 'staggers humanity.'

Sea-trips are closely bound up with sea-tips. Indeed, one cannot go on the shortest voyage without discovering that the passage-money is not by any means the only expense to which the traveller is put. The different 'tips' or gratuities may be small in themselves, but they mount up to a good deal in the aggregate. On a long journey—to Australia or China, for example—they are apt to make a considerable hole in the ten-pound note; while even on one of only a few days' duration they can easily run away with the best part of five pounds.

It is difficult to lay down any hard-and-fast rules about 'tips' on board ship. They are governed by many different circumstances, such as the duration of the voyage, the class of cabin occupied, the amount of attention required, and the ideas on the subject of the individual concerned. First-class travellers are naturally expected to be more generous than second-class ones, and on some lines 'tips' rule higher than on others. This latter circumstance has very little to do with the length of the voyage, for the big Atlantic liners which run between America and England in five days call for more private disbursement of this sort than do many of the vessels plying to India and the East. Cruises on pleasure-yachts, too, mean larger gratuities than usual.

To the inexperienced voyager the task of discovering whom to 'tip' is almost as difficult as that of discovering how to 'tip.' The novice is certain to give either too much or too little, while he is also very apt to press his parting gifts upon the wrong people. A wealthy but untravelling individual, in his anxiety to do the right thing, once took the captain aside as soon as he came on board and blandly offered him a sovereign to see that he was made comfortable. Another stood so much in awe of his cabin-steward that he passed him by altogether when the critical moment came.

The number of people on board ship who expect to be tipped (or 'remembered,' as they themselves more elegantly put it) is large enough to be a serious consideration. Roughly speaking, every one—except the officers—who comes into contact with the passengers thinks himself ill-treated if not

peculiarly rewarded at the end of the voyage. Of course there is no compulsion to fall in with this view; at the same time, those who hold aloof from the general practice are not likely to have their comfort studied to any great extent. Thus the non-tipping but strong-minded traveller never finds himself called at the proper time in the morning, the bath is always occupied when he wants it, his deck-chair gets washed overboard in the night, and portions of his baggage mysteriously disappear when he is leaving the ship. The next time he goes to sea he probably decides to subscribe to the custom, much as he may dislike paying for service that is nominally rendered free of charge.

First and foremost among those who are eligible for a 'tip' is the chief-steward. Unless he receives what he considers an adequate amount a bad seat at table is the result. On the American liners a sovereign is quite a usual figure to present this important individual with. The millionaire occupants of the best state-rooms and those who want the privilege of sitting at the captain's table at meal-times have to put their hands a good deal deeper into their pockets. A more modest scale obtains on the P. & O., Orient, and Union Castle lines, on any of which a sovereign is regarded as an outside gratuity even for the longest voyage.

After the chief-steward has been 'remembered,' the man who waits at table claims attention. Five shillings for a short voyage to the Mediterranean or Egypt, and ten shillings for a long one to India or the Cape, are the usual payments in this case. The cabin-steward expects recognition on at least the same scale, and as he works harder for the passengers' comfort than any one else, often gets more. Then comes the bath-steward, who sees no reason why he should be left out in the cold when anything is being given away, although on board ship people almost invariably prepare their own baths. However, he generally receives half-a-crown from every one upon whom he is supposed to be in attendance. The last to submit a claim is the baggage-room steward. A couple of shillings meet it well enough.

So much for the staff below deck. There is another one above which has no intention of being overlooked when tipping-time arrives. At its head is the smoking-room steward, who seldom does anything more laborious than whistle down a speaking-tube for cigars. In order that he may not collapse from overwork, he is provided with an assistant who fetches drinks from the adjacent bar as they are required. Each of these worthies thinks himself ill-used if he is not presented with at least four or five shillings by all who have used the smoking-room during the voyage. The deck-steward, who is responsible for the accessories of the various games played on board, has also to be remembered; and, finally, there is the quarter-master who looks after the deck-chairs. Half-a-crown apiece is enough on their account, although

they themselves may hold a different opinion about the matter.

On some lines a practice prevails of placing a box in the smoking-room or saloon, in which passengers are requested to deposit such 'tips' as they may feel inclined to give. The amount of these is then divided equitably among the staff. The plan spares the traveller a good deal of trouble and mental anxiety. It also has the advantage of ensuring that no one gets a larger share than by the accepted custom he is entitled to. Among the participants, however, it is not popular, for they consider that the total thus subscribed is below what it otherwise would be. The shipping line which relieves its patrons of this taxation entirely (for the 'tipping system' amounts to nothing else) has a great future before it. Unfortunately, such a line has not yet come into existence.

Although clubs are supposed to offer sanctuary from 'tips,' and though rules are specially framed to ensure this, the laudable intentions of the committee are not always successful. In some of the newer and less well-managed establishments, at any rate, the waiters appear distinctly aggrieved if the members insist on receiving their full change when paying for refreshments. The 'Thank you, sir,' with which a shilling is pocketed for a nine-penny cigar seems to hypnotise young and nervous members into ignoring the odd coppers when they are at length presented. But even where the rules against 'tipping' are strictly carried out, members are taxed to almost the same extent by a polite invitation to contribute to the servants' fund list which is organised at Christmas-time. Of course one is free to do so or not; but the fact that the names of all donors and the amounts they give are entered in a book that is open for inspection makes it practically impossible for one to stand aloof without declaring oneself a curmudgeon. Quite an ordinary sum to subscribe is half-a-guinea, and in clubs with a large membership a substantial total is thus made up for the benefit of the staff. In a certain political club, indeed, it averages as much as twelve hundred pounds each Christmas. This is divided among the waiters, &c., in proportion to their length of service.

Perhaps the country where 'tipping' is more deeply rooted than anywhere else is Egypt. The persistence of the demands for 'backsheesh' there is quite proverbial, and the appearance of a stranger in the streets of Cairo or Port Said is the signal for the immediate swarming round him of beggars, hucksters, guides, and touts of every description. Even when one makes a purchase in a native shop one is expected to leave a piastre or two behind, nominally 'for coffee.' In Italy, too—and especially in Naples—touring and 'tipping' go hand-in-hand. The only thing to be thankful for is that throughout the entire country gratuities are smaller than anywhere else in Europe. An hotel hall-porter in Rome beams when he is presented with a couple of lire, and equally moderate disbursements are



gratefully accepted by waiters and chambermaids. There are, however, so many of them to participate in the visitor's bounty that even these small sums form a serious item in the cost of an Italian tour.

Altogether, protest against it as we do, the 'tipping system' has come to stay, and not even the most resolute of passive resisters can stand against it for any length of time.

## A STORMY MORNING.

By LADY NAPIER of Magdala.

### CHAPTER XI.



ETTY'S heart failed her a little, on her arrival at Brayborough, as she followed the groom of the chambers down the long corridor, carpeted with crimson velvet-pile, into which the feet sank as into moss, stared at by the cold eyes of the marble portrait-busts on pedestals placed at intervals along the walls.

'Her ladyship is having tea in the library,' said the servant, flinging open a door and ushering her in. Her name sounded strangely in her ears. The room was apparently full of people, an immense fire roaring at one end of it, and myriads of electric lights everywhere. Betty, accustomed as she was to the gentle rays of the old colza at Dunscaith, blinked like an owl in the sunshine.

Lady Forsyth hurried towards her, greeting her affectionately.

'Dear thing, how tired you must be after that horrible journey! Come to the tea-table. The Miss Pegrams, Amy Ashton,' designating with her long tortoiseshell-handled eye-glasses a group of girls near the table. 'I hope you are all going to be great friends.'

The girls stared stonily at the new-comer, and continued their conversation, helping themselves to more muffins.

Lady Forsyth poured out her tea, and Betty, retreating a little before the chilly glances of the coterie of rather plain, smartly dressed girls, found a friendly chair near the fireplace.

'Who is she?' said a woman in a lovely rose-red tea-gown, with long bare arms which she waved perpetually, auburn hair puffed and piled in the latest fashion, and black eyes, who was sitting on a sofa, and who hardly dropped her voice in speaking to a man seated behind it. 'Another girl, I suppose. What a bore! I hate girls; they are always in the way (except the old Pegrams, who know their way about, and whom you can hardly look on as girls). One can never say anything before them, and one is never sure there may not be one in the room, behind the window-curtains or screens, sneakin' and lyin' low and listenin'! Look at those idiots on the ottoman with their ears cocked. Don't you agree with me, Lord Harlestone? I am sure you do. May I have one of your cigarettes, one of those with the gold tips?'

'Most certainly, Mrs Williams. Here is the case, and here are some matches beside you, and an

ash-tray; but you must let me put down your cup, or you will inevitably spoil the loveliest thing in tea-gowns I ever saw.'

He was deadly tired of her—of her affectations, her glances, her weary London scandal and talk—and he took the cup out of her hand with a pleasant smile, and walked to the tea-table to look at the fresh, fair face of the new-comer, who was roasting it mercilessly, regardless of consequences to her complexion, in front of the roaring fire. Tea was over, and men were slinking away in many varieties of coat to the smoking-room for a quiet hour, 'without the women' some of them muttered to each other, all on tobacco intent.

Some of the women made for the billiard-room; some lit cigarettes and sat down to piquet; some betook themselves with the newest novels to their rooms to rest before dinner.

Lady Forsyth, dying by inches for her 'bridge,' seized on Betty, saying, 'I am sure you would like to go to your room, darling, and rest before dinner. Would you like a book? This is quite new. Oh, perhaps you had better not read that!' dropping it like a hot potato.

'Thank you, I have a book,' said Betty.

'We dine at eight sharp,' continued Lady Forsyth. 'Your uncle won't give in to dear, delightful eight-thirty, so I shall expect to see your dear little face again at eight. Your maid's room is just across the corridor, opposite yours. Of course you have brought Johnnie—dear Johnnie!' She chattered amiably all the way upstairs. 'Here is your room, darling. I must positively run away;' and she pattered off, her draperies flying.

Johnnie was in ecstasies on seeing the door open and his beloved mistress enter. He always stayed in her room when visiting, and hated the moment of arrival on a visit, when he had to trot along behind the maid, led upstairs by an ignominious chain, his tail hanging down, the picture of humiliation and injured feelings; but he was less unhappy visiting than he would have been if left behind at Dunscaith with the keeper and the shooting-dogs, upon whom he looked with terror and rage, to wail his little heart out in the kennels at night, and to be fed with nasty food of the dog-biscuit order, prepared by unloving and unlovely hands.

He made himself into the shape of an inverted comma on Betty's appearance, and squeaked with

delight. She divested herself of hat, coat, and furs, sinking a little wearily into a comfortable arm-chair before the fire, when he flew into her lap, and she kissed his dear, rough little head above the faithful brown eyes, and felt better.

The girl looked very handsome in her white evening-gown, with some splendid pearls belonging to her mother clasped round her firm white throat. Her dark hair sprang back in thick natural waves from the temples, and her little Highland maid had a genius for hairdressing. However ugly the fashion in vogue might be, she managed to twist it into beauty and grace, and the fashion at that moment was very ugly indeed.

Betty wandered slowly downstairs, lingering to look at well-remembered pictures and prints on the walls, some of which recalled vividly the father she had lost. At the foot of the stairs was Lord Harlestone putting some letters in the letter-box, and looking very distinguished and high-bred in his scarlet hunt-coat.

He and Betty had not been formally introduced. As he held the door open for her she smiled up frankly and childishly into his face, and they became friends for ever, as does sometimes happen.

'What a lovely girl,' he thought; 'and what a look of her father, dear, kind old Fitzhugh! She seems a perfect child. I wonder how she will get on with my lady's rabble, and those Pegrams, Ashtons, and Company. Spiteful cats all, I venture to say; and how they will hate her! I fancy she rides, so I hope Forsyth will take her out pretty often. Lady Forsyth seems to be quite incapable of anything but that ghastly bridge. Oh, that Williams woman again! I foresee I shall have to take her in to dinner.'

The lady sailed towards him, miraculously draped in palest green satin, rising from out of it as Aphrodite from the sea. The lustrous texture clung to her form, outlining her figure with wondrous accuracy, and falling into a shining heap round her feet and streaming away behind her. The wonder of it was, not so much as to how she had got into this garment, if so it could be called, but as to how long she would remain in it, for two tiny straps of diamonds on the shoulders in lieu of sleeves were apparently all the means that had been brought to secure that end, and on which it depended. Her auburn hair was fluffed out over a circular bolster, great diamond wings were affixed to the loops and twists that crowned the edifice, and a Gloire de Dijon rose nodded over her brow. She was really perfect as a specimen of her kind, and so she thought as she came triumphantly forward to meet Lord Harlestone, who had piqued her vanity considerably by his 'diffidence,' as she liked to call his backwardness in enrolling himself among the troops of her admirers.

The big drawing-room, or 'saloon,' as it was usually called, was a handsome room, smaller rooms opening off it. It was hung with crimson silk

damask, which threw out the fine pictures and wall decorations and the lovely old furniture.

The blaze of electric light was well managed and shaded, and the brilliant toilettes of the ladies and scarlet hunt-coats of the men formed a rather dazzling tableau.

## CHAPTER XII.



LORD FORSYTH, who had not yet seen his niece, greeted her with affection, prophesying frost with a doleful countenance.

I must explain that Lord Forsyth's first wife had been Betty's aunt, her father's very lovely sister; and, as is sometimes to be remarked in families, a stronger likeness comes out between some aunts and nieces than between mother and daughter. It was pre-eminently so in the present case; and many a smothered sigh broke from Lord Forsyth's lips as he looked at the girl, who seemed to grow more and more like her dead aunt year by year in looks, manner, and nameless charm. He had never forgotten the wife he had adored; but as years went on, a comfortable friendship into which he had drifted with the good-natured rich widow of a connection of his own ended in marriage.

It had been in many ways a less successful venture than he had anticipated. The fact is that no man and woman can ever really know each other as they will when the crucial test of marriage has been applied, dispelling all illusions, setting each partner face to face, with no softening veil between. Not that this by any means always implies disillusion. Far from it; but reality must take the place of glamour, and preconceived ideas are often found to have been strangely wide of the mark.

If this be the case with young couples, it is infinitely more so with the middle-aged. The lady knows her world. She knows the creature man—his likes, his dislikes, his tastes, his ways—and she knows how to make herself desirable by consulting each and all of them, keeping her own idiosyncrasies in the background. The quarry, man, flattered, made comfortable, appealed to for his valuable opinions, says, 'Charmin' woman,' and falls into the net. Afterwards—well, afterwards takes care of itself. If each be wise, a more or less agreeable *modus vivendi* is established; if not, paths diverge, indifference possibly turning to dislike and contempt.

Needless to say how brilliant is the outcome of the experiment (for experiment it is, and always will be) in some cases, when affection grows with knowledge, the journey of life is brightened by each to the other, rough ways are made smooth, each burden shared and lightened by the sharing, as they trundle down the hill of time together.

Lord Forsyth and his second wife found that they had not one taste in common. She had a perfect craving for society—society not always composed of the choicest elements, jarring her husband's fastidious taste considerably. He never interfered, feeling perhaps a little compunctious as to the inequality of his marriage bargain: she having brought him all the affection of which she was capable, poor woman, and a great deal of money; he, a heart that could never beat with love for woman again, and his worldly position, which counted for very little in his own eyes; and great indeed would have been his surprise had he known the hugely important place it held in hers.

But they went their ways peaceably enough, and jogged along with great amiability. There were no children by either marriage.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

**B**ETTY was taken in to dinner by a young gentleman, the latest acquisition of the Royal Horse Guards Green. He was very young. A delicate down adorned his upper lip; his collars were of the highest and shiniest, his white tie of the very latest model. Life was a burden to him; but his one wish in life at this period was to be as near Mrs Williams as possible, and he told himself how bored he was with girls. So Betty, having tried in vain to talk to him, turned her attention to her other neighbour, a bald-headed sportsman with a black beard, who loved Scotland and the 'hull' and dogs, and found that he and she had much in common, notably about sea-fishing, the joys of catching razor-fish on frosty moonlight nights, and of crab-hunting among the rocks. 'And he hails from the right side of the Border,' thought Betty.

Mrs Williams and Lord Harlestone were seated opposite, and Lord Harlestone's glance often wandered to the animated young face at the other side of the table; and Mrs Williams found him rather dull and absent and unappreciative of her highly spiced talk and the stories that became broader as the champagne flowed.

Dinner was a long and elaborate process. Lady Forsyth's two-hundred-guinea cook, who fed his fire with pounds of fresh butter when it did not burn to his taste, had to live up to his reputation; and the courses were many and varied.

Betty, however, was sorry when it was over. She and Colonel Fraser had enjoyed themselves very much (particularly Colonel Fraser), and she rather dreaded being left to the tender mercies of the other girls, none of whom she fancied, and to whom she would naturally be relegated while the married ladies exchanged experiences as to their ailments, &c.

The girls clustered round the fire in the smaller

drawing-room, the Miss Pegrams appropriating the largest share. Betty made a little remark, and the elder Miss Pegram murmured a reply, staring at her, and looking her over from head to foot with her cold, prominent eyes, taking in every detail of dress, figure, face, pearls (especially pearls); then turning to the other girls, she said:

'I suppose you have all heard that Tody's affair with Jocko is off? I myself could never think what he saw in her. Bungo says it is all Lady Lou again, and Tiggy told Boo he saw them'—Here she dropped her voice, 'and I do not think we need pursue the spiteful drivell any further.'

The Miss Pegrams were daughters of a cadet of what they themselves considered to be a very great family. It was certainly of high rank, but its members descended to very low doings. Insolent to a degree when they dared to be so, they would cringe when it suited their object, assuming a false good-fellowship for the purpose of what was pure and simple plunder. They would consort with Jew, Turk, or infidel could anything be got out of them, often benefiting to the extent of many thousands by the money-getting instincts of their profitable protégés. The Pegram impudence was such that they contended that their having thus consorted with a gilded *canaille* conferred a brevet of respectability on them, rendering them eligible for an *entrée* into London society. They forbade the world at large to speak of them as Jew, Turk, or infidel, saying they were not so; and as impudence is a great power, they were obeyed by some, and sundry cards of invitation from noble houses were sent to the shady candidates for a place in the great world of London (which is really a very vulgar little world after all, very narrow, and often duller than ditch-water). So they were launched, and gave more money to the Pegrams and their following, and did more dirty work for them, until they felt they were sitting on their own bases, and need be mulcted no more.

There were many, however, who saw the Pegrams as they were—sordid, immoral, and debased—and disliked and despised them, and sorrowed that any great name should be used to gratify the lust for gold and other things; and the Pegrams were by no means so great in the eyes of the world as they thought themselves—a fact which would have surprised them so greatly, had it been brought to their notice, that they would have laughed it to scorn.

The two Miss Pegrams now staying at Brayborough were characteristic specimens of their race. Many May-days had slipped over the head of the elder since that one long ago on which she had made her first curtsy to her Sovereign. She was plain, with a disagreeable expression, a pasty face, and cold, light, prominent eyes, thin lips, and a heavy jaw. She was always very well dressed, and had rather a smart figure and an 'air.' She felt that her social gifts were wasted at home, and



secretly sickened of the dullness of the family mansion in the Midlands, despising their country neighbours, who were neither opulent nor distinguished, but good, contented folk, happy in their homes and with a month's uncomfortable visit to a London lodging to see sights and attend sales at the hot end of the season.

It must also be said that they equally disliked and despised Ida Pegram and her pretensions. She therefore spent most of her time out of the London season in country-house visiting. By judicious management and some toadying she had secured a large number of houses on which she could count for this end. She was very anxious to marry; but how can one marry without a husband? And 'he cometh not, she said.' Years were slipping by, and chances of marriage with them; and rage consumed her at times to an extent that frightened her.

Her sister was of a different type, younger and apparently more amiable. She affected extreme youth and innocence, was large-eyed and open-mouthed, tall and smart-looking, and sandy-haired like her sister. She was equally spiteful and untruthful, but conciliatory in manner, and on the surface good-natured. She also was desperately anxious to secure a husband.

Ida Pegram, the elder of the two, was once staying in a country-house with a very great lady—

a great lady in the best sense of the word, to the tips of her pretty fingers, good, true, and clever. 'My dear,' she said to a friend as Ida Pegram closed the door behind her, 'I do not know what it is about Ida Pegram, but she always makes me feel shabby.' And so it was. If a joy could be made to be felt less joyful, if anything slighting could be said of any one, or a disagreeable insinuation made, then was Ida Pegram in her element; and she had the knack, too, of putting her finger on the spot, not to heal or soothe—far from it—but to hurt and gall and make you wince.

They were a good deal feared, were the Miss Pegrams; for, going about very much, they had a way of getting up little offensive cliques among themselves and any other girls they could intimidate into joining them (particularly titled girls) in the houses they frequented, keeping themselves to themselves, and making it uncomfortable for those whom they chose to treat as outsiders.

The world is a funny place! So far from this line of behaviour preventing their getting invitations, when once it was given out (very cleverly by themselves chiefly) that 'the Pegram girls go about quite enormously, and are asked everywhere,' more and more invitations flowed in upon them, and more and more pretentious and insolent did they become.

(To be continued.)

## A SEA RAILWAY.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.



PROJECTING from the southern portion of the United States into the ocean is a row of islands called the Florida Keys. Named from the Spanish *cayo*, 'a low island,' they look on the map like a series of stepping-stones in the sea towards or from the coast of Florida; for most of them lie end to end, with passages of water called 'sounds' separating them. On one of the Keys farthest from the mainland is the city of Key West, which occupies nearly all the island of this name. Key West is probably the least known of any of the American cities, owing to its isolated position, for its only connection with the mainland is by means of steamships and sailing-vessels. It is actually two hundred miles away from other populated portions of Florida, as the southern section of the state embraces that mysterious region called the Everglades, a vast expanse of water nearly covered with vegetation.

The Florida Keys form a part of the boundary between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, and are merely projections of coralline rock similar to many of the islands of the Pacific. They are but a few feet above the topmost waves which beat against their shores, and the surface is almost flat. Covering the rock is a deposit of earthy material

from which spring tropical plants as well as palms and other trees, nourished by the warm, moist winds of the Gulf Stream and by the fertility of the soil. For this reason some of the Keys are inhabited by persons who raise food and vegetables, which are taken to Key West in sailing-vessels. Outside of the city of this name, however, the entire population is probably less than a thousand.

Recently the idea of building a railroad from the mainland to Key West was conceived, and a party of engineers visited all the islands with the view of ascertaining if such a plan were practicable. They measured the islands themselves, the depth of water in the various sounds separating them, also the distance across each water-passage, and obtained other data which convinced them that a railroad could be built. As a result it has been decided to link Key West with the rest of the United States in this manner; but when the railroad is completed it will be the most remarkable of its kind in the world, for it might be termed a railway upon the sea, since so many miles must be constructed above the water itself. At present the nearest point to which the locomotive approaches Key West is on the south-eastern coast of Florida, at a little town known as Homestead, situated on the verge of the Everglades. It is intended to continue laying the track south-

ward to the shore of what is known as Card's Sound, which intervenes between the most northern island of the Florida Keys and the mainland. Then the track-layers will follow the Keys, spanning the passages as they reach them, until, when their work is completed, the passenger on a train can actually go out over the waters seventy-five miles from the most southern point of Florida, Cape Sable.

The route which this remarkable railway will follow is worthy of description. First it will pass through nearly twenty-five miles of the Everglades, then across twenty miles of marsh-land to Key Largo, so named because it is the largest of the Keys, being about thirty miles long. Thence it passes over a half-dozen smaller islands until it reaches what is known as Bahia Honda, where the largest channel must be crossed. From here to Key West it goes over the Keys curiously known as Ramrod, Cudjoe, Big Pine, Saddle Bunch, and Boca Chica. The latter island is separated from Key West by only a few hundred feet of water. In all no less than one hundred and twenty miles of track must be laid from the point where the line begins on Key Largo to Key West; and, out of this, forty miles must be built directly above the open sea. The sounds referred to vary greatly in width as well as depth. That separating Bahia Honda and the Key nearest it is no less than eight miles in length. Consequently bridge-work to this extent must be placed in the Atlantic. A number of the Keys are protected from the ocean storms by stretches of reef which secure them; but here there is no such protection, and the railroad will indeed be built upon the ocean itself. Several other sounds are over a mile in length, while the engineers have discovered that the depth of water which must be crossed frequently ranges to as much as eighteen feet. In fact, ocean steamships at times go through some of the more important passages.

The method of constructing the portions of the railroad between the Keys is unique. Fortunately the formation is such that the posts or pillars which must be used to support the track can be firmly embedded, as the bottom of all the sounds is of the same material as the Keys themselves—the coralline rock. While this is very tenacious in its composition, it is soft enough to permit a metal post to be driven into it. The plan proposed is to employ pile-driving machines similar to those used for making wooden quays, but of much greater power. They will hammer the steel columns to be used into the rock. These will be arranged in two parallel lines, and further strengthened by cross-bars of metal riveted or bolted to them. Upon the supports will be fastened wood or iron girders, which in turn will support the ties and rails. Where the line is especially exposed to the waves it is intended to raise the supporting pillars high enough above the water to keep the heavy seas from striking the track itself; but the gales which sweep over this part of the Atlantic coast in winter are such that the structure must be made very strong to withstand their force.

The trains will cross the deeper passages on long bridges, as where the water can be navigated by large vessels it will be necessary to have portions movable, so that they can be swung open when necessary. The work of the greatest magnitude, of course, will be in crossing the passage at Bahia Honda. This will form in itself the longest metal railway bridge in the world, and will be exceeded in length by very few wooden viaducts. Fortunately in some places the water is but three or four feet in depth, and it is believed that ordinary wooden trestle-work will be sufficient to support the railroad at these points. Wherever the metal-work is submerged, however, means must be taken to prevent it from becoming rusted or otherwise injured by the action of the water. A proposed plan for protecting it is to place around the pillars a sheathing of wood which has been soaked in the substance known as creosote. If the wood itself were left unprotected it would soon be eaten into and destroyed by the insect known as the teredo, which abounds in these waters. The absorbed creosote, however, keeps out the teredo, while in turn the wood will protect the pillars. Where the water is deepest, piers of masonry will be necessary to make the supports sufficiently strong to bear the great weight of the track and bridge-work which surrounds it.

Except the road-bed on the Keys themselves, practically the whole of this railway must be on a foundation elevated above the surface, for between the mainland and Key Largo no less than twenty miles of swamp must be crossed on trestle-work. One of the most difficult and expensive sections will be that through the Everglades, for here the bottom is composed of soft mud many feet in depth. The experts who have examined the formation say that there is no pile or post long enough to be driven down to a firm foundation, and that the only way to support the track will be to form an artificial road-bed by dumping enormous quantities of stone and other material into the marsh and filling it up to the surface. On the Keys themselves the ties will be placed directly upon the surface of the rock, as the top layer of earth and vegetation can easily be removed.

The reason for constructing this line is because the city of Key West has not only one of the best harbours in America, but because it is the nearest seaport of the United States to the Isthmus of Panamá, where the Panamá Canal is being excavated. Its harbour is so deep that steamships carrying over ten thousand tons of cargo can easily moor at the docks. The main ship-channel leading to the harbour is as deep as that reaching the city of New York itself, and but five feet less in depth than the entrance to Liverpool. Vessels going from Key West to the entrance of the Panamá Canal have a route nearly two hundred and fifty miles shorter than from any other of the Gulf cities, while the distance across the Gulf to the island of Cuba is less than a hundred miles. Therefore, with the

railroad entering Key West, the tourist need be but three or four hours on the ocean, while at present the voyage requires at least two days. The city itself is very attractive, having a mild climate in the winter. Its streets are shaded with palms and other trees of the tropics, while

in its gardens are grown oranges and fruits such as are native to the West Indies and Central America. In spite of its isolated position, it ranks third in population among the cities of Florida, and is the centre of one of the greatest sponge-fisheries in the world.

## MAIMUNATH, THE JEWEL OF THE 'THAIFAH.'

By A. V. STEWART.



MAIMUNATH! Maimunath! The Bai-ji's shrill voice breaks the drowsy silence of the hot noon-tide.

The pigeons nodding in the shadow of the sacred peepul-tree on the cool brink of the well flutter and coo in anticipation of grain from the slim fingers of the women of the *thaifah*. The high old walls and deep, shady verandas of the fantastically painted building ramble round the oasis of well, trees, and rose-bushes, the whole giving a picture of peaceful seclusion which would fit some quiet, grave-eyed Sisters rather than the chattering, almond-eyed houris of old Fatma Bai's *thaifah* (house of dancing-girls).

A woman of business is Fatma Bai, by no means overburdened with scruples, and proud of the reputation that her house has obtained for the beauty and grace of her pupils. They for their part realise that if Bai-ji does make them work harder than they wish, she is, on the whole, a kind mistress, dresses them in the rich stuffs their hearts adore, and never forgets their *paisa mitai ka waste* (Indian equivalent for pocket-money).

The law, even in a native state, does not allow of slave purchase, but want creates the supply nevertheless. A poor ryot, in a district where the hardest toil only produces a bare sufficiency for his many olive-branches, finds himself in a difficult corner. The hard old *bumia* who lent him, at exorbitant interest, the wherewithal in a famine-season is pressing for immediate payment. What can Darghai do? His wife says nothing, but she knows what is in his mind; and little Rasord, the beauty of the family, gets more petting in the next few days than she has ever had in the brief ten years of her life.

The inevitable cannot be put off, and the child is taken to the human pawn-shop, where, after much haggling, the father is given one hundred and fifty precious rupees (equivalent to ten pounds) 'compensation;' and, his mind relieved of the moment's pressing need, he trudges back to his village with a dull sense, not of sin—that never troubles his ignorance—but of sullen wonder at the ways of Allah, who gives with one hand and takes with the other.

Histories such as these account for many of

the Papa-ji's inmates, though the intrigue and passions of Eastern life bring up the numbers.

'Maimunath! *ari!* [graceless one], why tarriest thou? Are there not stuffs to cut and sew ready for thy triumphs? But, *amman-jan* [dear one], what ails thee?' said the old dame, cutting short her tirade at the sight of the girl's languor and pallid cheeks. '*Dilkush*, it is the cursed sickness! Lie thee down whilst I make thee the "blood-cleansing" draught. Then wilt thou yet be able to dance to His Highness to-night,' she added, with shrill anxiety; for if Bai-ji loved Maimunath with almost a mother's affection, she loved her rupees also, and the services of the 'jewel' of the *thaifah* always commanded a goodly sum.

'Thou knowest, Baba-jan, if the sickness lets me, I will dance; but of a truth it lieth heavy on me.'

There are many tragedies of sickness and awful deaths in the dark rooms of the *thaifaks*, scenes which strike cold horror into the hearts of the girls. In many there are longings for a different life; but who more handicapped than they? So long as health and beauty lasts they are valuable animals, watched lest they escape.

That the 'compensation' money will ever be repaid is a wild dream; and so, poor souls! they resign themselves to *kismet*, snatching what joys they can out of their bondage.

Maimunath was perhaps the only one whose whole heart and soul was bent on escape from her surroundings. Skin and hair as fair as an English girl, her dark Eastern eyes showed her mixed parentage; but good English blood evinced itself in the calm and dignity of her manner, the gentle voice, and determination of character.

An old *ayah* had brought her, a bright, winsome child of three years, to the *thaifah*; but no amount of coaxing could wheedle from the *ayah* the story of the child's parentage.

'See, my pearl, a little red to thy cheeks, some *kol* under thy bright eyes, and none will guess thy sickness. 'Tis but to-night, and to-morrow will I call the English doctor to thee. Doubtless it *will* be much money; but thou, *Dilkush*, art worth much to me, for thou art as the child of my old age.'

Decked in her handsomest Delli dancing-garb, Maimunath's beauty had to-night a brilliancy so different from the languorous charms of her class that the usual placidity of her audience was stirred



till they greeted her with repeated shouts of 'Shabash, shabash!'

The green skirt, cunningly folded in hundreds of tiny pleats, rippled to the ankle, and every fresh turn showed the vivid poppy of the lining. The short green bodice, shaped to the swelling bust, rose above the slender white line of waist, and a delicate white *sari*, transparent and fine, with tiny gold stars, fell over head and shoulders, to be caught up behind in the graceful fashion peculiar to Indian womanhood.

One cannot drive nature too far; and Maimunath, in her brave stand against fever and pain, had over-shot the mark.

The Rajah's physician, a canny old Scotsman, was present, and his professional eye had noticed the fevered flush, the effort with which she had gone through the dancing, and her sudden pallor as she withdrew hastily without waiting for the princely sanction. The Rajah had insisted on her recall till Dr Forbes intervened on her behalf.

As a little lad, the doctor had been concealed, during the terrible days of the Mutiny, by a faithful *ayah*, who, finding her secret in danger of being discovered, disguised the child as a little Mussulman, and entrusted him to the care of a Mussulmani lady, who reluctantly parted with him when, after some years, he was traced and claimed by relatives. Associated in the most impressionable years of his childhood with the life of the country, Forbes elected, after finishing his medical course, to return to India, and finally took up the post which brought him again amidst the old scenes of his boyhood, and revealed to him secrets which, were they revealed, would but bring sorrow and dishonour to families who thought of their loved ones as at rest in their far-off Indian grave.

None knew better than he how many little English girls, rescued by kindly natives and brought up in the zenana, had in time married amongst their protectors.

Offering a drink of water to a thirsty little prince, he was amused at the retort, 'I drink not at thy hand, O dog of a Hafir!' Yet Forbes knew well that only that morning his grandmother's hand—a white hand—was pushed through the *purdah* (screen) that the doctor sahib might 'feel the pulse.'

An Englishwoman, widowed at that awful time, guarded in the seclusion of the *purdah-mashin*, and in despair of ever returning to her kindred, she had married her rescuer, and knew her secret safe with the kindly doctor, whilst his courtesy and sympathy in some measure restored her self-respect.

As the Rajah's especial favourite, Maimunath would necessarily come under the doctor's care, and the next morning saw him early at the *thaijah*.

'Ba-pre! Maimunath, you ill, my child! Well, well! lie still and keep cool; good medicine and good food will soon set you up again. And then perhaps, after a little while, a home of your own—eh, Maimunath? Would not Munshi Karim Bux

have something to say to that? See, Maimunath, I have watched you long; you are weary of this life here. Is it not so? I know it. The captive spirit of your noble English mother calls aloud in you and struggles to be free.'

'*Wa' e, wa' e*, doctor sahib, how weak and bound is your servant! Your words are true; but as well might the captive in Hari Parbat's grim fortress seek release as the poor dancing-girl another life. Maimunath (promised in a vow) is my name and lot: promised by my father's vow to this life in death.'

'*Kuch parwah nakin, Dilkush*,' broke in the shrill voice of the Bai-ji. 'Trouble not thyself with thy *kismet*, which is in the hands of Allah. See, *pyari meri*, take this sherbet and sleep a while.'

Maimunath's illness was long and tedious, but skill and patience brought her through. During the weary weeks of pain and listlessness the words of the doctor sank into her mind, to be pondered over during the silent hours of the night.

Forbes, for his part, realised that it would be no kindness to bring the girl among Europeans. It was too late now to break her away from the community to which she was accustomed; but as the wife of honest Munshi Bux, whose shy advances towards the dancing-girl had astonished and enraged his relatives, she would taste the sweets of domestic life and forget the past degradations.

'I'm no' just an auld wifie to be making marriages, ye ken, but yon's a braw lassie, and Karim Bux none so bad for a Mussulman,' he would say, relapsing in his enthusiasm from his 'classic English,' as he discussed the matter with the only European for many a mile round, old Macpherson of the opium factory.

The Bai-ji, however, had to be reckoned with. Maimunath's abstracted manner and reluctance to begin the old ways, even after, in the old lady's opinion, she was quite strong enough to do so, roused her suspicion, and the girl was subjected to the closest espionage. To lose the biggest money-winner of the establishment would never do, and many treasured *pairut* (anklets) and *bazobund* (bracelets for the left arm) were brought out of the wily old Mussulmani's treasures to lure the girl out of her present mood of discontent and tempt her into the desire of displaying herself in her new grandeur.

Love will find the way, and a Scotsman's determination will carry the day; and so it came to pass that a rope-ladder concealed about the doctor's burly person found its way into the ample folds of Maimunath's garments and miraculously escaped Bai-ji's sharp eyes.

The shrill chatter of the girls in the early morning gave the news to the old lady, who threatened the offender with all the terrors of the courts of law; but Karim Bux, who knew that illegal purchase, even under the euphemism of 'compensation,' would not bear legal investigation, appeared next day with the compensation money and the price of the dress and jewels in which Maimunath had made

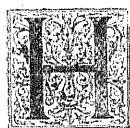
her escape, so that there might be no question of the value of them either.

In relating this, his favourite tale of the East, to his cronies in the old land, the doctor always finished with :

'My "compensation" came a few years after, when Maimunath and her affairs had passed out of my mind. As I was riding slowly through the streets one morning early, a rose "plumped" on my

sun-helmet from one of the latticed verandas of a *purdah* lady's house. Behaviour so unlike that of the usual *purdah-nashin* amazed me into looking up, and I saw that a shutter of the lattice had been drawn. In the aperture appeared the smiling face of my old friend Maimunath, with a dancing, crowing baby in her arms. The shutter closed, and a soft voice sent its message : "*Khuda salamdtt Huzvor !*" (God bless your Honour !)

## TOASTIANA.



HEALTH-DRINKING took its rise, as is generally known, from the time that the Danes inhabited this island, when it was customary with them whilst an Englishman was drinking to take that opportunity of stabbing him. To guard against this Danish treachery, the English entered into a combination to be mutual pledges of security to each other whilst drinking. When, therefore, an Englishman at that period drank to his friend, his tacit language was, 'Sir, I am afraid that some malicious Dane will stab me or cut my throat whilst I am drinking ; I beg the favour of you to watch carefully, that I may drink in safety.' To which his friend was supposed to answer, 'Sir, I will pledge you, and be your surety.' He then replied, 'I am much obliged to you, sir ; *your health*, that you may live till I have done drinking, and save me from his wicked intentions.'

This merely by way of premise ; for, as Cowper truly says in his 'Table Talk,'

'Tis the sad complaint, and almost true,  
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.

Macaulay tells us that when hunting through the Oxford libraries in search of material for his celebrated *History* he stumbled across some curious things : among them, in the library of All Souls, a way the Jacobites, in the time of William III., had of drinking treasonable healths by limping about the room with glasses at their lips :

Limp meant	L	Louis XIV.
"	"	I James.
"	"	M Mary of Modena.
"	"	P Prince of Wales.

Which recalls the old prophecy of Elizabeth's reign :

When *hempe* is spun  
England's done ;

signifying that after Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth had reigned England would decline — a prediction that fortunately was not verified ; although, in a sense, England was done at the close of Elizabeth's reign, seeing that after her the Sovereign was no longer styled King or Queen of England, but of Great Britain.

The origin of the word 'toast,' as implying complimentary drinking, is not positively known. According to some it is derived from the piece of

toast which used at one time to be put into the loving-cup to give piquancy to the draught, a custom that is still not unknown at our universities. An expensive piece was the gem worth fifteen thousand pounds which Sir Thomas Gresham, in foolish imitation of Cleopatra's pearl, is said to have crushed to powder and dropped into the cup with which he pledged the health of Queen Elizabeth when she visited the Exchange :

Here fifteen thousand pounds at one clap goes,  
Instead of sugar ; Gresham drinks the pearl  
Unto his queen and mistress. Pledge it, lords.

—HERWOOD.

For the piece of toast was afterwards substituted the name of some lady to whose welfare the guests were invited to drink, and who thus became, as it were, the toast or savour of the wine. This view finds confirmation in a fragment of conversation in the *Tatler*, No. 31 : 'Then said the gentleman who keeps the greyhound and gun, "Why do you call live people toasts?" I answered, "That was a new name found out by the wits to make a lady have the same effect as burridge [borage] in the glass when a man is drinking."'

The celebrated Dr Brown, founder of the system of medicine termed Brunonian, courted a lady for many years, though unsuccessfully ; during the whole of which time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health before that of any other. As he was observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman, reminding him of it, said, 'Come, Doctor, drink the lady your toast.' The Doctor replied, 'I have toasted her for many years, and I can't make her *Brown* ; so I'll toast her no longer.'

We learn from the *Percy Anecdotes* that in that age of gallantry, the time of Charles II., it was customary when a gentleman drank a lady's health to throw some part of his dress into the flames, in order to do her still greater honour. This was well enough for a lover ; but the folly did not stop here, for his companions were obliged to follow him in this proof of his veneration by committing to the flames a similar article, whatever it might be.

The term 'toast' has, however, like so many other words, developed in course of time from a particular into a general sense. On one occasion, we have been told recently in a charming little book, *Tales of my Father*, when the Duke of Cumberland was

dining alone with his brother King William IV. at Windsor, Queen Adelaide being in ill-health and not appearing, loud voices were heard by their suites in an adjoining room. The brothers had drunk more than usual, and the Duke lost both his temper and his head. It must here be explained that the Duke always considered that he ought to be the next King of England should no male children survive his brother. The Duke, rising, said, 'Call in the suites: I am about to propose a toast.' When the suites came in the Duke gave the toast, 'The King's health: God save the King!' After it had been drunk the Duke said, 'May I also, sir, propose the next toast?' 'Name it, your Grace,' replied the King. 'The King's heir,' proudly said the Duke; 'and God bless *him*!' A dead silence followed; then the King, collecting all his energies and wits, stood up, and called out, 'The King's heir! God bless *her*!' Then, throwing the glass over his shoulder, he turned to his brother and exclaimed, 'My crown came with a lass, and my crown will go to a lass.' Every one noticed that the Duke did not drink the toast; he left the room abruptly, scarcely bowing to his brother the King.

This mention of a lass brings to mind that a hundred thousand rupees was a favourite sum with Lord Clive when Governor-General of India, and that when, in obedience to the custom which then prevailed in society, he was called upon for a sentiment after dinner, he invariably gave, 'Alas, and alack-a-day!'—a lass and a lac a day.

The following serves to illustrate how the authors of former days enjoyed a joke at the expense of their publishers. At a literary dinner Thomas Campbell the poet asked leave to propose a toast, and gave the health of Napoleon Bonaparte. The war with France was at its height, and the very mention of Napoleon's name except in conjunction with some uncomplimentary epithet was in most circles regarded as an outrage. A storm of groans broke out, and Campbell with difficulty made himself heard. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you must not mistake me. I admit that the French Emperor is a tyrant. I admit that he is a monster. I admit that he is the sworn foe of our nation, and, if you will, of the whole human race. But, gentlemen, we must be just to our great enemy. We must not forget that he once shot a bookseller.' The guests, of whom two out of every three lived by their pen, burst into a roar of laughter, and Campbell sat down in triumph.

With a like outburst of indignation was received the toast proposed by a wild son of Erin, around a camp-fire at which the writer chanced to be present, at the time when the Home Rule question was at fever-heat: 'To the Queen! May she be hung, drawn, and quartered!' Here he paused for effect, then quietly added, 'May she be hung with diamonds, drawn in a chariot, and quartered in heaven!'

During the time that Lamb and Coleridge were Blue Coat boys together, one of the upper masters, the Reverend James Boyer, was much addicted to

the use of the cane. On Coleridge hearing, many years later, that his old master was on his death-bed, he ejaculated, 'Poor J. B.—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all heads and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities.'

The late Sir Frederick Bramwell attended the six hundredth anniversary of Peterhouse. The proceedings at the banquet had been most unduly prolonged, and it was half-an-hour after midnight when he was called upon to return thanks on behalf of 'applied science.' Several more toasts had even then to be given, and Sir Frederick, in obedience to the call of the Master, Dr Porter, rose and said, 'Gentlemen, at this late hour of the night, or rather early hour of the morning, my only interest in applied science is to apply the tip of the match to the side of the box upon which alone it ignites, and to apply the flame so obtained to the wick of the bedroom candle.' Mr Lowell was present, and in a minute or two threw across the table to Sir Frederick these lines:

Oh, brief Sir Frederick, would that all could catch  
Your happy talent and supply your match!

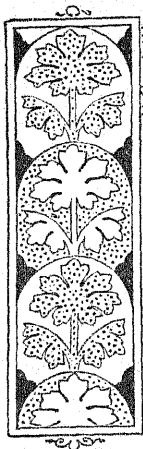
One other cognate mention in conclusion—namely, that of touching glasses in health-drinking, which has an interesting origin. When Prince Charles passed into France after the failure of the expedition in 1745, his supporters were beset with spies on every hand. Occasionally in society they were obliged to drink the king's health; but it was tacitly understood that 'the king' was not King George, but the king over the water. To express this symbolically, one glass would be passed over another; and, later on, the foot of one glass was touched against the rim of another. A second way of secretly drinking to the exile across the Channel was to hold the wine-glass over the finger-bowl containing water; and to this secret sign is due a curious custom said to be observed in connection with royal visitors, before whom alone finger-bowls are placed on the dinner-table.

#### LOVE'S MAGNET.

THROUGH busy days and well-filled hours I live,  
My thoughts on this and that employment bent;  
My words, my looks, my interest I give  
To each and all with whom my life is spent.  
Comes but one pause, straight fly my thoughts away,  
Swift as a bird who finds its cage unbarred:  
How glad they roam, how lovingly they stray,  
And to imprison them again, how hard!  
Where you may be, how you may pass your days,  
So fit my eager fancies to and fro;  
Now my proud heart anticipates your praise,  
Now sinks with fear lest you some grief should know.  
As the true needle trembles to its star,  
So turn I, constant ever, where you are.

M. C. E. S.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE HURRY AND BUSTLE OF MODERN LIFE.



ANY years ago the late Mr John Ruskin visited me when I lived on the moor-edges among the hills of the Pennine Range, in a beautiful but secluded part of the country. The purport of his visit was to arrange for the purchase of some land on which he proposed to build a college, with a museum attached in which he intended to place his valuable collections. The extent of the scheme may be imagined when the estimate for the buildings alone was over twenty thousand pounds!

'We live too fast,' said Mr Ruskin. 'Everything is done at railway speed, and nothing satisfactory or original is produced. People do not think enough, and nothing is matured and worked out. If I establish in this quiet place a retreat where men can come and work among beautiful surroundings and *objets d'art* which I shall give, I shall accomplish what I have long desired: the development of original work. Look at that fine old church at the end of the village street here. Do you suppose that it was run up, as churches are to-day, in a few months' time? Thought was expended over every stone in the building before it was set in its place, and all its proportions were balanced and considered, down to the smallest detail. That is why you and I walk through and about it admiring its perfection and delighting in its beauty. What modern building so appeals to us? None; and that is why I want to carry out this scheme of mine, which will enable people to come here and work, and think not only about architecture but every branch of art and science, and get some rest from the mad rush and hurry of the world.'

The scheme, however, never came off, for it was found impracticable; but the ideas of Mr Ruskin have something in them which strikes a note of warning at the present time. Are our modern ways too fast and rapid? I remember a friend of mine leaving London several years ago, and going to reside some twenty miles away in the country, but near a railway station, which he used daily for his transit to business. Nothing could be more charming than

his small house and garden abutting on the road, or rather lane with high hedges on either side, where the wild roses clambered at will and the bryony entwined itself with its glistening foliage. In the month of June such a spot was like fairyland to the week-end guest who had escaped for a few hours from City life. The wild flowers lined the hedges in wanton profusion, and the smell of the sweet-scented hay-fields filled the lungs in place of the smoke-laden atmosphere, and there was no noise but the singing of countless birds. A few years, however, have changed all this, and my friend is now leaving the home of which he was so fond in sheer despair. I paid him a visit for the last time, and saw with my own eyes the change that had come over the scene. The high hedges were white with dust, which penetrated even into his drawing-room windows. The strawberry-beds, though well stocked with fruit, were covered with the same white particles, which made the fruit quite unfit for gathering, and a smell—the noisome smell of petrol—pervaded the air in all directions. Motor-cars had effected this sad change. The road was a favourite track, and a ceaseless procession of these fast-travelling machines obliterated every trace of rural beauty and rendered this charming house impossible for residence. The mischief, however, did not end here. On the right and left of the road were standing hay-crops, and among these scented grasses the wind carried the fine dust, which very considerably depreciated the value of the crop when put into a stack. There was only one thing to be done, and that was to clear out and get away as quickly as possible.

This is only an illustration of the prevailing thirst for hurry and rush which is rapidly percolating all classes of society, but it is an apt one. What possible good is attained by such high-speed travelling? There is no time to observe the lovely scenes through which you pass, for these appear and disappear as they do when you look through the windows of an express train. You leave the motor at the end of your journey no wiser or better than when you began it, and though you may have traversed a country from end to end, you know less about it

than the tramp on the road who begs his way from village to village. Everything is sacrificed to that sensation—which I admit is exhilarating—of rushing through the air; but it is only a sensation, conferring no intellectual benefit but only physical enjoyment. It meets, however, the requirements of modern times, and is typical of the speed at which everything is done.

I ventured on one occasion to remark to a motorist that I could not understand the passion for going so fast, and I wondered why people were not content with a speed of ten miles an hour. He replied that he felt as I did before he became possessed of a motor-car; but the desire for speed grew upon him, and now unless he was travelling very fast he derived no enjoyment from motoring. The love of rushing through the air seems born in children, if we may judge from the way they patronise the merry-go-rounds and swing-boats, and no doubt this instinct reappears when they attain the motoring age. Personally, I never could sit those splendidly trapped horses without feelings of absolute nausea, and the swing-boat affected me worse than a Channel passage. For the present, motoring is the rich man's hobby, and therefore the evils attending it are limited. But should the day arrive when it becomes a universal pastime, walking along the roadsides will be impossible for dust and danger.

This might all be obviated if a reasonable speed were made compulsory. Twenty miles an hour is at least five miles too much. A motor travelling at ten, or even fifteen, miles raises very little dust, and for all ordinary purposes such a speed is quite sufficient. Warning-posts should be placed at the approaches to all villages directing motorists to slow down to five miles an hour. It is utterly impossible for mothers to keep their eyes fixed on their small children all day long to prevent them from rushing across the street in front of the cars, and yet the scorching motorist thinks only of his own pleasure and not of the risk to human life. It comes very near the crime of murder when such a life is taken, and few people would regard hanging as too severe a penalty. Had Mr Ruskin lived to our times his pen would have castigated these mad motorists with the contempt they deserve. That great writer's sympathies were wholly with what is now termed the simple life, and our age needs another apostle like himself to rise up and preach the pleasures of a sober existence.

Motor-cars and tram-cars are merely the symbols of modern ways and the general unrest of the present time. In their line they are probably the most useful inventions we possess. They certainly have withdrawn the distressing spectacles that were often seen in our streets, which now have tram-cars instead of 'buses drawn by jaded horses. But, as in everything, abuse invariably follows when indulgence is allowed and excess overcomes moderation.

While I was walking in the streets of London lately with a friend who is a great authority on architecture, he put to me the question, 'Which do you consider the best modern building in London erected within the last fifty years?' I was not able to reply satisfactorily, as, not being resident in London, my knowledge of its buildings was far too limited to venture on making a selection; but I admitted that generally I was disappointed when shown any new structure. We were standing near the Pro-Cathedral, Westminster, while talking, and my friend pointed to that church, and said, 'This is the only original modern work worth looking at, and it was designed by a man who, had he lived, would have been one of the greatest architects of the time.' I must own the somewhat bizarre construction did not appeal quite to my ideal of an ecclesiastical edifice, but I fully admitted its originality. From that we got to talking of the dearth not only of great architects, but poets, writers both of serious prose and fiction, painters, and sculptors; and then, as we stood watching the crowded, noisy traffic, with its 'buses, cabs, motor-cars, electric trams, and vehicles of all descriptions, the recollection of Mr Ruskin's words came into my mind, and I wondered if it was true that the world was living too fast, and that in all this confusion and hurry it was impossible for genius to be evolved, and that the development of art was being checked and hindered.

It may be said *poeta nascitur, non fit*, and if genius exists it will come out no matter what may be the surrounding conditions; and therefore, by no process of incubation, Mr Ruskin's or anybody else's, can you evolve what is not already existing. This may be true, but you certainly can stimulate genius when you cherish and foster it in a proper manner. I believe the gift of music is closely allied with mechanical construction, and a youth possessing this gift will turn to engineering if brought up among such surroundings, whereas, if encouraged to pursue music, he will naturally take to it. In the town of Prague any person for the sum of fourpence can go and hear the best operas; but in England there is no opening for English opera, and if any one attempts to write such a piece, it can only be performed with difficulty. Music being more or less a profitless speculation, there is naturally no impetus given to follow it as a profession, for the man who does so simply lays himself open to the risk of failure. On the other hand, the greatest prizes lie before the successful engineer. This is an age of engineering, mechanical invention, and scientific discovery. The period of one long life spans the time lying between the first steam-engine and the present-day motor-car. Into that short age are compressed more marvels than the world has ever known in the vast ages behind it. Art has sunk under the waves of this great advance of knowledge. We copy now in art where we should originate. It perhaps is not fair, then, to put down our dearth

of artistic talent to the mad rush and hurry of the world. It is rather that genius is pursuing another course, 'and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.'

To Mr Ruskin, the lover of all that was beautiful and artistic, the modern ways of his time did not appeal. He would have dubbed the Forth Bridge an ugly structure, and perhaps regretted that a cantilever had successfully spanned the Zambesi Falls. His writings reveal to us the exquisite tone of his mind, which was strung too high for all the practical purposes of our everyday life, and soared only in the fairyland realms of the beautiful—realms unattainable by the ordinary common or garden inhabitant of this earth.

Allowing, then, that the trend of development and progress lies in the mechanical more than the literary and artistic lines, we may ask what the resulting effect is upon modern ways of living. I think the tendency is for everything to go faster than it should, and all the conveniences of the telephone, motor-car, tram-car, *et hoc genus omne* serve only to stimulate the mad rush of work and pleasure. The speed of a telegraphic message may be of the utmost importance to a man interested in mining prices or some deal on the Stock Exchange; but it increases work rather than lightening it to the worker. Nothing matters so long as money is made, and the present day is given up to the worship of Nehushtan. It is right that every one should have some ideal after which he labours and strives; but the sordid love of money so common now vulgarises and deteriorates the character. When the upper social stratum sets the example of money-worship it ceases to be a safe guide to the strata below it. In such a money set, the artistic, the beautiful, and all the refined tastes cease to exist. The life such as Mr Ruskin would have it lived is unknown to a class who can only vary the excitement of high-speed motoring with playing games of bridge.

The fashion for what are called week-ends is now adopted by all classes, and the railway companies vie with each other in offering travelling facilities. When, however, it comes to taking train-loads of working-people some sixty miles to the sea and back at a shilling a head, and landing them again in their homes late on a Sunday night, it is questionable whether such a pleasure-trip is a good preparation for work early on Monday morning. Quite apart from the religious aspect of the question, one day in seven must be used for resting from manual labour, or the workman will suffer in health; but the week-end has come to stay. People want to be on the move and to see fresh places, and a stay-at-home Sunday is voted a bore and suited only to the old folks. If any real benefit were gained by these Sunday trips it would be different; but for the most part they encourage drinking for the simple fact that there is nothing else to do. On the Continent such things are better managed. Good concerts and bands are provided, and you see

the working-classes sitting round the bandstands taking an intelligent interest in the music. To detain a crowd on a beach in England, where Sunday observance excludes frivolous amusements and provides no sensible substitutes, is merely to put a great temptation before people who otherwise, if at home, would not go into a public-house. The old-fashioned Sunday is being gradually done away with; but if it is to go, some effort should be made to provide the public with entertainments as we see done on the Continent.

In some measure the tram-lines have assisted the housing question, for people are now able to live in the outskirts of towns, and working-men can get to and fro to work, instead of living in overcrowded streets. It is a question, however, of some doubt whether from a health point of view this will prove altogether satisfactory. When a penny will carry you a couple of miles you are not always inclined to walk; but in the case of clerks and others who have to lead a sedentary life, and even in the case of women who use the trams to do their shopping, it is doubtful whether the natural exercise of walking would not be best for all. As so much interest is now taken in the question of physical deterioration, this is certainly a point to be considered, and every one knows from practical experience what serious consequences follow when walking exercise is neglected. The advice of a doctor to a manager of a branch bank who lived over the bank, and was suffering a good deal from liver-complaint, was to take a house two miles away from the bank, and walk in and out to luncheon, and back again, wet or fine. It is only the educated classes who understand the laws of health and hygiene, and I look upon a tram-car as a very dangerous and deceptive benefit to townsfolk. The wet days of the year are more numerous than the fine, and few people will face the weather when a penny will give them a dry ride. This threatened danger from overuse of the cars will not be evident for some time to come, and it is perhaps no good anticipating evils.

A more serious matter is the dearth of real genius in the country in spite of the vast increase of population. I have often wondered what has become of the great brain-power and artistic talent which once existed in the nations of Greece and Rome. It may be that when mingled with the blood of barbaric races who overran these countries it was obliterated, though from time to time Italy has produced the greatest artists and some writers of note. A nation which cultivates and patronises art is sure to draw out whatever genius there is in the country. I think Mr Ruskin's dream was to get public attention directed to this end. We are too much a nation of shopkeepers; we think too little and we motor too much.

It is not many years since that it was considered a social drop for any one to become an artist, and literary talent was not respected as it is now. Foreign nations are ahead of us in the way they cherish and reward their clever men. They edu-



cate the working-classes with good music provided in all big towns, but we do nothing for English opera in London. It cannot be said that there is no music in our people. Any one who has listened to the musical festivals of Leeds and Sheffield, and heard the choruses of voices gathered from the immediate district, will admit that magnificent talent exists in the people. As an instance of this, when a small musical society in the village where I live gave an oratorio performance of Handel, and soloists were obtained from the neighbouring town of Sheffield, it was a mixed band from a colliery hard by that played on the occasion, and, as it happened, had never rehearsed with the soloists before the day of the performance. The leading soprano told me herself she never was better accompanied, and the men made no mistake from beginning to end. Yet some of these men spent their days working below in the pit. There is musical talent in the country, and plenty of it, but it wants encouragement and development.

One of the great mistakes people make is in thinking that violent rushing about from place to place has an educational benefit. They will spend a holiday on the Continent with tickets for a circular tour which should last six months to do them any good. Churches, museums, picture-galleries, are hurriedly viewed in each city they arrive at, but the after-impressions are pretty much the same as those of

the American lady who had been touring Europe with her daughter. Asked afterwards if she had been at Rome, she replied, 'Rome? Let me see.—Sadie dear, were we at Rome?' 'Oh yes, ma; don't you remember that was the place where we saw them shaving the poodle-dog on the church steps?' There is, I think, every indication that we live and move too fast; and though we do not need colleges such as Mr Ruskin suggested for the cultivation of genius, we want a return to soberer and more quiet ways of living. A Royal Commission is about to sit to consider motor-car regulations, and it may be hoped the law will enforce diminished speed and more consideration for those who use the roads for walking and driving. At present motors are decidedly unpopular in the country, and if those who motor wish to be well treated in the districts they pass through they must show greater courtesy to others. One member of Parliament has been going through his constituency on a motor, and giving addresses in the villages as he passed. The Education Bill has somewhat damaged the reputation of its framers, and the farmers grumble at the new education rate. Finding the subject did not meet with much response from the crowd, the member changed the subject to motoring and his own experiences, winding up with the remark, 'I can tell you one thing: the motor has come to stay.' On which a voice in the crowd retorted, 'That's more than you have.'

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER XIV.

**B**ETTY moved away from the uncongenial little group, and wandered into the great drawing-room, where many card-tables were set out; and her aunt came over to her kindly, and drew her to a sofa.

'Come and sit here, dear. You look so nice; such a pretty frock! After all, there is nothing like white—darling white. And, oh, the pearls!'

She talked on disjointedly and affectionately to the girl, with her eyes on the card-tables, not listening to one word her niece said.

Presently the men strolled in, some making straight for the hearth-rug, some dropping into chairs, and soon parties were made up and the inevitable bridge set agoing.

Lord Harlestone made at once for Betty, evading Mrs Williams's table, pretending not to hear her appeals.

'Are you a card-player, Miss Fitzhugh?' he said, slipping into a chair by her side.

'No,' she replied. 'I am very stupid about games, I am afraid. I can only play cribbage and backgammon, and billiards with Jack.'

'Will you play a game of billiards with me,' he asked, smiling, 'as Jack is not here?'

'Oh! thank you,' said the girl in her fresh young voice. 'I should like it so much.'

'Come along, then. I see the table is unoccupied, and we shall have it all to ourselves.'

The billiard-room formed one of the large suite of rooms on the ground floor.

They rose, and after a few steps there was a rustle, flutter, and rush behind them, and an eager group of the Pegrams and their adherents came up.

'Oh, are you going to play billiards? Do let us play fives. Such fun!' gushed the younger Miss Pegram, rolling her pale eyes.

'Certainly,' said Lord Harlestone, 'after Miss Fitzhugh and I have had our game.'

Ida Pegram cast a cold look at Betty.

'You must take a hand at bridge, Ida,' said her hostess, 'and make up Mrs Lockwood's table.' So she went. She played all games fairly well, not because she liked them, but because she considered them useful and conducive to country-house invitations; and she had mastered the intricacies of bridge greatly to her satisfaction after a good many rather expensive lessons from a London professor of the fashionable game.

'The last time I saw you,' Miss Fitzhugh, you were a very small girl,' said Lord Harlestone to Betty, chalking his cue and placing the balls.

Betty expressed surprise.

'Your father was one of the dearest and kindest friends I ever had in my life, and he did me many a good turn, I can tell you, and saved me from more than one scrape, in his kind, friendly way, when I was a lad just joined, before I went out to India. He was one of the few people from whom one felt it a privilege to receive advice; he always did it in such a dear, gentle, kindly way, one felt he was fond of one, and wanted one to do well.'

Betty's eyes filled with tears and the red ball looked like a pink balloon.

Lord Harlestone was much dismayed. 'What an ass I am!' he said. 'Please, please, don't cry, Miss Fitzhugh. Of course I ought to have known what you would feel about him. I am a thoughtless fool. I will not talk of him any more.'

'Oh, Lord Harlestone, please do! I won't be silly again, and if you only knew what a pleasure it is to me, for I have no one I can talk to about him except the poor people at home. It upsets my mother, and her companion, Mrs Fletcher, is always there. Do tell me some more about him. Perhaps you have been at Dunscaith?'

So the game was forgotten, and they sat by the fire and talked of the man who was gone from among them, whose good deeds and kindly ways had endeared him to so many. They talked of Dunscaith, where Lord Harlestone had been as a youth; of shooting; and of the old keepers and gillies; but interruption came all too soon.

Shrill voices were heard.

'You must have finished your game now,' they screamed; and the senseless romp of so-called 'fives' began: hoydens running round and round the billiard-table, bare of bosom and sleeveless of arm, squealing, rushing, pushing, hair becoming dishevelled, faces hot and moist—a nauseous crew.

The card-parties in the saloon at length broke up, and all the women trooped off to bed, the men to smoke. The clear stars shone out in the sky, and it was freezing hard, so the foxes were safe for the present, and the horses at liberty to begin the engaging process of which we have so often heard but never seen—namely, that of 'eating their heads off.'

#### CHAPTER XV.



ORD FORSYTH was right as to the weather. A white frost glittered on the lawns and clouded the window-panes next morning, to be greeted by some of the riding division with groans, by others with sighs of relief breathed into the recesses of the discreet pillow.

Many of the ladies decided to breakfast in their rooms, and many of the men took the opportunity of rushing up to London 'to have their hair cut,' and stamped up and down Bond Street with aggrieved countenances. The frost belied its pro-

verbial three days' duration and seemed inclined to prolong itself indefinitely, so the general attention was turned to other diversions than hunting, of which there was no lack at Brayborough.

A covered tennis-court provided a great field for some of the party, the Miss Pegrams skipping about it, like young sheep, in becomingly short frocks, the neatest shoes, and tightly girt waists. After their fashion, they monopolised the court a good deal, and Betty was not among their chosen players. Not many of the older women patronised it, preferring the comfortable billiard-room, letter-writing, and the endless bridge. Neither did the men affect it much.

'I hate playing with those Pegrams,' said one young man to Betty. He had just declined to join their party. 'They squeal like pigs, and get so glossy. Do come and have a game of billiards with me, Miss Fitzhugh; the table is free. All the ladies are playing bridge.'

'Yes,' said Betty; 'I don't mind. But what a horrid way of talking of people!'

The boy opened his eyes. 'Is it? Well, I can't abide those Pegrams. They collared me for tennis the other day, and kept me fagging at it all the afternoon, and they play so badly. I don't know why you should stick up for them, though. If you had seen the look Miss Ida gave you when she left the room with her crew!'

Betty laughed. 'It is a mutual affection,' she said.

Betty often took refuge in her knitting of complicated shooting-stockings for her beloved Jack, and in delicious rushes out of doors with Johnnie through the still woods, where the jays shrieked and creatures rustled through the frozen leaves and crackling thickets, sending Johnnie into hysterics.

The lake, a fine, shallow sheet of water, offered great possibilities in the near future for skating, hockey, and so forth. Then there were bits of covert to shoot, and a chance of duck and wild-fowl of sorts in the marshy low-country not very far distant.

Lord Forsyth preserved but little game, preserving and popularity as a master of hounds not being qualities that go hand-in-hand; and as his hounds were a fine old pack of many traditions and long standing, shooting was a secondary consideration at Brayborough, to the great disgust of the head-gamekeeper, who breathed curses both loud and deep to his underlings against 'them stinkin' foxes' who ate his young pheasants and harried the covers.

'Go and put on the kickers you used to wear on the hill at Dunscaith, Betty,' said his lordship one afternoon, 'and we will go down to Longmarsh and look for a duck. It is a lovely afternoon for a walk. Harlestone and Mr Cocks are coming.'

Mr Cocks was the sporting old parson of the parish, a genus now extinct, but one which, though doubtless to be deprecated in some ways, was singularly beloved and respected of his flock, exercising

much wholesome influence of an everyday kind, rough and breezy though it might be.

Betty, wearied beyond power of speech of the society of the Miss Pegrams and their clique—having tried in vain to make friends with them, to be allowed to share in their amusements and talk, or even to look at their work, and being steadily and politely repulsed and cold-shouldered out of their circle—with a gasp of relief flew up to her room, reappearing in an incredibly short space of time in a rough tweed skirt and coat and the said 'kickers,' as her uncle called her neat nailed boots. Her hat was adorned with the tail of a blackcock shot by Jack, and she was armed with a hazel crook, a present from a shepherd at Dunscaith.

Her spirits rose with a bound, and she was a vision of wholesome youth and bright beauty. The rough walking, the keen air, the sights and sounds in covert and on the wide flats, were joys to her unutterable, after the hours of depressing and artificial society in the great, overheated house.

They had driven to the flats, and walked about the weird, wide country intersected by deep drains filled with water reflecting the red of the sun, which was slowly sinking to rest in his bed of gray mist on the low horizon.

The guns were tolerably successful with the duck; but a tempting flock of golden plover were too wary for them, and Betty was glad. They reminded her of Dunscaith, and their plaintive cry stirred something at her heart and dimmed her bright eyes.

Twilight was on them, the sky a faint green, as the men gave up their guns. Betty and Lord Harlestone dropped behind the others on the homeward way, and the girl talked to him unaffectedly and simply of her home, her pursuits, her poor people, and of Jack in a manner that would have surprised her very much had she been cognisant of how she was being drawn out and led to chatter without ceasing.

At the sight of the huge house, that loomed large at the end of the avenue, her spirits seemed to flag, and she was silent. She was so lonely there in the midst of the throng. The spiteful, cold girls and the card-playing women were none to make friends with, and the days were as heavy as the great luncheons and dinners. The few girls who had not joined the Pegram clique were utterly vapid and inane, and the women who were friendly and kind to her were so wrapped up in their own talk, their card-playing, their men, that Betty always felt very much in the way in their company. She was singularly free from vanity, and could not understand why the Pegrams did not like her, and why they always tried to keep her at a distance, saying cutting little things, talking of people she did not know in a pointed manner, and showing up her childish ignorance in small matters. They had yet to learn that there was a well-defined

boundary to Miss Fitzhugh's patience and power of endurance.

At last the lake was pronounced to be fit for skating and other glacial sports. Great fires were lighted on the banks, and comfortable seats and shelters provided where skates could be adjusted; and all the ladies sallied forth in their war-paint, furred and veiled in the most becoming manner. Mrs Williams was all ermine and velvet, a veil lined with pink, the latest thing in skates and boots, and general fascinations in battle array; the Miss Pegrams in brilliant braided scarlet, with toques to match, which threw up the yellows of their complexions but were a marvel of fit and millinery; Betty in neat and close-fitting dark blue and fur cap, the perfect lines of her slight figure and graceful length of limb telling out against the white background.

Many of the neighbouring houses sent contingents to Brayborough to join the skating-party. Brayborough was by far the most popular house in the large county. Lord and Lady Forsyth were the kindest of neighbours to great and small, not inviting the minor folk in droves only to meet each other, as is the way with some great people we know; but welcoming them at all times, even when the London element, always so attractive to the country cousin, predominated.

'How different from the S——s, my dear!' said one pleasant-faced matron in a last year's velvet jacket to another whose rich raiment was even of a less advanced date, alluding to the rival great house of the county. 'We were asked to a garden-party there last year, and we were expected to sit down on benches for tea at long tables like children at a school-treat, while my lord and my lady and their smart friends had tea by themselves in the garden-room, away from the "natives," as I hear they call us. They never went about or talked to any one. Catch me going there again, and commend me to your Radical lord and lady for sublimest insolence and airs. I suppose they take it out of us to repay themselves for the cringing they have to go through to the shining lights and constituents of their precious party. You know Mrs Harold? She was simply boiling. She said she wondered the S——s had not sent vans round to collect us, with a man on the box to play the French-horn. The impudence of the servants, too; not a "sir" or a "ma'am" among them. "There ain't no more hiced coffee." "The man at the gate will call yer carriage." But there! People are such snobs. I dare say some would jump at an invitation to go there again to another party. I wonder who that wonderful woman in ermine is. My! What a complexion!'

And they strolled about and were very happy, and felt very fashionable when they read the names of the guests at Brayborough in the little local *Gazette* next Saturday.

(To be continued.)



## THE HABITS OF WILD ANIMALS.

By Captain J. H. BALDWIN.



WHEN we consider the large number of books that have been written in the past, by genuine sportsmen who are generally trustworthy naturalists, on the subject of the habits of wild animals, it is surprising to find that the great majority of the general public still remain ill-informed or altogether in error in regard to this important subject.

I do not allude to animals inhabiting the United Kingdom, such as badgers, foxes, otters, and the like—though we often read of absurd blunders being made even with regard to them—but to wild beasts such as lions, tigers, bears, and many others inhabiting foreign climes. We can see all these creatures for ourselves in our well-known Zoo, and watch their movements for as long as we like, but we should be careful against drawing hasty conclusions, and should always remember that these poor caged prisoners are not living in a state of nature, and are obliged to devour the food put before them, whatever it may be. And wild animals in cages, especially those born in captivity, learn ways and acquire habits altogether foreign to them when roaming abroad in a state of freedom.

Another source of error as to the habits of wild beasts is the unprofitable reading, conveying false ideas, published by would-be authorities on natural history, a subject which they often apparently are altogether unacquainted with. As an instance: not long ago I read an article in a well-known magazine in which the author actually described the common mongoose of India as 'a bird of the secretary tribe.' Illustrations of wild animals are often equally bad and misleading. I saw in a book for young people a bear depicted descending a tree head downwards, which of course was a great blunder; also, bears are shown standing up on their hind-legs squeezing a man in their embrace, which is quite contrary to fact. There is no such thing as 'hugging' with bears. The animals, when brought to bay or on attacking a man, stand up on their hind-legs and strike terrible blows with their fore-paws—the stroke is almost always directed at the face; but the popular belief in 'hugging' is a myth.

A few years ago I saw a well-painted picture of a tiger in the Academy. The animal was well shown, walking up a river-bed; but, most unfortunately, the artist had spoilt his work by depicting the animal with its claws *extended*, for we know that all cats habitually preserve their claws sharp by withdrawing them between the toes until the moment of striking, when the claws by a movement of the tendons are instantly extended ready for action.

I may be wrong, but I have reason to believe that the great majority of those who visit the Zoo, and have watched the prisoners restlessly striding up

and down in the Lion House, go home with a firm belief that if they ever visited India, and happened to meet one of those striped or spotted creatures, the animal would straightway rend and devour them. But those acquainted with the larger felidæ in a wild state know well that this is a mistaken idea. I am not acquainted with the lion; but a tiger, panther, or bear will rarely, and only under exceptional circumstances, attack human beings. From the beginning, as we learn from the old book of Genesis, 'man was given dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth;' and a wild beast, no matter how savage it may be by nature, has implanted in it a fear of man which nothing can remove.

Moreover, it is a rare occurrence to meet with a tiger, panther, or bear in broad daylight, even in the most out-of-the-way parts of India or in jungles they are known to inhabit. They are one and all night-prowlers, lying asleep in their dens throughout the glare and heat of the day, and only sallying forth to make their rounds in search of prey after darkness has set in. Occasionally, no doubt, it may happen that a man passing through the forest during the daytime will meet with a tiger face to face—undoubtedly an unpleasant position for the biped. But I venture to assert that in nineteen cases out of twenty the tiger, on becoming aware of the presence of a human being in front of him, will at once turn aside from the path with a surly growl, and quickly disappear in the nearest thicket; provided always—and let this caution be ever borne in mind by the young sportsman—that the animal be permitted to beat a retreat unmolested, and that no provocation be offered to it, much less a shot fired. For the sting of an ill-aimed bullet may, and probably will, instantly change the whole situation; and in place of a great slouching creature ready to get out of the way, the animal, maddened with pain, will instantly turn, and with a roar of rage, ears laid back, open jaws, flaming eyes, and tail on end, presenting a truly terrible object, come bounding forward, bent upon taking revenge. Only those who have witnessed such a scene can fully comprehend the danger of the position.

But, it may be asked, if the tiger and his confrères are only rendered dangerous when meddled with or hunted, how is it that we so often read in the newspaper, under the heading 'Deaths from Wild Animals in India,' that although cobras, kraits, and other venomous snakes have been the cause of the great majority of deaths included in the return, yet that the tiger and other great felidæ of India figure prominently in this ghastly list of destroyers of human life?

The answer to this query is briefly this: India is a vast country, including many thousands of

square miles of hill, forest, swamp, and high grass; and although the wild beasts inhabiting these tracts have been shot down and much thinned in numbers by English sportsmen or native shikarees, yet many still remain, and there is always danger that the natives living in villages surrounded by the jungle, or passing through high cover in these out-of-the-way spots, may meet with a tiger or panther suddenly and unexpectedly after dark, when the latter, more through fear than vice, will strike down a man barring the path, and pass rapidly on.

Again, a tigress, or any other wild beast, when she has young ones following at her heels is always a highly dangerous animal to come across, more especially when the cubs are small. At such times, when roaming abroad with her progeny, she will at once, and without the slightest provocation, fly at human beings crossing her path, and probably maul one or more unfortunate creatures.

Then each year there is always a certain number of deaths reported to the authorities among the *sheers* or *gwallas*, as the cattle-keepers of India are called. Accidents not infrequently come about in the following way.

An old tiger living a hermit's life in some cave by the river-side, near to a group of villages possessing large flocks and herds, every now and again sallies forth from his retreat bent on 'cattle-lifting.' He has lost his former vigour, when he delighted to stalk the sambur in the forest and the spotted deer by the river-side, or to waylay the wild-hog returning at daybreak from the open country. His once glossy red coat with lovely black bars has now faded to a mangy yellow tint. His teeth are worn and broken, his claws blunted; he has become fat and lazy with good living, having found out that village cattle give him but little trouble to get hold of, and provide him with an ample repast without much exertion. So some fine morning, feeling hungry, he stretches his great limbs with a yawn, and comes forth from his retreat. The sun is blazing hot, which is not to his liking, but must be endured, for he well knows that the flocks and herds are driven home towards sunset. So, slowly ascending the rocky banks of the river to the bush-covered plain above, he pauses to listen and have a look round. The distant clank of a bell worn by the old patriarch of the herd catches his ear, and guides him in the required direction. He grovels along a dry watercourse to keep out of sight, and presently slowly raises his head and peeps over the bank. There they are, young and old, over one hundred head of cattle—some quite close to the crouching marauder—peacefully grazing among the bushes. He carefully looks them over—an excellent judge of beef is the old villain. The grizzled bull with the bell round his neck he has often inspected before, but he is of opinion that this old grandsire would give him a sorry repast; and those hollow-flanked cows, with their

ribs projecting, are evidently well up in years and tough customers to deal with, and may safely be passed over. But a bright-red heifer beyond catches his eye. She is just full-grown, plump, and tender, and he marks her for his prey, and once more grovels forward—much after the manner of the domestic cat stalking a thrush on the lawn. By this time some of the cattle have discovered their enemy and become aware of their danger; but, like a rabbit before a stoat, they are so full of fear as to be incapable of escaping, and stand paralysed, staring at the great yellow monster creeping towards them. Then comes the final scene. The tiger reaches springing distance, gathers himself together for a second, and springs on to his victim with a bound, seizes it by the neck, and brings it to the ground; then with a savage rug and twist he breaks the vertebræ and puts an end to the struggle. He then seizes the dead animal by the back of the neck and drags it away to the nearest cover, there to discuss his gory repast at leisure.

Meanwhile the terrified herd make off at headlong speed, charging through the thicket, tails on end. The cattle-keepers, often mere village lads, who have been seated under the shade of a tree, on seeing the stampede of their kine, know at once from former experience what has occurred, and come running back to the rescue. They catch a glimpse of the carcass half-concealed in the bushes, and approach the spot; but a low growl bids them beware. The tiger is now crouching low behind his prey; only his evil eyes are to be seen glaring over the body of the dead animal. The brave lads shout and abuse the robber, at the same time pelting him with sticks and stones, and doing all in their power to drive him away. Sometimes the tiger will slowly beat a retreat, grumbling and growling on his way; but more often after tasting blood he will refuse to move, and then if further pressed will suddenly bound forward and dash one of his assailants to the earth by a blow of his terrible paw.

I have never personally witnessed the scene I have endeavoured to depict; but the natives of India have so often described to me the full particulars of these common occurrences that little remains for imagination.

Lastly, as regards the tiger, we come to the dread name, 'man-eater.' Fortunately these terrible creatures are now seldom heard of, though we read in the very last return on deaths from wild animals for the year 1903 published by the Government of India, that a tigress had taken the lives of and devoured upwards of forty unfortunate people. It is commonly supposed, I believe, that a man-eater is generally some old, worn-out tiger incapable of killing cattle or stalking deer or wild-hog, and that in consequence he takes to man-eating as a necessity. I have had little experience with man-eating tigers; but friends of mine in India who have hunted and destroyed these abominable pests have again and again assured me that this common belief is incorrect,

and that a man-eater is more generally some lithe, small-sized tigress that takes to this dreadful course not through necessity or compulsion but from sheer vice and evil propensity. Another trait in the character of the man-eater is that almost invariably the animal is as cowardly as it is cunning, and in consequence often gives great trouble, and it requires much perseverance to bring it to bay. Generally speaking, the creature is a wanderer, now here, the next day ten miles away—a perfect terror to a large district. The village maiden bearing a water-pitcher is swept off the path close to her home, the woodman who leaves his cottage in the morning to

fell timber in the forest does not return at nightfall, and the husbandman at work in the fields is sprung upon by this fiend of a creature, and is seen no more. At length the news of the man-eater and the cry of distress from the people of his district reach the ears of the magistrate of the province, who, in addition to offering a reward for the destruction of the animal, makes it his duty to take the field in person, or he orders his police or forest officer to organise a well-equipped expedition to destroy the horrible animal; and the probabilities are that eventually their efforts will be crowned with success.

## THE BOXER'S DAUGHTER.

### CHAPTER II.

**T**HEIR trust in Tsie was not misplaced. Towards midnight she came back, entering the room almost noiselessly, and glancing first at her mistress as if to ascertain whether the news she had to communicate would cause her undue anxiety. Then, before turning to Macpherson, her eyes fell upon me. Only for a moment did I meet them; but in that moment I could see that she had something important to tell, and that she desired me to support her appeal if Macpherson refused to listen to it. My answering glance was sufficient to convince her that she might count upon me as a faithful ally.

"Where have you been?" asked Macpherson in the native dialect.

"To find out why the Governor has ordered you to go to Tai-Yuen," she replied.

"But how did you know, Tsie, that the order had been sent?"

"That something unusual had happened I knew because they were all leaving the compound, and when Robbie had gone to sleep I went out to discover what it was. The men who have been sent to escort you are lodged in the town. They talk. Men will talk. It is no secret. All the people are aware by this time of the Governor's order."

"But why should our own people leave the compound, Tsie?"

"In fear of the Governor, and lest the men of the escort, who are Boxers, should fall upon them as associates of the foreigners."

"Boxers, Tsie? Are you sure of that?"

"Quite; but they are all disguised as runners and soldiers of the Yamen."

"Then we cannot go with them. It is preposterous to send a gang of Boxers over for our escort. We shouldn't be safe for a moment when once they had us in their power. And it is a lonely journey across the mountains."

"They would take you to Tai-Yuen. They dare not disobey the Governor's order. But, all

the same, you cannot go with them," said Tsie decisively. "You must not go with them. It is impossible. That is what I wish to say. To Tai-Yuen you must not go. The order must be evaded somehow. The Boxers must be thrown off the scent, and you must start in the morning, not across the mountains, but in the direction of Peking." Again her eyes fell upon me. "This gentleman will help you. That is what he has come for.—Is it not?" and she put the question straight at me.

"Nothing else would have brought me through this infernal region, Tsie. But may I ask why we should defer our flight until the morning?"

"The compound is watched on every side. A hundred eyes are upon it, and if you were to start before the dawn you would be caught and slain. Then Mrs Macpherson must sleep. She needs it.—Come!" and she took her mistress affectionately by the hand. "We have nothing to fear before the dawn."

"And then what, Tsie?" asked Alice, who, with the actual peril, had grown calmer and braver.

"We must wait," returned Tsie. "The way will open."

"I really think, my dear, that you had better take Tsie's advice and rest," said Macpherson, "and Foster and I will talk over the whole situation."

"When they were gone he said to me, 'Well, what do you think of it?'"

"We seem to be screwed up into a confoundedly narrow corner."

"And the screw is tightening under the authoritative twist either of the Governor or the mandarin. How are we to get out of it? What shall we do?"

"If Tsie hadn't told us that we were hemmed in by those hundred watchful eyes I should have said let us decamp at once and make the most of the darkness. But we must now await the arrival of the escort and deal with them."

"We talked far into the night. Macpherson wavered at first between committing himself to the escort and breaking away; but, by the evidence I was able to give him of the Governor's demoniacal



perfidy, he came eventually to the firm and irrevocable decision that, no matter what the consequences might be, he would not go to Tai-Yuen.

'With the faintness of the gray dawn came the sound of shuffling feet and subdued whispers. Peeping between the slits of the shutters, we saw the crowd assembling within the quadrangle formed by the buildings of the compound. We had taken the precaution to bar securely all the doors and windows. Alice came in greatly refreshed by the few hours' sleep. Tsie remained with Rob. The crowd increased with the increasing light. They blocked up the gateway and surged beyond it into the narrow street. Boastful shouts and villainous laughter now began to disturb the quiet air. Collected about the main entrance were ten or a dozen armed men. They amused the crowd with pantomimic gestures in which their weapons were brought into prominent play, and flung their ribald gibes at each other and at the applauding spectators. All the riff-raff of the city had assembled to witness the discomfiture of the foreign devils—for it was nothing less than discomfiture to be marched away under the guard of this farce of an escort, who, beneath their ill disguise, were evidently Boxers of the very worst type.

'Presently the leader began to hammer at the door with the hilt of an enormous sword, and at the same time to call loudly for admittance. The crowd became quieter in expectation of a reply. But we simply let him hammer and call. Tsie glided into the room with little Robbie cooing in her arms. She desired us still to wait. The blows redoubled, and the demand for admittance became more clamorous. An ominous hush fell upon the crowd. Our silence was difficult to interpret. Had we stolen away after all? And were they going to be balked of the satisfaction of beholding the foreign devils start for Tai-Yuen?

'Suddenly the hush was broken by a howl, and the hitherto hilarious crowd was transformed into a horde of raging demons. Arms were tossed up, curses were bellowed forth, a rush was made from the narrow street into the compound, and the Boxers had as much as they could do to keep the people back from the door. Of all unnerving sounds—loosening the joints, playing down the spine in little shuddering thrills, turning the heart to water—nothing can compare with that of a cruel and baffled mob simultaneously yelling out its execrations; and yet Tsie stood at the shutters, cool, calculating, marking every movement, and patiently waiting the opportune time to make her strange proposal.

"Now," said she, "I can save you if you will trust me. Listen! You must steal out of the compound silently at the back. The way is clear. Keep to the narrower streets. You will find them deserted. All the people are here. Make for the Eastern Gate and then for the river. But I cannot save you unless you trust me. I am going to ask for a great thing, especially from you, my mistress ;

but you must trust me. The crowd must be diverted. Time must be gained somehow. The people must think you are still here, and their mood must be changed; they must be surprised into a new mood, a pleasant mood, and diverted, or else the premises will be speedily wrecked, and your escape will be known. Then nothing can save you. I must have Robbie."

"Robbie!" exclaimed Alice in a startled tone, her eyes distending with fear.

"Yes, if you can trust me. I will bring him to Pekin. Not a hair of his head shall be injured. But I *must* have Robbie—there is no other way. With Robbie's help I can still the storm, I can turn the bellows of the crowd to laughter, I can keep the people amused until you are beyond their reach. What say you? Decide quickly. A very few minutes now and it will be too late."

'This I could well believe as I looked through the chinks of the shutters. Not only was there a deeper and more savage tone in the howling of the mob, but the howling was accompanied by ugly rushes toward the door. The ring of armed men yet kept it. Any moment, however, as I could easily see, the ring might be broken, and we might have to fight for our lives. Easier would it have been to preserve our lives in the midst of a pack of hungry wolves than surrounded by these infuriated demons. But it was not for me to influence the decision of Macpherson and his wife. I simply loosened my knife in its sheath, saw to the priming of my revolvers, and waited for their answer to Tsie's peculiar request.

'Perhaps a long minute went by, a very long minute it seemed to me, during which Alice must have passed through a species of concentrated agony, while her husband watched her, speechless. Her brows were drawn into lines of pain over her terrified eyes, and her hands were clenched so firmly that the nails bit into the palms. Macpherson, too, was suffering. I saw that by the spasm that passed swiftly over his features as he watched her; but he said nothing. At last Alice turned to Tsie and said, "He is my only child, Tsie, and very dear to me. If mischief befall him I shall die. If you do not keep your promise you will kill me. But I will trust you;" and, bending her white lips, she kissed the child, all unconscious of his danger, and handed him to his nurse. Without another word Alice passed through the door. Lovingly brushing back the flaxen curls from the little fellow's forehead, Macpherson pressed his lips to the lips of the child, disengaged his tiny fingers from the beard which he had suddenly and merrily seized as if it were a game they were playing at, and stepped toward the threshold.

'There he paused, and, wheeling round, said, "Are you not coming, Foster?" for, to his surprise, I remained at the window watching the mob through the slits of the blind.

"Presently," said I. "Make your way out as quietly and as quickly as you can, and I will rejoice

you at the Eastern Gate." There was no time to argue or remonstrate. In a moment he was gone. "Do not wait on my account, Tsie," I continued, answering the startled and questioning glance of her eyes. "I intend to see this matter through, or as far through as I may. I shall watch you, and, if need be, I shall intervene. Remember, my hand is perfectly steady, and I never miss the mark when I fire."

'She made no reply, but swiftly left the room. I immediately inserted the barrel of my revolver between the slits, slightly raising one of them for the purpose, and awaited her appearance outside the door. The first sign of treachery on Tsie's part would have been the last sign she would ever make. My trust in this Chinese maiden was not equal to that of Alice and Macpherson; and perhaps she knew it. The mob outside I could not trust at all. But I was firmly resolved to shoot through the heart the first villain who raised a finger against little Robbie. Even if Tsie were as true as Macpherson and his wife believed her to be, I was by no means sure that she could effect the change in the temper of the mob that she had spoken of. To move that yelling and bloodthirsty crew from their present sanguinary mood to a condition of innocent hilarity seemed to me nothing less than miraculous.

'The bolts were drawn back; the door was flung wide open. Tsie stepped out with Rob in her arms, and instantly the mob was silent, wondering perhaps what this meant, and expecting, doubtless, that the missionary and his wife would follow. As Tsie came into view I fixed my eyes upon her, intently observant of every movement she made, and at the same time covered her with my revolver. Pushing back the people, the guard made room for her, and there she stood, seen of them all, with the child nestling to her breast, and apparently as calm as if it were an everyday occurrence to face a crowd like that. What would she do? I was in momentary fear lest the howling should recommence and the two be torn to pieces. But before the people had recovered from their surprise, while they were yet staring at her, she turned Robbie's face towards them, and the child smiled. Tsie whispered in his

ear. He responded instantly by crossing his hands and placing them very prettily within the ample sleeves of the little Chinese coat he was wearing—for Tsie had been careful to rig him out in Chinese costume—and there, within the sleeves, he clasped his tiny hands and moved them up and down in the customary Chinese form of salutation, nodding his cherubic head, and beaming upon the people who were intently watching him, as if they were all his intimate friends.

'The effect was magical. Instead of a renewal of the howling there was a still deeper silence, combined with an expression of amusement and satisfaction on the faces of the mob. Those behind stood on tip-toe, and those beyond the gate craned their necks to look at him. They were rapidly forgetting why they had come together. The child's mimicry was proving irresistible. I began to feel that there would be no need for the use of my revolver. I was not yet quite reassured, however, and therefore kept it in readiness to fire if there should be any occasion for it.

'Again Tsie whispered in Robbie's ear; and this time, with a winning smile which completely conquered them, Boxers and all, the little fellow bent his body forward and went through the ceremonial *kow-tow*; with the inimitable grace of a courtier he went through it, as if he were in the presence of some great mandarin in whose decision was the power of life or death. And indeed he was, though he knew it not. He was in the presence of the great mob-mandarin that was ruling throughout all north China at that time; and the mob was vastly pleased with his mimic recognition. Its mood was completely changed. The child's simulated reverence, so daintily performed, drew answering smiles from those erewhile brutal faces, and rippling laughter from the lips that had been so recently filled with oaths and curses.

'The miracle was wrought. Withdrawing the barrel of my revolver, I slipped from the room and sped through the deserted bylanes to the Eastern Gate, there to rejoin Macpherson and his wife and tell them how wonderfully Tsie had succeeded.'

(To be continued.)

## MORE ABOUT THE SOUTHERN SHAN STATES.



ABOUT a couple of years ago I remember seeing an account in *Chambers's Journal* of that very little known part of the world, the Southern Shan States; and perhaps rather a fuller description of this remote

corner of our Empire will not be without interest.

For the first six months of the year 1902 it was my lot to take part in the final survey for a proposed railway—carried out under the direction of the Government of India—for opening up these exten-

sive, though at present thinly populated, provinces. The construction of this railway has now been definitely sanctioned, and within a couple of years or so it is hoped that colonists and others will be provided with this rapid means of reaching the heart of the country.

For the guidance of those who are perhaps a trifle vague as to the exact whereabouts of these States, a glance at the map of Upper Burma will give some idea as to their position. A lofty plateau some four thousand feet above sea-level, they extend, with

Siam as their southern boundary, from Burma proper to the borders of China.

Up to the present, the only means of arriving at the plateau is by what is termed in Burma a first-class road—though doubtless those who are accustomed to our well-trimmed British highways might be inclined to disagree with this statement after experiencing a sleepless night in a springless native cart. This primitive contrivance, drawn by a pair of bullocks, is very similar to that used in other parts of the East, and consists merely of a rough wooden frame, to which is attached a stout beam with a yoke at the free end and supported on two thick wheels. The frame is usually covered over with bamboo matting, which affords a protection from sun and rain.

The road, which has its beginning in the ever-growing village of Thazi, on the railway connecting Mandalay with Rangoon, extends beyond Fort Stedman, the military station of the Southern Shan States. Until the foot of the hill is reached, the track winds through gently undulating country, covered for the most part with thick scrub jungle, relieved here and there by a sugar-cane plantation or a banana-grove. Eighteen miles or so from the summit of the tableland the road begins its upward climb, steering its course through the thick, tangled jungle covering the base of the hills to the more open country met with higher up the ascent.

Perched on the edge of the plateau is the primitive but snug little village of Kalaw, which is a type, as regards perfection of climate and beauty of scenery, of this fascinating tract of country. The distance by road from Thazi to Kalaw is sixty miles, and travelling by cart one could hardly do the journey comfortably under six, or at the least five, days.

About every ten miles a serviceable and picturesque dāk-bungalow, or resting-house, has been built by the side of the highway, where for a small charge the traveller may make himself comfortable for the night. Very rarely can any refreshment be got at these bungalows, and it is as well to warn the would-be traveller to bring his food with him, most of which can be bought in tin form in Rangoon. Each building has its caretaker, usually an unwashed but willing Burman, whose duties are delightfully vague, but who, for a consideration, will fill your kettle and light the kitchen fire. Some of the dāk-bungalows met with along this road are far from waterproof, and in the case of heavy rain, which not seldom comes down at night even in the dry season, the roofs are often unpleasantly porous; for this reason it would be advisable to include a waterproof sheet in one's baggage. I remember on one occasion spending the night with a couple of brother-engineers in one of these conveniences at the beginning of the wet season. Burma and all things Burman were strange to me at that time, and I had heard many and weird tales of the general unfitness of these bungalows for European travellers, which caused me to regard them with a certain sense of misgiving. Being all very sleepy, we soon had our

bedding spread, and I, for my part, was soon in the land of dreams. In the small hours of the morning I awoke with a start to find my head in a pool of water, and feeling the same aggravated sensation as that experienced when a playful brother or sister disturbs one's morning nap with a wet sponge. The snores of my fortunate companions unaccountably irritated me; but I quietly rinsed out my pillow, and, shifting my bed, attempted to go to sleep again. But, alas! to no purpose. I should add that, owing to the rapacious mosquito, we were all provided with curtains proof against its attacks stretched over our beds. That these coverings were not waterproof I soon discovered, for I was still being subjected to a mild shower-bath. Again I moved the bed to what appeared a dry corner of the room; but despite my repeated attempts to obtain a less watery pillow, it was all in vain: the incessant trickling still continued. So, pulling my mattress on to the damp floor, I resigned myself to the inevitable, cursing the weather, the roof, and my lucky messmates, whose gratified breathings grated on my ears. The floor seemed particularly hard, and little sleep did I get that night. I determined, however, to lodge a bitter complaint next day at the office of the engineer of roads and buildings; and, turning over, I listened with disgust to the drenching rain and the wind, which shook the frail little building.

At dawn I stumbled out for a stroll in the fresh morning air. The sun was just glancing over the distant hill-tops as I returned an hour later, and presently I heard laughter and the welcome clatter of breakfast-things, which helped considerably to cheer my wounded spirits.

Judge of my disgust and chagrin when, over our morning fare of coffee and *chupatties*, I learnt that my disturbed night was due, not to the rain, which only here and there leaked into the room, but to my companions, who, after I had fallen asleep, had placed a huge lump of ice, manufactured by our common ice-machine, on the top of my mosquito-curtains, and this gradually melting over my head had caused me such unwonted uneasiness during the night. Naturally, the shifting about of the bed had not resulted in any improvement of matters.

Now, with reference to the title of this article, I may say that seldom has so promising an opening been presented to those desirous of settling in one of our British colonies. South Africa, with all its wealth and resources, is woefully overcrowded, and many who go out there on spec, in the hope of making large fortunes and without any definite trade or profession, are often obliged to take to menial labour to keep themselves in bread-and-butter.

The Southern Shan States, on the other hand, are, save to those directly associated with them, practically unknown; and when the railway which is now being pushed on is completed, the almost uninvestigated resources of the country will, without doubt, be rapidly brought to light.

To those interested in farming and fruit-growing,



the prospects are particularly bright. As far as I know, no very serious attempts have been made by the white man to cultivate fruit or farm-produce; but in the few cases where a resident European has experimented in a small way in this line the results have been wonderfully good. An official in the small village of Thamakan, which is blessed with a post and telegraph office, and only twelve miles from Kalaw, has from his small garden produced apples, pears, plums, peas, and many other delicious English fruits and vegetables, which are as good, if not better, than any I have tasted in England.

Wheat, which defies cultivation in many parts of the East, has in these States been found to spring up with great rapidity and with the minimum amount of attention. How many British farmers, groaning with reason at the paucity of their crops, would delight in having a few acres of Shan soil to work upon!

The plateau is a delightful mixture of moor and forest, and here and there, generally sheltered from the cold winter winds, a small native village, with its usual accompaniment of nude children and mongrel dogs, may be descried.

The Shan is a keen sportsman, and not a few are provided with old-pattern English sporting-pieces, probably gifts from former British residents. With these relics they are clever enough to bring down many a deer; and in the valleys where cheetahs, bears, and other large game abound they are generally very successful.

To those villagers unacquainted with the use of firearms, a primitive but very effectual method of protecting their poultry from the raids of the rapacious cheetah has been handed down from father to son for many generations.

Just outside their fowl-house, which is raised some ten or twelve feet above the ground, and where the poultry are confined at night, a number of stakes are driven into the ground, and the upturned ends roughly pointed with the large knife which a Shan invariably carries about with him. A cheetah creeping up under cover of darkness, and having an appetite calculated to endow him with extra temerity, soon sniffs his prey, and taking a great leap to the top of the fowl-house (which is, alas! too high for even *him* to obtain a secure footing), falls back on to the spikes with fatal results. Next morning the family bring out their knives, and soon have the skin dressed and ready for one of the many purposes to which the ingenious Shan can put it.

The Southern Shan States offer great possibilities to the metallurgist, who in the boomed parts of the world so often feels the effect of overcrowding in the great struggle for existence. Gold is found here in plenty, washed down every day in the numerous

streams flowing from the plateau; and the enterprising Briton who, with a moderate capital, makes a start in this direction will, I am sure, be amply repaid. Rubies, which are generally thought to be confined to the Northern Shan States, where alone extensive workings have been made, are doubtless also a product of the southern plateau, as their use in many of the numerous pagodas of the country can testify.

With reference to the remarks I have made regarding the delightful climate of the Southern Shan States, let me quote a sentence of a letter received from an engineer now working in India. Comparing the different parts of that Empire, where he has worked for over thirty years, with the Shan plateau, on which he superintended the recent survey, he says: 'Hardly any part of India equals the plateau of the Southern Shan States. No mosquitoes, no eye-flies, very moderate heat, fine cold weather, &c.'

I think it more than likely that the future sanatorium of Burma will be somewhere in these States. The present health-resort, Mymeyo, in the northern plateau does not offer half the attractions which may be enjoyed in the southern tableland. The absence of a railway to the summit of the latter has undoubtedly been a potent reason for some part of the Southern Shan States not being chosen as the official sanatorium. This objection will, however, before long be overcome, and the white worker of Burma will find in the bracing air of the southern plateau the recuperation he so often needs.

Those who were interested in the Durbar held at Delhi will remember the number of Shan chiefs who, in their picturesque costumes, attended it and were received so cordially by the Viceroy. These chiefs are very friendly to England; and their country, which a few years ago was overrun with dacoits, is now so peaceful and safe that only one policeman is allotted to the whole province.

In these few paragraphs I have attempted to give just an outline description of the Southern Shan States; and there is so much, did space allow, that I might add. I trust, however, that what I have said may awaken some interest in the minds of those anxious for a fresh field for colonisation. Many who have a horror of the much-exaggerated hardships of the East would find in these States conditions very like those of our own land. The familiar oak may be seen in many parts, while the pine scents the whole land with its delightful fragrance. Many a time, in the fresh, breezy mornings, have I heard the familiar note of the cuckoo; and but for the fact of the presence of the coloured population, one could, without any stretch of imagination, fancy one's self back in England in that most fascinating period of the year, late spring.

## THE BASH VOURMAK; OR, THE STRIKING OF THE HEAD.

By F. COWLEY WHITEHOUSE.



IMMEDIATELY after the death of Mohammed, self-styled the Prophet of God, rivalries and dissensions arose among his followers. This was inevitable. Of different races and nationalities, the Mohammedans had only been held together by the striking personality and rare magnetism of one of the greatest leaders of men that the world has ever known. Two clearly defined parties sprang into existence. One of these claimed the Caliphate for the family of the Syrian Moawiya, while the other offered allegiance to the two sons of Ali and Fatima, the latter of whom was the youngest daughter of Mohammed. Hassan the Beautiful, the elder of the two sons, preferring voluptuous ease to a life of action, resigned the Caliphate after holding it for six months, and retired to Medina, where he died, some say from the effects of poison administered by his wife Jaada, she being tempted to the commission of the crime by Moawiya, who promised her fifty thousand dirhems and his son Yezid in marriage. Hussein, the younger brother, endeavoured to assert his rights; but Yezid was too strong for him, and compelled him to flee for his life. On the plain of Kerbela the troops of Yezid overtook Hussein. In spite of the offer of Hussein to yield, his little company was surrounded and annihilated. Mohammedans of all shades of opinion have joined in reprobating this slaughter. They consider both Hassan and Hussein to be martyrs, and they say that after the death of Hussein 'the world became dark, and angels, men, and genii mourned.'

The Sunnees, the followers of Moawiya, soon gained supreme power amongst Mohammedans, certain Persians alone refusing to fall into line with their co-religionists. These latter became Shias (Arabic, *shia*, a sectary), followers of the line of Ali and Fatima. Gradually they gained adherents, and finally, in the fifteenth century, became the dominant power in the independent kingdom of Persia, the nation from that time onward devotedly following the Shia cult.

About half a century ago, during the Mouharrem fast, the season of religious mourning observed by all Mohammedans, a Persian preacher succeeded in deeply moving a huge congregation at Tabriz by an eloquent recital of the story of Hassan and Hussein. Suddenly a man sprang to his feet, snatched a knife from his girdle, and slashed at his head in token of grief for the crime. The bystanders endeavoured to interfere, but the fanatic broke free and proceeded to run *amol*. The contagion spread, others drew their weapons, and there was a considerable riot. Within a few years there was not a town in Persia where similar scenes did not take place during the fast. The authorities intervened, but

popular feeling was so strong that at last the priests determined to recognise and to regulate the proceedings; and now in every town in Persia, and in other towns where Persian communities have settled, an extraordinary ceremony in honour of the memory of Hassan and Hussein is held yearly on the tenth day of Mouharrem. I shall endeavour to give a description of this ceremony as held in Stamboul, and there known as the 'Bash Vourmak,' or 'The Striking of the Head.'

On the appointed day a small party of us made our way through the narrow streets of Stamboul to the Valideh (Mother) Khan, a vast building constructed many centuries ago. From outward appearances it must have been formerly a *medresseh*, or Turkish college; but for many years past it has been the dwelling-place of nearly three thousand Persians engaged in trade in Constantinople. The chief building is square in shape, each side being fully eighty yards long, with outer walls of a thickness varying from six to ten feet. In the centre of the quadrangle is the Persian mosque, with its insignificant cupola, and with lean-to wooden shops surrounding it. Passing through a long, low archway, the only entrance to the quadrangle, we were met by a Persian merchant, who courteously invited us into his house and offered us cigarettes and cups of delicious tea served in glasses. It was about eleven o'clock (Turkish time), or one hour before sunset, and we sauntered round the quadrangle, which was rapidly filling with thousands of Turks and Persians and a small number of Europeans. The fronts of the shops and houses were all draped with black cloth stamped with verses from the Koran. Running the whole length of one side of the quadrangle was a covered walk, at the end of which was a wooden shrine filled with over a hundred glass lamps. The dervishes and other holy men had been preaching there since Mouharrem had commenced, and we were to see in a few minutes how their oratory had excited the minds of their disciples, inflamed their passionate natures, and strengthened them to go through the horrible proceedings that we witnessed.

We asked the meaning of several things that we saw, but we found the Persians, without exception, obstinately reticent with regard to the details of their religion. The mysteries of their faith are not for unbelievers, and when they did not wish to enlighten us, their sad faces—and the Persian is the saddest-faced man in the world—grew vacuous, and they pretended not to comprehend the bent of our questions. Noticing that many people were going and coming down a long alley leading to the inner buildings of the khan, we entered, and found that a great procession was being formed down its length. We retreated and took up our position in the

covered-in way, and in a few moments the head of the procession emerged from the alley. First came thirty or forty banners borne by men wearing the ordinary black Persian cap and dressed in black loose robes, with green and gold sashes over the left shoulder. Closely following them marched a band of men playing a sombre minor phrase or two of music on long wooden pipes. The reiteration of the eight or ten bars soon irritated one's nerves; but it evidently appealed to the devotees who composed the procession. Next came led horses covered with trappings and with their heads enveloped in coloured gauze bags. Curved swords were fastened crosswise on the saddles. The last animal was a fine white beast, and on it there was seated a little lad whose pale face and white robe were plentifully smeared with blood. Two white doves, also sprinkled with blood, fluttered on the saddle behind him. I took these to be emblematical of the souls of Hassan and Hussein. The head of the procession halted opposite us. A priest started an impassioned prayer, and it was strange to see great, strong men weeping openly and unrestrainedly all around us. The banners swept forward, and out from the alley came three bodies of men. The first wore black robes reaching to the ankle. These garments were unbuttoned at the throat, exposing the left shoulder and breast. Sometimes chanting to the music, sometimes hoarsely ejaculating 'Ali!' (presumably in invocation of the son-in-law of Mohammed), they paced slowly along, beating the bared breast first with the open palm, and then at a given signal three times with the clenched fist. In perfect time the arms swung backwards and forwards, and the fists fell heavily over the heart with a thud which could be heard distinctly all over the quadrangle, and sounded like the beat of muffled drums.

The next body of men issued forth. They were garbed like their predecessors, but their robes were fastened at the throat, while a large round hole was cut behind so as to expose the shoulder-blades and back. They were armed with whips, but surely the most formidable whips that could be used. The handle was a short, thick piece of wood, and the tail was composed of forty or fifty thin steel chains. The whips were carried hanging over the right shoulder. Suddenly the men swung them high over their heads, whirled them round, and brought them down with a dull, ugly thud over the left shoulder. The first blow bruised the flesh badly, and in a few minutes large patches of skin had been striped off the quivering flesh. With sad, fixed gaze, apparently unmoved by the agony they endured, the men went slowly along backwards. Now these latter-day flagellants swung the chains slowly from shoulder to shoulder, and now they wielded them with a succession of short, fierce blows. When they halted, they, like the others, wept freely as their priests harangued them, and as the orator rounded off his periods, in response they shouted out hoarsely what sounded to me like 'Amee!'

The hour of sunset arrived, and in a few minutes it was dark. Files of Turkish soldiers came at the double through the archway by which we had entered, and unceremoniously drove back the thronging crowds of spectators. Shoulder to shoulder they formed up, leaving a broad, clear space all round the mosque. In the light of what followed it was easy to understand why the presence of soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets was requisitioned. Huge torches fastened to long poles were raised aloft, and added to the intensity of the scene. Soon the climax was reached—a climax to which all that had gone before was child's-play—a climax which made me doubtful for a moment if I could possibly be in Europe, and living in the twentieth century, and not away back in the ages that are gone, and in some distant land where civilisation and its softening influences were unknown and undreamt of.

As the third body of men came forth the music changed. Another monotonous, weird passage was shrilled forth. The new-comers had white turbans twisted round the head, and were wearing white smocks which reached past the knee. In the air they brandished gleaming, straight-bladed swords. Formed into two bands facing each other on either side of the cleared space, they passed along with wild gestures and peculiar, jerky, genuflecting movements. One-half of the band shrieked out in piercing falsetto accents the single word 'Hassan!' the other half replied in deep bass antiphon, 'Hussein!' Between the ranks Persian officials and priests walked, some of them armed with staves, the use of which we were to learn later. In the meantime it seemed to be their task to work up the already excited men to a higher and higher pitch of fanaticism. Once again the procession halted. The men flung off their white turbans, disclosing closely shaved blue scalps. The yells and shouts grew more insistent; the music, wild and barbaric, swelled out louder and louder, and the next moment the swords were slashing away at the tonsured heads. The blood gushed down until it was impossible to distinguish a feature, and the smocks were drenched in blood. It was a truly horrifying scene. Round and round the fanatics went. There were no pauses now, and the excitement was indescribable. Blinded with blood, drunk with the taste of it, the staggering wretches reeled and reeled around the mosque. The officials walked calmly up and down. Occasionally they wiped the dripping faces of the devotees, anon they deftly interposed their staves between the head and the sword of a too frenzied performer, and yet again they urged on one who seemed to be half-hearted in his strokes. Strong men fainted as they watched. I saw a burly Turkish soldier reel and drop like a log. Several of the sailors who had come from the Austrian and French *stationnaires* in the Bosphorus either fainted or were deadly sick. Nor was it surprising. The wildness of the scene, the glare and stench of the petroleum-fed torches, the maniacal



yells and frantic gestures of the maddened creatures, the faint, nauseating smell of hot, smoking blood, all went to make up one of the most frightful sights to be seen in the world.

I have heard it stated that the performers are put under the influence of *hashish*, but I am assured that such is not the case. In fact, I saw spectators throw themselves into the line, an official tossed a smock over them, and in a moment they were slashing away as fiercely as any of the others. It is a purely voluntary act of grief and penitence for the murder of Hassan and Hussein by Mohammedans. No doubt the exaltation of the spirit at the expense of the body, and the ultimate gaining of Paradise, is in the minds of the fanatics, but that is not the primary idea. Nor are the participants, as some assert, paid for taking part. On the contrary, they even pay for the white smocks they wear, and deem it an honour and a privilege to be allowed to mutilate themselves before the assembled crowd. It is in their eyes a deeply religious rite, and one could not help noticing how markedly it affected not only Persians but even many of the Turks who were watching the proceedings.

Some of the swordsmen fainted. Instantly they were carried off to a Turkish bath outside the khan, where their heads were bathed and bound up. Their places were taken by fresh relays. There must have been at one time at least one hundred and fifty in the ring, and as many as a thousand have been known to go through the dreadful ordeal on this tenth day of Mouharrem.

A man close to us became abnormally excited. His cry of 'Hassan, Hassan!' was like the howl of a wild beast, and ere the officials could stop him he had sawed savagely at his throat and fallen to the ground. I believe he must have killed himself; but it was impossible to tell, as he was instantly carried off, and the line swept on as if nothing untoward had occurred. Another seemed to go suddenly mad. As the mania seized him he burst from the ranks, and we quite thought he was on the point of running *amok*, but in a second two priests and two soldiers flung themselves on him. The sword was wrenched from his grasp. Fiercely he struggled for a while, and then utterly collapsed, and lay a limp bundle of rags on the ground. He too was carried off senseless, and still the others danced on regardless of everything but the work in hand.

My thoughts reverted to the story of the priests of Baal, who on Mount Carmel three thousand years ago 'cried aloud, and cut themselves, after their manner, with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed forth.' What an extraordinarily brave man Elijah must have been to mock them and to gainsay them when thus worked up to a state bordering on dementia! A man's life, I am convinced, would not have been worth a minute's purchase if he had stood forth in the Valideh Khan the night I was there and bidden the atrocities cease.

We had seen enough. One of our number had turned faint and ill, and we hastened to the exit. There we got mixed up with the crowd, which included some of the mutilated men staggering along to the Turkish bath outside. However, we extricated ourselves, and were relieved to get out into the cool, pure night air, and to hasten down to the water-side, where a steam-launch was waiting to take us across the Bosphorus to our homes in Moda Kadikuey (ancient Chalcedon). As we steamed across we talked of the horrors of the Indian suttee, of the car of Juggernaut, of the child-sacrifices to Ashtaroath, of the abominations of Moloch, and we came to the conclusion that man in all ages has found strange ways by which he thinks to propitiate his God and save his soul alive.

#### MOTHER LOVE.

##### TAKING her flight!

The babe I pressed so fondly to my breast,  
The dancing child I have so oft caressed,  
The growing maiden, awkward, tall, and shy,  
The woman-girl with glowing, love-lit eye.  
They each in turn come hov'ring o'er my bed,  
I feel the touch of hands upon my head,  
The sound of voices ringing in my ears,  
Until it seems as though the passing years—  
Repenting of their passing—turn, and try  
To bring me back the child for whom I sigh.  
But would I have her back? My heart says 'Yes.'  
When from the 'Everywhere' a sweet caress  
Presses my lips. 'Mother, I love him so;  
Give me your blessing, dear, and let me go.'

God

Bless my child.

Be still, my heart! Why shed these blinding tears?  
Have I not oft throughout the passing years  
Pictured the sight that I might live to see:  
My baby-child—a woman—come to me,  
Lay her dear head upon my mother-breast,  
While her soft lips her secret sweet confessed;  
Felt the soft trembling of the woman-form,  
The clinging of the arms so soft and warm;  
Seen in her eyes that sweet, mysterious light,  
Offspring of purest love and true delight;  
Felt in the throbbing of her loving heart  
My woman-child and I are not apart;  
Heard her dear voice in trembling accents say,  
'Give me your blessing, dear, again to-day'?

God

Bless my child.

And as, across the hills, I sit and gaze  
Another picture rises out the haze:  
My baby-woman in a new, sweet form—  
The form of motherhood—is softly born.  
Hand clasped in hand, she turns from him to me,  
And in her eyes the mother-love I see,  
As from the soft, warm shelter of her breast  
Into my arms her infant dear is pressed.  
Upon my heart again the dear head lies,  
Mother and wife love shining in her eyes.  
Again I hear that tender, sweet request:  
'Mother, I want your blessing, dear—the best  
That you can give, but not alone for me;  
Mother, this time include your children three.'

God

Love my dears.

A. N. I. L.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### BYGONE PERTHSHIRE; OR, SOCIAL LIFE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Sir ALEXANDER MUIR MACKENZIE, Bart.

#### PART I.

**T**HERE comes a time in every man's life when he is reminded he has entered on the down-grade, and that according to the sage advice of the great Italian, Dante, '*dovrebbe calar la vela,*' and with lowered sail endeavour to glide with grace and peace into the haven where he would be. At such a time memories thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa arise, and recall over some fifty years many events connected with the social life of 'bygone Perthshire.' Avoiding the high-and-dry style of the guide-book, as well as that tendency of senility over-'anecdoteage,' be it mine to record some notable events and notable personages of our beautiful county whose memories should be preserved in recollection of the forties and fifties. In such a review some leading ecclesiastical and political memories should naturally receive notice; but he whose privilege it is to act as scribe would disclaim any intention to do otherwise than recall the events without giving any colour from parti-spectacles.

Writing from this beautiful eyrie, high above the valleys, at the 'end of the wood,' '*Ceann na Coille,*' he enjoys a typical view of part of Perthshire—crag, strath, mountain, and glen. Below stands Dunkeld, with its lordly woods and tasteful grounds, the 'broad spreading' Tay 'bisecting' the county, as old '*Ricordo Corinensis*' tells us in his *Itinerary*, and up whose course in days of yore have passed Celts, Romans, Danes, as well as in later days the *sidier roy* of the Sassenach.

On the 'long low line of the beautiful down,' to paraphrase the words of Tennyson describing Salisbury Plain, on the sky-line stretching far eastward, small mounds appear—the '*colles*' of Tacitus—marking without doubt the site of some conflict, according to certain historians, between the Caledonians and Romans in the time of Agricola.

A peep between the angle formed by the 'Doos' Nest' and Birnam Hill—the latter quite ready to

take another march with its wood to Dunsinane in search of another Macbeth—shows us the Sidlaws, and you can trace the form of the Stormont and bonny Strathmore mansion-houses nestling in well-cared-for woods, farm 'toons' of various sorts and values, cottages and crofts. A church here, a school there, remind us of John Knox's legacy—the parochial system; while, in the far distance, faint smoke denotes the busy hives of industry, such as Perth, Blairgowrie, or Coupar-Angus, and as far east as Dundee.

To the west run long stretches of hill and moor clad in imperial purple of brilliant heather, but invaded by patches of vivid green, skirted by natural groves of silvery birch, among which are scattered ruins of old crofts and pendicles—past with the 'bygone days.'

The strath is bisected by the brawling Braan, which has carved for itself during the ages a remarkable gorge, showing in many a pot-hole or smoothed ledge the power of some great glacier which came grinding down when the world was young—the same action, '*ohne hast, ohne rast,*' which has rounded so many of the *meals*\* that guard the strath. On the skyline is the Sma' Glen, through which it is quite permissible to imagine the Romans under Agricola pushing forward an outpost or two even as far as Fortingall on the Lyon.

Below us, the ancient Cathedral, guarded by the parent larches, reminds us of the good Columba and his attempts to bring the heathen Clandonnachie and others under the gentle yoke of Christianity. The iconoclast of the Reformation has broken down the beautiful architecture, and eighteenth-century bad taste has disfigured the interior, yet may we not look some day for a restoration of what must have been one of the most beautiful churches of Christendom?

\* *Meal* or *mol*, the round top.

As typical of a past generation, let us revisit Birnam, and mark two small yellow houses notable in their day and before this pretty health-resort was known to the tourist.

The one, Birnam Inn, cosy and unpretentious, the rendezvous of all good Tories under the genial presidency of 'Lochy' Macpherson, where the mail-coach from Perth to Inverness would stop to pass the 'time o' day,' change horses, and take a *deoch an dhoris* of Atholl brose before proceeding northward.

The other, a small house farther up the hill—a 'Fox's Lair,' as it was there that the redoubtable 'Fox Maule' met with Dr Chalmers, and schemed the great Disruption,\* or secession of the Free Church from the Establishment.

It was there, furthermore, that Free Trade, as advocated by Cobden and Villiers, would be discussed, involving as it did the transference of power from the great landowners to the Manchester manufacturers.

'The old order changeth, giving place to new;' and certainly in many instances properties have changed hands, sold or let to those who have successfully acquired fortunes in other professions more lucrative than that of the mere landowner. Landed estates cannot ever bear increased taxation, heavy jointures, and death-duties, which last straw is responsible for so many broken backs. But let it honestly be recorded that the new race of landlords are doing what the old race tried to do, and the note is one of general improvement all along the line, whether the land is in the hands of the representatives of old families or those of new proprietors.

The great desire to acquire sporting rights enhances the value of property, whether on Highland moor or Lowland strath, and where reasonably enjoyed, gives such a zest to country life, to say nothing of the plentiful shower of coin of the realm that follows in its wake.

The change to Free Trade from strict Protection altered considerably the social life of Perthshire. The Cobden school, by the shifting of industrial work from the farmer to the manufacturer, the change from 'wheat to wheels,' gradually transformed the conditions of country life, and the wealth and power has been transferred from the land to the towns. But the people have gained all along the line, for have not most of the landlords' rents found their way into the pockets of the labourers, whereby their material comfort is much enhanced?

\* Is it permitted in a note to remind politico-ecclesiastical students of the present day that the secessionists under Chalmers always claimed to be the Established Kirk of Scotland, when once the link between Church and State was broken, as was attempted at the time of the great Disruption, when so many of the Fathers and Brethren, for conscience' sake, left the fold of the Presbyterian Church as by law established and confirmed by the Treaty of Union?

In the 'forties' stage-coaches, post-chaises, and the carrier's cart were the only received mode of locomotion throughout the county. The writer well remembers that 'wonder of the world,' the construction of the first railway through the Stomont. Many were the wails, lamentations, and anathema launched against the evil thing, the demon steam, as invading sacred solitudes, frightening horses, and general degeneracy. Just as our ancestors set up a howl against the introduction of stage-coaches, and much for the same reason, † alleging the degeneracy to man and horse, were the stout hackney and pillion-riding abolished.

But 'progress' prevailed, and now our straths and glens are penetrated by King Steam, bringing many a necessity, and cheapening many a luxury to the richer as well as the poorer classes. The heavy weights on the springs of industry, as well as a perpetual annoyance, the tolls and pontages of by-gone days, have been abolished, and much satisfaction and better management have been the outcome.

Of the notable castles and mansions within the county most have preserved their original features, whilst many have been restored and improved to suit our modern requirements.

It is impossible in such an article as this to give the history of more than one or two notable families; and only a few houses more or less typical can be selected and described.

Amongst the foremost stands Blair Castle. Having lost most of its architectural features about the middle of the eighteenth century, the house has been beautifully restored by the seventh Duke of Atholl with considerable architectural truth and taste, preserving the old historic form, with additions strictly conforming to the same style. The grounds, handsomely set out and embellished under the master's eye, preserve the old landscape form, fitting so admirably with its Highland surroundings. That fine body the Atholl Highlanders, numbering some two hundred strong, was formed in 1839, as a bodyguard to accompany the late Duke George to the Eglintoun tournament. They acted also as bodyguard to Her Majesty the late Queen in 1842, for which service they received a Queen's colour.

In the early days the men were armed with Lochaber axes and claymores, and at this date are provided with the best modern rifle. It is interesting to note that the sons and grandsons of many of the old Atholl Highlanders are now serving in the ranks of that most practical and useful body the Scottish Horse, under the Marquis of Tullibardine.

The visits of the late Queen to Dunkeld and Blair Atholl in 1842 and 1844 are well described in Her Majesty's own words in her *Journal*, as well as in the *Chronicles of the Atholl and Tullibardine Families*, written in 1896 by the seventh Duke.

† See *Social England* (circa 1680).



In the latter journey Her Majesty drove from Dundee to Blair Atholl *via* Coupar-Angus and Dunkeld, so that she must have passed Delvine, where no doubt every available loyal subject, even the four-year-old young laird, the present writer, would welcome her right heartily.

In 1863 Her Majesty paid a visit to the late Duke, then on his deathbed, a kindly and gracious act from the Queen to one of her most loyal subjects and affectionate friends. The present King Edward and his Consort—then Prince and Princess of Wales—paid a visit to Blair Castle in 1872, when their Royal Highnesses were received by the Duke of Atholl at the head of his regiment, with Lord Dunmore, Lord Strathallan, and other officers. Among the distinguished guests were the late Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, 'Lochiel,' and many notables.\*

The Royal party enjoyed a deer-drive and a gillies' ball, held at that time in the old riding-school, which is now replaced by the splendid ball-room.

The visit over, a start was made for Braemar, the Atholl men escorting the Prince and Princess, mounted on hill-ponies, up Glen Tilt, fording the Tarff, and as far as the 'Bainnoch,' where Lord Fife's men, under Lord Macduff, the present Duke of Fife, took charge of the Royal party.

Deer-stalking is the chief sport at Blair, and is carried on in true Highland fashion and in accordance with all Highland tradition.

The late Duke George was an enthusiastic otter-hunter, and kept a goodly pack of useful hounds for this sport. There were not many rivers or burns in his day that were not visited, and with varied success. It is rumoured that on one of these 'hunts' a certain well-known sportsman was sent on to occupy a knoll surveying the river, and 'view' the prey away. Lo! after a time the pack came up, and there was our friend asleep at his post, 'Which shall be called "Monte Christo,"' said the Duke, and so it is to this day. Perhaps Mr Christie may explain.

A mighty man in Strathitay was a collector of all objects of natural history, and he loved to experiment on the *vile corpora* of the various fungi as well as of the various wildfowl which are to be found in abundance on the river. A certain laird, being bidden to take his dinner on one of these culinary experiments, exclaimed, 'Na, na; ye dinna catch me making ma denner aff puddock-stools and sea-pyots.'

The 'fold' (as Dr Browne euphemistically terms a herd) of Highland cattle is a grand feature of the district, as are the Highland blackfaces, the hill ponies, and the 'garrons.' These last are of a rare strain, and can as easily as they did in the forties carry a sixteen-stone stag from the recesses of Glen Merk, march gaily with a Scottish horseman fully

equipped to follow a raid in South Africa, or even an attack on Dunkeld, in this century.

Scone Palace preserves its originality, the fit home for the early kings of Scotland and for bonny Queen Marie, and, as in the 'forties,' is a hospitable centre for the county. The late Lord Mansfield, then Lord Stormont, contested the shire about 1840, and the following anecdote is given as illustrative of the jovial old days of open canvassing and open voting. On a canvassing tour through a Highland glen, along with two stalwart lairds, he entered a farmhouse, and was apparently rather long over his errand. One of his supporters went to spy. 'Losh me, Kindrogan, Lord Stormont's kissing the wife!' 'Weel, Dirnanear,' was the sententious reply, 'I dinna see hoo we can interfere.'

His lordship took a leading part in all county work, administered as it was at that date by the Commissioners of Supply, but was strongly opposed to most modern innovations. Traction-engines were his particular *bête noire*, and these were accordingly threatened with prohibitive restrictions. The late Lord Kinnaird, in his persuasive manner, tried to have these restrictions modified, but the aged peer thus disposed of the question: 'My noble friend will never be content until he has a cast-iron sermon preached by steam!'

Lord Stormont acted usefully in shaping the present County Council and bringing the various interests into line. When the new body was constituted, 'Let us hope,' he said, 'that the work may be carried on as efficiently, as economically, and as pleasantly as it has been under the old régime.'

Murthly Castle, the lordly seat of the Stewarts, has its story well told in the volumes of the *Stewarts of Grandtully*, by Sir W. Fraser. The shell of the 'new' castle was commenced by Sir John Stewart, it was said at the time, as a rival to the palace intended to have been erected at Dunkeld by the Duke of Atholl, but never finished. The old house is still the home of his successor, as it was of the old race of Stewarts, a fine specimen of baronial architecture.

The late Sir William Stewart had a varied history. His many adventures and experiences in the Wild West of America about 1830-40, involving much personal danger in the savage life of the prairies, are recounted in a 'fictitious autobiography' (Edward Warren), and published in 1854. The stirring scenes are thoroughly illustrative of the frontier life of those days, and there used to be a collection of paintings at Murthly Castle in commemoration of some of the most notable events. A beautiful chapel was built at Murthly, and dedicated to the Roman Catholic faith, in memory—it was said—of the kind nursing by the Spanish monks after some border raid. Sir William, when at Murthly, always slept in the garden-house, where, reclining on his buffalo robes, he would recall many a wild ride

\* See *Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine Families*, vol. iv.

or wilder hunt, as often as not he being the 'hunted.'

The splendid collection of conifers at Murthly was commenced by him, and is the pride of all Perthshire.

Grandtully, also belonging to Sir William Stewart, must in its old state have assisted Sir Walter Scott in his portrayal of 'Tullyveolan,' many of the features being easily traceable, although 'bees,' and not 'bears,' are on the heraldic device. The bears are the supporters on the old house of Traquair, the probable original of Sir Walter's creation.

The adoption of Craighall, the romantic seat of the old family of Clerk-Rattray, as the original 'Tullyveolan' is not so well established, and chiefly rests its claim on a fanciful story by Lockhart; but there is no doubt that the gorge of the Ericht was in Sir Walter's mind as a suitable

place in which to confine the redoubtable Baron of Bradwardine.

The venerable Castle of Methven, scene of one at least of our memorable battles of Perthshire, has not changed in outward appearance. Colonel Robert Smythe, dignified old soldier, with his ever-at-hand jewelled snuff-box and gold-headed cane, with my aunt, the eldest daughter of the late Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, exercised a gracious hospitality within and without the old walls. He was succeeded by his brother William, a noted convener and general adviser to the county for many a year; and if he repressed in somewhat majestic manner the incautious views of the younger spirits in the way of progress, it was in accordance with his own sagacious saying, 'Never abolish anything until you have something better to place in its room.'

*(To be continued.)*

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER XVI.

**T**HE shy young squire of a neighbouring small property had been strangely attracted by Ida Pegram on the several occasions when he had been over to Brayborough. It would be hard to say why; but she was clever, and she moved in a different sphere from his. And she took him in hand, and dazzled him with names and anecdotes of people until—being rather a foolish young man, with aspirations towards a society that would wring him out and throw him away like an old clout in a year—he had almost begun to think of ways and means, and to wonder whether his good old mother and chubby-faced young sister might not be relegated to the dismal little dower-house belonging to his estate.

He now stood by the chair of his charmer, offering to help her with her skates, when Betty strolled up. He gazed at her open-mouthed, having only been introduced to her in the dusk in the drawing-room at Brayborough when he had called on his way home from the county-town, and had never really seen her before.

'I think you do not skate, Miss Fitzhugh?' said Ida Pegram acidly, grasping the situation and noting the open-mouthed admiration of the newcomer by her budding admirer. 'I suppose you have no chance of learning to skate in your barbarous part of the world,' she continued rudely.

Betty stopped short and looked at her. Miss Pegram moved uneasily in her chair. In her clear voice Betty said slowly, 'No, we do not learn skating in R—shire: the winters are too mild; but we learn manners.' And she turned on her heel, a very storm of rage in her heart, visions of the stately, beautiful old home rising before her angry young eyes.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Fitzhugh. Will you let me help you?' said a boyish voice behind her; and Miss Pegram's admirer flew for a chair for her, helping her with her skates, Betty submitting to be helped a good deal, with perhaps a rather small feeling of satisfaction in seeing Miss Pegram evolving alone in the distance.

Betty was not a skater, but her nerves were steady, and her beautifully proportioned figure soon found its balance, so she began to glide along, greatly to her satisfaction, in a wonderfully short space of time, and would quickly have become proficient in the graceful art; but from the appearance of the sky skating days were numbered, and it promised, moreover, to be a very quick thaw.

The evening was drawing in; the sun was setting behind the thick belt of fir-trees that sheltered the lake from the north-east winds; the ice was becoming sloppy. The skating-party began to disperse.

The younger Miss Pegram skated hurriedly up to her sister, saying in an undertone:

'I say, Ida, I can tell you one thing, and that is that if you don't make it up with that Fitzhugh girl Daddy Forsyth will never ask us here again. He is devoted to her; she is his favourite niece. It suits me to come here, so you must do something before we go in, for she is just as likely as not to complain of your rudeness to "Nunky." I cannot think why you were such a fool, and you sent young "Neips" flying after her, too.'

Ida Pegram also had begun to regret having indulged in the luxury of being rude to the girl she disliked and envied so much, as Brayborough was a card of considerable value in her hand. So, after a little humming and hawing, with a grimace of disgust she skimmed after Betty.

'Let me help you, Miss Fitzhugh,' she said. 'I

can see you will soon pick it up; the ice is nice and clear now, and we could have a good turn. I am afraid you were annoyed at my silly little chaff. I can assure you I think Scotland quite too charming. Do come.'

'No, thank you,' said Betty sturdily. 'I can get on quite well alone. I prefer it; and I am going home,' ignoring the conciliatory tag of Miss Pegram's insincere little speech; and she skated slowly, steadily, and uncompromisingly towards the bank, leaving Miss Pegram alone with her helping of humble-pie.

## CHAPTER XVII.

**I**NTO the concerns of the other young bear of our story we cannot penetrate far. To follow the intricacies of the doings of a young man just about to start in life is beyond the power of my pen. Suffice it to say that young Fitzhugh for the moment was not doing well. Residence with a crammer who looked upon his pupils simply as receptacles for so much learning, the measure of which had to be filled by a certain date, and who cared naught for their bodies and less for their souls, was not a very favourable moral condition for a lad rather easily led, and perhaps a little weak and vain, open to be chafed into doing things he did not really care about, and which were better left undone.

London was close at hand. Need we say more? The hours of tuition over, who so free as the cubs of Mr Prosody? And a sorry use did some of them make of their freedom.

Betty, kneeling at the side of her white bed, pouring out her whiter soul to her God in prayer for the welfare of Jack, little knew of the fires he was passing through. Who shall say that her prayers were in vain? The boy was right enough at bottom, and would come quite right in time. He was a boy of refined instincts, to whom the coarser vices were repugnant. The doubtful company in which he often found himself at the instance of 'other fellows' bored him, and he secretly sickened of the supper-parties and resorts so attractive to many of them; but he would have plunged into almost any depths rather than have it supposed that he was 'better' or more virtuous than they. A strange frame of mind, but not uncommon after all. Show me the lad who would not prefer to be thought worse than better than his fellows!

The race-meetings to which he was dragged were no snare to a boy to whom the horse was but a beast that must be made to get over the ground as quickly as possible, so as to waste no time that could be devoted to shooting, and the gambling habit into which he had drifted had no real hold of him. He gambled, also, because 'other fellows did it.' No great harm was done, though he lost considerable sums of money.

The very undesirable club to which he belonged numbered among its members a poisonous set of older young men who lived chiefly by the plucking of the tender young pigeons for whom they were always on the lookout. Dunscaith was strictly entailed, and this predatory crew made it their business to find out how far they could go with each and all of their victims, and for how much plunder they were good. Drink disgusted young Fitzhugh. So, to take him all round, there was every reason to hope for his future when he had cut his wisdom-teeth and found his balance.

Geoffrey Erle belonged to this same club; in fact, it had been at his instigation that young Fitzhugh became a member—'my club' being a huge delight to the boy in his earlier days, and a sign of manhood in his young eyes. Now, however, he kept pretty clear of the older man, being most guarded in his intercourse with him, and he also fully intended taking his name off the club before long.

The fact was that Geoffrey Erle was on his last legs. His name was in very bad odour even among the not very fastidious set he moved in. Though not actually brought home to him, a certain very shady transaction had come to light, and it was doubtful if he would be able to claim the shelter of this fifth-rate club much longer. He was at his wits'end; he did not know where to turn for money. His skill at cards was no longer of any use to him, for men excused themselves now from the parties at piquet and écarté he had formerly found so lucrative, and he had surprised more than one carefully veiled glance of intelligence pass between youngsters to whom he had proposed a game, and they had inevitably shied off. The betting-ring also knew him too well; and acquaintances hurried past him in the streets and parks. 'Curious what a hurry every one is in nowadays,' he said, with writhing lips.

His position in society had always been doubtful and precarious, and he knew that he was on sufferance; but now all invitations had ceased, and he felt, as he expressed it to himself, that the 'game was up.' Some considerable time after leaving Dunscaith he had written to Betty, and his letter had been in the worst possible taste. He had ended it with a passionate sentence, erased so as to admit of its being perfectly legible. It filled her with disgust. The hateful scene at the stepping-stones came back to her with loathing unspeakable. All semi-tender thoughts towards him vanished. She tore his letter into shreds, and decided she would never write to Mr Erle as long as she lived. Released from the personal influence of the man (a factor whose power must never be underrated between young people of opposite sexes), the proud virginal nature of the girl rose in revolt, the veil was rent from her eyes, and she saw Erle as he was: underbred, brutal—in fact, not a gentleman. His letter sealed his fate with her for ever before she left Dunscaith.



Geoffrey Erle was furious at her silence, with impotent rage and passionate desire. He would have liked to injure young Fitzhugh, to get him into his power and work him deadly harm; but the boy kept out of his way and was evidently bent on dropping him; while, as to the girl, he had no hold over her whatever—not a scrap of a letter, not even a little gift to show and make the most of. He thirsted for a sight of her lovely face as a man

in the desert thirsts for clear water, and he knew that before long he must go under, and that in his social world his place would know him no more. He was doggedly determined to see Betty again somehow, and he sat in his dingy attic thinking, thinking, thinking, his hands clasping his aching head, while the traffic roared in the street below as the sea roars for fresh victims.

(To be continued.)

## OLD IRISH SILVER, AND WHAT IT FETCHES.



NE of the minor, though not on that account less pathetic, evidences of the long-continued disturbance of rent-contracts in Ireland, terminating in Acts of Parliament, that permanently left owners of land with incomes much reduced, has been the quantity of family heirlooms and relics that have come into the market. When necessities began to press in homes that formerly knew no want or scarcity of money, it became recognised that somehow or other the 'sinews of war' must be obtained for daily needs. Borrowing-powers became exhausted, and available articles of value were, reluctantly at first, packed up and sent off to dealers in such goods for what they would bring. The habit grew and the necessity increased, with the result that many a country-house in Ireland to-day is depleted of old ornaments, trophies, gifts, and household treasures that had rested secure for many generations before. To Dublin in particular, perhaps, did the majority of these goods travel in the first instance; and hence the number of dealers in antique furniture, old silver, and curios in the Irish capital has greatly increased. To London, also, many of the best specimens found their way; and the seekers after workmanship of the olden time think naught of a journey to a far-distant country-seat when a dispersal of the household gods is about to take place.

That Irish silver was beautifully wrought in former times can be seen in most of the examples that remain; and there are some peculiarities of shape and manufacture that render them different from what has been produced in other countries. The now well-known potato-ring—or circular stand on which was placed the dish containing the national vegetable—is probably unique; and the number of these, varying in kind and beauty, that have come to light show to what an extent they were in use at some former period. One of these, 'boldly pierced and chased with figures of a lion and eagle, vines, shells, and scroll-work,' only four inches high, fetched at Christie's some years ago sixty-four pounds sixteen shillings, or eighty shillings an ounce; while on another occasion, at the same place, ten pounds an ounce was realised for a similar article; which is, however, overtopped by

the price (thirteen pounds thirteen shillings per ounce) obtained by Messrs Bennett of Dublin in 1902 for one decorated like it, though eighteen ounces in weight. Again, in 1903 Messrs Christie disposed of a potato-ring thus described: 'pierced with a trellis design, repoussé, and chased with birds, festoons of flowers and fruit, and with old Dublin hall-mark.' It brought one hundred and forty-three pounds, being at the rate of two hundred shillings per ounce, and was three and three-quarter inches in height. Another potato-ring sold by the same firm was purchased for one hundred and thirty-five pounds fifteen shillings, or one hundred and eighty-eight shillings the ounce; it bore the Dublin hall-mark of 1772, and was pierced and chased with figures of birds and a squirrel among branches of fruit, flowers, and scrolls. In March 1904, from the Townsend collection, there was sold by auction in London an old potato-ring, 'pierced and chased with a windmill, cottage, a seated figure, and a swan among branches of flowers, and scrolls,' bearing the date 1760. It weighed slightly over eleven ounces, and brought one hundred shillings the ounce. On another occasion a potato-ring, dated Dublin 1757, fetched about double this amount, as two hundred and twenty-five shillings per ounce was paid for one some pennyweights heavier, the sum being one hundred and twenty-nine pounds eighteen shillings and ninepence for this ring, which was pierced, repoussé, and chased with figures of sportsmen and a lady, with buildings, trees, and flowers in scroll, having also borders with wooden lining. The above-named represent some of the specimens of these curious and uncommon articles that were formerly in general use throughout Ireland, then passed into the limbo of forgotten domestic goods, and in a later age acquired increased value both from their antiquity and peculiar construction.

The making of spoons would seem to have engaged the attention of early Irish silversmiths, and very beautiful examples are met with of this simple, homely utensil; engraved gravy and tea spoons and 'rat-tailed' table-spoons of the eighteenth century being thought worth as much as three to four shillings an ounce; while a plain soup-ladle with a shell bowl, made by John Hillery of Cork in 1765, realised five shillings and six-

pence per ounce; and four large table-spoons (Dublin, 1761) and three engraved dessert-spoons (Dublin, 1804) were disposed of for six shillings and threepence per ounce in London some years back. An old Dublin punch-ladle, chased with flowers, shells, and scrolls, having a twisted bone handle, realised two pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence at Christie's in 1903; while a pierced and engraved fish-slice (Dublin, 1795) and an old Dublin butter-spade with ivory handle were sold in 1904 for one pound fifteen shillings. Two silver sauce-boats, both described as plain, one made in Dublin and the other in Cork, each dated 1758, fetched such widely different sums as fourteen shillings per ounce for the former and forty-one shillings per ounce for the latter.

The city of Cork, indeed, shows largely in the relics left by its manufacturers, and their work is in many instances quite equal to that of their Dublin brethren. A helmet-shaped sugar-bowl made there in 1795 went for thirty-one shillings and sixpence the ounce at Messrs Bennett's rooms in 1903; and a small oval tray, bearing an early Cork mark, made its price at seven pounds three shillings. A two-handled cup with the Cork *sterling* mark, by Carden Terry, dated 1750, having scrolled handles, fetched twenty-eight shillings per ounce at Christie's; a helmet-shaped cream-jug with scroll handle, on three shell feet (old Cork *sterling* mark), five pounds nineteen shillings and sevenpence; a circular sugar-basin with narrow scalloped edge, on three feet, brought six pounds nine shillings; and a shaped plain mug with scroll handle, on round foot, four pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence. A cup with two harp-shaped handles, *circa* 1750, made seven shillings and threepence per ounce, or a total of seven pounds fifteen shillings; a circular sugar-basin, chased with festoons of flowers, on three lions' masked feet (old Dublin), brought nine shillings for each of its four ounces; and on the same occasion (the day Captain Macell's racing-cups were sold at Christie's) a bowl and cover, with old Dublin hall-mark, made within a few pence of eleven pounds.

Silver waiters appear numerous enough. In 1904 there was one disposed of at thirty-one shillings the ounce, with gadroon and shell border, dated 1730; a pair the previous year, with shell and scroll borders (Dublin, 1765), sold for thirteen pounds fourteen shillings and fourpence, or fifteen shillings and sixpence per ounce; and another old Dublin pair, smaller in size, for nineteen shillings the ounce. Robert Calderwood of Dublin made a pair of 'small plain waiters,' six and a half inches in diameter, in the year 1760, which were sold again in London in the twentieth century for sixpence less than one pound the ounce, or fourteen pounds fourteen shillings and fivepence altogether. Thomas Walker put his initials with the old Dublin hall-mark on a circular bowl and cover, 'chased with masks, foliage, and scrolls, trellis and scroll-pattern panels, and amorini supporting shields,' in the year

1740, and it realised the fair price of thirty-eight pounds eleven shillings in 1904.

Thomas Johnston of Dublin made many things that have come down to the present day. One pair of decanter-stands, with engraved borders and beaded edges, formed in 1777, brought four pounds fifteen shillings; and another pair by him, also of the same date, seven pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence. The two-handled cups with moulded handles and a rib round the centre, engraved with a coat of arms, made by John Letablere, Dublin, about 1720-40, brought forty-seven pounds; and a plain tazza with moulded border in the centre, also with coat of arms, made by John Hamilton, Dublin, in 1735, secured nearly thirty pounds on the same day; while a pair of Queen Anne circular tazze, with repoussé, gadrooned borders and feet, the centre engraved with a coat of arms of feather mantling, only eight and a half inches in diameter and two and a half inches high, and weighing twenty-two ounces, made by E. Workman, Dublin, in 1709, realised seventy-nine pounds six shillings.

David King, warden of the Dublin Goldsmiths' Guild in the year 1699, was the maker of a set of William III. candlesticks, which were thus described when sold in London in 1903: they were four in number, 'of tripod form, resting on scallop shells as feet, the triangular base finely chased with classical acanthus foliage in relief, on a ground worked to a matted surface; the stems are vase-shaped and enriched with swags of flowers and drapery, a gadrooned band below the nozzles, and circular wax-pans, all chased with bands of rosettes and interlaced ribbons.' After this description it causes no wonder that six pounds per ounce was the price obtained, the total amount for the set coming to six hundred and sixty-one pounds ten shillings. A pair of snuffers made by Alderman Thomas Bolton of Dublin fetched ten pounds per ounce; they were first put in use nearly two centuries ago.

This brief list of beautiful old Irish silver deals only with articles that have been disposed of by auction and the prices named for them in the public press. Thousands of similar specimens are in circulation and have found new owners and homes in all parts of the world. The Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland has in some of its members found worthy chroniclers of the fame of the old goldsmiths' art in Dublin and Cork; and the history of their ancient guild in the Irish metropolis, dating from the fifteenth century, has been pleasantly related in their *Journal*, where also can be found a list—the first ever attempted—of those who 'exercised the mystery' in the city of Cork from 1601 down to the nineteenth century. So profitable and so highly thought of was the craft that in the eighteenth century many of the leading families apprenticed their younger sons to the principal goldsmiths of their day, and the particularity and regard they showed to the honour of their work is borne testimony to in the examples that have come down to us in these latter days.

## THE BOXER'S DAUGHTER.

## CHAPTER III.



AT this point in the story Foster paused, lit another cheroot, and settled down to a contemplative smoke as if there were nothing more to tell. I waited a while, expecting every moment that he would take up the tale again and finish it. But he seemed to become oblivious to my presence. When the cheroot was half-through, and he was dropping the flaky white ashes for the third time into the tray, I ventured to put in a question by way of a reminder :

'Did she bring Rob to Pekin?'

'Eh?' said he in a sharp, inquiring tone, suddenly roused from his reverie. 'Oh! I beg your pardon, Dick. I had clean forgotten you. I was dreaming about Tsie. Yes, she brought him to Pekin.'

'How did she manage it?'

'I cannot say. A whole month went by before she brought him, and a lively month it was, I can assure you.'

'I came upon Alice and Macpherson, as I told you, beyond the Eastern Gate. We made for the river. We were fortunate enough to bribe a boatman, who hid us five days in his leaky and evil-smelling craft, and pulled us slowly up the stream to a bend in the river where we could make a bee-line for Pekin. And a bee-line we might have made, and brought up within sight of the city in three days, but for the disturbed state of the country. As it was, we had to avoid with the utmost care all the towns and villages *en route*, creep through the rice-fields, hide in the plantations, and shelter more than once in ruinous and deserted Buddhist temples; and it was only after seven days that we discerned in the distance the long-stretching line of the city walls.'

'Alice was worn to a shadow. She never complained, nor did she once refer to Rob in any of the very few words that she spoke during that terrible journey; but from the set of her face and the hunger of her eyes I knew that he was always with her. During her waking moments she could not banish him from her mind. Mercifully, she was able to sleep. That saved her. Still, if those days had been prolonged she would have lost her reason. Macpherson was tenderness itself while she was awake, and forcedly cheerful; but when she was asleep, and we were watching, hollow-eyed and weary, the lines of his face would settle into a dour and sorrowful expression very painful to see. We never slept while Alice was asleep. We took ours in turn when hers was over, and then only in short snatches, for we were liable to be pounced upon in our hiding-places at any moment by some prowling Boxer band. It was a very narrow squeak with us many a time; indeed, once

we should have been taken most surely but for a Buddhist priest who befriended us, and sent the suspicious searchers another way.

'It was this priest—blessings on his old bald head!—who told us that the city was in arms, and the Legations invested, and the Europeans fighting for their lives. He wanted us to stay with him, and not to venture into the weltering pandemonium ahead of us. He promised us the security of the temple cells behind the gigantic bronze image of the silent Buddha, into which no Boxer dared penetrate without his permission. He said he could easily procure food for us. He was quite alone, the last of his company, a man wrinkled with long years, and very few worshippers visited the temple at any time; so that, said he, we should be perfectly safe. Would we stay with him? And all this, mind you, out of pure kindness, and without a hint on our part of any reward. We resolved, however, to go forward and enter the Legations if possible, and take our chance with the rest. It was a better chance, after all, than remaining with the priest, for even among the very few worshippers there might be some lynx-eyed spy, and nothing could have saved us if our presence had become known. Then Alice was intent upon entering Pekin. Thither Tsie was coming with the child she was yearning for, and she must be there to receive him when Tsie was ready to relinquish her charge.

'The question we had to face, however, was this: how could we venture safely in the direction of Pekin, and secure an entrance into the besieged Legations? I knew the chief would be expecting me, and on the *qui vive* to render me what assistance he could as soon as he became aware of my arrival. I offered to go forward alone and reconnoitre, while Alice and Macpherson took advantage of the priest's hospitality, and, if practicable, communicate with the chief, make arrangements for our reception, and return for them within three days. How it was to be done I had no more idea than the man in the moon. They thought it was too risky, and tried to dissuade me, and proposed that we should move together or not at all. They were willing to share the risk, but they were not willing that we should separate. The priest thought I was mad, and that the demoniacal divinities were tempting me to destruction. But, you see, Dick, I was in Chinese togger, and the yellow stain still remained on my skin; indeed, the constant exposure to the sun seemed to have burnt it in, to say nothing of the want of a wash during the greater part of the journey; and, with my knowledge of the lingo, and a facial expression which had already served me well in more than one ticklish situation, I was persuaded that I could mingle with the mob,



and act the Boxer with the best of them. So I talked the two round, and they gave in—rather reluctantly, however—and let me go.

'You haven't got rid of the stain even yet.'

'No; but it is gradually disappearing. It isn't quite the same subdued saffron that it was then. You would scarcely have known me, Dick, in that sickly colour, and with my face touched up and settled into this shape—see!' and he elevated the corners of his eyebrows and drew back the muscles of his jaws until, for all the world, he looked like a Celestial. I could not forbear a smile. 'There!' he continued, resuming his normal expression, 'picture me in national costume, and with that look upon my face, helped out here and there by a deeper stain, and you will readily understand that my greatest fear was not that the Chinese would penetrate my disguise, but that my own friends, if I came near enough, might shoot me for a Boxer.'

'The priest was able to furnish me with an enormous sword and an antiquated bow with a sheaf of arrows—the former to further help out my disguise, and the latter to enable me to carry out a project which was already forming in my mind. I started in the night, and entered Pekin unchallenged and unsuspected with the dawn. It was an easy matter to attach myself to the floating rabble of the city, and to pretend to take part in the attack on the Legations. To my surprise and indignation, I found that the regular troops also were engaged in this nefarious design, and that the anti-foreign palace clique, who were then in the ascendant, basking in the favour of the guile-loving Empress Dowager, were fully aware of it. A piece of dastardly and treacherous work was this, openly connived at by those who were bound by all the ties of international friendships to protect the very people whom they were now strenuously attempting to overwhelm and destroy. From these regular troops I kept aloof, and mingled only with the mob. My chance came on the very first day.'

'I had prepared a short letter to the chief, and wrapped it neatly round one of the arrows. When the favourable moment came I uttered a fearful yell—which was almost lost, however, amid the yells of the demons about me—and let the shaft fly. High above the buildings it soared, and I watched it fall softly well within the enclosure. There was nothing more to be done. The rest I had to risk. No answer was possible. But I was hopeful that the white band closely and neatly tied round the arrow would be noticed by some one, and passed on to the man for whom it was meant. If it came into his hands, I knew that he would not fail me. At midnight on the third night following I expected that willing helpers would be ready to assist us into the fortified buildings of the Legations where they abutted upon the city wall.'

'By eleven o'clock on the night named the wall was looming like a great black line immediately before us. We had approached the city with the utmost

possible cautiousness, unobserved so far as we knew, and we were now creeping through the semi-darkness from shadow to shadow towards the blacker shadow still which was cast by the straight, high line of solid masonry all along the ground. Once within that blacker shadow, we should be ready to take advantage of the help we were expecting as soon as it came. We reached it at last, and pushed forward rapidly over the intervening, uneven space, until we were huddled and pressing together against the wall itself.

'We were early—too early for our comfort. As the minutes passed tardily by I became increasingly anxious. The suspense was painful. What if my message had miscarried? What if a watch had been set beneath the wall, and the sentry should discover us, and give the alarm before the time came to help us in? I could feel Alice's slender form quivering beside me. We dared not speak. We had to wait, and to think our own thoughts without exchanging them, and to quell our fears without the assistance even of a friendly whisper to each other. How slowly the time went! We seemed to have been there half the night, when suddenly, causing Alice to start, the great midnight bell boomed out its message, the bell of "The Maiden's Shoe," leaving behind it that peculiar sighing tone which serves to keep the tradition alive. My heart sank within me. Midnight had come, and there was no sign of help from the summit of that gigantic wall.

'The tone of the bell, however, was still vibrating through the quiet midnight air when there came floating across it a long, low whistle. My heart leaped at the sound of it; my spirits rose; my fears vanished. Help was at hand. I answered the whistle softly but clearly, knowing that it would carry far on a night like this.

"Foster, is that you?"

"Yes!"

"Are the others with you?"

"Yes; we are all three here."

"Right!" returned the chief, for it was he. "Look out for the rope! We have a pulley rigged up all in readiness, and we'll have you on the top of the wall in the twinkling of an eye. One at a time, and, of course, the lady first."

'Down came the rope, a little to the left of us. I seized it eagerly, and helped Macpherson to place his wife within the triangular section at the bottom of it. The chief had been thoughtful enough to place a board across the base of this section; through a couple of holes at each end of the board short lengths of rope were passed and knotted securely underneath; above, they met at the apex of the triangle, and formed with the board an excellent and comfortable seat. When Alice was within it I gave the signal, and she rapidly drew away from us up the side of the wall, showing that strong and willing hands were pulling at the rope, and ready to receive her at the top.

'In a few minutes it was down again.

"After you, Macpherson," said I, holding it for him.

"No," he replied; "you first."

Barely were the words out of his mouth before a cloaked figure sprang upon him out of the darkness, and struck at him so fiercely that, with a groan, he fell senseless to the ground. I whipped out my revolver, but I was reluctant to fire lest the noise should bring others upon us. How many there might be lurking in the darkness I could not tell. Grasping the short barrel, I struck at our assailant with the rough butt-end just as he bent to lunge with his weapon at me. He was a shorter man than I, and my stroke, a downward one, took him between the eyes and rolled him over without a sound. I fell upon him instantly, and slipped the blade out of his nerveless fingers. It was a formidable dagger of native workmanship. I had caught sight of the steely glint of it as my arm descended, and the thought had flashed through my brain that poor Macpherson must be very badly wounded, perhaps killed outright. If the fellow had resisted ever so slightly when I took his weapon from him, if he had stirred at all, I believe I should have slain him with it. My impulse was to slay him, and I instinctively drew back my arm in preparation for the stroke; but as he lay there perfectly motionless I shrank from a deed that seemed to me at the time very like murder.

Macpherson uttered no second groan. I placed the dagger in my belt, and lifted him from the ground. Limp and heavy was he, and the warm blood from the wound somewhere about the neck or shoulder ran over my hands. With a great effort I managed to settle myself in the chair, and to pass my arms first about the ropes and then around him. Soon we swung clear of the ground. We were pulled upward very slowly, and, notwithstanding my careful attempts to prevent it, we spun round and struck the masonry two or three times before we came to the top. I could hear the laboured breathing of the men who were hauling at the rope as we drew nearer. They were panting with their exertions when they gripped us and pulled us over the parapet. Macpherson was a

dead-weight, and I could not assist them. It was as much as I could do to keep my hold of my wounded companion, and I bore the marks of the ropes across the muscles of my arms for many a day.

The men could hear that something unusual was taking place in the darkness below them, but they knew not what. From the extra weight—and we are neither of us small men—they surmised that we were both in the triangle, and that one of us must be injured. They were not surprised, therefore, when I told them in a whisper to handle Macpherson carefully. My first thought was for Alice. I did not wish her to overhear me. I wanted to save her, in her weak condition, from what might easily prove to be a fatal shock. So I whispered my instructions, and then turned to the chief.

"Where is Mrs Macpherson?"

"Gone to the women's quarters. My wife was here, and took her away at once."

"I'm glad of that."

"Why?"

"Because if her husband isn't killed he's pretty near it, and she is not in a fit state just now to hear news like that."

He told one of the men to run for the surgeon. Then he said, "How did it happen?"

I told him, and he thought with me that the whistling, soft as it was, and the few words we had spoken, had attracted the attention of the guard; that the fellow had crept upon us silently while we were watching Alice's ascent and securing the rope the second time; but we could neither of us understand why he was alone, and why he had uttered no warning cry. Surely there must have been others on duty as well as he, and he could easily have summoned these others to his assistance instead of attempting single-handed to despatch us both. He must have been quite stunned by the blow I gave him. So far as we could discern from the top of the wall, he had not yet recovered his senses. The chief smiled at my squeamishness, and said it was a pity I had withheld my hand. He certainly deserved the quietus I was tempted to give him with his own blade.

## THE VANISHED SALON; OR, THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.



AD it is, but true: with the literary salon has vanished conversation carried to the point of a fine art. Men and women talk, but they no longer converse in the traditional sense of the word. The art of conversation has indeed had no protracted reign. Its zenith was reached under the famous Madame Geoffrin and still more famous Mademoiselle de

Lespinasse; its nadir followed the closing of Madame Mohl's doors a century later. 'Happy period,' wrote Sainte-Beuve of the former epoch, 'when existence was devoted to sociability, and every circumstance was rendered subservient to the most engaging intercourse, the choicest conversation!'

The eighteenth century was a talking age. Interchange of ideas upon every conceivable topic formed the staple occupation of cultivated, leisurely

folks. In one sense the age may also be called a second Renaissance. A succession of startling scientific discoveries had recently been made; and poets, philosophers, great personages, and fine ladies now threw themselves heart and soul into the latest revelations mathematical, geographical, astronomic. Newton and Locke had given an impetus which was followed throughout Europe, especially in France. Never in any period of the world's history did people talk so much, so well, and to so much purpose. Hence the *éclat* of the eighteenth-century salon.

Two contemporaries of Voltaire played a leading part in this brilliantly intellectual cycle. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse has recently been introduced to the general English reader by a novel based on her story. Equally renowned as a cultivator of conversation is her friend Madame Geoffrin. The history of both women is curious and very characteristic. Like most of the great men she invited to dinner weekly, Madame Geoffrin belonged strictly to the bourgeois or middle-class. The daughter of a valet in the service of the Royal Family, married at fifteen to a rich nonentity, she combined the prim sedateness of her social status with the romantic tendency of her time. Madame Geoffrin it was who released Stanislaus Poniatowski from prison by paying his debts, a service he repaid by an invitation to his Court when King of Poland. This journey was the only one of a long life spent exclusively within the boundaries of Paris, and as exclusively devoted to table-talk.

Her sole schooling had been conversational, nothing more. Brought up by a grandmother 'who talked so agreeably of things she knew nothing whatever about that no one regretted her want of information, and whose clear intelligence and mental alertness and perspicacity stood in place of knowledge and instruction,' the little girl learned to read, to reason, and express herself adequately. 'My grandmother made me think,' she wrote to her friend Maria Theresa. The austere bourgeoisie, who dressed with Quakerish sobriety and tied her cap under her chin *à la Maintenon*, was on intimate terms with kings and queens as well as with *beaux esprits* and philosophers.

The secret of Madame Geoffrin's success as a hostess did not, however, lie in conversational gifts. She had taken La Bruyère's maxim to heart: 'The art of conversation consists less in displaying it oneself than in developing the powers of others.' She gave the key-note; others supplied the melody.

There was one difference between her salon and that of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The Egeria of D'Alembert, the middle-aged authoress of immortal love-letters, could not afford hospitality. Her visitors dropped in from five to nine o'clock for the sole purpose of talking. No refreshments were offered. Madame Geoffrin, on the contrary, being rich, gave bi-weekly dinners—dinners, to quote Dr Johnson, 'worth inviting a man to.' Only men—and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse—were invited, the

hostess being of opinion that the presence of her own sex at a dinner distracted the attention of the other, and rendered conversation fragmentary. These brilliant weekly dinners were followed by little choice and restricted suppers, one or two ladies, queens of the *grand monde*, being then admitted to the latter.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse made up for want of position, fortune, and good looks by intellectual and social endowments. Her personality must have been magnetic, for as a very young and quite inexperienced girl she took captive that *blasé* leader of society and woman of the world, the Marquise de Deffand. When, after ten years' partnership, the pair quarrelled, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse inaugurated a literary centre of her own, outshining the salon of her patroness. The most eminent men, the most distinguished women, became habitués of the Rue de Bellechasse. During four successive hours daily the hostess would by turns talk enchantingly, and, in the words of a contemporary, communicate her intellectual alertness to her guests. 'Our minds, our characters, were so well known to her,' adds Marmontel, 'that a word from her sufficed to bring out both.' And, like another celebrated Frenchwoman, the heroic Madame Roland, she possessed in its entirety her own language; rich in ideas, she ever expressed them in choice and forcible French.

Madame Recamier's salon bridged over the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and Madame Mohl's, which closed its door with the fall of the Second Empire, may be said to terminate the series. The cold, statuesque lady preceding her reigned as a queen of beauty, swaying men rather by loveliness than wit or eloquence. It is now confidently believed that Madame Recamier's nominal husband was her own father! During the perilous days of the Revolution, alike her life and her honour had been saved by this fictitious marriage.

The salon of M. and Madame Mohl held in the gloomy Rue du Bac during the régime of the third Napoleon, at least Napoleon so-called, had this peculiarity: madame was a clever but eccentric Englishwoman, and monsieur was a typical German. The vivacity of the one and the learning of the other, who had taken French nationality, account for their social success. They gave very good dinners, too, after which hosts and guests would doze on sofas or in arm-chairs, waking up with renewed vigour for the reception that followed an hour later. The open-sesame of this charmed circle was a conversational gift. Whenever, away from home or amid new acquaintances, Madame Mohl heard a witty retort or brilliant speech, she whipped out her pocket-book and secured the utterer for her salon. As every one of note frequented the Rue du Bac, her invitations were always welcome. The quaint little old lady—for she was past middle age when she married M. Mohl—had one weakness she never got rid of: even when an octogenarian she affected



the ringlets and *robe décolletée* of a former period. When on a visit to English friends during the Franco-Prussian war she disappeared just before the arrival of visitors invited expressly on her account. Afterwards she explained to her hostess that she had retired for a few minutes for the purpose of putting her hair in papers, as it had got out of curl!

Many circumstances account for the dying out of the literary salon under the Third Republic. Neither a free press nor free speech had existed under the Imperialist régime. What with the awakening of the political spirit and the passionate fervour of parties, other interests became relegated to the background. In small groups people met together no longer for the discussion of literature, the arts, and science, but for the thrashing out of political and social questions. If conversation as a fine art no longer flourishes in France, our neighbours have by no means lost the gift of easy, lucid, and copious expression. The French mind is logical, and as a vehicle of expression the French language is unrivalled. It is rare indeed to hear random thoughts haltingly put together in France. Especially noticeable is this among the young. A youth, for instance, will pay a visit of ceremony to a recent hostess. Without the slightest hesitation or awkwardness he will at once enter upon some topic of the hour, do his best to prove entertaining, and having, in French phrase, 'been at the cost of conversation' (*'fait les frais de la conversation'*) for a quarter of an hour, will make his obeisance and take leave. The peasant will also think before opening his lips, framing his speech deliberately; and among all classes natural aptitudes and a tendency to reason are fostered by education and bringing up. Declamation is assiduously taught.

With ourselves, unfortunately, too often prevails the national happy-go-lucky, hit or miss, take me or leave me method of expressing our thoughts. We are apt to neglect the conversational development of children, and social intercourse does not repair the omission. In so far as materials of table-talk go we are infinitely better off than

the contemporaries of Madame Geoffrin and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; but minor matters occupy the time and attention of those men and women who make up what is called society. Golf, tennis, hockey, polo, and bridge form the staple of conversation.

Outside this section are others equally unfavourable to the furtherance of table-talk. One class is solely occupied with philanthropy, another with social work, a third with labours in the educational field, a fourth with novel-reading. Never, surely, at any period of history had human beings so little leisure for the interchange of ideas as average English men and women at the present day.

The enormous demand for novels is doubtless due to such excess of mental activity and differentiation of interests. Daily wear and tear both physical and mental leave little margin or taste for conversation. Topical matters are just touched upon, that is all. Goethe's axiom, 'What we do not discuss we fail to grasp,' is for the most part ignored. Much interesting and illuminating discourse takes place among the thinking few; but we can boast of conversation neither as a fine art nor as a national accomplishment.

There is surely a fine field for feminine initiative here. Alike in society and the home, conversation is very much what women make it. If hostesses would taboo perpetual chatter of golf and bridge the tone of table-talk would be at once raised. Clearness of thought and clear, direct utterance are acquired not at school but in the home. The mother who, like Madame Geoffrin's *bonne maman*, trains her children to think and to express their thoughts accurately and agreeably, confers upon them an inestimable boon and at the same time benefits the world in general. Society would become more interesting, intercourse would be more stimulating, and hospitality in the material sense of the word would be less onerous. Hosts and guests might meet, as under Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's roof, in order to talk, without the enticement of costly banquets and collations.

## A MYSTERIOUS TREASURE-CHEST:

A NARRATIVE FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE VAN GIESENDAM FAMILY.

By WILLIAM RUTHERFORD.

**F**OR more than five generations a tradition, or rather an old tale of the sea, has been transmitted from father to son in our large family; and although some accretions have attached themselves to it, as has frequently been the case with oral traditions in the absence of actually written historical narratives, this particular story is faithfully believed to be true by every member of our Van Giesendam family.

My grandfather was past ninety years of age when he used to tell me how this narrative thrilled his childish mind when told to him as he sat upon his grandsire's knee.

I well remember, myself a boy of ten years, how intensely interested I became when, in our old Yorkshire home on a winter's Saturday night, we had gathered about the kitchen fireplace, how we youngsters piled on the firewood, how the flames roared up the huge chimney, how the gale shrieked without, while the great oaks bent and

creaked as the snow-whirls came in gusts. Then all were silent, and my father began the story, as we drank in the tale and marvelled.

The narration continued through four or five Saturday nights, and after each nightly recital how timidly we climbed the narrow stairs to bed, and how we buried ourselves in the billowy feather-beds and fell asleep, dreaming of Holland (the home of the former Van Giesendams), Java, the Indian Ocean, pirates, doubloons, and, in short, of all sorts of impossible things! Again, in the long July evenings, as we sat beneath the trees in the apple-orchard in the gloaming, my father would delight us with an absorbing tale gathered from the exhaustless 'book.' What the book was we did not comprehend in our early years; when we were older we were told of the singular discovery of this most singular book. Of the nature of this book we will ere long furnish a full and detailed account.

My great-grandfather, Petrus van Giesendam, was born in Welskue, a small hamlet not far from Amsterdam, in the year 1740. He is the hero of our tale, and first told his marvellous experiences to his son, which have been told and retold through the passing years even down to the present day.

The following is the story, the simple story as told in 1780 by Petrus, who was at that time a man of forty years of age. He died in Amsterdam in the year 1800. His son Egremont came to Yorkshire in 1804. From him came the numerous Van Giesendams who are generously sprinkled throughout the north of England.

#### THE STORY.

I, Petrus van Giesendam, first saw the light in the village of Welskue, Holland, in July (the 14th) 1740. My honoured father was a shipping merchant of Amsterdam, trading in ships to the Dutch colony of Java. I pass on, omitting mention of my childhood, in which naught of special interest occurred. At seventeen years of age I had completed my course at the Latin School of Amsterdam, that old centre of learning situated on the Bruicke Canal, where for centuries the youth of Holland had been educated. To complete my scholastic pursuits, my father sent me to Bonn on the Rhine, to the great university.

This was a rare chance, at which I eagerly grasped. I matriculated in due course, and remained for two years deeply engrossed in the study of science and languages, hoping in time to take a post-graduate course, desirous of a doctor's degree. I received one Saturday night a letter from my father telling of the sudden decease of my dear mother, and at the same time begging me, as he was then quite alone and had fallen into a depressed state of mind, and his business affairs did not look at all prosperous, to abandon my university career and return at once to Amsterdam.

He desired me to enter his office and assist him with the labouring oar; in short, to acquire the details of the business which he had inherited

from his father, and transmit the same to future generations.

To make a long story short: with many misgivings and sacrifices, I returned to Amsterdam, entered the family business, and made such favourable progress that at twenty-one years of age I became my father's partner, and to me he yielded 50 per cent. of a richly paying business. I gradually became as deeply interested in invoices and bills of lading of sugar, coffee, indigo, cochineal, and other Javan staple products as I had been in the eager race after science, and in the pursuit of roots, verbs, and phrases of half-a-dozen languages.

I was always a very busy man, always energetic in whatever I attempted; and after the day's thought and labour, what a delight it was to ascend to the outlook on the roof above our office, and view our ships and brigs as they came from and sailed to the rich and valuable Dutch possessions in eastern Asia! There was ever a halo of mystery and magnificence in my imagination hanging about the very name of Java and Sumatra. I thought of those charmed localities by day and often dreamed of them by night, never expecting to behold that Eastern paradise.

In the autumn of 1764 I suffered from great nervous depression, accompanied with fever and calentures; for nearly six months I was useless to my business and a burden to myself. Good old Dr Taedings, who knew my constitution and every bone in my body as well as our ships' repair-book knew every timber, plank, and beam in our sailing craft, put his foot down firmly, and emphatically declared I *must* take a voyage to Java in one of our own ships; the sea-air, he insisted, would make a new man of me, and the change of scene and diet would save my life. The very thought of this voyage so delighted me that upon retiring to my bed I actually slept through the entire night, a blessing which I had not enjoyed for more than four months.

I acted upon the doctor's advice, and in ten days' time I packed myself aboard the good brig *Tanzer*, two hundred and ninety-three tons burthen, and sailed away through the Zuider Zee out into the North Sea, bound to Batavia. I pass by the wonders of the deep; the long day's sunshine; the glorious nights, now brightened by innumerable brilliant stars fastened by the great Master-workman's hand in the dark, silent blue vault above, again doubly brilliant with the silver beams of the radiant moon, lightening the wave-caps and rendering the sea all about us dazzling like a veritable silver path. It occupied one hundred and seventy-two days to complete our voyage, when at last down went the red iron anchor and held fast in the grand and picturesque roadstead of Batavia. I was a new man, entirely renewed in tissue and fibre. I felt as if I could fell an ox, and entertained no doubt as to my ability to devour a large portion of the same.

I spent nearly two years in Java, travelled from

one end of the island to the other, climbed the glorious mountains and enjoyed the curious flora and fauna of that very remarkable island. I learned, too, the details of sugar-making and many of the secrets in the culture of cocoa, coffee, and many other valuable products, the knowledge of which proved of great value to me in after years in the profitable conduct of my business. I made a close study of india-rubber and hardwood forests, and my ships were the first to fetch into Holland the gum of the rubber-tree and valuable dye-woods.

It was in December (the 16th, I think) 1766 when I set sail for Amsterdam. As the anchor was weighed and topsails sheeted home, our course was directed seaward with a full moon shining down upon that giant mountain looming behind Batavia known as Gunong Salak, which rears its lofty summit above the clouds to a height of over seven thousand two hundred feet.

Our little bark, the *Operdoork*, had been at sea nineteen days when, one sultry afternoon, the first officer came aft into the cabin, and shortly thereafter the captain, with 'Chips' the carpenter, went forward, where they remained fully one hour.

The captain returned alone to the cabin, and when I entered, a few moments later, I found him in a deep study poring over a chart of the Indian Ocean which he had spread upon the table. With an anxious face he was hard at work with dividers and parallels, with now and then a glance at a tell-tale compass which was screwed to a beam in the ceiling above. I asked, in alarm, what was the cause of his anxiety; upon which he seriously informed me that the four large water-butts stowed in 'the eyes' were leaking badly, and in twenty-four hours the ship's crew would be reduced to a *single water-butt* of two hundred gallons. To ensure the safety of all, he thought it his duty to make for the nearest land, in order to resupply the bark with fresh water, after repairing the water-butts.

'Now,' said he, 'the island of St Paul's is bearing south-east by south-half-south, eleven hundred miles distant, but I find on my chart a tiny islet two hundred and seventy-five miles nearer, on the same course. I purpose to run for this islet (St Gobbo), eight hundred and twenty-five miles distant.'

As part-owner of the bark and cargo, I gave my full consent, and begged him to press on as rapidly as possible. No sooner were the words out of my mouth than the captain shouted to the man at the wheel, 'Steady your course there; keep her south-east by south [we had been steering due east for ten days], and let her go at that.' The bark came round to her course gently, thus bringing the wind just abaft our beam, and a cracking breeze it was, too; and with all her canvas drawing, the 'old girl' scrambled along in fine style, making no less than nine knots. If this breeze held we could make St Gobbo in less than four days, and by God's grace the wind did hold, strong and fair, and we did make it at 11 A.M. on the fourth day, after

squaring away and running for it. This wee islet was merely the top of a sunken volcano; its height, however, was considerable, with riven giant boulders scarred and barren, whitened by age, as it reared itself alone in the ocean, where it appeared long ages ago when the foundations of our globe were first laid. Oh, the desolateness and solitariness of this scrap of earth's surface as it appeared to us as we approached it!

We came to anchor inside a coral-reef of dazzling whiteness, behind which grew literally thousands of palm-trees; and as for ferns and wild-flowers, they presented a perfect picture.

The water was so transparent above the white coral bottom below that we could in ten fathoms deep see our anchor and trace the iron cable right away up to the hawse-pipe. An eighth of a mile from the shore the islet extended upwards to an elevation of about five thousand feet or more, a conical formation, with faint smoke issuing from the apex and drifting to leeward in light clouds. The circumference was not over four miles in extent. This spot was a very tropical paradise, like the bright land of the lotos-eaters where it seemed 'ever to be afternoon.'

At five o'clock we rowed ashore, the captain, the first officer, the carpenter, and myself, with two sailors plying the oars. We made the boat fast to a palm-tree and sprang up the bank, beyond which, among some dark ferns, we soon discovered a spring of cool water.

We took our bearings, and made a white cloth fast to a small tree to direct us on the morrow, when a singular incident took place, of which I proved to be the hero. I had strayed perhaps two or three rods beyond the spring to collect some fern-fronds and wild flowers, when I tripped and fell flat upon my face. With difficulty I extricated my foot from an iron ring-bolt; and upon my crying out my companions came upon the scene, and we soon discovered a buried iron sea-chest such as ships in those days usually carried on long voyages. So firmly was it embedded in the ground, and so stiff was the ring in its position, that we simply marvelled with astonishment. The sun was setting, and as darkness in the tropics follows quickly, we decided to return to the ship and begin work on our 'find' early the following morning. To come and go was quite safe, for there was neither man nor beast on this solitary islet, but birds without number had their abode there unmolested.

Very early on the following morning we returned with a party of six sturdy sailors to unearth and fetch to the ship the mysterious chest. We were furnished with picks and crowbars, and carried with us the cooper's broad axe, with which we cut down saplings and made rollers. We made an excavation, and managed to turn over the huge chest, which proved to be in a sad state of decay and rust; in fact, its handles were quite rusted away, and many of the great knobs or bolt-ends had completely disappeared.



We found the outer case of the chest very badly gaped and yawning with loosened joints. It occupied no less than three hours to roll and haul our burden to the boat. Then arose a difficulty, for there were no means of getting such a heavy weight into our boat. The chest was, in fact, six feet long, two and a half feet wide, and eighteen inches deep, and we computed its weight at over half a ton. To solve the difficulty, we rigged a stage-float upon four tight water-casks, and in this manner managed to convey the cumbrous mass to our ship. With a pair of strong slings and all hands swigging away at the downfall, we finally got it safely on the deck at sunset.

The next morning, by the aid of a couple of cold chisels and a heavy top-maul, we removed the outer case, and by freely plying our chisels we managed to cut away one end of the inner chest, and upon removing the contents we found, with much surprise, that we had actually come upon a gold-mine.

I subjoin a memorandum of the contents, a copy of which, with the items themselves, I delivered to the collector of the port of Amsterdam upon our arrival there:

A copper box of Spanish workmanship containing twelve hundred and forty-one doubloons, a strong tarred canvas bag with seven hundred and ninety half-joes, about two hundred pounds value in loose Spanish silver, among which were found many spade guineas of 'Olde Englands.' We also discovered no less than seven jewelled swords such as were worn by naval officers, and a goodly lot of curious old silver plate quite black with age—some pieces, I noticed, were church-plate.

There was a small silver heart-shaped box containing precious stones of great value; there were many gold rings, nose-rings, ear and finger rings, and curious anklets and bracelets of rare Indian workmanship; beautiful work of mother-of-pearl; wonderful Oriental chains; crucifixes; gold-beaten skull-caps such as are worn by women of the East; silken robes, stiff (but faded) with gems and jewels. We also discovered a roll of valuable Italian parchments. There was a masonic pyramid of pure gold eight inches high studded with jewels, also other masonic emblems, and items of value too numerous to mention. There was one object which deserves particular mention: this was a silver five-pointed star ten inches across. A diamond was set in its centre, its radii were encrusted with gems, and its effect upon the eye was overpowering.

In a silken pouch I discovered a globe of Japanese crystal having silver wings. This crystal was no less than five inches in diameter, and resembled a mass of purest water.

A bale of priests' robes and a pair of silver candelabra closed the list. These latter were doubtless a portion of plunder taken from some Romish church.

Having safely stowed away the chest's treasures, we turned our attention to obtaining a supply of fresh water. To cooper our casks and fill them

occupied four days; then we weighed anchor and stood away for Agulhas, the very southernmost point of the continent of Africa. That remarkable headland was doubled without any unusual event happening, and on the twenty-eighth day we called off St Helena for water and fresh vegetables; and after a voyage of one hundred and seventy-seven days, on June 11th, 1767, we came to anchor in the harbour of Amsterdam, with its old familiar dikes, canals and bridges, and sand-dunes, and with the kindly sunlight gilding the spires and roofs of the dear old Rathhaus.

As owners of the bark we received from the collector a receipt covering the contents of the sea-chest. Promptly the Dutch Government divided the valuables *pro rata* among the owners, officers, and crew; even the cook and cabin-boy received their portion.

My father and I purchased many curios and valuables from the sailors, which are to this day safely retained as sacred mementoes in the Van Giesendam family; and they will, I trust, remain such for future generations.

One fact I will mention which has ever been kept a secret in our family; that is, when the chest was opened on the deck of the bark at St Gobbo, among the many articles hereinbefore mentioned I found and retained a package weighing about three pounds. This I opened secretly in my cabin the same night. After removing three wrappers of tarred canvas and a thin leaded paper covering, I discovered a book ten inches long by five inches wide, which proved to be the most remarkable volume I have ever set eyes upon. Its stout covers of Italian leather, closed by means of a very curious silver clasp, were stamped originally with gilt embossing, which had lost its former brilliancy through a very long period of disuse. Its pages were of that peculiar kind of vellum or parchment for which the Italians were so celebrated in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and these vellum pages were perfectly preserved in every way. The title-page was beautiful to behold, as it was engrossed by a master-hand in brilliant colours, and this fact gave to it the true flavour of Florentine art. This remarkable book had its origin on the sea. It was developed, not in Florence, or Pisa, or Venice, as one might readily suppose, but the wide, boundless sea claimed it; for at the bottom of its title-page we find inscribed in gilt letters:

'OCEANUS,'  
A.D. 1694.

*Scriptisit Guicomo Guardiano.*

Doubtless this singular work was engrossed and compiled on the high seas by the Italian whose name is mentioned above. By his own account in the preface, Guardiano was a native of Pisa, born in 1629, and had been liberally educated at the University of Bologna. After leaving Bologna he entered a Spanish warship, and became lieutenant on board the *Carolo Secondo*.

In 1660 he, with a score of followers, seized a small brig in Valencia, and sailed for Mexico to cut off certain Spanish galleons bound with treasure for Spain. For thirty years, under various names, he roamed the seas, a reckless, daring pirate. His autobiography written in this book reads like a novel. He was a clever scholar, and was conversant with the languages of Spain, England, and Italy. The language employed in the preparation of the book is, strange to say, in very fair English.

Here is to be found a tabulated list with names of English, French, and Spanish, as well as other vessels burnt or destroyed over a period of many years. There are finely executed charts of coasts along the shore-line of Mexico and New England, also of localities along the fringe of the Indian Ocean, and many islands of Polynesia, together with accurate soundings in many harbours.

There are memoranda of various landmarks where this daring pirate had buried 'certain windfalls' of treasure. Doubtless even at this day these marks might guide a clever mariner to a small fortune. This singular book also contains a remarkable table of logarithms for computing lunar and solar observations, also telling how to find a ship's position on the ocean when sun, moon, and stars are obscured. The drafts of ships, mountains, landmarks, and palm-trees appear like engravings. Very interesting is the draft of the harbours of Manila, Hispaniola, Vera Cruz, Batavia, and others in the Far East. His pharmacopœia is very cleverly arranged, and his method for allaying fevers and for curing calentures is novel but efficacious.

There are many sea-songs jotted down, which appear to be written in a different handwriting from the other parts of the book. These are unique and quaint ditties, no doubt the precursors of later songs; a few even seem to foretell the immortal Dibdin, that king-songster of the jolly, roving sailor.

I will not prolong the description of this wonderful volume. The Van Giesendams treasure it as if it were gold. It has been preserved through five generations, and I trust my descendants will never part with it.

Among the names which this sea-rover assumed was one alias, Hansius Rupertius. From the State archives of Antwerp we learn that the above-named pirate was hanged in chains in that city on July 27th, 1696, or two years later than the date of the book. The night previous to his execution he confessed to a Romish priest that the most precious of all his buried treasures would be found on an island two days distant from St Paul's Island (he did not give the position of this island). No less than three expeditions were fitted out secretly by certain knowing ones of Antwerp to recover the treasure, but all to no effect.

What others had sought for in vain at great expense and trouble we had unexpectedly discovered while we were merely looking for ferns and fresh water.

### THE MAIDEN STACK.

This is a Northern legend, told  
When nights of winter are dark and cold;  
Told in the peat-fire's kindly glow—  
This wild love-tale of long ago!  
While far to seaward the waves fall back  
From the desolate spires of the Maiden Stack.

A MAID was she, of mortal maids most fair;  
Prouder, alas! than mortal maid should be.  
Around her ivory bosom fell her hair  
Rippling like sunlight on a summer sea,  
And under level brows her steadfast eyes  
Gazed cold as when on snow the wintry moonlight lies.

So much she scorned love and life's homely ways  
That on a fearful island-pillar's head  
She lived aloof her lonely nights and days,  
Where never foot save hers had dared to tread;  
And vowed the man might win her who should dare  
Climb the grim pathless steep, and clasp and kiss her there.

One night the moon full-orbed hung in the sky,  
And the shamed stars had vanished in her light;  
The tide, bound in her silver slavery,  
Crept upward with a marge of foamy white;  
Only the narrow strait lay, sullen-black,  
Between the mainland and the towering Maiden Stack.

And from the height the Maiden's eye could know  
Each reef and skerry to the open main;  
And backward, up the narrow winding vœ,\*  
The cloudless radiance showed each patch of grain  
Pale on the barren slopes; and, close beside,  
Poor huts where hearts with love and life were satisfied.

There was no voice of any screaming bird,  
No swooping heron whistled far below;  
In the clear silence not a sound was heard  
Save the faint lapping of the tidal flow,  
Or far-off booming, like a tolling bell,  
Where on the outmost drongs† the vast Atlantic fell.

There sat she on her pinnacle of pride  
Binding her hair, without a hope or fear,  
And basking in the silence glorified  
Of plenteous air and moonlit spaces clear,  
When close beside her rang a bitter cry  
Full filled with more than pain or mortal dread to die.

Athwart the tufted verge the Maiden hung.  
Lo! one had dared all that a man might dare.  
Under the eyebrow of the cliff he clung,  
Yielding his victory up to dark despair;  
Far, far below, his skiff lay like a shell  
Amid black teeth agape to grind him when he fell.

O Love-in-Death! passion most purified!  
Most all-compelling! Knelt the Maiden there,  
She stretched white arms, she drew him to her side;  
Then in the glory of her golden hair  
He twined his bleeding hands, and, nigh fordone,  
Drew down her face. They kissed. Thus was the Maiden won.

M. FALCONER.

\* Narrow inlet of sea.

† Isolated teeth of rock.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### BYGONE PERTHSHIRE; OR, SOCIAL LIFE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Sir ALEXANDER MUIR MACKENZIE, Bart.

#### PART II.

**T**HE Menzies family of Castle Menzies were truly notable in the forties. Lady (Caroline Norton) Menzies was a splendid old-fashioned Highland lady, with her multitude of dogs, busy among her sheep, and as able to ride from Edinburgh to Rannoch as to lead off in the historic Perth Hunt medley—a remarkable *grande dame*. The late Sir Robert Menzies and his brother Fletcher are associated with the best recollections of the agriculture as of the sport of the day, both indefatigable walkers, Sir Robert having performed many feats in that line. He once, when in the Militia, beat the coach from Perth to Aberfeldy. On another occasion he started from Rannoch with sheep to sell at Fort William, but not choosing to sleep at the Fort, took the road home, missed his way at Loch Ericht, and so on to Dalwhinnie, having twenty miles to walk back to his breakfast at Rannoch.

He had a happy knack of 'hitting the nail on the right head,' to use his own quaint expression; and woe to the wight, be he personal friend or foe, who should make a slip at any of our many county meetings. There happened to be an island in the Tay, a constant source of dispute between Sir Robert and the opposite riverine proprietor, Lord Breadalbane. The latter, in his supposed rights, sent his men to cut and stack the rough hay on the island. The wily baronet bided his time, sent men and carts across the water during the night, and lifted the crop to his own side, writing to thank Lord Breadalbane for being 'so good as to cut and cole his hay for him.' I do not think the hay ever recrossed the water.

Few in Perthshire—ay, and beyond Perthshire—but remember hospitality as practised in that venerable mansion where Sir Thomas Moncreiffe and his beautiful wife, Lady Louisa, held sway.

Their much-admired daughters were just growing up—eight—if *moins que les Muses, plus que les*

*Graces*. Sport was of the best, as life was of the merriest. Sir Thomas was *facile princeps* as a good shot, golfer, and curler, with such comrades as 'Dupplin,' Lord Charles Kerr, and many other well-known sporting cronies. A shoot on Moncreiffe Hill, with its infinite variety, was a white-star day.

John Grant of Kilgraston hunted the Perthshire hounds for many a day, and some notable runs were recorded. I remember seeing the meet on the lawn at Delvine, whence Meikleour woods were drawn, and a good fox took the hunt to Newtyle. The exigencies of farming, wire-fencing, and pheasant-preserving have relegated this sport to the shades. The writer was witness to the murder of a 'tod' at Rohallion in the early sixties, making, by the way, the thirteenth variety of game shot on that day.

Even now in many a Perthshire home are treasured memories of the old risings, and relics of the period are jealously preserved. During the times under review there were living personages who had almost been in touch with the leading notables of the Jacobite period. Among the Jacobite relics, literary as well as material, there is a very fine collection at Blair Castle, made by the several Dukes of Atholl, while the stories of the '15, '19, and '45 are well and interestingly told in the volumes of the *Chronicles of the Atholl and Tullibardine Families*, by the seventh Duke, 1896.

At Meikleour the descendants of the late Baroness Keith and Nairne conserve the Jacobite associations of the place, and the Oliphants of Gask have many a relic to show and story to tell.

At Delvine there is a case of miniatures, gloves, and other relics, together with a 'pardon' to George Mackenzie, 'son to Delvin,' signed 1725, and original letters from Flora Macdonald to Mrs Mackenzie of Delvine. There are many other collections, but notably those at Fingask, where the Threiplands conserved so much of Jacobite spirit and



loyalty. Among the happiest recollections of the writer are those of the late Sir Peter Threipland and his sisters. The story of the family is well told in a memoir by Robert Chambers, LL.D., in 1853, but some personal and social recollections may well be added. With what pride did the three old ladies—the Three Graces they were called by the wits of the shire—display to their friends the tartan-plaid of Prince Charlie, and the many other relics they and their forebears had gathered together! With what gusto they would sing ‘Bonnie Prince Charlie,’ ‘Awa,’ Whigs, awa,’ and such-like spirited Jacobite ditties! Judge of the consternation when, at a notable conversazione at Edinburgh, these ladies, being asked by no less a good Whig than the redoubtable Fox Maule himself to sing a good Scotch song, struck up ‘Awa,’ Whigs, awa,’ and when it was whispered to them there were some strong Hanoverians present, said, ‘Would ye prefer to hear the “Wee bit German lairdie”?’

Their faithful serving-man had his ideas on many lately appointed baronets, averring there were in reality but five—all Jacobite—among the first, naturally, he of Fingask. ‘But, John, there are more than five,’ ‘Hoots,’ says John, ‘the deil tak’ the rest.’

I wonder can any one now sing the old song describing the fate of King Arthur’s sons, the ‘miller,’ the ‘weaver,’ and the third, whose climax is thus described :

And the devil ran away with the little tailor,  
Wi’ his broadcloth under his arm.

Considerable changes in sporting methods have taken place, a good deal due to improvement in the weapons now used as compared with those of bygone days. The breech-loading rifle and gun have taken the place of the old-fashioned muzzle-loader—its impedimenta of powder-flask, shot-bag, wads, and caps being now replaced by the handy cartridge. E.C. is used instead of the noisy and cloud-obscuring black powder, and quieter shooting, if not better, is the result. But the best-known sportsmen in Perthshire were very loath to give up their muzzle-loaders, shooting with them until the very latest date. Deer-stalking is carried on much as in the days of Scrope, and a description of a day with ‘Tortoise’ or ‘Lightfoot,’ as told by that inimitable writer, or a deer-drive in the forest of Atholl, is much on the same lines as in the forties.

The use of the expanding bullet is, in the long-run, more humane to the stag, although possibly not often affording the picturesque ‘bay’ in a birch-fringed torrent, so beautifully depicted by Landseer in his illustrations to Scrope’s work.

Grouse-shooting in those days was exclusively over dogs, and driving was practically unknown. Lodges were models of Spartan simplicity. To recount a brief personal recollection of the ways of the forties :

About the end of July preparations would be made for a migration from the Stormont to the Pass of Drumochter—a pairfect exodus, quoth

my old nurse—forty miles distance over the great Highland road to Inverness. The dogs were sent off to walk *viâ* Pitlochry (in which town there was then no slated house), provisions despatched in special carts, and the servants by mail-coach. The family followed in barouche-and-pair, changing horses and postillions at Dunkeld, Moulinearn, Pitlochry, and Dalnacardoch. How we all packed into the then small lodge with its limited accommodation is difficult to understand. We youngsters had to climb to our garret by a ladder. There was a huge peat-stack for fuel; while an outside bothy served as quarters for the gillies, as gun-room, and general store. From the rafters above would depend two polished bullock’s horns, one of which served for ‘pouther,’ and the other for ‘mountain dew.’ A large roll of pigtail tobacco hung near the door, from which each man would cut his daily allowance. Our own ponies, at that time easily picked out of the droves that traversed the country, would be sent on to carry the panniers.

Renting moors commenced, I believe, about 1809, and to illustrate the increase in rents, that of Drumochter was about eighty to ninety pounds for the season, while now the price paid is about eight hundred pounds, giving at the same time very much improved accommodation as compared with the primitive quarters in the olden days. But down to so late a date as the close of last century stood a shooting encampment of the old style. On the shores of Loch Erich, opposite gloomy Ben Alder, stood two or three tents which, with a shepherd’s bothy, served as sleeping and dining apartments. A heather bed and a peat in which to place the guttering candle served as furniture; the burn acted as bath and basin. Grouse would be calling outside the very door, but you must climb the steep brae behind the camp to secure a blue hare or two, else you went supperless to bed. The host, gallant old Sir Robert, was deadly enough with his muzzle-loader, which antiquated weapon took a good deal of charging, the wads as often as not being supplemented by utilising the scrap of newspaper that, having served as wrapper for the frugal lunch of oatcake and cheese, justified its existence by assisting as part of the charge in dealing death and destruction around.

The off-days would be spent rowing the four-oared boat up to Dalwhinnie loaded with grouse-boxes. The up-to-date sportsman would look in vain for a croquet-lawn, a game of bridge, and the latest edition of the gambling news.

Golf was ever a Perthshire game. Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, George Condie, James Condie, ‘Golfing Charlie,’ with such professionals as Allan Robertson and Bob Andrews, and whiles Lord Charles Kerr, the late Lord Kinnoull, and Major Boothby, were constant frequenters of the North Inch at Perth. As an offshoot to Perth there was the Delvine course, a good enough round for the clubs in use in those days. The flat-headed driver, ‘lang,’ ‘mid,’ and ‘baffy’ spoons, cleek, heavy (and they were heavy)

and light irons, with wooden putter, were alone in use, with the feather ball in lieu of 'gutties,' haskells, or any of the new style of golf-ball.

Salmon-fishing has a strong hold on the Tay, and the present up-to-date fishermen may be congratulated in not having to wield the huge 'flails' that were used in the bygone days. The uncountable and unaccountable collection of 'flies,' together with a quantity of curious 'lure,' give, or ought to give, more chances than we had with such flies only as the 'black dog,' the 'dusty miller,' the 'wasp,' and occasionally a small minnow. Sir John Millais rejoiced in a day at Dunkeld or Stobhall, and John Bright, the people's 'Rienzi,' was 'many a time and oft' seen landing a fish in the lower reaches.

In bygone days a good morning's sport could be had at Delvine stalking wild geese through high broom-bushes, while now not a puckle remains enough even wherewith to fashion a curling-besom.

Once a year the great Perth Hunt meeting of all notabilities in Perthshire, with a few chosen friends from the adjacent kingdom of Fife, took place on the North Inch of Perth.\* Races of more or less merit were viewed from the grand stand by ladies of high degree, while the lords and the lairds congregated about the steward's box or the then small ring. The science of racing has never been a Perthshire strong point, and occasionally ironical comments have been passed on 'them 'ighland chiefs' who, arrayed in philabeg and sporran, appeared impervious to the persuasive requests of the professional bookmaker.

In the evening the county rooms at Perth were crowded with 'stalwart men and bonnie lassies,' dancing 'high and disposedly' the dignified quadrille, the trois temps waltz, intermingled with strathspey and reel, finding a climax in the historic medley. This ceremonious rite is still strictly adhered to, and is thoroughly characteristic of the county. A mixture of the dignified minuet and the abandon of the Hungarian *czardas*. In Charles Reade's novel, *Christie Johnstone*, the contrast between the stately crotchet of the strathspey and the wild demi-semiquaver of the 'reel o' thulichan' is graphically put; but the medley of these two is an excellent exemplar: first the slow measure, with dignified action and grace, in its somewhat intricate manoeuvre; then to the wild crash of the fiddles, and an accompanying 'Hoch' or 'Heigh,' it is down the middle and back, set to corners, for all the world like the revel in Alloway Kirk, with lads and lassies to fill the place of Cutty Sark. Heavy and ponderous were the suppers and speeches. Rounds of beef, turkeys, and 'jeelies,' washed down by an abominable compound of port wine negus called 'plottie.'† The innovation of the first stand-up

supper in 1875 was strongly resented, and was humorously described by Sir R. Menzies in a travesty of the 'Barrin' o' the Door.'

On the close of the ball, at some 'short hour ahint the twal,' it was the custom for the roisterers to adjourn to the Royal George Hotel and finish the night with grilled bones and a bowl of punch to put them in good trim for meeting the Perthshire 'John Peel' in the morning.

Curling was in strong force during last century. In fact, a well-known baronet wrote thus on some important matter: 'Business is all very well, but it must not be allowed to interfere with curling'! It is told of the Dunkeld Club that once, after a match at Blairgowrie, 'the Duke of Atholl was taken away by Bailie — to his dinner, and we to the hotel. It was getting late, and the late Mr Christie was sent to say it was time for the road. "Oh, Mr Christie," says the hospitable Bailie, "come and sit down.—Annie, a tumbler to Mr Christie." Again the party at the hotel despatched another messenger. "*Même jeu!*" as the French say, and down sits Mr Jack with his tumbler, and so on till the translation was complete, and the whole of the Dunkeld curlers were seated at the Bailie's hospitable board, not to rise till a very early hour "o' daylight."

Agriculture in Perthshire has undergone many changes, but always on the line of advance, as testified by the fine breeds of all classes of stock and the heavy and well-cultivated crops of cereals and roots, aided by improved transport and intelligent use of hand-labour-saving machinery. 'Pity the puir whaals,' an old lady cried when she heard that a new illuminant was to take the place of the evil-smelling oil-lamps of old; and each new machine received its anathema as tending to displace manual labour. 'There's the wives coming down to brak yer machine,' the present writer heard when he brought the first reaper into the Stormont, the said 'wives' being anxious to 'sheer' the hay and corn crop with the antiquated hook or sickle. Yet what farmer would not secure his crop with a reaper and binder if he had the chance of working on the more speedy system?

The abolition of the law of hypothec, whereby a small farmer obtained eighteen months' credit, for that of forehand rents, naturally changed the character of the applicants for farms, the former class pledging their skill and hard work, the latter finding the necessary capital for a rent to be paid before the crop is disposed of. Discussing the expediency or legality of this method of charging a rent on this security, says a supporter of the system: 'Man, it has divine authority. How could Adam pay his rent until he had reaped his first crop' (of apples)? The change was inevitable to satisfy all interests; but there are many now successful farmers who owe their start and present position to the humble law of 'hypothec.'

A review of agriculture, and indeed of most of the

\* The proper distinction used to be 'Princes of Perthshire' and 'Folk of Fife.'

† Why so called no one knows, but in *Jamieson* to 'plot' is to burn or scald.

social life of the county, would be incomplete without some reference to one who for many years was a singularly happy link between all classes. The late Mr James Small of Dirnanear, a typical Highlander, as much respected for his sound judgment in matters of business as beloved for his kindly, helpful nature, was a prominent man in the fifties and sixties, as in all meetings, county, sporting, or social, he was ever a useful and joyous spirit.

Time and space do not allow of more pleasant reminiscences, and some, indeed, may have been omitted or unduly curtailed; but even this imperfect

sketch may recall memories of bygone days, and I would fain hope that he who has to record the events of later years may have as pleasant a task as this one has been. If we have not marched as speedily as some might wish, we have not walked over a precipice. If 'human natur' has caused us to see life not exactly 'eye to eye,' it has not plunged us into revolution; so may each of us say, 'Meant well, tried a little,' (even though) 'failed much,'\* from our hearts believing,

If each of us will do his best,  
God Almighty does the rest.†

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER XVIII.



HE shooting expedition to Longmarsh after duck and wildfowl, the long walk home in the dusk, and the pleasant talk had drawn Lord Harlestone and Betty very much together, and insensibly a new phase of the friendship between them was entered on.

She attracted him immensely; not so much by her beauty, though that was undeniable, but her charm was so great. Who can analyse charm, and say in what it consists? It is quite independent of beauty, some lovely women lacking it completely. Betty was such a strange mixture of joyous child and pathetic woman, with a note in her soft voice that sometimes reminded him of the birds on the lonely shores of the remote land where her race had reigned so long. There was a queer little dignity about her, very taking, and she never giggled, or clipped her words, or talked slang, or made faces of fascination.

In Betty's eyes he stood out detached from the throng at Brayborough, a tower of strength and comfort in the house, where the guests did not trouble much about any one or anything which did not directly concern themselves and their amusements. He had a way, too, of being at hand at moments when Betty felt lonely and in need of a friend.

Lady Forsyth's letters, interviews, visits, dress, card-playing, and naps took up all her time; and though most kind and affectionate always to Betty, she did not interest herself in the girl, or try to find out how it was with her, what she was doing, what friends she was making. A childless woman, and not wishing it otherwise, the mother-feeling had been left out of her composition altogether. There are many such women.

Lord Forsyth's time was likewise fully taken up with innumerable matters connected with his estate, position in the county, horses, hounds, and a thousand things; but he kept a kindly and watchful eye on Betty, and had her with him as much as was possible, picking his company for any out-of-door arrangements, exclusive of hunting, in which she could join, Lord Harlestone being always included;

the two men, despite difference in age, being staunch friends, liking and respecting each other.

The result of all this was that Betty and Lord Harlestone were much thrown together, and she had drifted into a habit of turning to him, consulting him, and appealing to his opinion on many points as a matter of course.

Will it be believed when I say that the thought of love in connection with Harlestone had not entered her head, though his companionship had become so necessary to her, and so much part of her life, that she sometimes said to herself, 'What should I do if Lord Harlestone were to go away? He is so good to me.' And his handsome, high-bred face rose before the eyes of her mind.

In some ways Betty was more like a boy than a girl. Her bringing-up chiefly in remote Dunscaith, without the companionship of other girls, often so unwholesome—I might say poisonous in many ways, with prurient discussions, burning curiosities, and vague longings—Jack and she counterparts of each other in most tastes and pursuits, had left her mind a white sheet as far as questions of love and marriage were concerned.

Lord Harlestone was quite unaware of his own feelings towards her. I do not think aforesaid thoughts come into the mind of a man as they do into the minds of most women so quickly and with such concentration. If they did in passing, he put them aside with a scoff; but his hand thrilled at the soft clasp of hers when they met in the morning and parted at night. He gave himself recklessly to the moment and to the pleasure he felt in the society of one so fresh and real as Betty. He was a mighty hunter, not a marrying man, he told himself, and a trip to the Pamirs, with visions of big game, and so on had been much in his mind. Lately they had taken rather a back place, and Betty's little face, with its serious look and brown eyes, came oftener before him than the great horned creatures to whom he had been faithful for so long.

\* R. L. Stevenson.

† Browning.



## CHAPTER XIX.

**T**HE southerly wind and the cloudy sky and the hunting morning were all there at last. The thrushes and blackbirds pulled long worms out of the lawn, and chortled over them among the evergreens. Soft gray clouds, with a white light behind them where the sun was, covered the sky. Many drops were on the thorns, and a smell of earth and dead leaves in the air.

The meet was at the house—a pretty sight always; the non-hunting ladies, beautifully arrayed in velvet and fur, on foot and in carriages; horses, horribly fresh after the frost, squealing and arching their backs like cats; saddles feeling very hard and slippery; rough-riders on plunging young horses; the inevitable boy on the pony, in every one's way; the beautiful sleek hounds, calm and expectant; the huntsman, purple of face and civil of tongue; the whips, smart and workman-like, making strange remarks to the hounds, particularised and emphasised by far-reaching lash: who does not know it all, down to the glasses of cherry brandy so difficult to imbibe on a fidgety horse? But with dear Whyte-Melville's inimitable volumes sitting on their shelves in serene superiority, unapproachable in their descriptive power of this wonderful and most attractive of sports, who shall dare take pen in hand and give a history of a day with hounds? So let us humbly try and relate little things that happened.

Betty was to ride Erl King, a great, raking chestnut that required some riding. He was a magnificent fencer, and with her light weight on his back, would make little indeed of the stiffest country. She came down to breakfast looking trim and sweet and fresh as a rose—a white rose always!—her well-fitting habit and neat little boots perfect and correct. The Miss Pegrams looked at each other. They had settled in their own minds that the Fitzhugh girl would certainly not be likely to ride.

'How should she, living up there? I suppose a barebacked pony is about all she was ever mounted on,' they said sneeringly.

Of course the Miss Pegrams rode. They did everything; but, as they confided to each other, they only liked riding horses 'that did not do anything.' The latest kind of habit always had a place in their huge dress-baskets; but on this occasion Lord Forsyth had said he would be unable to provide them with mounts. They had omitted to tip the groom on a previous visit, so that worthy had reported to Mr Leather, the stud-groom, that 'them Miss Pegrams always gives 'osses sore backs;' which remark had percolated to his lordship's ears, to be made a note of.

'There are a couple of crocks at Braybridge livery stables, if you and your sister like to hire, Miss Pegram,' he had said. 'They can both gallop

and jump. Several people from here have ridden them.'

So, as they did not like to be left out of anything, the 'crocks' had been sent for, and at that moment were kicking up the gravel outside.

'I suppose you have not had much practice, Miss Fitzhugh,' said Ida Pegram as they stood over the fire in the drawing-room warming their boots. 'If you like you can ride about with Mabel and me. We do not follow on strange horses that we know nothing about,' she said sourly.

'Thanks,' said Betty. 'I always ride with Uncle Forsyth.'

'Come along, Betty,' said his lordship, putting his head in at the door. 'Run and put on your hat. We will mount in the stables. I have had your sandwiches and flask of horrid cold tea put in the saddle, dear.—I think your nags are at the door, Miss Pegram.'

Uncle and niece betook themselves to the stables by the covered way that led to them from the dining-room. Betty patted the shining neck of her splendid mount.

'You'll find the King a bit skippy after the frost, miss,' said the stud-groom as he swung her into the saddle. 'But, lor'! that won't make much odds to you,' he said to himself, looking after her admiringly as she and her uncle paced out of the stable-yard.

Lord Harlestone joined them on the lawn.

'Well, you have got a few stone in hand, Miss Fitzhugh,' he said.

Erl King snatched at his bridle and executed a little dance. A shade of anxiety crossed Harlestone's face.

'Leather said Erl King was a bit skippy,' said Betty, with a joyous laugh; 'but he'll soon settle down when they find. He's such a darling!'

And the great horse arched his neck as if he understood.

The Miss Pegrams were seen approaching. They did not look their best on horseback, sitting up to their pommels in an ungainly manner, and their hats never looked as if they would remain on their elaborately dressed heads. The 'crocks' were not behaving very nicely either; horses always take advantage of nervous riders, and they grunted and squeaked, and made mild attempts to buck. They were excellent, useful creatures, with not an ounce of vice between them, and they loved hunting and hounds, and wanted to gallop and jump and enjoy themselves, and they did not like the Miss Pegrams.

Ida Pegram clawed at the reins. Her animal curveted up against Erl King's glossy flanks, which he resented.

'I think you should ride him on the snaffle, Miss Pegram,' said Betty kindly. 'I know he is supposed to have a very good mouth.'

Ida Pegram turned green with rage and fear.

'There is Uncle Forsyth beckoning,' said Betty to Lord Harlestone. 'They must be going to move.' And they trotted up to his lordship, leaving the Miss Pegrams to their fate.

Mrs Williams had accepted a mount from young Hamond of the Guards, to his enormous pride and delight, not quite unmingled with misgiving. The animal was an excellent hunter, with a very light mouth.

'He will jump anything you put him at; but you must leave his head alone,' he said as she put her foot in his hand preparing to mount. With dismay he observed a nasty little spur on her heel, but did not like to say anything.

The bay gave a plunge as she settled herself into her saddle, and he saw that there was no fear of her being unseated easily.

'Preserve us, what hands, though!' he said to himself. 'He won't face a hurdle if she pulls him about like that,' as Mrs Williams pranced about, turning to this side and that to show off her figure, and patting the bay's shining neck, on which the veins stood out.

The hounds at last moved off. It was a bad scenting day, and the crowd headed the fox more than once. The coverts near the house were drawn for the best part of the morning, which suited a great many people very well indeed. Cantering across grass fields, trotting down muddy roads, thronging through gateways, regardless of the heels of kicking horses, advertised though they might be by the warning ticket in the rider's hatband. One thrusting young farmer got a resounding smack on the knee-cap from the iron hoof of a young thoroughbred ridden by a second horseman, and his language scorched the air. Little fences taken at a fly by some who rode to sell. On went the hunt.

'Hang this coffee-housing, Betty!' said his lordship as they sat on their horses outside a covert. 'Hark! what's that? They've found, by Jove! and I do believe we shall be in for a good thing yet. He is sure to break at that corner, please the pigs. Come along. There, I told you so; there is a hat by that gate!'

They jumped a small fence, and settled themselves down with beaming faces into their saddles. The field had thinned considerably now that the real business of the day had begun. Some went home; some rode down lanes to points they knew of;

some, bolder, followed lines of gates, earnestly hoping none might be found to be locked. The second horsemen rode in groups, posting themselves on any rising ground they could find. Hounds were running well and fast, there was no doubt of that.

A rough-rider, schooling a young horse, came crashing along, making a big hole in a stake-and-bound fence, and getting over with a scramble into the same field with the hounds.

Mrs Williams, sitting down well in her saddle, came tearing across the same field. A saw at the bay's mouth, a vicious application of the spur, both as unnecessary as cruel, and he refused the fence.

'D——!' said the lady, bringing her crop down savagely on his glossy shoulder. 'Look at that beastly girl. How I hate her!' as Betty, with a joyous smile on her lips and a light in her eye, steadied her great chestnut for the fence, which he flew like a bird. 'And look at that fool Harlestone following her,' continued Mrs Williams, with another whack on her horse's neck.

History does not say whether she eventually surmounted the obstacle; but she appeared at the tea-table that evening in a still more beautiful tea-gown than usual, with yet blacker lashes, quite as pleased with herself as ever.

It was a real good thing, as Lord Forsyth had hoped and expected it would be, and but few saw it out. The brush was presented to Betty. Erl King had carried her splendidly, making nothing of her light weight over the osiers with which that part of the country was well supplied, and she rode him with judgment and care, as if she loved him, and he responded gallantly.

She, Lord Forsyth, Lord Harlestone, and Mr Hamond rode home together, and Lord Harlestone did not think much of the Pamirs that evening.

Young Hamond rather moodily wished that he had not wasted a day's hunting by lending one of his string to Mrs Williams. He had been told of her difficulties at the fence by a kind friend (there always is one), and knew pretty well what had happened to poor Cherry, his bay hunter, and who was in fault. It was not Cherry.

(To be continued.)

## FISH-HOSPITALS.



**A**LITTLE trout that inhabits the New York Aquarium, while jumping for a minnow, chanced to strike its nose against the glass wall of the tank in which it was kept. The accident caused a sore spot to form, which was noticed by the watchful keeper. At once he sent for the man who is called the fish-doctor, and the little trout was taken to the hospital.

It may seem strange that fish can be treated in a hospital; but this forms a very important addition to the New York Aquarium, which is one of the

largest in the world. It contains fish from nearly every country on the globe, including the species which live in fresh-water as well as salt-water, and ranging from specimens a few inches in length to great man-eating sharks as well as black-fish. Where so many varieties are kept in confinement it is a well-known fact that they frequently become injured or afflicted with some disease. Unless of an unusually hardy variety, they seldom recover from the trouble, dying sooner or later. For the purpose of healing injuries and relieving the fish of any diseases which they may contract, this curious

hospital has been arranged. It is divided into regular wards—tanks of water. One is for fish suffering from contagious diseases, so that they can be kept from others. Of course the larger fish are kept by themselves in a 'ward' of suitable dimensions. Another ward is provided for those recovering from their ailments; while the 'surgical' cases, as the fish-doctor calls them, are likewise kept by themselves.

Since the hospital was opened the doctor and his assistants have learned some interesting facts. One is that salt-water is an excellent remedy for many diseases of fresh-water fish, and if they are left in the salt-water a few days or possibly weeks, it often heals sores caused by their striking the aquarium walls or other fish, as well as the growths of fungus, to which smaller fish especially are very susceptible. The salt-water is obtained directly from the ocean, but is weakened by mixing it with a certain proportion of fresh-water, and it is also kept at a temperature about the same as that of the water from which the 'invalid' was taken. On the other hand, if salt-water fish are treated to an occasional bath of fresh-water of the right temperature, it has been found very beneficial for them.

Every care must be taken in removing fish. They must not be touched with the hands except when it is absolutely necessary. Even in using a net, skill must be exercised not to injure the fish. One will understand this when one knows that to take a fish out of water amounts to the same thing as putting an animal or a person under water. Imagine some giant whose hands are as large as your body taking you from a nice warm bed and suddenly plunging you into a pool of cold water and holding you submerged for several minutes. That is the sensation of the fish brought into the air. So the transfer of an injured fish from one tank to another must be done gently and quickly.

The most common disease among fish is the growth of fungus. If not properly treated, the fungus will spread over the body of the fish till it dies. A wall-eyed pike, for instance, had its gill and one side of its body almost covered with fungus when it was taken to the hospital; but the disease soon showed signs of yielding to the treatment. Pickerel are the most susceptible to fungus formations. The common brook-sucker is the most stubborn in yielding to treatment when disease has once taken possession of it. Trout and salmon were formerly troubled very little with disease, but they are now seen in quite large numbers under the care of the fish-doctor. The carp is an exceedingly hardy fish, and is seldom sick. The goldfish is usually in good health, but occasionally has inflammation of the gills. This is precisely the same affection as inflammation of the lungs in a human being, and leads ultimately to consumption and death. When the goldfish once gets this disease there is no cure for it.

The men who handle the fish actually believe that when those which are sick are taken to the

hospital they seem to realise that their keepers are doing all they can for them. Although some of the fish are very savage in their normal state, once put them in the accident-ward and they become subdued and peaceful. Many fish of different varieties are often placed in the same tank in the hospital, but none of the patients attempt to make it unpleasant for the others. Some of the fish are treated for wounds they receive in fighting. Once two sturgeons became involved in a fierce fight. Before the keepers had discovered the disturbance the fish had cut each other with their lance-like bones. They were placed in the accident-ward, where one died. The other, although badly cut in various parts of the body, recovered, and is now back in his old tank.

The surgical operations form the most remarkable treatment of the fish sent to the hospital. In very bad cases of fungus growth, the foreign substance is removed by the knife. Sometimes abscesses are lanced, but it is seldom that these operations prove successful, and they are only resorted to in extreme cases. Frequently, however, fishes are operated on when their air-bladders fail to perform their functions. A deep-sea bass lost complete control of his air-bladder. Of course he was helpless. He turned over on his side and could not sink, as the sac was filled with air. He would have soon died in his helpless condition, as his gills were above the surface of the water. The bass was taken up carefully and a surgeon's needle inserted just behind the pectoral fin into the air-bladder. The air escaped, and the bass was again able to manage himself. A few days in the hospital tank healed the puncture in the air-bladder, and then he was as well as ever.

The reason why the air-bladder becomes unmanageable is principally due to the rapid manner in which the fish is pulled out of the water when captured. It is brought quickly to the surface with its mouth open. When it is caught, its air-bladder is filled with water so as to enable it to maintain its specific gravity at a great depth of the sea. The suddenness with which it is jerked to the surface prevents it from properly ejecting the air, and congestion is the result. Under these circumstances the fish suffers out of water much as a person does when drowning. The conditions, although reversed, are similar in effect. So it is proper to speak of a fish having been drowned.

A treatment for deep-sea fish when they are unable to expel the air in their bladders is massage. A young shark and a dog-fish were once doctored in this manner with the most satisfactory results. They were unable to expel the air from their air-bladders, and would have soon drowned had relief not come promptly. The operator—one might properly say the masseur—grasped the fish firmly by the tail with the left hand, and, drawing its body out of the water upon a shelf reaching into the tank, allowing the head to remain submerged, massaged the back of the gills toward the nose.



After a few minutes' action of the hand, the air was forced out of the bladder and rose to the surface in a series of bubbles. When liberty was given to the fish, it swam away as if nothing had happened.

The habits and peculiarities of the fish in the aquarium have become so well known to those in charge that they are able to note every symptom of disease. This watchfulness is the means of saving the lives of many of the specimens placed there. One may tell by the countenance of a man if he is feeling distressed, and symptoms may be observed in fish. A black bass dying from asphyxiation becomes pale in colour, but five minutes after death resumes its natural colour. By close study, certain peculiarities have been observed in all the species, and it is through these indications that the 'doctor' keeps his charges in such good health and nurses many of them back to health.

The temperature of the tanks is closely watched. For the tropical fish a temperature of from seventy-two to seventy-three degrees is maintained. For

the semi-tropical fish that come to these waters in July and August the temperature is kept at sixty-eight. For fish that remain in the waters about New York the natural temperature is continued. Fish like the striped bass are easily cared for, as they make their homes in the bays and rivers of New York State the year round. They are, however, the aristocrats of the finny tribe, as they summer at the seashore, and when the cold weather comes, move to their winter homes up the rivers.

When a fish is nearly well he is taken from the other patients in the hospital and placed in a convalescent tank. Sometimes it is not safe while he is convalescing to put him in a tank with other fish, especially if he is of a pugnacious nature, for then the old desire to fight will come back to him. The angel-fish—whose name, by the way, belies his habits—is a good example of this. One of these fellows was recently sentenced to solitary confinement in the aquarium because he was so vicious in disposition that he killed two of his mates.

## THE BOXER'S DAUGHTER.

### CHAPTER IV.



MACPHERSON had been struck under the breast-bone, and the blade had run deeply into the upper part of his left lung. Evidently his assailant had aimed at the heart, and a slight swerve on Macpherson's part had saved him from instant death. Alice knew nothing of it until the following evening. Completely worn out with her unusual exertions, and with the sorrow, silently borne, arising out of the uncertainty as to what had happened to Robbie; soothed also by the gentle ministrations of her own countrywomen, to which she had long been a stranger, she slept soundly, and only asked for her husband when she awoke wonderfully refreshed late on in the afternoon. She was thankful that his life had been spared. Again I noticed that while suspense played havoc with Alice's nerves, when she was brought face to face with actual calamity she pulled herself together, and became calm and steady. No more devoted nurse could Macpherson have had than his wife. He would have been gone long ago but for her assiduous attentions. He would never have left the Legations alive. And Alice herself, now that there was another pressing call for her sympathy and service, did not brood so much over the absence of her child.

'My work was cut out, along with that of the others, in defending the Legations. We were fiercely set upon by the swarming rabble, and we had to beat them off time after time. Our greatest fear arose from the attacks of the regular troops. Their efforts to capture the Legations were more systematic, and they were armed with modern

weapons. But so long as our ammunition lasted we were confident that we could hold out; and we were hoping every day, and sometimes against hope, that the relief expedition would reach us ere we were reduced to our last cartridge.

'These attacks were made mostly from the surrounding streets and buildings, and not from the open ground beyond the city wall. We were fairly free from molestation on that side. The wall was too strong and high, and the ground before it too exposed, to give them any chance of success there. But within the city, in the narrow streets and among the angular buildings, they were sheltered, and could shout their execrations, and wave their banners, and fling their weapons, and fire at us without running any great risk themselves. For, notwithstanding their belief that the initiatory rite into the Doubled Fists of the Heavenly Harmonies had made them invulnerable, they showed a careful regard for their skins and a wholesome dread of the leaden messengers that swept aside their magic and laid them in the dust.

'One beautiful evening, ten or twelve days after our entry into the Legations, my attention was drawn to two people, a man and a woman, who were gazing toward the city wall. As soon as they saw that I had noticed them, the woman made a sign as if to detain me, and they came nearer. They were in Chinese costume. The man was armed in the Boxer fashion: a huge sword depended from his belt, and a dagger like the one which had been used against Macpherson was thrust into a handy sheath by his side. I examined them through the binoculars. The man's features were hidden beneath the broad brim of his conical hat,

and the woman's face was muffled in a wrapper. What they wanted with me I could not imagine. I kept them under the surveillance of the glasses until they were close under the wall. There, after a whispered word or two, the man left her, and retired to a point of vantage whence he could survey the whole length of the wall that formed the outer limit of the Legations. By his movements I gathered that he had posted himself there to watch against the approach of any one at all likely to bring them into trouble, and to warn his companion.

'The woman threw aside her wrapper and lifted her face. I had no need now of the binoculars. I knew her at once.

"Tsie!" said I, in perfect amazement. Then, my mind leaping immediately to her promise, while a sudden fear clutched my heart, "Where's Robbie?"

"Quite safe," she replied. "It was him I came about. He is in the city, in the care of those who will do him no harm."

"Why have you not brought him?" I asked, greatly relieved.

"I could not. I dared not until I knew that I could see you, or my master or mistress, or until I could send a message to one of you. I scarcely dared to come myself. My father brought me."

'Ah! here was the secret source of Tsie's information about the movements of the Boxers. Her father! He was one of them. But his love for her, daughter though she was, must have been stronger than his hatred of the foreigner, stronger than his attachment to his curious spiritual creed.

"We are running a great risk," continued Tsie, "and we are not at all sure that some stealthy footstep is not following us, and that the prying eyes of a very cruel enemy are not searching out our whereabouts to betray us into the leader's hands. We must be gone. I came to say that at daybreak I will bring Robbie with me if you or the master will be here to receive him."

"The master cannot, Tsie. He is wounded almost to death."

"Alas! I am very sorry for him."

"I will be here."

"It is well."

'Before I could speak another word she had muffled her face again and was moving toward her father. I watched them till they were gone, and thought, even as they thought, that our brief interview had been unobserved.

'I was on the alert long before daybreak. The same rope that had helped us into the enclosure I had in readiness—upon testing it I found that it ran smoothly over the pulley—and I had secured the assistance of a couple of strong men to whom the weight of Tsie and the child would be the merest trifle. For fear of disturbing Alice and distracting her attention from her husband, who needed all her care, I said nothing to her, but waited with the two men, who were more than

willing to serve me when they knew what I wanted them for, eagerly expecting the arrival of Robbie and his faithful nurse with the coming of the dawn.

'As the darkness began to lift I gazed intently in the direction of the nearest gate of the city; but no one was in view. Apparently the whole plain was deserted. The light increased, but still they did not come. It was not yet sunrise. The soft gray dawn, however, was spreading rapidly along the eastern horizon, and I began to be anxious for their appearance. I was afraid lest some unforeseen event had intervened and made it impossible for Tsie to keep her promise.

'Then, almost under my very feet, from a fold in the ground well within the shadow of the wall itself, a shrouded form arose, which I knew instinctively could be no one but Tsie. My instinct was immediately confirmed when I noticed that beneath her cloak she was clasping a heavy burden to her breast. Far afield had I been looking for her, and she was there beneath me, clothed in garments the very colour of the soil, lying close along it, adapting her lithe body to the curve of it, and so motionless that I did not detect her presence at all. She must have been there half the night, with Rob sleeping in her arms.

'Swiftly, suspiciously, she glanced around her, and then slipped like a shadow to the place where the rope would fall.

"Ready, Tsie," said I as the seat swung beside her.

"The child is asleep," said she.

"All the better for that. Bring him up. We are quite ready."

"I cannot bring him. You must fetch him, please."

"But you are coming too, Tsie?"

"No; it is forbidden."

"Forbidden! How? Why? You must come, Tsie. You will be safer here. Don't wait."

"I cannot come," she responded sadly. "It is I who must say, 'Don't wait.' I cannot send him up asleep, and if he were awake I should have to tie him securely to the seat. No; it will be better for you to come down for him. But come down quickly, please;" and there was a tone of insistence as well as entreaty in her words.

'Without more ado I had the rope drawn back, and descended, and Tsie was about to place the sleeping child in my arms; but I demurred to receive him in so summary a fashion. There was that in Tsie's face which told me she would flee as soon as she was rid of her charge, and I had made up my mind, if it were possible, to persuade her to enter the Legations and resume her place at Alice's side. When she saw me hesitate she seemed bewildered for the moment; then she glanced fearfully along the wall, again held out the child, indeed almost thrust him upon me, and, because I would not take him, appeared about to place him on the ground beside me and flee after all.

"What are you afraid of, Tsie?"

"Of the man to whom I am betrothed—my father's enemy and mine, and the enemy of my master and mistress, and of little Robbie here, whom he would kill."

"Your betrothed, Tsie! I did not know that you were betrothed."

"Yes, when I was very young. It is the custom of the country. We should have been married a long time ago; but I loved my master and mistress, and the child, and the marriage was delayed. My father would not force me, and I would not leave those who had saved my life. Then the child was even as my own. So the man began to hate me, and became an enemy to all of us. But everything is different now. My father says that when the child is gone he may take me, and perhaps he will change. Whether or no, I shall be his, and he can do with me what he pleases."

"But, Tsie, this cannot be. You cannot give yourself to an enemy."

"It is my father's will, and we are betrothed."

"You say he would kill the child."

"Yes!"

"Perhaps it was he who nearly killed your master."

"Yes! I fear it was he."

"Would you be certain about it if you saw the weapon he used? See, Tsie, this is it;" and I took it from my belt and showed it to her, in the hope that the sight of the blade would cause a revulsion of feeling, and lead her to place herself under the care of those whom she had served so faithfully, and who would give her a warm welcome again as nurse, attendant, and friend.

"She took the dagger into her disengaged hand, still holding Rob closely to her breast with the other, and carefully examined the haft of it—a bronzed dragon inlaid with silver, and, apart from its personal interest, a curious example of native workmanship. "Yes," said she; "it is his. He must have guessed that you had fled to Peking, and, failing to trace you on the journey, he must have pushed on to intercept you. He would be on the watch when you approached the city. We missed him after you left, and I was afraid that he had followed you; and since we came he has kept us almost constantly under his eye."

"And you will marry him, Tsie, knowing what he is?"

"We are betrothed, and he has waited, and now there is no help for it."

"That is not so, Tsie. The help for it is to place yourself and the child you have brought in the seat beside you, and when the men have drawn you over the wall you will be beyond his reach."

"His vengeance would still pursue me, and my father sees no reason why I should not marry him when Rob is with his mother again. And when he knows that the time of waiting is over he may change and become another man."

"And he may not, Tsie. Probably he will not.

A revengeful, bloodthirsty villain such as he seems to be does not readily change."

"It is my lot, and I must bear it. I have promised my father, and a promise like that cannot be broken."

"She held firmly to this decision, and resisted my most pressing appeals. The delay distressed her. The full morning was upon us, and her eyes were moving anxiously every few moments in the direction of the city gate. Further persuasion was useless. So I took the sleeping child into my arms after she had passionately kissed him, seated myself in the swinging chair, and said, "Remember, Tsie, I am your friend always; and if you need assistance, as I fear you may, do not hesitate to let me know. Farewell!" and we drew away from her as the men hauled steadily at the rope, and she watched us until we were helped over the parapet.

"No sooner were my feet on the top of the wall than a great shout caused me to look over. Two men were running toward the lingering maiden, one after the other, and each brandishing a long, bare sword. Tsie also had heard the shout, and dropped upon her knees. I handed Rob to one of the men. The sudden and rather rough transmission awoke him, but my thoughts were with the maiden underneath. I loosened my revolver, wondering what was about to happen, and keeping my eyes upon the runners. It seemed to me that they were foes, and the one was pursuing the other; but I did not realise the danger that Tsie was in. The foremost of the runners, hearing that the other was gaining, and indeed close upon his heels, stopped, and almost in the same instant turned as on a pivot, with the point of his sword held straight before him. His pursuer, unable to stop himself or to swerve aside, ran violently upon the weapon, and dropped in his tracks without a sound. The impact had driven the blade clean through his body. It had also forced the other man backward, so that he fell, but still retained his grip of the weapon. In a moment he was on his feet again. He drew back the blade and wiped it leisurely on the clothes of the dead man.

"Tsie was still kneeling, and apparently oblivious of what had taken place. She only could have told me whether the slain man was her father or the vindictive rascal to whom she was betrothed; but she never moved. One or the other it must be. I called to her, but she gave no sign. The slayer did not seem to hear me. So I watched him to see what he would do. I have regretted ever since that I did not shoot him off-hand. He came forward slowly to where Tsie was kneeling—so slowly that I was completely deceived, and thought it must be her father. For a moment he stood beside her. He was looking at her; but from the height above him I could not see his face. Then, swiftly, and ere I could prevent it, his sword whirled once in the air, and descended clean across the neck of the kneeling maiden, and her severed head rolled in the dust. But he knew not that his own time had come. Absorbed in his own devilish work, he had never



raised his eyes to the top of the wall. His body fell across the fallen body of the faithful Chinese maiden, with a bullet through his heart.'

It was a tragic finish to Foster's story. The sadness of it kept me quiet for some time. When I had recovered a little I said, 'And what about Yu Hsien?'

'The Governor of Shan-si? Haven't you heard? He gathered all the missionaries who would trust him into the prefectural city of Tai-Yuen-Fu, and housed them in the Yamen, as he wished to house the Macphersons. Without the least suspicion of the Governor's treachery, they dwelt there for a little while in supposed security. But when no

more were available, and the time was ripe to carry out his fiendish plan, he turned the Boxers in upon them, and not one remained alive to tell the tale.'

On my way home I called at Nagasaki, and saw Alice Macpherson. Little Rob was with her, but she was mourning the loss of her husband. He did not recover from his wound. Eventually Alice came back to England; and Foster's sister Mary informed me only a few days ago that her brother was returning for a well-earned furlough, and that little Rob was already beginning to call her Auntie.

THE END.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### PRODUCER-GAS.



VERY day the internal combustion engine is gaining in popularity and extending the sphere of its use. As everybody knows, this type of engine depends for its motive-power upon the sudden explosion produced by the ignition of a mixture of gas and air in the cylinder. The explosion pushes out the piston, which turns the crank of the engine, and the piston on its return forces out the burnt gas and air, and then sucks in a further supply. On its second return journey it compresses this charge of gas and air, and just before the outward stroke the charge is fired either by an electric spark or other means. It will be seen that the motive impulse occurs only once in two revolutions; that is to say, only one stroke in four is effective, the other three being utilised for expulsion or exhaust, suction, and compression. An immense impetus has lately been given to the internal combustion engine industry by the introduction of the producer-gas system, by which it has been proved that from ten to twenty horse-power can be obtained at the cost of one penny an hour for fuel. The gas is produced by passing steam over incandescent carbon, which enters into combination with the oxygen and frees the hydrogen for use in the gas-engine. Complete plants consisting of engine and producer are manufactured by several well-known firms, and recently a number of trials have been conducted under the auspices of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, who wished to ascertain the workability and economy of the process. The report on the subject was signed by Professor R. Stanfield of the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh. Plants having a capacity of fifteen to twenty brake horse-power at full working load, and also another series of five to eight horse-power, were exhibited and tested by the Society under carefully-thought-out conditions. From the report of the Society we learn that all of the ten complete plants sent

in for trial gave remarkably satisfactory and very uniform results (which are given at full length in the report), and demonstrated the wonderfully economical nature of this means of producing power, and also the simplicity and easy workability of the process.

### A DAM FOR NIAGARA.

A curious and unique piece of engineering work has recently been successfully performed on the Niagara River just above the falls. Owing to the continual drain upon the water made by the intakes of the various huge electric power schemes, the American and Canadian cities of Niagara Falls have found their own water-supplies seriously diminished. The water-level at their joint intake has fallen considerably on account of the large consumption by the power companies, and it was consequently decided to place a short dam in the river to hold up the water-level to the required point. The problem was how to construct a dam in such a rushing stream, and a novel device was hit upon. A concrete column fifty feet high and nearly eight feet square was built on a massive wooden trestle close to the edge of the waterway. At every eight feet of its height the column was divided by wooden wedges and greased paper, while an exceedingly heavy chain ran down the centre throughout its length. After the concrete had had plenty of time to harden, the whole column was tilted into the stream, and as it fell it broke into a number of huge separate blocks attached to one another by the central chain. The column now lies in a broken, irregular mass at the bottom of the stream, being sufficiently submerged to allow the surface water to pass over. After the column was in the river the depth of water at the intake rose ten and a half inches, which it is believed will be sufficient.

### REPAIRS WHILE YOU WAIT.

The enterprising shoemakers who undertake to repair the footgear of the weary traveller while he waits are in danger of being superseded, for by a

recent invention it becomes possible to sole and heel one's own boots in two or three minutes. In the patent boots the soles are attached to the inner soles by means of brass screws inserted in eyelet-holes around the welt. When the sole wears out it is simply unscrewed and a new one screwed on in its place. The heel is treated in a similar manner, except that the screws are driven into the holes in the under-surface of the heel itself, so that they serve the double function of attaching the heel and acting as protectors. The attachable soles and heels are to be sold in standardised sizes. It is stated that the military department of America has ordered sample supplies with the object of having them tested by men on active service.

#### THE MERCURY VAPOUR LIGHT.

An interesting experiment has lately been tried at the London County Council School of Photo-Engraving and Lithography with a view to determining the relative values for photographic purposes of the light given by enclosed arc lamps and the new mercury vapour lamps. Two Cooper-Hewett mercury vapour lamps specially designed for 'process' work were compared with two enclosed arc lights, the electric supply being continuous current at two hundred volts. Before the experiment, and without the knowledge of the experimenters, an independent electrician tested the current consumption of the two circuits, and found that the vapour lamps took three and a half amperes, and the arcs fourteen amperes. The experiments were carefully conducted, and they were repeated several times. The results in every case indicated that the mercury lights required four times the exposure necessary to procure the same results with the arcs. It would seem, therefore, that, photographically speaking, the two illuminants give, current for current, practically the same result; but that is, of course, no criterion of the visual values of the sources of light. Photographic effects are produced largely by the actinic rays in light, which are of little visual value, and in those rays the mercury vapour light is peculiarly rich. Curiously enough these lamps, simple as they are, are far more expensive than the arc lamps with all their complex mechanism, and the cost of upkeep also appears to be considerable. On the other hand, the light is produced practically without heat, and the simple tubular lamps are convenient to use and reliable in their action.

#### TRANSPORTATION IN CANADA.

A former resident engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal writes a letter of protest in reference to a recent paragraph in this column dealing with the new railways under construction in Canada. He calls attention to the fact that nine-tenths of the population live within a few hundred miles of the border, on a strip of country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and for these lines of communication connecting with any

part of the world are within easy reach at all times of the year. What is true of the immense tracts of sparsely populated country in the north of the Dominion is by no means applicable to the region—immeasurably more important—with which our correspondent is concerned. We hasten to assure him that the railways of which he speaks with such pardonable pride were not mentioned in our note simply because we were dealing only with the *new* schemes. He says: 'Let the writer come to Canada and travel in the depth of winter in a palatial vestibuled train of sleeping-cars from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with all his meals served as well as he could get them in London or Paris. He might get tied up for a day, but not for six months.' The invitation is alluring, and the writer would gladly accept it but for considerations of time and space. Meanwhile he tenders sincere apologies if he has, most unintentionally, wounded Canadian susceptibilities by an insufficiently discriminating allusion to the greatly differing conditions of Canadian life. We on this side of the Atlantic are proud of Canada—as proud, perhaps, as the Canadians themselves—and certainly nothing was farther from the present writer's intention than to seem lacking in appreciation either of Canada as a country or of the wonderful progress of its people.

#### A NOBLE BRIDGE.

The immense bridge now being thrown across the St Lawrence River a few miles above Quebec will be in some respects the most remarkable in the world. It will have a single span of eighteen hundred feet clear between towers—ninety feet longer than the two equal cantilever spans of the Forth Bridge. The depth of the river and the necessity for keeping this important waterway unobstructed made the construction of piers impracticable. The importance of the bridge will be gathered from the fact that the river is at present unspanned until Montreal is reached, one hundred and sixty-five miles higher up, and below the city of Quebec the bridging of the river is impossible owing to its great width. There are very important lines of railway on either side of the river, which will intercommunicate as soon as the bridge is complete. The structure consists of a giant cantilever on either shore supporting an immense central span at a height of one hundred and fifty feet clear above high-water mark. The total width will be seventy-five feet, providing space for two steam railroads, two trolley-roads, two highways, and two side-walks, which last are to be placed outside the trusses. The structure will be formed entirely of rolled steel girders, not a single casting being used anywhere upon it.

#### A FLOATING EXHIBITION.

A company has been formed in New York to equip a steamship as a floating exhibition of American commerce to visit all the principal ports of the world. The idea is to fit up a steamer of about eight thousand tons with exhibition stands on

the various decks similar to those which are familiar at the large exhibitions held from time to time in the big cities of the world. Only exhibits of a genuine and serious character will be accepted, and speculative and doubtful shows are barred. Each person or firm who subscribes for not less than forty square feet of exhibition space will send a representative to arrange their exhibit on the arrival of the vessel at each port, and explain it, quote prices, &c., and generally promote the business of his principal. Accommodation will be provided for two hundred representatives, and three decks will be devoted to the display of goods. It is proposed to visit every port of importance in the world, and upon arriving to invite merchants and others interested to visit the ship and inspect the exhibits. The route mapped out will, it is expected, take about fifteen months to traverse in this manner. The expense of the trip is to be covered by the sale of space to the exhibitors; but it is pointed out that the scheme is set on foot not as a money-making venture, but as 'a dignified, broad-minded plan to further the cause of America's export trade.'

#### JAPANESE SURGERY IN THE WAR.

Not the least wonderful thing in connection with the recent amazing war is the fact that the percentage of deaths from wounds treated by the Japanese surgeons was only a small fraction of the mortality which is usual. In a very interesting article by Dr Saleeby in *The World's Work* for December, some excellent photographs and descriptions are given of the methods of the Japanese surgeons and nurses. The teachings of Lister were implicitly obeyed, and every possible precaution taken to prevent the ubiquitous microbe from gaining access to a wound. The uniform of the nurses included a head-dress which entirely enveloped the hair—for hair is a favourite haven for bacteria—while the 'bearded surgeon is looked upon as an anachronism.' Dr Saleeby calls attention to the psychological condition of the patients, which was all in favour of successful surgery, and doubtless contributed not a little to the marvellous results. The Jap has absolute confidence in his doctor, and is entirely without apprehensions. Truly they are an amazing people who actually prepare themselves for a battle's chances by taking an antiseptic bath and donning sterilised underclothing, so that when a wound comes it shall at least be clean, with the least possible likelihood of bringing septic poisoning with it. In the same way typhoid and dysentery, which in our own recent war carried off more men than the enemy's bullets, were practically eliminated. The Japanese soldier, however thirsty, obeyed the order not to drink unboiled water, and the commanding officers listened to the advice of the medical men in the choice of sites for camps, &c.

#### JUMPING-SHEET FOR USE AT FIRES.

Particulars have been sent us of a new jumping-sheet to be used by firemen and others where life is

in danger on the upper floors of burning buildings. The contrivance, which is known as J. Hill and Company's Patent Life-Saving Jumping-Sheet, is an ingenious combination of netting and ropes so arranged as to best stand the sudden strains it will be called upon to bear. The whole is covered with strong canvas, preferably white, so as to be easily visible from considerable heights, and is fitted with a number of strong loops or handles to hold it by. The device has been well tested by different fire brigades, and as a result orders have been given for further quantities.

#### ELECTRICITY FROM WIND AND WATER.

The idea of harnessing the great forces of nature to serve the purpose of man is one which naturally appeals to the commercial instincts of those to whose interest it would be to sell for monetary consideration the power thus apparently obtained for nothing. As a matter of fact, however, most of the suggested schemes are foredoomed to failure because the initial cost of the necessary plant, the expense of upkeep, and the cost of conveying the power from the place of production to the points where it is saleable run in the end into more money than a straightforward steam-engine. The last-mentioned consideration suggests electricity as the cheapest means of conveying power from point to point, but a dynamo must be rotated rapidly, and most of the sources of natural force, though powerful, are slow, and the consequently necessary gearing is wasteful; and so is the conversion from motion to electricity and back again. So the wind spends its force upon the trees and the waves upon the rocks, and save for a waterfall here and there, nature's turbulent strength is still almost untamed to man's requirements. With the immense machinery kept in constant motion by the waters of Niagara we have all been made familiar, and we know how their mighty strength is made to do useful work for hundreds of miles around—led captive by a copper thread. The still mightier Falls of the Zambesi in the heart of Africa are marked for the same fate, and there is even talk of driving the machinery of the Rand with power derived from the Victoria Falls. The question of driving dynamos by windmills is receiving earnest consideration in several countries, notably America and Holland. In this case the problem is not the conveyance of power over large distances—for windmills may be erected almost anywhere—but the storage of the power of the gusts to be available during the calms. Here the electric accumulator naturally offers itself, but it presents the disadvantages of heavy first cost with the necessity of constant skilled supervision. Compressed air has been suggested as a means of storage, and also water in elevated reservoirs; but both involve expensive pumping machinery. Except on such a large scale as would pay for a staff of attendants the wind-driven dynamo does not appear to be economical, and upon that scale the question of distribution expense becomes insistent. A water-



current motor—after the style of a submerged wind-mill—has been patented in America. It may be driven by the steady current of a river or by the alternating action of the tides, for its vanes are self-reversing. The device appears to be open to the objections already mentioned in connection with other sources of slow though powerful energy. Also from America comes particulars of a compensating shaft designed to convert unequal energy into a steady and useful force, and it is said that so irregular a power as that of the waves acting upon a float may be transmitted to machinery in the form of steady and intermittent motion.

#### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The Rev. John Watson, South Yell Manse, Shetland, desires to thank the unknown sender of *Chambers's Journal*, and to say that it is greatly appreciated.

#### IRRIGATION.

India has benefited by irrigation work, while much more remains to be done. Egypt depends almost entirely upon irrigation for its fruitfulness and prosperity. The great dam at Assouan can hold back a thousand million tons of water. There is a proposal to utilise the waters of the Blue Nile and control irrigation of the Soudan, and to complete the irrigation of Egypt. There is much need of installations in some parts of South Africa; at Weenan and Winterton, in Natal, there are irrigation settlements, the last having cost thirty-five

thousand pounds. Some six hundred thousand pounds are being spent on the Roosevelt Irrigation Dam for Arizona. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has a scheme for the irrigation of large tracts of land in the neighbourhood of Calgary. The irrigation works of the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company have wrought wonders in Alberta province at Lethbridge and neighbourhood, seven hundred miles west of Winnipeg. Thriving townships are springing up. The company has brought a supply of water from the Mary River in two hundred miles of canals. From the main channel or branches water is carried in a ditch to the highest point of the land to be irrigated, and from the end of the ditch it is admitted over the irrigable area by means of small channels cut by plough, hoe, or spade. What was prairie land, only used for grazing, is now rapidly becoming an area of intense cultivation. Thousands of acres of beet, for sugar, have yielded about five pounds an acre. Australia, which suffers periodically from drought, has found the great benefit of artesian wells, of which Queensland has over five hundred, the deepest over five thousand feet; New South Wales has under three hundred, the deepest four thousand feet; and South Australia has forty. The artesian water is mainly used for watering stock, and partly for irrigation purposes. South Australia has flourishing date-plantations at Lakes Harry and Hergott of over three thousand palm-trees, yielding excellent fruit. The necessity for irrigation and its possibilities are alike endless in tropical climates.

### S E U M A S.



LITTLE Seumas sat alone on the long Rock of the Lythe, fishing.

The cuddies were scarce, there was a heavy swell, and Rory Chisholm had taken away his best rod, leaving him one that was bent and twisted and not strong. If a lythe came, or even a big rock-perch—

And the little face puckered at the thought.

It did not matter to Seumas that the sun was setting in a golden splendour over the purple hills of Oravaig, leaving a quivering blaze of glory on the restless waters, and turning the mists of the Long Island to a veil of rose.

He did not heed that the sky above was an arch of dream-like wonder, lakes of a green indescribably clear and bright, rolling masses, hills of cloudland, purple, dove-colour, edged with fire.

And all along the west there stretched one belt of gold, dazzling, gleaming.

Ripples of opal broke on the black rock, washing unheeding bare toes; behind, there was a stretch of hill deep-brown with the peat, crimson where the firelit heather grew.

Far away was a mist of soft blue smoke where

the redoubted *cailleach* (Gaelic for old woman) with whom Seumas lived was cooking her dinner.

He must go home now; the colour was fading from the sky and the tide was done.

A little pattering figure, with eyes full of a certain apprehension, he came to the dim doorway, through which the smoke curled. A sharp voice greeted him. The loss of the rod and his want of fish did not improve matters, and it was a very miserable little creature that curled itself up on the bracken-heap, thinking, as it had thought twenty times daily for a hard year, how well it was before the mother and Callum Beag had died, when there was porridge at night and a gentle voice to go to sleep upon.

Next morning broke as mornings can break in those western lands. The clouds had sailed away in the night, and the first glimmer of dawn crept up into a silver-blue sky, against which the great hills stood like cut sapphires.

Then came that first light of gold, warming the cold, clear beauty into something more of life, that the world's children might awake, with their toil and sorrow and poor little spites and angers, in a

less dreadful contrast than that stainless, sinless dawn. Not a breath of wind broke the reflections on the sleeping sea. There were the hills, rose and gold where the dawn-light struck them, purple gloom in the deep corries; there was the sky.

Little Seumas went down to the shore very hungry, for the *caillach* was not in the mood to give him his breakfast that morning, a thing which occurred somewhat too often.

However, Donald Gillies, off to lift his lobster-creels, was moved to produce a large piece of scone, in which Seumas's white teeth were shortly buried.

He never went to school, the *caillach* having up to now evaded sending him there on account of his contributions of cuddies to the pot.

She understated his age with a bland, wrinkled face and blinking eyes that somehow conveyed no other impression than that of truth to the mind of the inspector, most casual of men. So Seumas stayed, and sat on the rocks fishing, and walked on the hill herding the cow, and tasted the one rare joy of his life.

Round the bend of the hillside, by the wide amber-and-golden shore of Camas Beag, there stood a house, long, low, white-haired, with red chimney-pots peering through the trees. There lived the idol of Seumas's heart, and others. 'The Lordship,' old and white haired, with kind, keen eyes; 'Ma Leddy,' old likewise, kind likewise, white-haired likewise; and the idol—theirs also—the grandson.

Seumas, for one, could never have described this personage. Too much splendour is apt to dazzle. Perhaps other eyes, strong with the light of noon-day, would have beheld only a tall young man, with a strong, sunburnt face, and very clear and gentle eyes.

A young man, like many others, fishing and shooting and walking, loving the free, fresh air and the swing of the sea, and caring not greatly for books.

With a simple people it takes little to please, and Lachlan MacColl gave that little.

The keeper loved him because he was the best shot in Scava. The fishermen loved him because he knew no fear, and steered better than any man in the five islands. The old and the poor and the little ones loved him because he was courteous and thoughtful and gentle as a woman.

On this fine morning of which we write, Lachlan the well-beloved came down to the shore at the same moment as Seumas.

'Well, little man, how are the cuddies?'

Seumas looked up with wide eyes. Mr Lachlan had on the green homespun coat with those wonderful carved horn buttons, and his Sunday kilt—on a Tuesday!

'I am going over in the white boat to Shuna, little Seumas. You may come with me if the *caillach* will let you. Away to ask her.'

And Seumas flew. The *caillach* was feeding her hens, and scowled unpropitiously; but when she heard the errand she gave a grumbling consent. The lad would get his food for the day, and if any

fish were caught while he was out with the gentleman, he always brought some home.

The soul of Seumas rejoiced within him as his bare feet pattered over the heather to the Rhu Bawn, where Angus was making sail on the white boat.

Mr Lachlan knelt in the stern, fixing the rudder, his black head beaten by the flapping sheet, which Seumas clutched and held. Lachlan looked at the little boy as he settled himself to the tiller, and his face, which was unusually grave, grew rather sad.

'Poor little chap, how thin he is! I am afraid that old scamp starves him, though she was well paid for keeping him after Peggy's death. There won't be any one to see to him after I am gone. The poor little beggar is attached to me, and he won't be happy.' Aloud: 'Seumas, I am going away.' The little boy started, and looked up into the speaker's face as if he hardly understood. 'Going away, little chap; and very soon, too—to-morrow.'

Now Seumas turned away, and a little sniff came which went to Lachlan's heart. Alone in the boat,—for Angus had been left behind—with one hand on the tiller and one keen eye on the sail, he pulled the crouching figure on to the seat beside him, put his arm round it, and spoke rapid words of comforting, home-sounding Gaelic that, truth to tell, by no means arrested the sniffs.

'Soldiers must fight, little man, and the time for that is now. You will be pleased when you see Mr Lachlan coming back in glory, with Rory the piper playing pibrochs before him, and all the dogs in Tynlone barking behind.'

This graphic picture drew forth a smile, and the sniffs ceased.

Very soon a long, green island appeared round the point, and Lachlan tacked across to it, slipping down the sail in the placid waters of a little bay. On the rocks stood a girl, bareheaded and tweed-clad, with a bright, welcoming face, and a kind word for little Seumas.

To Lachlan she said, 'I saw the boat rounding the point, dear, and I was so pleased. I did not think you would be over to-day, as you said you had some business at the farm.'

Mr Lachlan had landed, and Seumas witnessed a very warm greeting that left the rose-colour in 'Miss Morag's' face considerably brighter.

'Seumas,' said the young man, turning, 'will you run up to the house, laddie, and maybe Kirstie will give you a piece.'

Away went Seumas, to spend a very happy day, helping John Coachman to catch the black pony in the park; picking currants for Kirstie, who was not particular as to the exact number deposited in the basket; and, finally, playing a wild game of shinty with little Master Allan, Miss Morag's brother.

Only when the light in the west faded was Seumas bidden to go down to the shore, where he found Mr Lachlan and Miss Morag, both grave

enough now, holding each other's hands very tightly, and looking out to the still, golden waters, the far-off purple hills of Oravaig, and the great quiet of the evening sky.

Long after the boat had slipped away into the Sound—Mr Lachlan's oars leaving golden rings and the keel a wake of fire—little Seumas looked back and saw the dark figure of Miss Morag standing motionless on the rocks.

Mr Lachlan's clear blue eyes looked very sad, and, with the instinct of a loving animal, Seumas crept up and put a tousled head against his knee. The strong, gentle hand that he loved stroked his hair. 'Dear little chap!'

And next day it was all over the island that Mr Lachlan had been summoned away to the war.

The golden autumn was succeeded by a stormy winter. Great waves came sweeping in on the Camas; gulls screamed over the mist-dimmed hills; there was rain, and cold, and terrible shrieking gales that shook the 'great house' and sent the Lordship out to look at the chimney-pots and the trees, and wish, for the ten hundredth time that day, that 'the boy' was at home. Everything made him wish that. The crofters quarrelled; Donald Gillies's red cow chased John Chisholm's mother, producing war to the knife; and there was no kind, firm young master to explain and soothe.

Angus the fisherman found that the boat-house had been opened in his absence, and three of his best lines were gone. 'And indeed it was a ferry bad thing,' &c. The poor old Lordship groaned wearily.

Others groaned and sighed also: Seumas, and a tall young girl standing in the wind and rain at the end of an avenue waiting for the post-cart.

With Seumas things went badly. The *cailleach* had rheumatism; her bones squeaked and rattled; her temper— But he could tell tales of that.

One day the thrushes began to sing, and the Lordship, looking up at the sky, said, 'My dear, there will be snow. Please God, the roads be not blocked.' And Ma Leddy thought also of the mail-cart, and echoed his prayer.

But they were blocked. The snow came down in large, soft, white flakes, covering the hill-land and lying deep on dead bracken and tangled heather. It fell swiftly on the great, sharp hills, whose crests rose against the sky, till they looked like ghosts, dim and terrible.

All night it fell—strange thing for that mild, western island—and when, next morning, Seumas awoke there was a drift against the door of the croft that took his little arms two hours to dig through. Four silent days went by, with black skies and an inky sea, the white ghosts towering everywhere; then a change came. The clouds swept eastwards, the sun came out, and there was a hard frost, with a green arch of jewel above a sleeping land. But the roads were hard at last, and dangerous still, yet passable for one of the mail-horses, Dan o' the Letters carrying the precious bag on his back.

When they arrived Seumas was up at the house warming his toes by the kitchen fire. Dan brought in the treasure, and the Lordship opened it there and then, not able to wait till old Maggie should produce her silver tray and carry the letters into the drawing-room in state. As the heap poured out on the floor, the old man bent and picked up a tight roll, tearing off a cover with trembling fingers. Ma Leddy had arrived by this time, and, regardless of the assembled household, all loving and all eager to hear, the crumpled pages of a week-old *Scotsman* were unfolded. There was a dead silence, a strange, stifled exclamation—and the paper dropped. Little Seumas could never explain what came to him in that moment, what strange thing rushed upon him and swept him out of the kitchen, down the steep path, and on to his face in a snowdrift, where he lay unheeded, that dreadful, stifled sobbing in his ears, and the Lordship's stricken face before him.

What did it mean?

And when his question was answered Seumas did not understand. Neither did some one on the long green island; neither did two desolate old people in the house by Camas Beag; neither did old nor poor nor little in Oravaig. All they knew was that a black cloud had come with the snow, and remained, and would remain.

And far away, in a barren, dusty land, a young soldier had fallen asleep with a smile on his face, because he found that though he could not go home to all the love that waited him in Oravaig, he was going, also home, to One who loved him better still.

But Seumas did not know this.

#### THE OLD SONG.

ONE weary day I chanced to lift a book,  
And turned its pages over one by one,  
When with a flash of pleasure, at a look,  
I saw a song which I heard long since sung.

Its notes were soft, its melody supreme,  
Its pathos lonely, and its passion clear.  
I stood aghast as if some pleasant dream  
Were passing on too rapidly for e'er.

My eyes were opened now the years were gone,  
The singer far away in other clime;  
But still the message in the twilight wan  
Sang in my memory its sweetest rhyme.

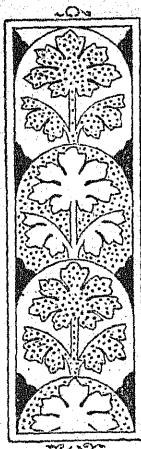
I raised my hand and vowed within me then  
I'd haste away across the farther shore;  
And so I wandered far o'er peak and ben,  
But yet I never found the singer more.

WALTER SMYTH.

#### \*\* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN DE LONGPRÉ.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

*Quand les Français s'ront virair d'bord  
Nos murs de cœur de guéne,  
Quand j'haïsteron le tricolor,  
J'n'iron pus à la saïne—  
À la saïne,  
J'n'iron pus à la saïne.*

GUERNSEY FISHERS' SONG.

May Frenchies man our oaken walls  
And turn us French again,  
And may we hoist the tricolor,  
If we ever forsake the seïne—  
The seïne,  
If we ever forsake the seïne.



ON May-day 1812 a smart brigantine lay moored to the quay at St Peter Port, Guernsey. There was no doubt about her quality; she was a privateer; and no one thought the worse of her for that. Britain was at war with France, and the Channel Islands were making a good thing out of it. When patriotism and profit pull together everything goes pleasantly for everybody. No one has ever doubted the loyalty of the Channel Islanders. Their patriotism is an enthusiasm. They are also a practical people. No people on the face of the earth, except the Scotch, have a surer eye for business. On this occasion their hardy seamanship showed them the way, and they took to privateering with a zeal in which duty and rapid fortune-making were nicely blended.

Every kind of sea-going craft was furbished up and armed under letters of marque. Sloops, brigantines, and even small frigates were unkenelled from Guernsey and Jersey—licensed hounds of the Atlantic—and drew every channel and bay on the indented coast of Brittany for their quarry. They were as bold as dogs in their own yard, and would chase the French coasting-vessels right up under the guns of fortified towns, sometimes stealing a prize from beneath the indignant eyes of helpless shore-troops. There were few French battleships about. They were mostly cooped up by the British fleet behind their breakwaters in the great harbours. The English privateer had things pretty much his

own way; and if he lost a few ships to the enemy, he usually recouped himself handsomely out of the hauls made by the remainder.

That year 1812 was a notable one. The British soldier had proved his stubborn fighting fibre at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz; and though news travelled too slowly for Guernsey to have heard of the victories, she could not have been more confident than she was that one Britisher could whip three Frenchmen out of hand. There was nothing uncongenial to the islands in a tussle with France. The sturdy islanders are northerners by extraction and temperament. They speak an older tongue than that of their Norman cousins on the mainland, and practise another form of religion. They dislike nothing more than the thought that the French flag should ever flaunt above their granite cliffs.

Captain De Longpré was giving a farewell dinner on board. He was quite a young man, and he cut a pleasant figure. Short, square-shouldered, and strongly knit, he was born for the sea; one of those men who give you the impression of bigness till you come to count their inches. Captain De Longpré held himself well, not to say aggressively. It was impossible to snuff him out. He was well conscious of himself. He had a fine pair of legs, and he knew it; his back was as straight and as strong as that of an ox, and he let his sailormen know that too. His vanity was immense, but it was of that child-like quality which offends nobody, and tempts everybody to feed it by concessions. On the present festal occasion the captain's front was set off by a gorgeously embroidered waistcoat, with elaborate shirt frills; while his back was fashionably attired in a high-necked coat of a delicate blue, with gilt buttons, and tails. There was a long table on deck beneath an extemporised marquee. On either side of this table sat the ladies—mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and friends of the officers. Between each was a young gentleman in high coat, gilt buttons, and frilled shirt-front. At the head of the table the sanguine face of the captain rose with a

challenging air out of the white cravat which closely swathed both chin and neck. Suddenly his blue eyes took a grip of his guests and he rose to propose a toast, 'To the sweet lips that will greet our return!' Then he stepped up lightly on to the board, holding masterfully the glances of the bright eyes which flashed upon him, as the driver of a team gathers up all the ribbons in his hand.

Holding a brimming glass of champagne in one hand, and lifting his scabbard clear of the table hamper with the other, he paced his way daintily with out-turned toes down the whole length of the table, gravely stooping and kissing the ladies to right and left as he went. This performed, the well-turned legs, clad in lilac smalls and white silk stockings, made their return backward, toe behind heel, without disturbing decanter or bowl; and so, regaining his chair, he tossed off his wine with a bow to the laughing faces which rosily applauded the feat.

There was no diffidence about Captain De Longpré. He came of a race of French grandees, swaggerers all, but whose swagger was redeemed by their tenacity of purpose—Huguenots and Camisards who had lost title and fortune in their long struggle for their faith. They all of them loved an audience, and never turned their backs upon a heroism. They were chased out of France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and, settling in the Channel Islands and the south of England, added a fine Gallic strain to the more sober British stock.

After dinner there was a dance; then last good-byes, not wholly without tears; and then night settled down upon the *Julie*.

Somewhere from an open club-window on the quay came the rowdy refrain of a drinking-song:

*Chaque jour, le premier chos\* que j'fais,  
À ma bouteille de grog je vais;  
Et les voisins m'entend'nt chanté  
Longtemps devant l'ius déjunié;  
Un fais d' grog!  
Un fais d' grog!*

First thing every morning I  
To my flask of grog do fly;  
And the neighbours hear me shout,  
Long before their breakfast's out,  
A go of grog!  
A go of grog!

'Ho, ho, ho!' said the captain to the mate, who walked the deck with him; 'I'll wager you won't hear a sound from one of the lazy beggars before we are off in the morning. See that all is ready for a start at sunrise, Mess Le Brun.'

Le Brun, the first-mate, was a thick-set, middle-aged man, with a shrewd, dogged face, long upper-lip, and the obstinate chin of the Norman. He was shaved save for bristly side-whiskers, and his iron-gray hair was tied back with a black ribbon into a tail. He gave his orders, the awning was rolled up, the decks cleared, and with a final look round he disappeared down the hatchway, leaving the quarter-deck to the captain.

That gentleman was in a pensive mood, and began to hum the refrain of the psalm:

*'En ceste mer navires vont errant.  
There go the ships, &c.'*

Then piously concluding the verse, "'These wait all upon Thee"—Ay, ay, muttered the captain, 'that's true enough. We will not forget that. No, no.' From which it will be properly concluded that these marauders had not the slightest twinge of conscience as to the righteousness of their trade. That they could be considered sea-robbers never once occurred to them. So, the watch being set, Captain De Longpré went down to sleep the sleep of the just.

With the first gray light of morning a couple of boats dropped from the quarter, and with much straining of blue-jerseyed backs, towed the ship clear of the castle-rock into the tideway. There her sails were at once caught and filled out by the brisk north-westerly breeze.

There is no sweeter sight than the roadstead outside St Peter Port. The water is blue as sapphire and clear as a diamond. The granite rocks lie like red minsters upon a dream-sea. The islands seem to float like a fairy archipelago. The *Julie* alone seemed alive as she responded to her helm and swung round upon her course southward.

The men worked with a will, and everything was made taut and shipshape as on a man-o'-war. The only idle figure on board was a boy, a lanky youth with a pale face and large ears, who leaned against the rail, biting his lips sulkily and fixing his eyes on the coast. Him the captain took by surprise, clapping him on the back with a resounding slap, so that he gasped and leaped to attention.

'Hallo, my *coq de gamme*,\* what cheer? Eh—what? God bless my soul, stiffen up, man! That's right. Never think of yesterday. You shall see some sport, I promise you; something to brag of when you get back, and make *p'tit* Jean go green with envy.'

The boy muttered something in reply, and stood rather sheepishly. His eyes had a furtive look and did not easily meet his questioner. Truth to say, Guernsey is not a specially safe place for a certain class of youth; and so James Gautier had been packed off for this voyage by an anxious parent, who snatched at a chance to make a man of him. De Longpré, who would never disoblige a friend, took the cub with a shrug of resignation, and handed him over to Le Brun to be shaped into what might be.

Le Brun was an old hand at such work, if not over delicate in his handling. Coming along at that moment, he whirled away the reluctant James and set him a job. '*Mort-di!*'† said he, 'my captain, that *cabot*‡ will bring us no luck. I'll have to try the rope's-end before all's done. *Goderabetime!*§ I shall, sure as fate.' And with the worried look

\* Gamecock.

† *Mort Dieu*.

‡ Gudgeon.

§ *Od-rabbit-it!*

of a responsible usher, Le Brun hurried after his charge to see that he was at work.

Every sail now tightened to the wind. The great boom of the mainsail creaked as the canvas bellied and strained. Blue seas flecked with foam chased up astern, and the brigantine scuttered before them, leaving a white turmoil in her wake. She went with a steady rush to meet her fate, and barely deigned to dip her pretty nose in the hollows beneath her bow. The low rocks and sandy beaches of Herm and Jethou caught the warm light of the morning, and the cliffs of Sark, six miles away, lay purple against the golden east. Farther away was the long line of Jersey, a misty strip above the windy sea. There was no hint of misfortune anywhere. Captain De Longpré threw out his chest and took a deep gulp of the salty air; then he called Le Brun, and they went together over the ship's armament. The long gun amidships under its tarpaulin was uncovered and overhauled. The brass carronades were run out and in. The armoury, with its racks of muskets and piles of cutlasses, axes, and pikes, was compared with the written lists. Ammunition was set handy. Nothing was overlooked, for they were now in the swim, and any moment might find them hotly engaged or running for their life.

The plan of campaign was to stand on and off from the French coast, skirting the land till they passed Ushant, or perhaps as far south as Belle Isle or La Rochelle. They knew every fathom of these waters, every current and every submerged rock. Not a bay or estuary on that indented shore but was as familiar to them as their own front garden. They were like an angler on his own favourite river, who knows every stone beneath which a trout may be expected to lie.

Leaving Jersey on their port-beam, they steered south till they sighted the cliffs of the mainland, and then tacked westward. The roadsteads were empty. Not a sail showed. The coasting-craft were as shy as rabbits on the verge of a plantation. Nothing happened till they rounded Ushant and the dangerous rocks which thrust up their heads like sullen marine monsters out of the cruel tide. Crossing the narrow entrance to the bay of Porspaul, they stood on till Molène rose in sight. Here for the first time they saw their chance.

Just rounding the edge of the islet, and showing her topsails above the low cliffs, came a brig. With the silence and expedition of long practice, the men fell into their places. Arms were served to all, the carronades were loaded, and two sailors stood handy to whip off the tarpaulin which disguised the long gun and bring her into action at the first signal.

Scarcely a word was spoken. The stubborn Guernsey man does not give tongue like his mercurial French cousin. Gradually the brig beat out against the wind and disclosed herself. Every one expected that she would check and turn, and make a run for it to Le Conquet, lying only

ten miles to the east; but she made no attempt to escape.

Captain De Longpré roared out a great laugh, and turned to Le Brun, who stood with a huge nautical telescope clapped to his eye.

'What do you make of her, Mess Le Brun?'

'*Câpre*,\* my captain,' replied the mate, still searching her with his glass.

'Eh, what?' shouted the captain. 'A tartar? And as empty as a pea-shell, you may warrant. What! she is a Nantes boat? And making for port? Well, then, she may be worth squeezing. Anyhow, we shall have to fight. She carries more than we do. But we will give her a run first, and get clear of these rocks.' So the brigantine went about and made for the open sea. The Frenchman left no doubt as to his intentions. He crowded on sail and followed. There was no doubt, either, that he had the legs of the Guernseyman. Presently there was a white burst from his bows, and a ball came skimming and hopping over the waves. It stopped short, but a few minutes more would bring the French long gun within range.

Captain De Longpré made no reply, and for half-an-hour both vessels held on in silence. The wind had dropped considerably, and the brigantine's great cutter-rigged mainsail gave her some slight advantage. She could now have held her own, but she allowed the brig to draw up slowly closer and closer. Once a ball from the Frenchman flew high through her rigging and carried away some light hamper; but still she made no sign. Another shot came on board and stove in a boat. The men began to fidget and looked expectantly for orders. But the captain did not seem to heed them. He was staring at the south-westerly horizon, where a curious haze was gathering. The wind continued to drop. The air became chillier. A few whiffs of white vapour floated like ghosts over the sea, which had suddenly changed from blue to gray.

Then all in a moment came the sharp command, 'Stand by to bring her about;' and the brigantine, curving like a yacht upon her course, swept past her enemy's bows. The swift movement brought the two ships close together, and the *Julie* got in her whole broadside, raking the brig from stem to stern. Then she curved again and rounded the other's stern, pouring in her fire from every gun. So far her handier rig had helped her.

But now the wind sighed itself out in a last expiring breath. It fell so suddenly and absolutely that the *Julie's* impetus barely carried her clear. The sails flapped heavily on both ships. They drifted side by side.

A moment later and they were bumping their sides against each other. The Frenchman got in a broadside and threw out grappling-irons. He had a full crew, almost double that of the *Julie*, and a boarding-party came tumbling over the bulwarks with wild shouts. But Captain De Longpré was

\* Corsair, privateer.



ready for them. He had had the two carronades dragged into the bows so as to enfilade the whole starboard side of his own vessel, and as the boarders touched the deck they were swept away like dead leaves. Then the captain's whistle sounded, and the men who had been crouching at the hatchways sprang up and fell furiously with their cutlasses upon those who still dropped from the Frenchman's deck. It was soon over. The fierce rush following the murderous sweep of the carronades sent the few survivors clambering back like monkeys.

The carronades were quickly reloaded, and the men were drawn back into shelter before the confusion was over. The little brigantine had one advantage, which she knew how to use. She lay lower in the water, and her guns pointed fair against the brig's high side, while the Frenchman could not sufficiently depress his artillery at such close quarters as to bear upon her. Longpré made the most of this, and searched the other's vitals with his balls.

Meanwhile the light grew dimmer. The vapour wisps which had flitted past upon the falling wind cohered and hung in ragged veils, then in solid banks along the sea. Streamers of mist twined themselves about the masts of the two vessels, and gathered up the smoke of the guns, and lay in dusky masses in the folds of the listless sails. Some sharpshooters who had climbed into the Frenchman's tops came hastily down again. Up there they could see nothing. It was soon not much clearer below. Men aimed at sounds and fired into black confusion. Presently they could not see one another's bodies; but still they fired, and the reek of the powder thickened the mirk of the fog. A boarding-party which had mustered at the bows of the brig to storm the *Julie* behind her carronades hesitated and peered, fearing the unknown. Then at some imperious command they launched themselves into the fume, and clung to whatever they could clutch. Some slipped back into the ghostly sea and vanished, shouting. Others found a footing, and with eyes straining beneath their arched hands, tried to discover the direction in which they ought to rush.

Captain De Longpré shouted for his men, but could not tell how many mustered to his call. Nor could one tell friend from foe. At a touch man would seize man and throttle him, till perhaps he found his face pressed close to that of a struggling messmate. Then the French boarders, led by some daring spirit, began to feel their way along the deck, and one of them slashed at a figure which rose up suddenly before him. There was a shriek and a counterstroke, and in a moment everybody was cutting and hacking madly on all sides of him. Out of the mist waved dim arms brandishing weapons and hewing wherever the fog seemed to thicken into a human form. It was a fantasy of hysteric rage. Every man thought himself beset, and swung his weapon for his life. And a light wind came up in puffs; and the two ships, locked together, drifted along the steaming sea.

Captain De Longpré had been caught by a swinging blow from behind, which took him on the back of the head and shoulders, and pitched him headlong under the raised deck in the bows among a pile of ropes, spare sails, and such gear. For a few moments he lay half-stunned, and then found that he was grasping a sack which seemed to have some animal within it. He felt it move, and suspecting some foul play, punched the sack vigorously to discover what it contained. After a hearty knock or two a whining voice came forth:

'Oh, monsieur, kind monsieur, spare me, monsieur! Indeed, monsieur, I am only a poor boy! Kidnapped from home, monsieur. I never did France any harm'—

'Bah!' cried the captain, giving the sack a kick. 'Here's a pig in a poke for you! Never did France any harm, says he! Ha, ha, ha! Do you think I'm a Frenchie? Come out of that, my lad; come out, I say;' and he shook the miserable James Gautier out of the sacking in which he had enveloped himself. 'Now, down you go below, and help to serve up powder and shot; and if I hear of your shirking again, *mort-di!* I'll deal with you myself when this little affair is finished.'

Even as he spoke two figures in close embrace came spinning through the mist, fighting blindly like men under water, with heavy sobbing breath, and so plunged against the bulwark, which, then weakened by a ball, gave way, and both of them disappeared with a dull splash into the sea. Gautier tore himself from the captain's grasp and dived head first, shrieking, among the lumber.

It was impossible to tell how the fight was going. Men felt about them with outstretched fingers and the cutlass-point, and what they touched they grappled with. But presently a great silence fell over all. No one dared fire lest he should annihilate his comrades. It was a dreadful game of blind-man's buff, in which all were blind men. At last even the shuffling of feet on the decks ceased, and each man became a dumb watch-tower, with peering eyes and ears that painfully listened for any hostile sound.

Then De Longpré put a whistle to his lips and sounded it gently thrice with a certain graduation of pause between each note. It was a signal which the crew were drilled to understand, and meant, 'Leave whatever you are doing and gather about me.' It was not the first time they had rallied round that note; and as the signal was softly repeated at short intervals, they made for the sound, and one by one found the little group which clustered in silence around their leader. Then the captain whispered his instructions. The idea was a bold one: nothing less than to board the French ship in a compact body, striking down each man as they encountered him, and relying upon the surprise for a complete success. It seemed perfectly feasible, since they would hold together, while the others would be unable to combine. A rope was stretched along the front rank to preserve the line, and with

the noiselessness of cats they crept into the bows, and clutching the stays of the brig, dropped like phantoms upon her deck. One of the men stumbled against a crouching figure, and crammed the hilt of his cutlass between the Frenchman's teeth before he could cry out. The movement had started well, and the Guernseymen had already broadened out their front to the length of the guy-rope to make their sweeping advance, when a sudden violent shock sent them tumbling upon each other in disorder.

In a moment all was uproar on both vessels.

What had happened to them? Had they drifted back upon the islands? Had they struck a reef? The sails flapped heavily above them, and something denser than the fog overshadowed them. Then out of the obscurity came shouts and rapid questionings in French. Then, quite suddenly, a strong breath of air which cut a lane through the fog, and, lo! between their locked bows was inserted, like an immense wedge, the prow and painted figure-head of a French frigate.

(*To be continued.*)

## CHINESE CITIES.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, Author of *How to be Happy though Married*,  
*John Chinaman at Home*, &c.



HERE is a general resemblance between Chinese cities. In all that I have seen, except Peking, the streets are only wide enough to admit of two sedan-chairs passing each other, and any one who likes makes the way even narrower. There are on both sides of the street fruit-stalls, temporary restaurants, and tables at which sit gamblers, fortune-tellers, and medicine-sellers. Old things that look as if they had never been new are spread out on matting for sale. You may have to step over people covered with terrible sores, who have been dumped down in the street to die or to get *cash* from those who pass. There is a great noise of bargaining, for the lower class of Chinamen haggle for a *cash* at the top of their voices. Yet, with all the din and hurry, there seldom occurs an accident or an interruption of good nature.

From time to time the traffic, which consists only of human beasts of burden, only of coolies carrying chairs and other loads, is impeded by a wedding or funeral procession, or by the shabby grand retinue of a fat mandarin. After this, perhaps, come a dozen or more blind people each resting his hands upon the shoulders of the one in front of him—literally the blind leading the blind. You will often see a procession in honour of an idol. The idol is carried in a gaudy chair, and is preceded and followed by banner and lantern bearers. A horrible sight, or rather smell, in Chinese towns is that of buckets of night-soil which are carried away for manure.

The streets are always wet from the spilling of water and urine from buckets carried to and fro. They are generally paved with granite flags, but the pavement is irregular and in many places broken, and a careless step lands you ankle-deep in foul mud. The streets, too, are slippery with decayed animal and vegetable filth. Dogs abound, and are nearly as dirty and have nearly as many sores as the beggars. There are shelters like dog-houses at the upright wooden bars which divide the different

wards; but these are not for dogs, but for watchmen. On the dun-tiled roofs of the mostly one-storied houses in which most of the inhabitants live, seed, firewood, and other things are dried. At long intervals paper or other lamps provided by interested shopkeepers show up the darkness, so to speak, of Chinese towns at night.

Once at Amoy we walked into so many pools of black water and tripped over so many paving-stones that we had to buy a bamboo torch and get a boy to carry it before us. We learned then why every self-respecting Chinese carries with him a lantern at night. A feature of Chinese cities is wall-literature. It suggests the 'agony' column of a Western newspaper. Mixed up with trade advertisements and with notices of lost property, sometimes consisting of human beings, there are announcements of remedies for every disease, pills for the cure of opium-smoking, lists of subscribers to a coming festival, warnings against profaning paper or female infanticide. It is scarcely necessary to add that wall-literature has often been directed against foreigners, and especially against missionaries. The beggars raise our indignation chiefly by the way they ill-treat children. A sobbing woman bends down dramatically over a little child who is forced (what pain to a child!) to lie as still as death. The passers-by are meant to think that the child is dead, and give money.

Nothing impresses one who visits a Chinese city for the first time so much as the signboards that hang perpendicularly from shops and hongs. A good one is a valuable piece of property. In bright colours and gold are inscribed the sign of the firm, and some such words as 'Never-ending success,' 'By Heaven made prosperous,' 'Trade revolves like a wheel,' 'Virtuous and abundant,' 'Health and happiness rest on all who enter here'—this last over an opium-smoking den! Hints like the following may be read: 'Gossiping and long sitting injure business;' 'No credit given: former customers have taught caution.' The shape of the signboard and its colour, as also the colour of the letters upon

it, indicate different trades. The brightly painted large paper lamps that hang over the shops also add to the cheerful picturesqueness of the streets of Chinese cities. Only banks and pawnshops are closed in front; other shops are quite open, and you can look at articles being manufactured on the premises similar to those on sale. In the streets are peripatetic vendors and tradesmen of all kinds. There is the cook with his portable kitchen, and the gardener with his basket of flowers and vegetables slung from his shoulders by a bamboo pole. One sees in the streets travelling blacksmiths, itinerant porcelain-menders, ambulatory seal-cutters, migratory bankers, peregrinatory makers of sugar puppets. In the unhalting procession there comes a coolie with a tub of water at one end of his pole and a chopping-block at the other. After a long chaffing palaver about the price, some one orders a pound and a half of carp. The seller nips a fish four or five pounds in weight out of his tub, puts it on the chopping-block, slices it up by the backbone, and leaves the remainder flapping upon the block. The author of *Chinamen at Home* tells us that when on one occasion he remonstrated against such barbarity with a native Christian he was thus answered, 'I am a very tender-hearted man, sir. I could not be a butcher and kill cattle; but a fish utters no cry.'

Books, most of them of the 'penny dreadful' kind, or even more voluptuous, are spread out for sale at the street-side, and so are sheets of pawn-tickets.

The Chinese have no objection to publicity. They take their meals in the street. They wash their feet, sitting in front of their houses, in a basin of hot water. They get their teeth drawn amidst an admiring crowd by a dentist who has round his neck a ghastly string of fangs, testimonials of his skill.

The names of the streets are such as these: the Street of Benevolence, the Street of Ten Thousand-fold Peace, the Street of a Thousand Beatitudes, the Street of One Thousand Grandsons, and so on. A particularly unfragrant street is called the Street of Refreshing Breezes! By a similar touch of perhaps unconscious satire one of the noisiest streets in Peking is called the Street of Perpetual Repose. At the entrance to most streets in Canton, as in other Chinese towns, there is a gateway, which is shut up at night by means of upright wooden posts. My attention was called by a friend who knew the language to the name of the street which was put up over one of these gateways. It was the Street of Increasing Virtue. I had myself remarked the increased number of gambling-dens, fortune-telling establishments, and other rascalities which it contained.

Many of the streets are roofed, to keep them cool, with matting or with plates of thinned oyster-shell fastened together.

Words cannot describe how Peking looks and smells upon a wet day, but we had during our stay in the city this experience. The only cleaning or

repairing that has, as a rule, ever been done to the streets is to throw dirt and refuse into the middle from either side. In process of time two great dikes full of ink-black, stagnant water have been in this way formed. In one of these, if a person were jostled off the street, he might be drowned; and probably Peking is unique in this, as in other things, that people have been drowned in her neglected streets. My friends would not venture out on this wet day, so I amused myself looking into shops and learning the customs of the people in their homes. When they saw that I was interested in them, and was making overtures of friendship, they would invite me to come in, show me their things, and offer tea, cakes, a pipe, or a cigarette. Imagine a Chinaman's reception were he to try and get into the houses of London people absolutely unknown to him by simple civility! I was followed by a crowd, but always by a good-natured crowd; and on one occasion they became so pleased with my smiling confidence in them that, taking me by the hands, they brought me into a mosque and showed me sacred books and other curious things.

The great breadth of Peking's chief thoroughfare is concealed by two lines of booths that have sprung up in a kind of ditch that extends on either side. Behind these booths fantastic poles, gilded signboards, carved woodwork, waving streamers, and lanterns prevent passers-by from ignoring the shops. In this broad way may be seen *literati* nodding behind saucer-like spectacles in screened sedan-chairs; boys perched on the tails of diminutive donkeys or bestriding shaggy ponies bitted with a cruel arrangement of wire; ramshackle wagons drawn by mixed teams of mules, asses, and oxen yoked together by entangled rope-traces. There are people from Thibet, Manchuria, and Mongolia; those from this last place frequently in charge of strings of camels far finer than I have ever seen elsewhere. A man sits on every sixth animal, and drives them.

At every street corner there is something that calls together crowds. They are now gazing at a man who swallows a large ball and a sword, and who puts wooden skewers up his nostrils and into his eyes. A snake-charmer charms street-arabs as well as snakes. The story-teller seems to be much appreciated, judging from the number of open-mouthed listeners he has. Acrobats perform feats, and musicians tweak a single-stringed guitar. Gambling proclivities are pandered to by a sportsman who backs against all comers a well-nourished fighting cricket. People who possess only one pair of shoes get them mended while they wait by cobblers sitting at street corners.

Pedlars call attention with rattles and curious cries to the carved jade snuff-boxes and other curios which they have spread upon the ground. Those who would keep their heads cool amid all this excitement have them shaved by a wandering barber. He uses no soap, and his apparatus is very simple:



two sets of boxes or drawers, one containing drawers for *cash* and razors, and a seat for the person to be shaved; the other a stand that encloses a pan of lighted charcoal for heating water.

The large amount of wood in Chinese houses and the carelessness of their inmates cause fires to be very common. Not seldom they are kindled by those who wish to rob during the confusion. Every fire that destroys ten houses must be reported at Peking. If eighty houses are burned the head official in the city is degraded one step. If they cannot secure immunity by bribery, the people through whose carelessness the fire originated have to stand for a certain time in the street wearing the wooden collar called the *cangue*. This explains the fuss there was at Woochow when, during our stay, two houses burst into flames. Immediately people began beating upon cans, drums, trays, cymbals, or blowing upon a bugle or large shell. Soldiers belonging to different

corps ran to the scene to prevent every one except themselves from plundering. Some carried spears, gingalls, and blunderbusses; others revolvers and rifles, in the use of which they were probably very inexpert. A military mandarin followed on a very small pony at a more dignified pace. He knew that if the fire caused a riot, and the riot led to a rebellion, which in many provinces is always on the point of breaking out, he, like the Ephesian town-clerk (Acts, xix. 40), was in danger of being called in question for the day's uproar. Then the fire-brigade appeared; and they were a curious sight, with their gaudy banners and their hand-pumps. They had no 'water-dragons that save from fire,' as the Chinese call the fire-engines at Hong-kong. The Woochow folk who could assist in no other way endeavoured to frighten the fire-demon by discharging volleys of fire-crackers. Truly a homeopathic remedy!

## A STORMY MORNING.

By LADY NAPIER of Magdala.

### CHAPTER XX.

**H**UNTING weather had apparently come to stay. Delightful days, soft and gray, the fences quite bare of leaves, uncompromising and black; the ground elastic under the horses' hoofs, neither too soft nor too hard; and the horrid March days, with blinding sun, and hail-showers, and piercing winds from the north-east, as yet far distant. Blissful days for many. 'It is worth a guinea a minute,' said young Hamond, capering to covert on a smart little hack with a hogged mane and the shortest tail ever seen, and smoking a cigar the size of a small umbrella.

'Too lovely,' said Betty, on a fine young hunter of her uncle's. She rode so well and with such consideration and nerve that Lord Forsyth was only too delighted to mount her. As he said, any horse was the better for a day with her on its back; an opinion in which Mr Leather fully concurred.

'Quite the horse-breaker,' said the Miss Pegrams spitefully to each other. They had declined further experiences with the 'crops,' and contented themselves with displaying a series of smart hats in the carriage.

'I can tell you one thing,' said Lord Harlestone, who came riding up, 'and that is that if this open weather goes on much longer some of us will have to hunt on our ten toes. Two of my horses won't come out for another fortnight. The scent has been so wonderful, they got such gruelings.'

'We shall have to fall back on the Miss Pegrams' crops,' laughed Betty.

How she loved it, and how strangely happy she was with a new feeling at her heart, a softer light in

her eye! It was a joy to wake up in the morning. Why, she never asked herself. Harlestone was always at her elbow. Curiously enough, no one had as yet remarked it, except perhaps Mrs Williams; but she was occupied with her own affairs at that period, and they were sufficiently complicated to require most of her attention.

Somehow Betty was looked on as a child. She had certainly been presented at Court; but she had been out very little, and knew few people and was known of few. Then she was so much with her uncle, hunting, walking, and pottering, as he called it. She was so quiet and retiring in the house that she was almost overlooked among the rather noisy set of people who frequented Brayborough.

Some woman would occasionally remark, 'Goodness! how wonderfully pretty that girl is!' but most of the men were already appropriated and held in silken bands that would shortly spell bondage, and the remainder were hunting-men, who hunted six days in the week, and would gladly have hunted seven had it been possible, and who went to sleep in arm-chairs after dinner. 'No use to any one,' as one fair lady spitefully remarked, looking down on a sleeping form wrapped in the embraces of the most comfortable chair in the room, riding the run in dreams.

The Miss Pegrams after the episode on the ice were almost nauseatingly civil—hanging round her, admiring her clothes, asking if they might not call each other by their 'first names,' as our friends across the herring-pond term it; but Betty was not easily mollified, and kept out of their way as much as was consistent with civility. Like all bullies, they were cowards. 'Collar them, and they will

cave in,' as some one remarked of other members of their family.

I like to think of Betty during those happy days, for days were coming to her that were very far away from happiness.

She was out hunting one afternoon, riding from covert to covert, Harlestone as usual by her side, when a horse's head was pushed in between them, and a well-known voice was heard as the rider obtruded himself with a 'Beg pardon,' and a touch of his hunting-crop to his hat to Lord Harlestone. 'Miss Fitzhugh and I are old friends.—How do you do, Miss Fitzhugh?' and Geoffrey Erle appeared once more on the scene.

Lord Harlestone looked freezingly at him, and moved aside.

'Saw Jack the other day in town. Goin' the pace, I can tell you,' said the man, with a coarse laugh, to Betty. 'I say, that's a nice nag of yours; one of "Nunky's," I suppose. You'll show us all a clean pair of heels on him, by gum!'

Dislike and loathing swept over the girl, and she responded very distantly. She saw that he had deteriorated even in speech, and she instinctively felt that there was something wrong about him, and that he would not have dared to use that vulgar and familiar tone to her at Dunscaith.

So this was the plan that Erle had evolved for the purpose of seeing Betty again. After much thought he had managed to get together a 'hunting kit,' as he called it: a red coat with the collar of a hunt he had never belonged to and was never likely to belong to, smart boots and breeches, and so forth. With his hat set a little on one side, he felt he had turned himself out quite to his own satisfaction. He borrowed a horse belonging to a weak-minded friend, which was standing at some livery stables at a little town not far from Brayborough, and he had not forgotten to borrow and fill a very long hunting-flask. To his rage and disgust, he found the horse was a brute and a cur, and that even with his riding nothing could be made of him should hounds run. And run they did.

'This is your best way, Miss Fitzhugh,' said Lord Harlestone a little coldly, pointing to a rather nasty double with a ditch on the taking-off side just ahead of them. With intense relief Betty put her mare at it—an Irish mare that did it in two like a clever cat. Erle's horse absolutely refused to face it, and they left him, cursing loudly, on the other side. He had a good eye for hounds and country, however, so did not despair, and came up with them again late in the afternoon.

He did not see Betty. Lord Harlestone's horse had cast a shoe, and he had ridden to a blacksmith's shop to have it put on; and Betty had decided to ride slowly home alone, as further sport seemed unlikely that afternoon, two coverts having been drawn blank.

She was terribly disturbed. The sight of Erle again, and his manner to her, and the horrible remark about Jack, took all the pleasure out of her

day. Constant companionship with a man like Harlestone, high-bred and refined, whose thoughts and ideas were in such perfect accord with her own, showed up Erle in most repulsive colours.

'Surely he could not have been like that at Dunscaith,' she thought. 'We could none of us have stood him. "Nunky," indeed! How horrible and vulgar and familiar he was, and swearing, too, so shockingly at that fence! What can he have meant about Jack?'

She rode on, sick at heart, and at the cross-roads there was Erle trying to read the names on the sign-post. The long flask had done its work.

'Oh, here you are, Miss Fitzhugh! Not got much to say to an old friend, eh?' as she prepared to move on. 'Any message for Jack? I shall see him at the "Empire" to-night, I don't doubt. Ha, ha! Boys will be boys, you know. Going? Won't you shake hands? I don't suppose we shall meet again. I am going out to America as soon as I can get off, and shall try my luck at Klondike some time.'

She put out her little hand, and he held it as in a vice, bending forward to gaze in her face with hungry eyes. At this moment the sharp trot of a horse was heard, and Lord Harlestone passed them, raising his hat formally to Betty. He saw the man holding her hand, and a great flood of anger sweeping over him showed him clearly the nature of his own feelings towards her.

'How can she?' he thought. 'Such an unspeakable bounder, and she so high-bred and particular that she would not look at young Hamond when he asked that vulgar riddle before her the other day. I saw her face of disgust.' And he rode on, a heavy frown on his brow and with a pain he had never felt before wringing his heart.

'Let go my hand, Mr Erle,' said Betty, coldest, bitterest anger in her voice and despair at her heart, for she had seen Lord Harlestone's face as he rode by, and knew that he had seen.

'What must he think?' she said to herself; and then she knew that what he thought meant all the world to her, and that she loved him with all her being.

Erle flung away her hand with an oath.

'Go!' he said. 'Go to your fine lovers, and remember that none will ever love you as I have. Curse you! Curse all women!' and he turned his horse's head and rode away into the gathering gloom.

## CHAPTER XXI.

**C**URIOS taste your little friend Miss Fitzhugh seems to have,' drawled Mrs Williams to Lord Harlestone that evening over her cup of tea, having with some difficulty contrived to pin him in her corner. 'Did you ever see such a bounder as that man who came up to her at Holt's covert? I am

told she is engaged to him, and that he was up at that place of theirs in Scotland all the autumn, and that they are waiting until she comes of age to marry.'

'Really!' said Lord Harlestone uninterestedly. He could have slain the woman then and there with pleasure, and felt sure that she was not speaking the truth. Nevertheless, a cold chill of doubt crept over him. 'After all, I am nearly double the child's age,' he thought, 'and girls take such odd fancies sometimes, perfectly unaccountable to every one; and often you find the nicer the girl the odder the fancy. She may have been looking on me all this time simply as her father's friend, and I have made a ghastly mistake in allowing myself to care for her as I shall never care for woman again. I never believe a word, though, that Mrs Williams says. I shall just ask Forsyth.'

Harlestone's was an unusual character. Intensely proud, and at the same time diffident, he had never felt in the least degree disposed to propose to any one, and few women attracted him. Hot-tempered, he might easily be blinded by passion; and when he did love, the woman he loved would be placed on such a pinnacle that any fall from it would be fatal.

Betty did not appear at tea-time, and came down to dinner looking pale and tired.

Harlestone avoided her all the evening, and slipped off early to the smoking-room. He sat there smoking and staring gloomily into the fire.

'How white and sad the child looked!' he thought. 'Is it possible she can care for that cad? I wish I could get hold of Forsyth.'

Lord Forsyth came in.

'Who was that fellow, Daddy, who seemed to know your niece so well, who shoved himself alongside of her at Holt's covert?' said Harlestone.

'He is a fellow called Erle,' answered his lordship. 'That young ass Jack picked him up at some race meeting. It appears Erle was staying at a house in the neighbourhood of the boy's crammer's, and he got hold of Jack, buttered him up, I suppose—the boy is as vain as a peacock—and got himself asked up to shoot at Dunscaith. Jack got rather sick of him, I believe, and had to take him south, as he could not get rid of him otherwise.'

Harlestone groaned in spirit. All the possibilities of the case rose before him, converted by his own fears into certainties. He loved Betty. He did not attempt to disguise that fact from himself. The scales had fallen from his eyes when he had beheld the scene at the cross-roads, the figure of the man and girl outlined sharply against the evening sky. He had seen him clasping her hand and the eager way in which he was bending forward to gaze in her face, and it was enough.

'I shall hunt, this month,' he muttered to himself as he knocked the ashes out of his last pipe on the bars of the grate, 'and then I shall send the horses up to Tattersall's and go and get ready for the Pamirs. I shall keep out of the child's way as much as possible, for I can't trust myself.'

With a stretch of weariness and a shake of his great shoulders, he marched up to his room to bed.

## CHAPTER XXII.

**B**ETTY was miserable. The joy seemed to have gone out of her life. She was wretchedly anxious, too, about her brother. Erle's foul insinuations haunted her day and night, and she pictured Jack in vague and terrible surroundings, which she felt must be all that was wicked and bad. He sometimes wrote to her short, affectionate scrawls, full of chaff, but telling her nothing about himself or his doings.

Then young Hamond had taken to 'buzzing' round her, as she called it to herself, boring her unspeakably, always seeming to be near her in the hunting-field and in the house. In his own elegant phraseology, he was quite 'off' Mrs Williams. Perhaps her day on Cherry had brought about that mysterious result, and he thought Miss Fitzhugh 'simply a ripper.'

Betty could have sobbed with misery and with loneliness. Lord Harlestone seldom spoke to her excepting as politeness required. The huge floating parties at Brayborough, if one may use the expression, made the change easy and unremarkable. If there were any out-of-door diversions, walks, and so on planned by Lord Forsyth on off-days, Harlestone generally excused himself on the plea of having budgets of letters requiring attention, and arrangements to write about connected with his proposed two years' trip to the Pamirs. His one object seemed to be to keep out of her way. Once he came up with her on her way home from hunting, and her heart seemed to leap into her throat; but others rode up and joined them, and the changed state of things between them appeared to be unalterable.

It is impossible to describe how the girl missed him. His companionship had become so much to her; he was so pleasant and clever, he had seen so much, and then he was so gentle and kind. He had insensibly glided into her life, and she had hardly a thought apart from him.

'How good he was to Johnnie when he got caught in that horrid trap and I thought his foot was cut off,' thought Betty, with tears in her eyes; 'and how fond Johnnie was of him! He took to him at once, a thing Johnnie never does. He must have thought little of me indeed, seeing Mr Erle holding my hand like that. How I wish I might go home to Dunscaith!'

She was, however, not to go home to Dunscaith then. It was impossible she should leave Brayborough. There was the Wilton Hunt ball coming on, and possibly a dance in the house, could Lord Forsyth be induced to face the horrors of such a domestic upsetting. And, above all, Lord Forsyth would be both hurt and offended at her leaving just then.

(To be continued.)



## A VERITABLE 'MAGNUM OPUS.'

By W. B. ROBERTSON.



THOSE that have not seen the one hundred and seventh issue of the *Post-Office London Directory* can, of course, have no idea of its magnitude. For their benefit, then, let it be plainly stated in matter-of-fact terms that the volume weighs thirteen and a quarter pounds and is seven inches thick. The superficies of its pages—which, excluding advertisements, number five thousand—is ten and a half inches by seven inches. Of books of serious import it is often said that they are not to be taken up lightly. This is more literally true of the tome before us than of any other book we wot of; yet it may be safely asserted that no book is more frequently taken up or consulted. Before proceeding to dip into these five thousand closely printed pages, which on a rough estimate seem to contain about a couple of million entries, we shall refer to one or two points in the development of this monster.

It made its modest bow to the public as *The New Annual Directory for the Year 1800*, and was printed on a page a little less than half the size of this *Journal*. There were two hundred and ninety-two of these pages, giving simply the names of from eleven thousand to twelve thousand people and their addresses, with a list of bankers and some postal and shipping information. The volume was handy enough, and no doubt useful enough for those days. It was published under the patronage of the Postmaster-General and by a Post-Office department now long extinct, under which the old letter-carriers collected and arranged the entries. In 1836 Mr F. F. Kelly was appointed to this department, which soon afterwards succumbed to an attack in the House of Commons by the Hon. Thomas Duncombe, the then well-known Radical member for Finsbury. This led to the publication being withdrawn from the Post-Office and the old letter-carriers being superseded by special agents for the collection of the necessary information. Mr Kelly retained command, and in this way became the founder of the business now known as Kelly's Directories, Limited.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note, to the rather scanty information the Directory gave regarding London was added for the first time a list of London newspapers. These comprised nine morning dailies and five evening dailies, of which there still survive the *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Public Ledger*, and *Globe*. In the list were also ten Sunday papers, of which the best-known survivor is the *Observer*. Under 'London daily morning papers' we find thirty-one entries in this year's issue, and under 'London daily evening papers' fifteen entries. Weekly and other periodical journals are now legion. In 1840, in addition to the alphabetical list of residents, the book gave an alphabetical list of

streets with the residents repeated under them, and an alphabetical list of trades with those engaged in them. The number of its pages now increased to eight hundred and twenty, the page itself becoming larger. In 1843 it came out with its first map of London—a rather crude affair when compared with the detailed and highly finished map we are all—visitors to London as well as Londoners themselves—so familiar with and so much indebted to. Another important step has lately been taken—namely, the addition of the London county suburbs. The county of London covers an area of one hundred and twenty-one square miles; the territory dealt with in previous issues covered only about sixty square miles. The enlarged area taken under its wing has added two pounds one ounce to the weight of the book, and over eleven hundred to the number of its pages. It must not be supposed that the compilers are proud of the dimensions of their book; on the contrary, they are continually battling to keep them down by the exclusion of superfluous entries, the adoption of smaller type, the use of finer paper, and a resort to contractions so far as is compatible with intelligibility. Still the ponderous tome grows, and still it must grow with the growth of London.

The main sections of the book are the streets, commercial, and trade sections, comprising in the main portion of the book six hundred and eighty-seven, nine hundred and twenty-five, and eight hundred and forty-four pages respectively, and in the suburban portion three hundred and sixty-six, two hundred and thirty-one, and two hundred and ten pages. Naturally, the commercial and trades sections are highest in and immediately around the City and lowest in the suburbs. Looking through the streets section, we miss Tweezers Alley, which lies at the back of W. H. Smith & Sons' Strand premises, and is mainly devoted to stabling. Curiously enough, too, there seems to be no Carpenter Street, though those responsible must have been driven hard for names, seeing they have given us twenty-three High Streets, fourteen King Streets, thirteen Charles Streets, twelve James, twelve Church, eleven George, and ten John Streets. Their thoughts would appear to have run more in the direction of food than of crafts, as witness Pickle Herring Street, Ham Yard, Sugar-loaf Walk, Mulberry Place, Honey Lane, Pepper Street, Salmon Lane, Bacon Street, Bread Street, Goose Yard, Cherry Garden, Poultry, Cow Lane, Lamb's Passage, Milk Street, Beer Lane, Fish Street, Pudding Lane, and so on. Perhaps it was this same disposition to look on the best side of things that led them to name the approach to Shoreditch work-house Paradise Row. A Paradise Street in Rotherhithe seems so far to belie its name as to need a

police-station in it, and another in Marylebone is bisected by Grotto Passage and Paradise Place. Eden is represented by a Grove and a Street, the Grove being intersected by Hope Street and the Street commencing with a pawnshop. Adam and Eve are present in the shape of a Court and a Yard in which is a smithy. They are stronger in the trades section—six fully licensed public-houses bearing their conjoint names. Tranquil Vale should be a desirable place of abode. It is far, however, from the centre—namely, at Blackheath—and contains an infants' school. There are three Trafalgar Squares in addition to the one that is known all over the world. One of these in Fulham appears to have only two sides, and is mainly occupied by people who let apartments; another in Camberwell has only one of its inhabitants entered in the Directory, as has also the third, which is in Stepney. No one seems as yet to have had the audacity to annex the names of Pall Mall or Piccadilly.

In these street names the numbers favoured are three and seven—thus, Three Colts Street and Lane, Three Herring Court, Three Cranes Lane, Three Crown Square, Three Mills Lane, Three Nun Court, Three Oak Lane, and Three Tuns Passage; there are also Triangles, Trident Street, and several Trinitys. As to seven, we have Seven Dials, Seven Sisters, Seven Star Alley, and Seven Step Alley. Other figures occur in Nine Elms, Five Bells Wharf, Half-moon Lane, First Avenue (Paddington), First Street (Chelsea), and One Tree Hill (Peckham), which, being uninhabited except by open-air orators and their followers on Sundays, is not given in *Kelly*. One suggests nothing, and there is a Nil Street, immediately followed by Nile Street, famous for its 'guns.' These streets are in Hoxton, and the 'guns of the Nile,' which is a market street, were a set of thieves of both sexes—burglars, pickpockets, warehouse-robbers, van-stealers, shoplifters, and such like. The present King, when Prince of Wales, visited Nile Street to lay the foundation-stone of some workmen's dwellings. The women inhabitants, to show their loyalty, hung articles of wearing apparel across the streets by way of relieving their mean and dull appearance. One brazen daughter of Eve, bolder than the rest, displayed a garment of underwear that shall be nameless, and afterwards declared that as the Prince passed under it he broadly smiled. Shepherdess Walk is the pastoral name of the dingy street that runs past the west end of the Nile.

Reverting to the duplication of names, we note there are two Lombard Streets besides the great banking centre—one on the south side of Fleet Street, where *Punch* is printed, and the other in Stepney, seemingly devoted chiefly to embroidery and the drying of herrings. There are also seven London Streets, besides a London Road, Place, Mews, Lane, Fields, and Wall. There are also sixty-six Great Streets, Roads, Alleys, &c., and eighty-six Little, which says something for the modesty at any rate, even if it reflects on the inventiveness, of earlier generations.

In the commercial section of the Directory we

have the names of something like one hundred and eighty-five thousand people and firms arranged alphabetically, with their postal and telegraphic addresses and telephone numbers, and forty-six thousand more in the suburban portion, with similar information about them. One naturally looks to the Smiths to see how they bulk. They occupy eighteen columns, and the number to the column is about a hundred. Strange to say, they are run close, not by the Joneses or the Browns or the Robinsons, but by the Macs, who, from Macadam to McWilliam, occupy fifteen columns. Jones and Brown are a long way behind, with only nine columns each, and Robinson shows only a beggarly four columns. What is it in the virile Smith that makes him outnumber all others? Perhaps it is due to a lack of originality or individuality, and to that tendency we have of following the crowd. All the chances, for instance, in the case of a waif needing a name are in favour of its being called Smith; and any one seeking to change his name to conceal his identity cannot do better than bury himself in the greatest crowd.

These, however, are mere surmises, and must be treated as such, for we note some of the mighty dead calling on us to lift them out of the obscurity they have fallen into in these degenerate days. Here, for instance, is the sublime Plato running a dining-room; Livy the historian of Hannibal lets apartments, while Hannibal himself has become a Mincing Lane merchant; Homer the blind old bard of Scio's Isle keeps a 'pub,' and Julius Cæsar a chemist's shop; Noah and John Bunyan are now greengrocers; Crusoe has dropped the Robinson and become a merchant, while his man Friday is a butcher; Oliver Twist, too, is here as a bootmaker. In such matter-of-fact ways does romance usually end.

We notice that Mr Tipple keeps the Noah's Ark public-house, and that Mrs Diggins lets 'digs'; and so do Mrs Thunder and Mrs Barks and Mrs Tongue and Mrs Chat(t)er. It is astonishing how many of our names are derived from the human anatomy. There is, for instance, Hand—one of whom, by the way, is a bootmaker—Head, Body, Toe, Leg, Shoulders, Knee, Kneebone, Bottom, Neck, Hair, Eye, Tooth, Lipp, Cheek, Bone, Chinn. Then from the animal world we have Hog, Heron, Herring, Fish, Gill, Roach, Pike, Elephant, Bird, Swan, Starling, Crow, Rabbits, Fox, Linnett, Canary, Bugg, Hawk, Finch, Bee, Nightingale, Moth, Lion, Pidgeon, Rook, Raven, Wren, Sparrow, Lark. Then from the vegetable world, Apple, Flower, Spink, Daffodil, Vine, Fig, Fruit, Ash, Beech, Oats, Moss. The months of the year are represented by August, March, May; human relationships by Boys, Cousins, Sisters, Stripling, Child, Husband, Uncle, Lass, Brothers, Brotherhood, Ladd, Fathers, Neighbour. States of mind are represented by such names as Fear, Funk, Grave, Gay, Jolly; states of being—shall we say?—by Liermann and Lies; numbers by Two, Twelves, Twentymen, Twins. But why go on? The heavenly bodies are there in Sun, Moon, and

Star. Heaven itself is there; so is Day and Nox, but not night; so is End, but not beginning.

We must proceed now to the trades section, in which there appear something like a quarter of a million entries in the London portion and over sixty thousand in the suburban. Perhaps the most swollen trade is that of the publican, with fifty-four columns in the former and ten in the latter. The favourite names for public-houses appear to be Red Lion and White Hart. Of the former there are forty-eight, and of the latter forty-three. Odd names are exemplified in the Three Loggerhead, Rent Day, Bombay Grab, Baptist's Head, Brazen Serpent, World Turned Upside Down, and World's End. The Stock Exchange members run to fifty-eight columns. Bakers appear to number one thousand six hundred (or about a fourth of the publicans), butchers one thousand four hundred, tailors two thousand seven hundred, dressmakers two thousand, builders two thousand, people who let apartments three thousand five hundred, with five hundred boarding-house keepers, chandlers' shops three thousand three hundred, dairymen one thousand six hundred, about seven hundred clubs, and over two thousand confectioners. At the other end of the pole there is one dripping-merchant, one fat-melter, one peat-merchant, one skewer manufacturer, two rat-catchers, one ormolu manufacturer, and one turtle importer. New trades are every year being introduced and old trades dying out. The motor industry has given rise to many trade headings quite unknown to the Directory a few years ago. Fifty years ago there used to be a list of 'cuppers,' but cupping dying out, so did the cuppers. One of the industries just mentioned is dying—namely, ormolu manufacture, and the present single representative adheres to it simply because it was introduced into this country from Paris by his great-great-grandfather in 1762. People scarcely know nowadays what ormolu is, though picture-frames and decorative work generally, when decoration was less common than now, were largely composed of it. It is really finely chased brass gilt, and is in gold what old Sheffield plate, now a lost art, was in silver. Other trades just to be noted are muffin and crumpet

makers, valentine and poetry-card makers, asses' milk vendors, crinoline-steel makers, birch-rod makers, blood-driers, panic-bolt makers, tattooists, embalmers, badger-hair merchants.

Other sections in the book which can simply be named are the Official Directory, an alphabetically arranged list of those holding appointments in any Government or law office; Parliamentary Directory; Postal Directory; City, Municipal, Parochial, and Clerical Directory; Conveyance Directory, in which it is astonishing to find how many carriers' carts still come into London from the country round about; Banking Directory; Law Directory; and Court Directory, in which are given the names and addresses of persons occupying private houses of some standing. In this last-mentioned part appear the people of fashion whom we still associate with the West End, though during the last fifty years they have set their faces almost completely in a south-westerly direction, where now stand some of London's finest streets and squares, such as Belgrave Square, for instance, on a site that far into last century was known as the 'Five Fields,' a rather uncanny neighbourhood.

The merit of such a book as the *Post-Office London Directory*, with its uncountable details, depends upon its accuracy and the convenience of its arrangement for reference. On these points it has never been impugned, and notwithstanding its great size, it is, from its shape and make, the easiest book in the world to open. Some idea of the labour involved in keeping it up to date year after year may be gathered from the fact that the amalgamation of the Union Bank of London with Smith, Payne, & Smith's Bank, under the style of the Union of London and Smith's Bank, necessitated alterations in more than nine hundred places. Then what a crop of libel suits the proprietors would lay themselves open to if they did not verify every notice of alteration! An enemy of Smith, for instance, might cause them to be notified that Smith had shut up shop. Such kind of mischief has been attempted; but no communication involving any alteration in the book is acted upon until it has been verified by personal inquiry by one of the agents.

## FATHER RHINE.

By FRANCIS E. ROMANES, Author of *The Legend of Rodderburg*.



PETER BUSH sat one hot afternoon under the shady trees of his inn-garden, which looked out upon the river. His time was his own, as two hours at least must elapse before the evening guests began to drop round for their *Schoppen* of wine or their *Krug* of beer. Peter therefore felt very much at his ease sitting there, drawing at his long pipe, and watching the blue smoke sail away over the parapet or twist in ringlets up among the leaves.

The Rhine was extraordinarily low that season—so low that the shingle stretched away in front of the inn's miniature sea-wall like an ocean beach, and the children wading could hear each other's cries from shore to shore. In the west were the wharfs, red-roofed houses, and gray steeples of Bodenheim. To the north, the bridge flung its arches across the stream.

In time, to judge by the numerous mounds of stones and gravel that appeared on the shore, as if piled there by giant hands, the beach bid fair to



vanish altogether—giant hands indeed, the great crawling paws of a dredger.

Peter smiled blandly to think of the hard road and busy quay that one day would exist below his garden-wall.

For some time the machine had been silent. It was labouring sluggishly up-stream now, to recommence operations directly opposite the inn. The iron duct, resembling some gruesome reptile creeping on stilts over the sand, was being placed anew. Shortly, driven by tons of yellow water, a freight of boulders, sand, and gravel would be sent spinning along, and tossed many feet beyond its massive jaws.

Next summer, should all be well, Peter would have a companion at the inn. Already overtures had been made to the present owner for an easy-payment purchase of the house and garden. Then Peter and Betine would indeed be landlord and lady of the 'Vater Rhein.'

Was not the room upstairs about furnished? Had not two highly polished wooden bedsteads stood—for how long was it?—side by side, waiting proudly patient, with their red spring mattresses and bolster wedges, for the dressing of snow-white linen Betine must provide as her wedding portion? Moreover, on the pine-wood floor lay a tiny carpet; and the wardrobe and two chairs comprising the remaining decorations seemed as anxious that the room should be tenanted as the forlorn-looking beds themselves.

Slowly, with a grinding noise, the chain of iron pails began to revolve. Little whiffs of steam spouted impudently from the vessel's side. A thousand devils seemed let loose. Earth trembled at the uproar. Even the sea-gulls, which had flitted from their far Dutch coasts, flew piping off, settling on shore or dropping lightly on the stream a hundred yards away. And there was a great scurry of bare legs and splashing of water as the children fled from the artificial thunder.

Just then Peter looked up. Something heavier than usual was coming along the duct. A square-shaped article: 'Not a boulder that.' Peter shaded his eyes, gave one long look, and perceived the object to be a chunky-looking wooden box. On it came, tossed like a child's plaything, and at length, with force enough to burst each rusty band that encircled it, was pitched up the dripping pile. On the summit it gave one drunken sway as if dazed by the race it had run, and settled back firmly between two blocks of stone.

The sun was just disappearing behind the minster church of Bodenheim, and the sky was all one blaze, out of which the spires stood up like charred trunks in some forest fire.

That instant, as if by command of the vanishing disc, the dredger eased its grinding. Slower and slower went the chain-belts, and at last ceased from motion. Peter looked furtively round. No one was in sight. Not a sound was to be heard. Even Lotté the maid-of-all-work had ended that seem-

ingly interminable ditty she had been singing (to herself) all day long in the tap-room.

Several of the dredger's crew were again preparing to move their vessel. Some were laying tarpaulins over the silent cogwheels and chains. Others had landed and were dragging the snake-like duct away piecemeal in preparation for the morning's work. Soon they too would be on board, and the beach deserted for the night. The box had remained unseen. Peter waited until the dredger was up the river, round the bend. Then, whistling gaily to disarm suspicion, he went leisurely down the well-worn terrace-steps and on to the shingle below. But in a short time his whistling ceased, and a shrill little chirp as of some night-bird took its place. Afterwards the sound became fainter. Peter was out of sight behind the heap, but at intervals the bird continued to call.

Betine was knitting by the street door when she heard the well-known cry. She turned quickly, and, passing through a stone-flagged passage, soon reached the garden. Here, carried by a puff of flower-scented wind which tossed Betine's flaxen curls like sheaves in an autumn gale, the sound became more distinct. 'It was Peter, sure enough!' How long would it be necessary for him to summon her like that? Only one year more. This time next summer. Betine reddened and lowered her eyes. She still continued her knitting as she picked her way over the rough stones, but looked up and round at intervals to learn where her lover lay hid. The signal was repeated. Betine commenced to hurry her steps.

'Quick, *mein Schatz*,' said a warning voice. 'Come behind the pile. I can't see any one at the inn yet. Can you?'

'No; more's the pity,' Betine returned, mistaking his manner. 'But what on earth have you got up there?'

Peter was on his knees, fumbling among the stones.

'Earth!' he cried; 'sky you mean. The Rhine gods have sent this. Treasure—that's what it is! But,' he panted, scrambling down, 'it would take the opposite of Rhine gods to move it. I must fetch a pick and crowbar.'

'Rhine gods—nonsense!' said Betine. Nevertheless she grew a shade paler. There was, after all, a good deal of superstition in her nature. She finished sceptically, however: 'It's only an old box, with nothing in it, I'll wager, but rusty nails.'

Peter shook his head. 'To-night,' he declared solemnly, 'we shall see.'

Betine ventured a peep from behind a boulder. She touched his arm.

'Some guests have arrived at the inn. Lotté is serving them now. Go up, Peter; I will wait here a while. Some one might see us come out together, and give old *mama Klatsch* [gossip] a chance.'

Peter laughed. 'We'll be safe from that old lady's tongue for ever before the snow flies,' he said, looking confidently up at the ancient box.

Night was falling rapidly. Betine almost commanded him to go at last.

'Don't even tell your mother, mind,' Peter said, putting on his coat. Then he strolled away, humming a lively air, and vanished behind the mound.

But to go back to the afternoon. Far up above the town, across the river, a boat lay drawn well up the beach. She was not an elegant craft, but picturesque enough, lying over on the yellow sand, with the water lapping her tar-smeared stern.

Just as Peter sauntered whistling down the steps a telescope closed with a click, and, uttering many guttural expressions of satisfaction, two creeping figures disappeared from view. Beyond the boat, a tow-path stretched away, ribbon-like, up and down the stream. Farther back waved gently, as an ocean swell, the still green ears of a field of rye.

At sundown there was a movement among the grain; the stalks were pushed rudely aside; two bearded faces appeared at the opening. Later, the boat, propelled by four powerful arms, shot rapidly into mid-stream and edged away towards the opposite shore.

But Betine guessed nothing of all this. Nor did Peter, although, being an old river-man, he should have, and never ceased to lament his stupidity all the days of his life.

Meanwhile, on a bank of dry sand, Betine had sat down and recommenced her work. But soon it became too dark for knitting. The busy fingers stopped. Immediately she must start for home.

Then she began to think. 'Supposing Peter were right, and the chest really contained treasure. That would mean—endless were the joys—marriage, the inn, travel perhaps!' Betine looked up now with some degree of awe. There, endowed with an ever-increasing interest, still secure between the twin boulders, lay the chunky wooden box. But suppose some one should come and take (steal) it while she was away—before Peter arrived? And Betine, in spite of a growing hunger and the certain knowledge of a rating at home, determined to stand watch till her lover's return. An hour and more passed; she knew by the clocks of Bodenheim. The air was becoming cold. 'When would Peter come?' Betine got up and moved round the pile. About a hundred yards off was the lighted inn-garden. That was her Peter, that big form moving about among his guests and stopping for a time at each table. Lotté seemed to have wings as she flew from door to terrace; and the hum of many voices came from afar, as the buzz of a swarm of bees.

Away in the east, behind the hills, the sky was showing signs of the moon's pale light. Soon the whole stretch of water would be shivering under her yellow beams. To the north seemed to hang a row of sparkling jewels, and a great red lamp warned all the silent passing barges of the bridge's central arch. It was indeed a glorious night. Betine, standing there alone, gave a deep sigh,

stretching out her arms as if to clasp it to her breast. If Peter would but look he would see her and surely come!

Suddenly a grating sound came from the gravel-heap at her side. Betine started round in a frenzy of terror. The chest had changed its position. Some portion of sand must have given way. Presently, as though impelled by an irresistible force, it slowly rose on end, seemed to hesitate a moment, then, with one big rock as a companion, rolled heavily down the slope and lay upright at Betine's feet.

But this last strain had proved too great for even these time-worn hands. The moon's rays shone on a gaping lid. Betine was on her knees in one moment, and buried to the elbows the next in a confusion of gold and silver trinkets, black and tarnished by time. Deep down, beneath some flimsy fabric so rotten with age that it flew away in tiny pieces like burnt paper from an open fire, Betine found a leathern case. She pressed the little button, fearfully at first—harder still! The cover flew back. Blinking like a big green eye, and encircled by a string of priceless pearls white as the neck they had once adorned, gleamed an emerald that would have charmed the evil eye of old Nero himself.

Betine gasped. Hark! was not that the sound of creaking oars? The girl ceased her wondering and looked cautiously round. All was silence: only the wash of the river, the ever-diminishing babble of voices from the inn.

Peter would soon be here. What a surprise to see the wedding-gift the Rhine gods had brought her! Betine unbuttoned her dress. Something glimmered for a second about her throat. A little click—the clasp still worked to perfection. Another moment, and with its dainty circlet the gem was secure from mortal eye, hidden safely away in the folds of a summer dress.

From the west, unheeded, the night-clouds had arisen. Betine gave a little disappointed cry as the moon disappeared into their sombre folds, leaving the beach in all but absolute darkness.

Swiftly and noiselessly, manned by two crouching forms, a boat came floating down. Unheard by the kneeling girl, the prow scraped on the sand. Two dusky figures approached unseen. A sudden rush—a heavy blow which sent the whole earth swinging round. Betine remembered no more.

When she recovered Peter was bending over her.

Where was she? Ah! she remembered now. 'The box!' she whispered.

'Oh, drat the box!' he cried. 'It is gone for good. Perhaps it was only old nails after all. But you, Betine, not dead, thank God!'

Betine looked up, and smiled to notice, by the light of a lantern he had brought, how pale her lover looked.

'Peter,' she said faintly, 'my wedding-present—see!' And Betine drew something from her bodice.

THE END.

## AMERICAN GOLD-PROSPECTORS.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.



CLIMBING over mountains, trudging along gorges and valleys, spending week after week in the wilderness far from any human habitation, are thousands of men, many who have spent half of their lives in this manner. The American terms them prospectors for the reason that they are searching for indications of wealth which may be concealed beneath the rocky ledge or in the sands of the watercourse. They include the 'pocket-hunter' who disdains to search for gold except in the form of pockets, which are crevices occasionally found amid the rocks where, by a strange freak of nature, lumps of the yellow metal have been deposited. Pockets have been found which have yielded their discoverers a fortune; but it is another instance where fortune is fickle, for one may search year after year without being rewarded. The other kind of prospector is satisfied to obtain the gold or silver in any form, whether it be in flakes so fine that the particles are little more than dust, or imprisoned in pieces of quartz which must be crushed before it can be secured. Both classes of gold-hunters, however, roam over the region between the Pacific coast and the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains, except those who have gone into Alaska and British Columbia. Although over half a century has passed since the nuggets were found on Sutter's Creek which caused California to be called the Golden State, one may chance upon the prospector throughout the western country described, perhaps on the outskirts of some mining town, perhaps fifty miles distant from any abode of man.

There are prospectors whose heads have become gray in the search for wealth, others just past the age of boyhood. All are easily recognised, however, by the kit they carry on their backs: a shovel and a pan, a gun, and a supply of provisions on which one depends when he cannot secure food in the wilderness. Those who venture into the mountains may take a small iron bar or pickaxe. When the prospector enters a region where he believes he may 'make a strike,' he looks out sharply for ledges of rock which overhang a valley, and for the dry bed of a stream. As he goes over the bed, now and then he digs up a shovelful of the sand and places it in his pan. Then filling the pan with water, he stirs the sand and water together and gradually pours the mixture over the rim. When the pan is nearly emptied, eagerly he looks for anything which may glisten. If the sand is of a dark colour his interest is increased, for this is usually the gold-bearing sand, as the miner calls it. Should he find the glittering particles, he washes more of the sand, and perhaps remains on the spot month after month, securing the gold in this crude fashion. The old

miner knows that such metal found in the beds of streams is usually washed down from the rocks above, and endeavours to find the vein or lode from which it came. This he does by breaking pieces from the ledges here and there, and examining them. Sometimes he has come upon riches in a single day by happening to hit the right spot.

Every state and territory in which gold and silver have been found in any quantity has its stories of discoveries which, while they seem like romances when told, are examples of the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. Montana furnishes several of the more interesting. Every prospector in the Rocky Mountains has probably heard the tale of how old Tom Cruise discovered the great Drum Lomond Mine. For years the old miner had been sluicing out the gold in the bed of a creek a few miles from Helena. Some days he secured less than a dollar's worth, and other days five times as much. The uncertainty was discouraging, but he had experience enough to know that the ledge from which the gold had been washed must be somewhere in the vicinity, so he explored the valley, but without result. Then he climbed the sides for hundreds of feet. At last he saw a projection which was apparently rock covered with earth and leaves. A few digs with the shovel laid bare the outcropping of the ore-vein which was to become one of the most famous in the world.

In the long list of accidental discoveries which have made fortunes either for the discoverers or others to whom they divulged them, that of Park City will always occupy a prominent place. It was not always termed Park City, and many of the miners in Utah to this day call it Parley's Park, its original name. Sitting on a ledge of rock to rest while travelling through this region, a prospector began knocking away at the surface with his pick without thought that its point was entering a mass of silver ore. Noting the glitter of the fragments, he took them to the nearest town and had them assayed, more out of curiosity than otherwise, for apparently they contained too much of the white metal for it to be genuine. The assay showed no less than twelve pounds of silver to the ton. News of the discovery soon spread, and openings were made from which ore yielding over three million pounds of pure silver has thus far been taken, and no one knows how much more lies in the bowels of the hills.

Such are instances of mines which have not been exhausted since they were opened. There are darker chapters in the history of the western goldfields; for example, Treasure Hill, situated in Nevada, the state to which the great Comstock Lode has given such a reputation. Nearly half a century ago the ore from fully a hundred openings in the mountain-side on which it stands was brought to



Treasure Hill, making it one of the richest and, for the time, one of the most active communities in the West. Companies were formed by the score to secure the deposits of precious metal.

Then came the day when the pioneer miners cutting into the hillside found the veins were giving out. They began selling out shares in companies in which they were interested. As quickly as when the veins were discovered, the announcement spread that the end of the ore was in sight. A panic followed, and Treasure Hill was deserted. Possibly its hotels, stores, and dwellings are standing yet. A few years ago a traveller passed through the place, and actually saw glasses and bottles on the bars of the saloons, cues and balls on the billiard-tables in the hotels, row after row of dwellings, some with doors open, but not a human being was visible. Yet the day may come when the prospector will again explore the shafts and tunnels, and perhaps with a few blows of his pick will open up another source of wealth as great as that which built the city. It is the possibility of securing riches in a day or perhaps an hour that tempts the prospector to struggle along year after year, although he well knows that where there is one chance of success there are a hundred of failure.

With the progress which has been made in the sciences and the invention of machinery, elaborate expeditions are now equipped to prospect for gold and silver. In fact, some of the large deposits discovered recently have been due to the work of such parties, some of them fitted out at an expense of from twenty to thirty thousand pounds sterling. They can well be called expeditions, for they contain wagon-trains or strings of pack-mules carrying not only food and other supplies, but machinery for boring far into the rock, for breaking up and testing the formation, and even for determining the amount of gold and silver in each ton of ore. The man to whom the surface of the rock is like pages of the open book, the geologist, forms a part of the force. Chemists accompany the party to detect the presence of the precious metals by the use of acids. There are electricians who employ the electric current to force the boring-tool into the rock and take from it pieces which may lie hundreds of feet beneath the surface and contain specimens of ore. Even furnaces are carried on these expeditions, by which the ore can be smelted and the metal separated from the dross; and a mapmaker is also taken, so that if a discovery is made he can prepare a drawing of the locality for the fortunate owners.

Some of these expeditions carry enough supplies to allow them to go into regions where the ordinary prospector would perish of hunger and thirst. They have penetrated far into the desert, and have succeeded in revealing sources of wealth which have been previously unknown. Several have been formed to search for lost mines, deposits of gold which have been discovered but whose location is

no longer known, yet whose names are probably known to every prospector in America, and not a few have lost their lives in the attempt to rediscover them. Somewhere in the Mohave Desert in Arizona is the Bryfogle Mine, so called because a prospector of this name came out of the desert with a bag containing several pounds of nuggets of pure gold. He sold them to secure supplies, and went back, never to be seen again, apparently the secret of his wealth buried with him. Since then hundreds of fortune-seekers have unsuccessfully endeavoured to trace his path, many of them dropping by the way, overcome by hunger and thirst.

As the train on the Southern Pacific Railway passes through southern California, the passengers can see a group of three hills rising a few miles from the track. On one of these hills is the Pegleg Mine, for which search has been made in vain for the last quarter of a century. The first white man who is supposed to have found it was 'Pegleg' Smith, a cripple, who set people of Lower California wild by the sight of the many nuggets which he brought from it; but he also disappeared, and his secret was buried with him. Since then tradition has it that two other white men and one woman have visited the mine, but all are dead, and so far as is known, they never disclosed the secret of its location. Undoubtedly the south-western Indians have been familiar with many of the richest deposits, especially the Apaches, and could account for the disappearance of many a prospector who has sought them and never returned to civilisation.

#### THE MOON.

SHE comes at night when the long day wanes,  
And the sun glows red on the farmyard vanes,  
Climbing up into the darkening sky  
As the last wild rays of the sunset die;  
She lights the ploughman his lonely way  
To the little thatched cot where his children play;  
And the sheep that lie in the straw-walled fold  
Bleat through the night in her spectral gold.

Dark in the forest her shadows fall,  
Where the owls sit watching her blazing ball  
Imaging there on the mossy floor  
Chestnut and oak and sycamore;  
Soft she shines on the gray stone tower,  
Ghostly white on the stones that cover  
There in the long rank grass where lie  
The dead that are sleeping dreamlessly.

She threads the mist with a silver woof  
As it rolls like a sea round the high-peaked roof;  
Gleams on each diamond window-pane  
Where the child in unconscious dreams is lain;  
Breaks in flood from the sailing cloud  
Like an angel out of a winding-shroud,  
The night, night-long, to reign supreme  
And charm the earth with her slumbrous beam.

A. W. HOWLETT.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### A WINTER SHORE.

By R. A. GATTY, LL.B.

**T**HE people who throng the sands which lie between Redcar and Saltburn and enjoy the sea-bathing during the summer holidays can hardly realise what a change comes over the scene in the winter months. Those smooth, level sands, so firm to walk upon, become covered in a northerly or north-easterly gale with rolling breakers, extending far out to sea, for there is nothing but shallow water, fatal to the life of any ship which may be driven on the coast. The mariners know this, and keep far away out as well as they can; but occasionally they get driven in and engulfed. I was an eye-witness of this some ten years ago, late in the month of October, when a Scotch schooner called the *Vigilant* came ashore on the sands. It had been blowing hard all day, and the huge breakers, with their crests of foam, churned up the spindrift, which the gale carried like flakes of snow over the sea-banks. The power of such waves is enormous, and they have been known to remove the entire sands from Saltburn to Redcar, a distance of some five miles, and leave exposed the lias rocks on which the sands ordinarily lie.

It was a gun fired by the coastguard which warned everybody that something was wrong at sea, and drew crowds of anxious onlookers to the sea-front. It was afternoon, and the tide was coming in, and we could see, less than a mile away, a small schooner drifting helplessly towards the breakers. Preparations were already going on for launching the lifeboat, and before the danger-zone was reached by the schooner, the boat, filled with brave fellows, was battling its way to the ship. How that lifeboat lived in those boiling billows and made her course was a miracle to witness; but she reached the schooner, and we all expected she would take off the shipwrecked crew. The captain of the vessel, who was a Scotchman, had not signalled for assistance, and his answer to the appeals of the lifeboatmen was that he intended to stick by his ship. There were signs, he thought, of the gale moderating,

and he intended to anchor in the bay for the night. Every one said he was a madman to think of such a thing, but no persuasion could move him, and the lifeboat returned to the shore.

The promised moderation of the weather did not continue, and once we thought the captain had altered his mind and was running up a signal of distress, but it proved only to be a riding-light which now swung to and fro as the schooner tossed among the breakers. The darkness then came on, and all that could be seen of the vessel was this speck of light upon the waters. The coastguardman told me the anchor could not hold for long, and before daybreak the ill-fated ship would be knocked to pieces and the men drowned. My bedroom window faced the sea, and many times in the night I got up and looked at that dancing light, and thought of the wretched men in their hopeless position. Just as day was breaking the gun was again fired, and once more we made our way to the beach. The tide was now running out, and the process of launching the lifeboat was more difficult than on an incoming tide, for the flatness of the shore required the horses to go some way out into the breakers to get depth of water to float the boat, and the poor beasts found it no easy matter to face the heavy seas.

Meantime the *Vigilant*, having dragged her anchor, was now at the full mercy of the terrible waves. These broke over her in drenching showers, but each time she righted herself and did not founder. We could see the forms of the crew huddled together, and lashed, no doubt, to their places, for the seas were pouring freely over the deck. With a cheer from the group of helpers, all pushing vigorously behind the horses, the lifeboat once more started on her perilous voyage, and the cheers grew louder and louder as she got within touch of the vessel. This time there was no hesitation on the captain's part. Helping his three mates over the side into the boat, one of them so exhausted that he could not walk, he reluctantly took his place among them. The lifeboat made a safe

journey to the shore, and we crowded round to see this gallant Scotch captain who had stuck so bravely to his post. It was not foolhardiness or wilful recklessness of his own life and those of his crew, but, as he explained it, a sense of duty to his ship and her owners which made him hold out among the terrible breakers. Had the wind gone down as he hoped, or had it even shifted, he thought it possible to prevent the *Vigilant* from becoming a wreck. He had sailed in her for twenty years, and he knew her capabilities and had faith in her staunchness. About the latter there could be no doubt. She was real Scotch like her captain, and though every one prophesied the waves would hammer her timbers into matchwood, and bump a hole in her by striking the sand, nothing of the kind took place, and as the rough sea receded she grounded safely on the beach.

Not a hundred yards from the scene of the wreck stands the little, whitewashed inn of old Saltburn, and here the crew of the *Vigilant* were taken by sympathising friends, and beds prepared for them. The captain, however, declined to go to bed, and said he was not much the worse for his experiences of the night, but the others were greatly fatigued. He was a short, thick-set man, with a weather-beaten face but a cheery expression, and over a glass of hot grog he freely told us the story of his misfortunes, culminating in the loss of his ship, which greatly affected him. I was glad to hear afterwards that his gallant conduct was duly recognised by the owners of the *Vigilant*, and he soon got another ship. Nothing could be done with the old schooner but sell her by auction for breaking up, and as a memento of the occasion I bought the *Vigilant's* bell and converted it into a dinner-bell.

Stories of wrecks, with their attendant acts of bravery, are so common that it may seem superfluous to add to their number by giving this account of the *Vigilant's* misfortunes; but there are few men, I venture to think, who would have dared to anchor their ship in the raging waters of this inhospitable coast. On the first occasion of the lifeboat reaching him the captain might have accepted the proffered safety with every feeling that he had done his duty. He could see before him nothing but the furious waves breaking one after the other, showing their great white teeth like hungry beasts waiting to devour him. What a heart he had, that Scotch skipper, and how modestly and quietly he took our praises when he came ashore! The only weakness he betrayed was in accepting somewhat too freely the good cheer lavished upon him. Small blame to him, after all he had endured that awful night among the Saltburn breakers.

A walk along the beach in winter-time will often bring up some sad reflections. One afternoon in November 1905 I was again on the shore where the *Vigilant* was lost, and as I walked by the edge of the water I noticed a great quantity of cork, which the tide was bringing in, and presently I came upon a

broom with a long handle painted white, and apparently in excellent condition. I looked round to see whether there was any one who would care to carry home this useful article, and hailed a man who was apparently a fisherman, and asked him if he would care to have it. The man replied that he did not live anywhere near, and he had some miles to walk and did not wish to carry it. He suggested that we should leave it out of the reach of the tide, where some person coming along might find it. He took the trouble on his own initiative not only of stepping into the water to fetch it, but he went out of his way a couple of hundred yards to place it on a bank of sand. I then asked him if he could explain the presence of the broken cork which was lying in all directions; and after carefully examining some he gave it as his opinion that it was the cork of which cork-jackets are made, and that it possibly came from a wreck which had taken place off the Tees' mouth a few days previously during a bad storm. I walked a little way talking to my new acquaintance; but the wreckage had given me a feeling of depression, so bidding him good-day, I retraced my steps homewards.

The fact was my mind had gone back fifty years and more to a very similar scene, when as a young boy I had walked along a winter shore with my brother after a storm which had left the sands littered with oranges, most of which were burst when we tried to suck them, and full of seawater, while the edge of the tide was brown with linseed from a lost ship. I remember we had gone round a point where the rocks began, and climbing over a boulder, we came upon the dead body of a man. It was a gruesome surprise to us children; and I noticed on one of his feet he had a wooden sabot, and I had already picked up a sabot some way back along the beach. I never forgot the shock of finding this poor drowned sailor, and on this afternoon I felt at any moment one of the great waves might bring to light a similar fatality. What strange things early impressions are! They will lie dormant for years and years, and then some chord is struck and the scene reappears with wonderful distinctness, which age seems rather to strengthen than make dim.

I told my adventure to the man at the pier, who laughed at the whole thing. 'There are worse things come ashore,' he said, 'than dead bodies. When a vessel is wrecked on those rocks yonder, and everything gets smashed up by the waves, I have known bits of men floated in by the tide—an arm, a leg, and such-like. These do make you feel queer, I can tell you.' We hear of people wishing to be buried at sea, but it always seems to me a very unquiet resting-place. There may be depths where everything is perfectly still, but they can only be found in the great oceans. Currents, too, must always be moving things about, for was not a portion of a railway carriage, after the Tay Bridge disaster, washed up on the coast of Norway?



While we were talking at the pier, a fisherman came up with a spade and tin can on his way to get worms on the shore. He was an old friend whom I had known many years, and one of those who had assisted at the wreck of the *Vigilant*. I inquired what fish he hoped to catch, for the sea was far too rough for any fishing-boat to put out. He said the codling were now about the pier-head when it was high-water, and if the sea went down a bit and the swell became less strong, there would be a chance of getting some the next afternoon. The codling liked rough water, as it churned up food from the bottom and exposed the worms; but if the waves were too rough they kept out in deeper water. I strolled along with him to the bait-ground, and he explained to me the difficulties he had to contend with over getting worms. Owing to the roughness of the sea, the sand was constantly changing, and this gave the worms no chance of growing to any size. It was different at Redcar, where the shore was more protected by rocks and bait was plentiful. Here you might dig for hours with very poor results.

There is art in everything, and I soon found there was something to learn even in the simple matter of digging up worms. We came to a part of the sands which was covered with worm-casts, and it looked as if every time you put in the spade you would turn up bait; but this was not the case. I noticed the fisherman carefully scanning the ground, and he explained to me it was no use digging at random, and that you had to look not only for the presence of a worm-cast, but also for a blow-hole. He very soon called my attention to a small circular hole in the sand about eight inches away from a worm-cast. 'This,' he said, 'is where we shall find the worm's head, and his tail will be where the cast is. He will be lying between these two points, and all I shall have to do is to dig straight down and get him.' Suited the action to the word, he put in his spade, and he found the worm exactly in the position he said it would be, and of the exact length of the distance between the blow-hole and the cast. He was thus saved the trouble of digging for worms of small size, besides knowing the exact position of the worm before putting in his spade. The blow-holes are only made by the worms when the tide is making.

The fisherman informed me that the razor-fish from the long razor-shells would be better bait for the codling than worms; but these only came ashore in certain tides when the sea coal-dust appeared. I remembered having seen the shore strewn with coal-dust of sufficient quantity for men to scrape it together and carry it away in carts for fuel. It must be poor smudge at best, and it comes, no doubt, from some exposed coal-seam out at sea. We were successful in getting a fair amount of worm-bait, and as my friend the fisherman prophesied a change of weather, and a breeze off the land when evening came on which would knock down the sea, I returned

home with pleasant anticipations of the next day's fishing.

Many people think there is no art in sea-fishing, and I admit when you are out in a boat and get among a shoal of fish, and have nothing to do but sink and pull, the glut of the catch robs it of all pleasure. This is not the case with the codling in the breakers. You may perhaps get a big fish ten or twelve pounds in weight, but there is never that abundance to produce any feeling that you are getting too much.

It was high-water about five o'clock, and shortly before four I joined the fishing-party on the pier, which consisted of the fisherman, who brought with him two dogs—one an Aberdeenshire terrier answering to the name of 'Wreck,' and a Pomeranian called 'Floss'—and two other men. 'These dogs won't stay at home,' the fisherman explained. 'They belong to the inn down there on the beach, and that little rascal Wreck, he will be in at everything that is going on, and follows me about all day. He knows as well as possible we are going to fish, and there he is now rushing down the pier barking to send away those gulls you see flying over us. That's his way, and nothing can live for him. Why, when I go on the rocks after soft crabs for bait, he has his nose under the seaweed all along hunting for big crabs, and if one of these gets his claw into Wreck's lip he never shakes him off—he knows that's no good; but he stands still and waits till the crab lets go, and then, my! you should hear the crunch. You want to know why he is called Wreck? Well, I'll tell you. About eight years ago, one December morning, we saw a schooner in difficulties about a mile out, and it was one of those storms like that which wrecked the *Vigilant* about two years before. There was nothing for it, we saw, but she must come into the breakers and be lost; so the gun was fired to summon the lifeboat-men, and we all went down to the shore to give a helping hand. There were five men on board the craft, but the poor chaps were done up and starved with cold, and they could do nothing to save their ship, which seemed to come dead on for the pier-head. It was a marvel she did not strike it and go to pieces at once; but just at the critical moment a great big wave washed over her and turned her a little on one side; but when we looked after it had passed there were only four men on the deck—one had gone, poor chap! into the breakers. He had this little dog Wreck on board with him, a Scotch terrier; and the boat was Scotch, and all the crew. Well, this wave which took the poor fellow's life was perhaps the means of saving the others, for it turned the schooner so that she came right forward to the beach instead of heading for the rocks out yonder, where she must have gone to pieces. We got the lifeboat out, and it was a rough time for them, I can tell you. One wave washed three of the crew into the sea, and the

next brought one of these back right into the boat without his moving. The other two, who had cork-jackets, were caught by the men, and pulled in just in time. The lifeboat had no more accidents, and got to the ship and took off the four men; but no one, in the hurry and excitement, thought of the dog, so the little chap was left on board to take his luck. The men were well looked after and provided for; and meantime the schooner was tossing up and down, and we expected her to break up any minute. She was right far in now, and not many yards from where the *Vigilant*, you remember, came ashore. After some hours the tide turned, and the *Loch Alsh*, as the vessel was called, grounded on the sand. The same tide left the body of the drowned sailor, who was mate on board, not far away from the ship. You would think, now, that little dog, after all the shaking about he had had, would have jumped off the ship when she was clear of water and made for the land. Not a bit of it. He knew he was left in charge and all in the boat was under his care, and so when the coastguard officers went to board her and take over everything into their hands they found a Tartar awaiting them. There stood

Wreck on the deck, showing his teeth and snarling, with his hair all up his back standing on end. Not a man of them dared go aboard, and it was not till the sailors had come and taken away the dog that they could go about their business. That's pluck for you, if you like.'

I need not say that Wreck is a general favourite with everybody, though he clings to the company of the fishermen in preference to any other society. His poor master lies buried in the churchyard of Marske-by-the-Sea, not far from the grave of the father of the celebrated navigator Captain Cook. At the time of the wreck the minister of a parish in Aberdeenshire was communicated with, and he said that the mate's name, Matthew Cowling, which was tattooed in full on his arm, was a common one, and it was impossible at the moment to identify him, but it would be known by his not returning home. I venture to give his name, as perhaps this story in the *Journal* may find its way into the hands of some of his relatives, and they will be glad to know that all was done that could be at the time, and that his little dog still survives, well cared for, on that distant shore where Cowling met his terrible death among the Saltburn breakers.

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER XXIII.



AFTER all, it can't be much trouble to give a dance at Brayborough,' said Ida Pegram. 'All you have to do is to roll the carpets up and order supper and a band. Such a lovely floor!' she said, executing a *pas* on a shining interval between the doorways. 'Why don't you go in at your uncle, Betty?'

'I never bother Uncle Forsyth for things,' said Betty; 'and I don't see why he should give a dance if he does not want to, and it bores him.'

'What an odious little cat!' said Mabel Pegram as Betty left the room. 'And he would do it for her directly. Two dances running, and you might have brought Neips up to the scratch, Ida. I am afraid one is no good. He will be too shy and flustered with the lights and the smart "lydies." I suppose he will be one of the stewards?'

Ida Pegram made an impatient movement and exclamation.

'It is all very well snorting,' said her sister; 'but time is not standing still with either of us, and it would not be such a bad business after all. You would live near here, and come in for all that is going on, if you keep in with the Forsyths; and there are the S—s, and a lot of other houses, and summer cricket-parties; and it is quite a tidy little old manor-house—quite nice. Of course you would shunt the mother and sister, and alter the house a bit, and add a room or two.'

It was the day of the Hunt ball. Betty had come in from a round of the hothouses with some of the newest batch of guests, and was going to her room when her uncle called to her from his sitting-room as she passed the open door.

'Come in, Betty. I have something here I should like you to have,' he said as she came up to him. He unlocked his bureau and took out a worn velvet case from the depths of one of the drawers. He touched a spring, and the case opened, disclosing a beautiful comb of fine diamonds.

'Oh, dear Uncle Daddy!' said Betty.

'It belonged to your aunt, child, and I should like you to wear it to-night and keep it. She was very fond of it, and often wore it. I never showed you this, did I?' and he took out a miniature from the same secret recess.

Betty might have sat for it, the likeness was so strong. Her eyes filled with tears. She stooped and kissed him.

'Bless you, child!' he said. 'Now run away; I am busy. What a bore this ball is!'

Brayborough was full to overflowing. Omnibuses, broughams, brakes, landaus, all in request to take the ball-goers to the scene of their triumphs, disappointments, heartaches, boredoms, business, as the case might be. The toilets were gorgeous; Lady Forsyth resplendent in white and gold, ablaze with the family diamonds. Most of the ladies had looked on the Wilton ball as an occasion amply

justifying a new gown. It was a very smart ball indeed, and all the houses round had filled up for it.

Betty was lovely. 'Darling white,' as Lady Forsyth called it, with La France roses on her white shoulder and a great trail on the soft gown that was swathed round her slight figure, hanging to perfection; the beautiful diamond comb sparkling in her dark hair.

The Miss Pegrams were in smartest black, with splashes of vivid scarlet; and Ida Pegram's sallow cheeks had mounted a little colour for the occasion, and an artistic touch had made the pale eyes less like those of a cod-fish than usual.

Mrs Williams was there, of course, and radiant, a glitter of gold and green and jewels, reminding one, somehow, of a mermaid, or the Lorelei, or something uncanny and wicked, alluring and unclothed. She was in wildest spirits, and ready for anything, having pulled off a coup in the City, thanks to the advice of a stockbroking friend.

A start was made, grumbling men collected, and the train of carriages in due course deposited their freight at the doors of the Corn Exchange at Wilton. The ballroom was large, beautifully decorated with bunting and flowers, and dazzling with electric lights. The floor was beyond reproach.

Lady Forsyth and her party made their way up the room to the seats set apart for the mighty.

'Why don't they begin?' said Mrs Williams to Lord Harlestone. 'Oh, I see; the S——s! There they come! Did you ever! Why don't they do the whole thing, and have a Lord Chamberlain with a white wand to walk backwards and show them to their thrones? I never did see such absurd side!' as the great people advanced up the room, Lady S—— bowing from side to side as though a royal crown sat on her brow instead of her second-best tiara.

'Can you imagine her ever having been pretty, with that tier of chins and that cross expression?' said Mrs Williams. 'I remember—that is to say' (hastily pulling herself up), 'I have been told she was a perfect dream of beauty. People used to stare at her so in the streets that she could not go out for a walk. Oh, do look!' she continued excitedly. 'There is that ridiculous woman Lady Clamjaffary, with her nodding plume. Did you ever hear about the portraits?'

'No. What happened?' said Harlestone.

The woman's spirits were infectious, and she was amusing in her spiteful way, so he sat on by her side.

'Well, she had poor little Clam painted in his peer's robes—with his coronet on his head, if you please—Clam, who never goes near the House of Lords, and is only really happy when he is pinching his fat cattle. She got little Brown, who is so clever, and who would be so rising but for the bottle, to paint it. You know she is an awful screw, and she ground him down to paint her portrait as well for very little more than he usually asks for one. Do

you understand? He was to paint the two for the price of one!'

Harlestone nodded.

'Brown, poor little creature! is always hard up, and did it; but, *en revanche*, painted little Clam with an expression as if he were going to cry! It was a wonderful likeness and a splendid bit of work, artists say. Lady Clam could do nothing. She was simply livid. Clam's portrait was hung in the Academy. Every one used to go and see it, and go into fits over it. Hers was not hung, which piled up the agony.'

Harlestone burst out laughing.

'I see they are going to start with a sort of royal quadrille,' he said. 'Will you come and join the dance? I am only good for a square to-night. I knocked my knee against a gate-post, and am quite stiff.'

'Not I,' said she. 'I am far too much amused looking on! Look at Lady Clam pointing her toes and smiling on her inferiors, and her plume nodding; and look at Lady S——'s scowls. I suppose a triple tier of chins is trying;' and she cackled on in her disagreeable, drawling voice.

Betty was very much in request, and her card was full before she had been long in the room. She kept two vases for Harlestone, with an aching heart; but the evening wore on and they were never asked for.

Harlestone did not dance at all, but seemed to spend most of the evening talking and laughing with Mrs Williams, greatly to the satisfaction of that light-hearted dame. The atmosphere about the front benches was slightly oppressive; but the ball was cheery and bright, the band and programme excellent.

At length there was a pause, and the mighty retired for supper.

Colonel Fraser hurried up to Betty.

'Miss Fitzhugh,' he said, 'Glengorm has got his piper—he is up in the gallery looking on—and we have got them to give us a Highland schottische on the pipes. It is pretty cool cheek of an old buffer like me; but will you dance it with me?'

'I should love to,' said Betty brightly.

The skirl of the pipes resounded through the room. A great lump rose in her throat and the tears rushed to her eyes at the familiar music. All her unhappiness came over her like a rising tide, and a great ache for Dunscaith.

Colonel Fraser looked at her and saw there was something amiss with the girl.

'Come along, Miss Betty,' he said. 'I know what it is. The pipes have made me feel like that before now. Cheer up, *sūasa!*'

She danced with dainty grace, and the colour had come into her cheek and the light into her eye, as the most exciting and beloved of music ceased. Her partner whirled her light figure round for the last time, landing her close to Harlestone, who was leaning against the door-post looking at them.



'Well done, Miss Fitzhugh!' he said; and Colonel Fraser mopped his brow.

'Come along and have some supper, Miss Fitzhugh,' said the latter. "'That was real fine," as we say in the north.' And they went downstairs.

Harlestone must have taken that opportunity to ask for a lift home with Lord Forsyth, as Betty did not see him again that night.

'My dance, Miss Fitzhugh,' said young Hamond as they re-entered the ballroom, and the strains of lovely old *Wien mein Sinn* thrilled forth. He put his arm round her slender waist, and they floated away.

'Do come and sit in here and get cool for a minute,' he said. 'I am sure you don't want to dance those disgusting kitchen lancers.'

She went with him, and they sat in a sheltered nook under a spreading palm.

He took her fan gently out of her hand and began fanning her; but, shutting it up suddenly with a snap, 'Miss Fitzhugh,' he said, 'do you think you could ever care enough for me to marry me? I never cared for any one as much as I care for you, and I know quite well how unworthy I am.'

Betty was greatly distressed.

'Dear Mr Hamond, it is quite impossible,' she said. 'I cannot tell you how it hurts me to give you pain,' as she saw his face flush and then grow pale. 'I am so very, very sorry.'

'Is there no chance—ever?' he said. 'I never had much hope, I must say.'

'Please do not let us talk about it any more, Mr Hamond. I shall always like you, and look upon you as a dear friend.'

Young Hamond smiled grimly as she rose.

'I suppose I must not ask if there is any one else?' he said.

'I don't think you ought.' It was her turn to

flush. He saw it, and set his teeth as they moved out of the recess and back into the ballroom.

'What luck some people have, to be sure!' said Mabel Pegram, who had peered into the recess out of the corner of her eye, and guessed what had happened by young Hamond's serious face and Betty's disturbed look.

'Why could he not have fixed his young affections and his twenty thousand a year on me, I wonder?' she thought to herself. 'And look at Ida's struggles with that wretched Neips; I don't believe she will land her stupid fish after all. All the men seem to have gone mad over that mixx Betty Fitzhugh! What can they see in her, I wonder?' thought the hack of many London seasons and country balls.

The great people were departing. Lady S—— looked more amiable, and actually spoke to Mrs Harold, who was standing with a handsome daughter near the doorway.

Lady Clamjaffary also was kind to her inferiors, telling them what a good ball she thought it, and that their girls enjoyed balls of that sort so much more than they would the crushes in 'our London drawing-rooms;' causing more than one well-bred and well-born country dame to long to lay hands on the nodding plume that waved above the vain, pasty face of her condescending interlocutor.

A good many suppers had been disposed of by this time; the room was hot; the ball was growing a little rowdy.

Lady Forsyth said that no dog was ever as tired as she felt, and began to collect her party. So that year's Wilton Hunt ball began to come to an end, and was pronounced even a greater success than usual by all as they drove home in the darkness, some happy, some sad, some bored, all tired.

(To be continued.)

## DOMESTIC SERVICE.

**I**N the August issue of *Chambers's Journal* I ventured to suggest—in an article entitled 'The Domestic Tyrant'—that ladies trained as servants should be introduced into our households with a view to raising the standard of domestic service. It was impossible with the limited space at my command to enter fully into this important subject. Most thinking people are agreed that some radical change must be made if the home-life so dear to us is to be maintained. Young couples starting housekeeping are launched at the very outset into a sea of troubles, and experienced matrons are finding it impossible to keep up the high standard of comfort and excellence to which they had attained. The cry of the present day is not so much for

servant-girls as for a *properly trained service*. It is wonderful that we have submitted so long, and in so many cases, to pay wages for ignorance and incompetency. As things are at present, no improvement can be expected from the servant-class themselves; we are only too thankful to engage a perfectly ignorant girl if she is honest and respectable, and we pay a large wage for the privilege of training her.

Now, side by side with this class are numbers of ladies who, by misfortune, are reduced to penury, and who struggle to make a living in overcrowded shops and workrooms, in second-rate studios, or as lady-clerks and typists. Most avenues are closed to them; and whereas under the old régime those who would have been considered quite efficient in 'the arts,' and competent enough to impart their

acquirements to others, are nowadays—when the standard of merit is so high—asked for certificates which they cannot produce. They flood the market as mothers' helps, lady companions, paid attendants, and some would even go without salary in return for a home! Now, many of these ladies, if properly instructed, would make excellent servants, the necessary training being neither long, arduous, nor costly; and the reward steady work, a comfortable home, and good wages!

I have recently heard of the Guild of Aid, Zeals, Bath, a home where lady-pupils are trained for any kind of domestic work for one pound weekly, daughters of clergymen for ten shillings. These fees include board and lodgings. Lady probationers are also taken for regular resident work at the central home. One of the most important features is the scheme for providing temporary aid to those whose servants have suddenly left them through illness or otherwise. The guild has been in existence thirty years, and has done much good work. It is supported to some extent by voluntary contributions, and is exclusively a Church of England institution. Further particulars can be obtained from the organising secretary, Guild of Aid, Zeals, Bath.

In my former article I pointed out that training is already being given in the Arachne Club, 60 Russell Square, London, and in the Guild of the Household Dames in Cheltenham; and that such homes for the training of ladies for domestic service should, in connection with women's clubs, be established in each capital in the United Kingdom, and associated under one central committee of management, these central committees having power to appoint sub-committees for the personal supervision of *each home* in the town in which it may be established. Certificates should be granted by the head-office only, thus ensuring a genuine guarantee of efficiency, the competition for these being open to every class of servant.

This suggestion naturally leads one to consider the desirability of associated registries, so that any one applying for a servant would be in touch with all the other registries connected with these training centres. Every lady on parting with a maid would be required to forward *confidentially* a true and genuine character of the latter to the branch through which she had been engaged, for the information of the next applicant. This would put an end to the repeated writing of characters between ladies which has become such a burden at the present time, while all servants of good character who have gained certificates in any branch should have the benefit of these registries. It has often struck me that while we as mistresses are anxious to gain all possible information about the servant we engage, the girl herself has very little idea of what we are offering her. We give a few isolated facts, such as the number of the family, number of servants kept, wages given, &c., and the girl accepts

the situation in blind ignorance of the house to which she is going and the household she is to serve. I have even known ladies who resent as an impertinence any reasonable question the girl might ask. Would it not be well if ladies employing these registries would give the manager a full and detailed account of the house and of the situation they are offering? This could be shown to a servant before her interview with her possible mistress, and so save much future disappointment.

Now, if we are to have either the superior girl we are always seeking or lady-servants, we cannot expect them to remain in houses where no thought is given to the comfort of the maids. True, there are many, many houses where only kindness and consideration are shown them, and where the structural arrangements and the furnishing of servants' quarters leave nothing to be desired. On the other hand, how often are they consigned to gloomy, overcrowded bedrooms, with dirty wall-paper, hard, comfortless beds, odds and ends of shabby toilet-ware, and bare boards; while the servants' hall is a cheerless room, with stone floor, deal table, and uninviting forms!

Bear with me if I plead for a little comfort and even a little beauty for our servants. I feel sure in many cases it is just thoughtlessness which is responsible for this state of things, a general idea that 'anything will do for a servant's room,' which the mistress rarely, if ever, enters. It is wonderful how little expenditure is needed to produce a pretty little bedroom; a light-ground paper and white paint are no more costly than dingy paper and mud-coloured paint. The bare floor could be stained or covered with a rug or art square. Oetzmann supplies an iron bedstead, spring and wool mattress, wool bolster and a pillow complete for one guinea; and the whole room could be transformed and refurnished for a few pounds. In many cases, by simply repainting the old furniture an equally good effect could be produced. The bare servants' hall, also, by a little thought and at small cost could be remodelled into a cosy sitting-room.

Now, think for one moment what all this means to the lady-servant coming possibly for the first time into her new life amongst strangers! How the touch of refinement in her immediate surroundings cheers and encourages her, and how proud the ordinary servant-girl would be of her pretty room! When possible, every servant should have a room to herself; but, where space does not admit of this, at least a bed of her own, with curtains dividing the room so as to ensure privacy.

In old houses, and where there is a large family, it is not always easy to allow sufficient accommodation; but in the building of new houses the architect's attention should be specially directed to the servants' quarters, where the windows should be planned so as to give separate light to each little room or portion of a room arranged as cubicles. A fitted

bath should be provided, and some form of sitting-room or servants' hall, however small, where they can escape from the kitchen and receive their friends.

Then there is the question of food. There should be neither waste nor unnecessary luxury; but servants cannot work well and keep in health if they are not properly fed, and the mistress (or house-keeper) should see that what is needful is provided for them. I have not forgotten the matter of relaxation and of holidays; and it is most important that servants should be allowed as much time to themselves for recreation and outdoor exercise as is possible. But the arrangements of different households as well as the ideas and circumstances of employers vary so much that details must be left as a matter of mutual agreement between mistress and maid. In some instances the adoption of a pretty uniform instead of the ordinary black dress might help to make service more attractive.

May I add a few words to intending lady-servants? It is not enough that a lady should know merely a little about housekeeping; she must be willing to undergo a proper training and gain her certificate. This is necessary as a test of her physical as well as of her moral ability, and would prove if she were really strong enough for this form of work, and if the cheerful carrying out of orders was possible to one who had hitherto only issued them. It is useless for a lady to take up this work unless she is determined to be a thoroughly good and efficient servant, and to bring into her new life a bright and pleasant spirit. Of course, many houses are totally unsuited to the lady-servant; but she would be perfectly invaluable to elderly couples whose families have all scattered and left them in their old age, and in the houses of ladies living alone she would essentially find her sphere. Quoting from a letter in the August issue of *The Gentlewoman*, a lady writes: 'I wonder whether any of your many readers who are contemplating how to earn their living have ever turned their attention to lady-maids? I have been for the last eight years a lady parlour-maid, and after a previous four years of teaching, can truthfully say that the latter is the

easier and better-paid employment. I have only lived where gentlewomen are kept.' After describing her work, &c., she concludes: 'Let girls think, and think twice, before they accept the miserable pittance of a nursery-governess or mother's help, when by donning a cap and apron and boldly going as a lady's-maid they can earn good salaries and lighter hours. My own life is so happy, with so much comfort in it, I should like other girls to join the ranks as well.' This letter is certainly very encouraging to other lady-servants.

I should deeply regret if anything written in this or in my former article should suggest a want of appreciation on my part of the good, superior servant still to be found in many households: the girl who began at the lowest rung of the ladder, at a small wage, and gradually worked herself up to thorough knowledge of her duties and the responsibility of her position. Indeed, I am voicing the cry of these very servants when they tell me how they deplore the change in the character of the girls now coming into service, their ignorance of the proper methods of work, their rough, rude manners in the servants' hall, and their lack of all interest in the family they serve. I have just received a letter from a servant in which she tells me that she has been in her present situation twenty-three, and her fellow-servant nineteen, years, and that others are known to her who have remained in one place ten, twelve, fourteen, and seventeen years. To my regret, she does not give me her name and address that I may tell her how I rejoice to hear of so many maids still left of the good old-fashioned school; if only there were plenty of them we should hear nothing of the 'servant problem' which threatens to break up the home-life of our country.

What I desire is that the tone of domestic service should be so raised by the introduction of lady-servants that it may induce a better class of ordinary servant-girls to enter it, and thus give an ample supply of superior, well-trained women in our homes. When this good time comes, then only will the present domestic tyranny give place to domestic peace.

## THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN DE LONGPRÉ.

### PART II.

**T**HAT was a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the crew of the *Julie*. The captain of the French frigate, an irascible little man, stout and puffy, with a cocked hat and epaulets that looked too large for him, swore that they were all pirates, and spoke of the yardarm. De Longpré flushed as scarlet as his flag, and nearly brought them all to ruin by losing his temper and blurting out counter-insults. As it was, the French captain took such umbrage at the look in his eye

that he had running tackle rove, and brought him up, with arms bound, under it. A moment more and the Frenchman would have heard some home-truths which would have rankled in the quick of his self-love so long as he lived; but before De Longpré could shake a word out of his indignant throat, the first lieutenant whispered in his captain's ear something about letters of marque and reprisals, and with a dramatic gesture he ordered the whole party to be packed below as prisoners of war. Not a scrap of difference, however, would he make between



officers and men, and all were huddled together in a dark and evilly smelling compartment between decks. There, before they had settled themselves, was presently flung in a tearful and dishevelled youth. James Gautier had been discovered among the lumber under the fo'c'sle deck, and dragged out by the leg to share the captivity of his countrymen. They were too much disheartened to have any hard words to spare for him. Le Brun seemed plunged in thought as he chewed an immense plug of tobacco; and the eyes of De Longpré were moist. He had lost his beautiful *Julie*.

A still further humiliation was in store for him, for a few hours later he and his men were transferred to the *Julie* herself, to be conducted to Brest in charge of a prize crew. And here the adventure would have ended had not the *Julie* sprung a leak. She was rather badly battered, and, as the sea rose with the wind which dispersed the fog, she was soon in difficulties. The lieutenant resolved to run for the nearest port, and barely reached the inlet which forms the harbour of Le Conquet, the westernmost point of France. There, in the quaint little port, the dejected group was landed; and from thence they were taken, under a sufficient escort, overland towards the military prison at Brest.

A march of ten miles along the main road brought them at nightfall to the town of St Renan, only seven miles from their destination. It was a sorry crew which was bundled into the old inn and shut into a room connected with the kitchen. Nearly all had got some bruise, and many were badly hurt. There was not a man of them who had not some interest in the venture of the *Julie*, and a cloud lay on every face. They flung themselves down on the floor and barely stirred to welcome the cabbage-soup which was presently served them in rough earthenware pans. They gathered that they were to spend the night there, and, with the experience of old hands, proceeded to fit themselves in.

In the kitchen things were different. Evidently the guard was amongst friends. The smell of a good supper came through the chinks of the door, and the sound of the rattle of plates. Then some one raised a rollicking song with a thunderous chorus. More friends came in. A fiddle began to scrape, and there was a stamping and shuffling of feet. A fellow flung open the door of their prison room, and, shouting, 'Sleep sound, *mes enfants*; we will sing you to sleep,' banged it to again. There was a roar of laughter. As the night went on the uproar increased. Much wine was drunk, and cognac was not wanting.

De Longpré sat moodily in a corner, and pushed off impatiently with outstretched legs those who came too near him. Le Brun crouched close at hand, and presently they began whispering together.

'It could be done, I tell you; it could be done,' said De Longpré.

'No, no, my captain; do not think of it,' urged Le Brun. 'It would be madness.'

'Madness or not, I am for attempting it,' said De Longpré.

'Well, my captain, then, of course, you may count upon me.'

'No, Mess Le Brun,' replied De Longpré; 'I am no longer your captain here, and I command no one. I only take with me those who may decide to come.'

The noise in the kitchen swelled into a tempest. Some one brought in a drum and began to bang it. De Longpré got up and went the round of the room, talking for a few minutes with each man. From the shaking of heads it was plain that no one agreed with him. So he completed the circle till he came to James Gautier.

The unhappy boy was sitting on the floor with his knees drawn up to his chin and a look of intense disgust on his face.

'Now, look here,' said his guardian; 'pull yourself together, my lad, and listen to me. We are going to make a trip together, you and I. I don't say there is no danger in it, but that will depend upon whether we keep our heads cool or not. All you have got to do is to say nothing and follow me. Just watch me and do as I do. Do you hear? I am not going to stay to be rotted in a French prison till this war is over, and I am not going to leave you behind. You were given to my care, and I think I shall do better for you even by running a little risk than by accompanying you to prison. Now, don't say a word. It is settled. You come. Take off your boots, and hold them in your hand.'

James looked up hopelessly, like an animal in a trap; but he yielded to the stronger will, and did as he was told. Then De Longpré tried the handle of the door. It was locked.

A few minutes later an unsteady hand fumbled at the latch and the key turned. A hot face, with the kepi stuck on wrong side foremost, was thrust in with a '*Hô! mes enfants!* are you all asleep? Sleep on, then, till I want you. *Au revoir!*'

De Longpré thrust a boot between the bottom of the door and the jamb as it closed; and as the man heard the top of the rickety structure bang to he shot the lock and lurched back to his comrades by the fire. The way was so far open. De Longpré peeped through. The kitchen was full of smoke. A high settle screened off the space opposite the big fireplace, where the fun was waxing fast and furious. A girl came in with a tray and bottles, and passed behind the settle. De Longpré seized James Gautier by the arm and drew him through the door. They were both in their stockings, but a booted footfall would not have been heard in that din. They slipped into the passage, the boy still held fast by the wrist. A moment more and they were in the road, where they were met by a gust of wet wind.

'Now then,' said De Longpré, 'hold up your head; no slouching, mind, or looking behind you. Take my arm and walk boldly on. But first, quick,

up this doorway, and on with your boots. So! By my soul, if you do not do as you are told I will flog you within an inch of your life!

Thus admonished, Gautier tied his laces with trembling fingers and yielded to the push which sent him out into the street again. Happily for the venture, the night was murky. They dared not walk fast, but a few hundred yards brought them to the open country. They turned into one of those sunk Brittany lanes which run vaguely and distractedly among the fields. This one wound horribly, but they kept to it for nearly an hour till the increasing light warned them the morning was very close. Then they left the lane, clambered over one or two embankments, and buried themselves in a dense clump of hazel and oak which formed the junction of two hedges.

As the shadows became less dense they were conscious of a towering mass close at hand, which rose to the height of a tall tree. It was rudely quadrangular and pointed stubbornly to the sky. They had approached one of those strange menhirs, relics of an ancient race of nature-worshippers, hewn out of the granite and defying the wear of time. About four feet above the ground projected two boles of granite like breasts, and, even as they looked, a white figure stepped timidly from behind a dike and approached the monolith. She seemed clothed only in her hair, and almost before the bashful captain could hide his head and drag down his companion, she had touched these protuberances with her body and disappeared. They had unwittingly intruded into aræna where the mystery of the past still claims and gets its tribute from untutored hearts. They lay close and still, but the woman would scarce have noticed them, so anxious was she to regain her home before the light should reveal her to any 'peeping Tom.'

In the meantime things had become complicated at St Renan. As soon as the runaways had got clear of the house, Le Brun softly extracted the key from the kitchen-side of the door, locked the door from the inside, and then dropped the key into a crack beneath the wainscot, where it might remain hidden for a considerable time. When next the door was tried it was, of course, fast shut. The man without seemed to be searching along the floor for the lost key. When he did not find it he called a comrade, and they searched and talked. Then everybody in the kitchen seemed to become conscious that something was wrong, and there was a silence followed by a hubbub. Then they shook the door violently, and finally kicked it open. You may be sure there was trouble enough when they counted heads and discovered that two of the prisoners had gone. There could be no mistake that two had vanished, but how they had escaped remained a profound mystery. The window was closed and barred, and the door was certainly locked fast. The man in charge swore that he had locked it, and locked it was; only what had become of the key and of the prisoners he could not tell. Perhaps

they were wizards! Bah! That would not do. Let the other prisoners therefore speak and explain. But they had no explanation to give. They had all been fast asleep. They!—what could they know? Were they not all locked in? Le Brun was specially indignant. Were they, then, supposed to guard one another, that they should be taken to task in that fashion? No doubt, and of course, they had all been asleep, and if two had been spirited away he only hoped there had been no foul play which would lead hereafter to international complications.

So, much valuable time was occupied, and when a search-party at last started to scour the district, De Longpré and the boy had put some distance between themselves and their pursuers.

The two fugitives found themselves in the most uncomfortable condition. They had no food, and their dress was likely to betray them the moment they were seen. The only thing in their favour was that they both spoke French like their mother-tongue. So they set to work to tear off any badges which could suggest the British service, and resolved to lie close in their covert all that day. They were cool enough beneath the bushes; but as the slow, still hours passed they got both hungry and thirsty. They could hear the sound of voices from a farm close at hand, and once a woman came with a pail and milked a cow tethered in the field behind their embankment. For a moment they were tempted to beg a drink of her. The boy had started to do so. But the risk was too great. The apparition of two dishevelled gentlemen, begrimed and battle-torn, would have told its tale too plainly. A sudden scream would have ruined all. So De Longpré pulled him back, and they licked their dry lips to the swish of the milk in the pail. Once they heard footsteps in the lane and the beating of bushes and grass, as though men were searching the neighbourhood, but no one came into their clump.

Toward evening the boy began to whimper, but with De Longpré's fierce eye upon him he held himself in, and by-and-by lay face down in the grass in a sort of torpor. At last night fell, and again with gusty rain. As soon as it was dark they stumbled to their feet and made in the direction of the farm. De Longpré debated within himself whether he should go to the front door or to the back; in other words, whether he should present himself as a gentleman or as a tramp. The danger of detection in either case was considerable; but he came to the conclusion that at that stage of his journey he still bore too many traces of the gentleman to pass presentably for a beggar.

The knock was answered by a lusty farm-woman. They hoped that madame would pardon such an intrusion; but they were officers from Brest who had wanted to see the neighbouring menhir, but had had an accident and lost their way, and, in short, they wanted some bread and butter and cheese and a draught of cider. It was a lame sort of story, but De

Longpré's air gave it sufficient credence, and madame would have them come in and refresh themselves. But no, they would not do that; they were in too great hurry to be gone. Let madame do them the favour to bring a good slice of bread to the door, and after they had drank the cider they would eat it as they went their way. When the woman was gone De Longpré felt in his pockets, but not a French coin could he find. Nor had Gautier one. Here was another difficulty. He solved it by gallantly offering her a silver pencil-case as a memento of their visit, and then, rather to her surprise, took off the whole yard-long loaf and a thick block of cheese which she had brought; and so, with a low bow and a profusion of thanks, vanished into the darkness.

De Longpré would not let the lad stand to eat, but hurried him away, and not till they had put several fields and dikes between themselves and the house did they venture to fall upon their provisions. Through the whole of that night they pressed steadily northwards, guessing at their direction, following the lanes so long as they seemed to lead aright, and then clambering over embankments and striding across fields heavy with growing crops. Once a dog came after them with a great hubbub; but a luckily aimed stone sent it back howling. When the day dawned again they were both thoroughly exhausted. They found themselves by a rapid little stream whose overhanging banks were densely fringed with alders. Here they ate what remained of the bread and cheese, and drank deep draughts of water. Though the rain had ceased, they were drenched to the knees by their passage through the wet fields. They were in a desolate place, far from any road, and it seemed as though they might commit themselves to sleep.

'We'll take watch about,' said De Longpré; 'two hours each. Now then, turn in, my lad, and I will not wake you unless you snore.'

The boy was too tired to need encouragement, and was asleep in a moment. De Longpré gathered an armful of long grasses and ferns, and a leafy bough or two, and strawed them over the boy as he lay. Then he set himself to pass the time as he might. The sun was soon up, and promised to be hot. A light mist drove over a piece of moorland opposite, and melted away. Here and there a trout rose in the pools, and De Longpré began to wonder whether they would accept anything so primitive as a bent pin and a frayed strand of linen from his shirt. While watching them he noticed that the current, curving sharply, had hollowed out a considerable cave beneath his feet, the roof of which was formed by the tough roots of the alders. Nearly three hours had passed before he shook James Gautier into consciousness and closed his own eyes.

It seemed but an instant after that he was struggling for his life in the midst of an infuriated horde of sheep. He fancied they were trampling upon him, goaded forward by demon-like drovers

with staves. He opened his eyes and sat up, and certainly the baaing of sheep was around him everywhere, and the shouting of men. Gautier was fast asleep, so he joggled him sharply, placing a hand over his mouth lest he should speak. The sheep were being driven down to the water, and were presently penned within a fold which lay along the edge of the stream. By the worst of bad fortune they had hit the watercourse at the place where the farmer washed his flocks. In a big pool just below, two men entered to their waists and received the sheep, turning them over and allowing them to splash their way to land. Some of the stronger sheep gave trouble and struggled to free themselves, and one of these, escaping from the hands of the man who guarded the gate of the fold, raced along the bank and crashed into the place where De Longpré and the boy lay hid. It was a frightful moment, but the sheep leaped out again, and was caught a few yards farther down. In the confusion De Longpré laid hold upon James Gautier and drew him over the bank, slipping in with him under the projecting eave. It was a poor hiding-place. The water, though shallow, was over their ankles, and they were soon very cold. But it appeared their only chance, and they took it, or rather De Longpré did, supporting the boy, and compelling him to endure. It was full noon before the last of the protesting wethers lumbered, dripping, out of the pool, and the shepherds rounded them all up to return to the pastures. Then two woebegone and pale-faced tatterdemalions crawled up the bank and flung themselves down. The hot sun soon dried them, and without a word they both slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

De Longpré woke first, as the shades of evening fell upon the moor. He was desperately hungry. Food must be got somehow; but even if they found a farm, how should they pass themselves off? There could be no more masquerading as French officers on the stray. Torn and muddled, they looked like tramps clothed in once fashionable cast-offs. Then as tramps they must beg. Anyhow, they were not hampered with packs. As soon as it was dark they both started, following the stream, which flowed due north, and presently they saw lights. They were considering their plan of approach when a big dog suddenly leaped the embankment and bore down upon them with savage barking. James Gautier picked up a stone, and the dog, after the manner of his kind, instantly checked. Before De Longpré could prevent him, the boy had flung the stone with all his strength. There are few dogs which are not daunted by the threat of a stone, and this one turned tail as he saw the missile in the air; but he turned to his undoing and ran on to his death, for the heavy block of granite caught him fair on the back of the head and rolled him over and over. De Longpré drew his companion sharply back among the furze, but there was no further sound. The dog lay still. The deed was done. They must trust to get their bit of



bread and be far away before morning revealed the murder.

It was a timid knock this time that De Longpré rapped against the back-door of a farm, and the girl who opened the door would have banged it in his face had he not inserted his foot. Then she made as though to run. It was a moment for swift decision. De Longpré threw himself upon his knee and put his finger to his lips. Then, as the girl hesitated, he said in a low, intense voice, 'Ah, *ma belle*, you would not betray two unhappy young men to their death! Look at us. See, we supplicate you. If you have no pity on me, at least compassionate this poor boy. It is true we may have run away out of the army, but mademoiselle will understand! When there is a mother and a sweetheart in the case! Has mademoiselle never a sweetheart? I cannot believe that.'

Apparently mademoiselle did understand, for she made them a sign to be still, and slipped through a side-door, from which she emerged with a bowl of milk and a loaf. De Longpré gallantly kissed the tips of her fingers, and again they slunk away into the night.

This time they had the stars, and steered a north-westerly course by their guidance. They crossed several streams, and towards morning they saw the glimmer of the sea. As the sun rose they found themselves on some low cliffs overlooking the broad sands, while upon their right lay a few fishermen's cottages. Some fishing-cobles were drawn up on the steeply shelving beach, but the tide was out. It would be afternoon before they could be floated. There was a hay-field close at hand, with high dikes covered with brambles, and here De Longpré resolved to hide till he could form some plan of escape. Any immediate food was out of the question, excepting a young turnip or two, not the most digestible matter with which to fill empty stomachs. So the hours dragged wearily, since they were now too excited to sleep. When at last the tide had risen, they peered again over the cliffs. One of the cobles was already lapped by the crisp little advancing waves. She lay lower than the others. Steadily the tide enveloped her. It had now touched its highest point, and the stern of the coble rose and fell gently on the water.

It was now or never. They had picked up a broad-bladed scythe left by a mower. They slid down the face of the incline, ran across the shingle, and with a few slashes had severed the tight-stretched rope by which the coble was attached to her anchor. Then they shoved with all their might, and, aided by the sharp angle of the beach, ran her into deep water. There was a sudden barking of dogs, and some men plunged through the shingle from the huts under the cliff.

But they hauled up the heavy sail, and the land-breeze caught it and blew them out. The angry fishermen wasted some time volleying pebbles at them, and then rushed to launch their other boats. But it was now too late. Every moment the boat

gained more speed as they got farther from the shelter of the shore. By the time that the next coble was in the water and her sail up, the run-aways had gained enough offing to hold their own. A strong southerly wind bore them out upon the Channel.

'Hurrah!' cried De Longpré; 'hurrah! We have done it, my boy. Never say die. We shall make Guernsey to-morrow.'

But the wind gathered force and took an easterly turn, till it was all they could do to keep their boat's head to the north.

To add to their difficulties, she proved to be a leaky old tub. Gautier had to bail hard to keep her free from water. More than a hundred miles of sea lay between them and the nearest English port. If they reached it at all, they would have to fight with starvation and thirst. Happily for them, they were pretty well trained now to do without food. The human frame soon learns to be patient of a meagre diet. It is harder to endure without water. A passing squall of rain enabled them to moisten their lips. Gautier bailed, and if he ceased for a moment, was goaded to resume his task by the relentless tongue of the captain. De Longpré himself bailed as best he might with one hand, while he steered with the other. He had no means of knowing whereabouts in the Channel he was. Not a sail was in sight. He ran before the wind with his helm slightly a-port, so that in any case he might make the English coast. All through the night he held on, keeping the coble before the waves, which grew in size and chased him the more swiftly as he left France farther behind. With morning light he still held on. Gautier was lying in the bottom now almost awash in the water, which he feebly scooped over the side. A few more hours must see the end of it. De Longpré dared not release the helm for an instant lest they should broach-to and be swamped, and the boy's strength was done. The leaks gained fast upon their failing efforts.

It was high noon, and they were very low in the water when they sighted the first sail since they had quitted the coast of Brittany.

'Up, lad! Up!' shouted De Longpré; and the youngster made shift to raise himself against the mast and wave his coat. It seemed very long before the English cutter, as she turned out to be, could send them a cockle-shell of a boat, and a difficult business it proved to transfer themselves into it. But this also was accomplished, and none too soon. The coble, overweighted with water and drifting, was caught by a combing wave, and sank heavily before their eyes. Somehow they reached the cutter, and when they had told their story, were hospitably treated, and landed at Plymouth.

It was two sorry persons who thus returned in sea-soiled rags to the protection of the British flag. But people were kind to them. They lent them money and clothes, and a ship bound for Guernsey shortly took them back to home and friends. Poorer, but not down-hearted, De Longpré stepped

again upon the quay at St Peter Port. Gautier's father had no difficulty from that moment in keeping his son at the desk. But De Longpré was a son of the sea, and how he persevered until he had

wrested from her the moderate fortune which he enjoyed in his middle life might form the foundation of an interesting tale.

THE END.

## ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION FROM A COLONIAL POINT OF VIEW.

By A VICTIM.

**M**ANY letters and articles discussing the suitability of the orthodox system of training pursued by most of the larger English public schools to the requirements of young men destined to enter the ranks of the Greater Britons beyond the Seas have recently appeared in the columns of the *Times* and other journals. The subject is one of such immense general, or rather Imperial, importance—for the immigrant who finds himself sadly handicapped by a faulty system of education previously received in England is apt to lose his earlier feelings of patriotism and attachment to the mother country—that it deserves the fullest consideration. Perhaps the writer, as one of a very large number of colonists who entertain strong views concerning it, may be permitted to add his humble contribution to the controversy.

No doubt, changes and improvements have been made in the curricula of the great English public schools since I left England more than twenty-five years ago. Still, judging by authoritative statements recently made, many of the old methods still survive. I will briefly sum up the kind of education bestowed on the scholars attending the particular institution where I received my early preparation. The school referred to was one of the ordinary type. Muscular Christianity (to shock the shade of Kingsley) was its prevailing spirit. Almost all the members of the staff were clerics possessed of a formidable array of degrees. Spacious playgrounds and gymnastic appliances were provided, and the school was as 'select' as high terms of admission could make it. The chief subjects taught, placing them in the order of importance which apparently they held in the opinion of the management, were theology, ancient languages, ancient and modern history, mathematics, geography, modern languages, and science. The last-mentioned subject was decidedly the least esteemed. It was, as the late Herbert Spencer complained, treated as the Cinderella of the educational family. The merest smattering of chemistry, geology, and botany was all that was imparted to us. Physiology seemed to be regarded as an unclean subject. We learnt a great deal about our souls, but nothing at all about our bodies. What information, too, we received on scientific subjects was purely theoretical. Practical science was quite ignored, and if a single student left our school with any knowledge of the

construction of the simplest machine, he must have gained it for himself. Theology reigned supreme. We were required to know the various readings and explanations of every doubtful Biblical passage; to be thoroughly acquainted with the names, dates, &c. of every ancient Jewish king and prophet; to be able to verify every prediction; and to know our Greek Testament almost by heart. We read, of course, the usual Greek and Latin authors, painfully committed to memory some thousands of lines from the ancient classics, and practised assiduously the profitable art of turning wholesome English into barbarous Greek and Latin verse. The mythology of the Greeks and Romans, it is hardly necessary to add, was carefully studied; and I am afraid a good many of my fellow-pupils took a greater interest in the exploits of Jupiter and Hercules than in those of Cromwell and Wellington. History, like wine or certain works of art, was valued according to its age. We acquired a great deal of knowledge about the early Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, and fairly full details of the condition of England about the time of the Heptarchy; but a mere outline of the events that followed was deemed sufficient. The development of the British Constitution and the history of British colonial expansion were treated as subjects quite subsidiary in importance to the rise of the Roman Republic and the colonisation of various Mediterranean islets by the Greeks. The Gracchi were esteemed above the Pitts, and the campaigns of Hannibal and Alexander took precedence over those of Marlborough and Napoleon. Of our mathematical studies it is unnecessary to say much. We were taught a fair amount of what undoubtedly was useful; but a great deal of our time was employed, like that of the old schoolmen, merely in tying and untying knots. Subjects of such importance as book-keeping, shorthand, and geometrical drawing were quite neglected. Our geographical course was limited to the acquiring of a fair general idea of the relative positions of the chief natural and artificial divisions of the world; but the only country concerning which we were thoroughly informed was Palestine. How often we went over that interesting region, drawing numberless maps, carefully distinguishing the tribal boundaries and identifying to the satisfaction of our reverend professors the exact sites of all places mentioned in Scripture, from Ur of the Chaldees to Sarepta, and tracing the various journeys of St

Paul and the early evangelists, I shudder now to recall. The British Empire, however, claimed no special notice. We were infinitely better informed about Jerusalem and Bethel than about Melbourne and Montreal, and were left somewhat under the impression that Botany Bay was the capital of Australia, peopled mainly by convicts, bushrangers, and blacks, and that Canada was, as the French monarch conceived it, but 'a few acres of snow.' Our ignorance of the marvellous rise of our Indian Empire would have fully justified Macaulay's satire. As to commercial geography, we were entirely above that. We were not supposed to take any interest in the sordid operations of trade. If a sixth-class boy contrived to find out that his native country was rich in coal, China in tea, and Australia in gold, he was supposed to know quite as much as befitted an educated English gentleman.

The foregoing is not a caricature. It is simply fact. In justice to our instructors, perhaps, it should be remarked that they certainly did not undertake specially to prepare their pupils for a colonial life; indeed, possibly the comfortable belief prevailed among them that each of their charges, after a brief supplementary university course, would step at once into the enjoyment of an income of at least a thousand a year, or receive, without effort, an eligible Government appointment. Bread and meat being thus provided, they may have thought it necessary only to administer to us a diet of bon-bons and sweetmeats; or, to vary the metaphor, Providence having already supplied us with suitable garments, they thought their own functions were merely to adorn our persons with jewellery and other external embellishments. Unfortunately, however, many of us required not precious stones but bread; and that we certainly did not get. We left school as well fitted, so far as training went, to face the hard struggle of life in a British colony as hothouse plants, suddenly transplanted into the midst of a bed of hardy annuals, to withstand the inclemencies of the weather.

Possibly the kind of education which has just been sketched out is a very useful preliminary to entering certain professions. Subjects which, to the practical man, appear to be of very doubtful utility were formerly, I know, necessary to candidates at many public examinations; and students who later succeeded in obtaining entrance to such professions, or who graduated at one of the universities, would afterwards, very likely, find advantageous openings in the colonies. The remarks that follow, embodying the conclusions of one who has had a quarter of a century's diverse and somewhat trying experience of colonial life, refer only to those who come to the colonies straight from the public school, without any further mental equipment than that supplied there. I think I may say confidently that at least ninety-nine out of every hundred of such emigrants would, after five years of colonial life, declare that, on acquiring the rudiments of

learning, they would have gained knowledge far more useful to them later in the course of three years spent in a carpenter's shop or on a farm than during twice that period passed at almost any of the large public schools in England.

So far as Australia at least is concerned, the young Englishman fresh from a public school, but without a university degree, its necessary sequel, unless he possess special interest or be favoured with exceptional good fortune, is likely to find the country one of bondage rather than of promise. Like the unjust steward, he is unable to dig but ashamed to beg. Except, perhaps, a miserable clerkship, he has hardly a chance of obtaining any position even of the most moderate degree of respectability. And so numerous are the applicants for such positions that his chance of securing even a clerkship is very minute. A short time ago one of the State Governments in Australia announced publicly that some thirty clerks were required in one of the departments, the salary offered being thirty shillings a week, with little hope of any substantial increase. Over a thousand applications were received in a few days. In the good old times Government 'billets' used to be regarded as certainties for the indigent man of education. They are extreme improbabilities now. The unpolished democratic politician, like his rude forefather Jack Cade, regards such accomplishments as a knowledge of French and Latin with pronounced aversion; and the cultured applicant for even a small slice of the State loaf is generally sent empty away. There are plenty of colonial youths, many possessing political connections, who receive first consideration; and an influential member of a labour union would be preferred to all the scions of the houses of Howard and Courtenay. Business men naturally require that a certain amount of business experience be possessed by their assistants; and the boy from a State school, conversant at least with book-keeping and commercial forms, has a far better chance of obtaining a position in a merchant's office than a fine classical scholar fresh from Eton. As a farm-hand, a man who knows neither how to milk nor to plough cannot expect his services to be highly valued. Native youths, natural bushmen and accustomed to ride and manage stock since early boyhood, are obviously better fitted to supply vacancies on stations than polished but inexperienced 'jackaroos.' Knowing no trade, the latter cannot become tradesmen, and physically they are quite unfitted for the trying work performed by navvies and wharf-labourers. A few become jockeys or gentlemen riders, a few more journalists or popular politicians; others become very humble members of that department of the bar which is principally adorned by ladies, or join the ranks of bookmakers and turf-sharppers; but the majority, after a vain appeal to fortune, sink beyond hope of salvation. Only a very, very few, by commencing their own education afresh, and by dint of strenuous and long-continued labour, ultimately fight their way to dry land through a sea of



troubles. The last sad solace of the greater number is either the bottle or the bullet.

In the course of my wanderings I have met highly educated men working as fossickers on gold-fields, as bullock-drivers, rouseabouts on stations, shepherds, and hopelessly broken-down tramps or sundowners. The moral fall of the educated man is usually irretrievable. He falls, like Lucifer, 'never to hope again.' He frequently conceals his identity under an assumed name, and one would be surprised often if one knew the real antecedents of the bloated, foul-mouthed Long Charlie, Bullocky Tom, &c., one may fall across in a condition of pitiable bestiality in some bush shanty. One of the roughest characters I ever came across was the brother of an Irish peer. Yet these poor reprobates were very likely at one time sensitive and refined gentlemen. The iron has entered into their souls and there rusted, corrupting their entire moral natures. The squalid hardships to which poverty introduces such men are intolerable to all but a few possessed of exceptional strength of character. A refined nature—one that cannot learn to bear poverty—turns at first with uncontrollable disgust from the manners, language, and habits that prevail among those whom destitution has made his equals. Very often, like the ascetic of old, he flies to the desert to escape human society altogether, and lives a lonely and miserable life as a Bush shepherd or digger. Occasionally his violent revolt against the social conditions to which he attributes his downfall urges him to become a political agitator and the preacher of anarchic doctrines. More often, however, he loses all self-respect, and falls far below the level of those whom he had formerly despised as inferiors. The 'broken' gentleman of Australia is, as a rule, one of the most debased and pitiable specimens of his kind. The education he has received makes him, at each downward step, all the more sensible of his fall; he bitterly contrasts the realities of the present with the hopes of the past; and the lingering instincts of honour and refinement only intensify the consciousness of his degradation. He seeks the usual remedy to ease his mental torments, and then his fate is sealed. Very shame would prevent his accepting the hand of succour, even if it were offered.

It may be unhesitatingly asserted that the usual education bestowed at an English public school is, in itself, absolutely useless for the purpose of fitting a young man for life in the colonies. It is too much for an honest trade, too little for an honourable profession. It does not supply a single real want; and just as many a shipwrecked passenger has been drowned by the weight of gold with which he had loaded himself, so the man whose head has been filled with classical learning often finds his stores of knowledge rather an encumbrance than a help. Such men feel the want of congenial intellectual companionship and the many little material refinements of life, when entirely cut off from them, far more than those who were never habituated to

such luxuries. They fall into habits of morbid introspection fatal to active endeavour. They find a golden knife but a poor instrument with which to cut their daily bread. Literary tastes sometimes stand directly in the way of a student's advancement. I have known a squatter, himself a man of some education, declare that if possible he would never employ a man who was fond of reading. His opinion was that the studious employé would prefer his book to his employer's interests.

What, then, is the kind of education best adapted to the future colonist who does not aspire to, or perhaps is prohibited from entering, a profession? It may be suggested that, in place of Latin and Greek, and one or two other purely ornamental subjects, each youth should learn a trade of some kind, after the laudable Jewish custom. Five years at school followed by five years on the farm or in the workshop should thoroughly prepare any young man of ordinary industry and intelligence for a successful colonial career. If the German Emperor does not disdain to have his heir taught the art of the locksmith, it is hard to see why the most aristocratic Englishman should treat with contempt the suggestion that each of his younger sons at least should be qualified to earn his bread after the fashion of St Paul, by toiling with his own hands. Carpenters, engineers, and mechanics of every description can generally find employment where the poor scholar would be driven to beg. I have known two young men of good family and high attainments whose fathers most wisely, before sending them out, had apprenticed them respectively for some years to a watchmaker and to a blacksmith, so that each had become a competent workman before leaving England. A thorough knowledge of book-keeping, shorthand, and typewriting is indispensable to success in a commercial calling, and young men with these qualifications can generally find remunerative work in large towns. It might be added that one trade thoroughly known is more useful to the emigrant than a mere smattering of several. 'Handy' men are plentiful in Australia, but the really competent workman is always preferred for any special kind of work. Excess of science, however, is sometimes out of place. I recollect once hearing a wealthy station-owner say with indignation that he had just dismissed a skilled carpenter, fresh from England, because he had taken three days to do what the station-owner could have done himself quite satisfactorily in half-an-hour. The poor man, it appeared, had been laboriously squaring and planing the rough timber provided for a station building instead of knocking the pieces together in the ordinary Bush fashion.

The English squire need not feel in the least shocked at the thought of his son becoming an Australian carpenter. Caste prejudices are unknown in Australia. The self-made man is looked up to there, and not down upon as in England. Many an Australian tradesman—the late Sir Henry Parkes, for example—has become a man of the

highest distinction in his adopted country or accumulated great wealth. Young Vere de Vere need not necessarily become a carpenter or mechanic, however—that is, by way of making a living. He may keep his trade as a second string to his bow; and should drought or fire ruin his hopes as a farmer or grazier, he could then make profitable use of his reserve of knowledge. His trade might prove the spare rudder and sail that, after the storm, would bring his vessel safe to port; without such resource it would probably founder. And the homely arts of the smith and the carpenter are always useful to know. My friend the blacksmith, before referred to (who, by the way, was not remotely connected with an English dual house), found it very convenient to be able to shoe a horse when, as was the case with him, the nearest blacksmith lived two hundred miles away. He had, too, the consolation of knowing that if his flocks and herds perished through any great calamity, he could always, at least, earn his ten shillings a day by wielding his hammer.

To speak plainly, to send young men out to Australia with one or two hundred pounds, and no mental or physical training beyond that afforded by schools of the type of that referred to at the beginning of this paper, is not merely fatuous folly—it is sheer cruelty. The most fortunate of such youths have usually to content themselves ultimately with inferior, uncongenial, and ill-paid positions, the humble duties of which, for want of interest, they cannot discharge with much success. The back aches in proportion as one has to stoop over one's work; and the poor assistant in an up-country store, or tutor in charge of a dozen or so rough Bush children, looks back mournfully and bitterly on the times when tastes were being developed that could never be gratified, and expectations formed that could never be fulfilled. It is the fashion among amiable and well-meaning people at home, many of whom have never themselves suffered a severer hardship than that of having to eat an ill-cooked dinner or sleep on a hard bed, to enlarge upon the wholesome effects to others of 'roughing it.' The old Spartan system of exposing new-born babies is, in our times, replaced to some degree by the custom, equally rational and humane, of exposing infants in the legal sense, not indeed to the rigour of the elements, but to the more merciless trials incident to poverty and friendlessness in a strange land, without the slightest previous discipline to prepare them for the ordeal. To turn a pampered house-dog loose into the woods to make its own living there would be about as reasonable and humane an act as to land an English boy fresh from the ordinary public school on the shores of Australia in the condition in which he frequently is landed. If the picture of his possible after-fate drawn in the foregoing lines seems a somewhat lurid one, it certainly has not been drawn from the imagination. The author has, indeed, succeeded in weathering the storm. He records the results of his experiences

and observations in the earnest hope that they may at least save a few from being exposed to its dangers.

#### THE WHISTLE.

He cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden-tree,\*  
He trimmed it, and he wet it, and he thumped it on  
his knee;  
He never heard the teuchat† when the harrow broke her  
eggs,  
He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the  
seggs,‡  
He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they  
stray'd,  
But you should have seen the whistle that the wee herd  
made!

He wheeber'd on't at mornin' and he tweetl'd on't at  
nicht,  
He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank oot o'  
sicht,  
The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them up  
the close,  
The kitlin's got his supper syne, and he was beddit boss;§  
But he cared na doot nor docken what they did or thoct  
or said,  
There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd made.

For lyin' lang o' mornin's he had claw'd the caup|| for  
weeks,  
But noo he had his bonnet on afore the lave had breeks;  
He was whistlin' to the porridge that were hott'rin' on  
the fire,  
He was whistlin' owre the travise¶ to the bailie\*\* in  
the byre;  
Nae a blackbird nor a mavis, that ha'e pipin' for their  
trade,  
Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd made.

He play'd a march to battle, it cam' dirlin' through the  
mist,  
Till the halfin' squared his shou'lders and made up his  
mind to 'list;  
He tried a spring for woovers, though he wistna what it  
meant,  
But the kitchen-lass was lauchin' and he thoct she  
maybe kent;  
He got ream and buttered bannocks for the lovin' lit  
he play'd.  
Wasna that a cheery whistle that the wee herd made?

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' and the winter  
brocht him dool,  
When in spite o' hacks and chilblains he was shod again  
for school;  
He couldna sough the catechis nor pipe the rule o' three,  
He was keepit in and lickit when the ither loons got  
free;  
But he aften play'd the truant—'twas the only thing he  
play'd,  
For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee herd  
made!

CHARLES MURRAY.

\* The rowan-tree or mountain-ash.

† Lapwing.

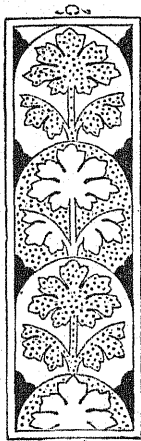
‡ The yellow flower-de-luce or iris.

§ Empty.

|| Those who rose late had to clean the porridge-bowl.

¶ The division between the stalls.

\*\* The cattleman.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### IN THE MATTER OF A CONTRABAND.

By ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

#### PART I.



TELEGRAM for you, Captain Ludecke.'

'Goot, mein dear! Gif it to me—queek!' The big German sprawled hastily from his cane chair and stretched out a fat, eager hand to take his message. The bearer of the flimsy envelope watched him with scarcely veiled dislike from under her delicately pencilled eyebrows. The stifling dusk of the closely shuttered bungalow whitened the fair-haired Irish girl with all the pallor of an unhealthy tropical land.

'Anything exciting?' asked Maureen Erleton. She spoke carelessly, but any one who knew her might have suspected a keenness of interest in the apparently listless tones.

The skipper tugged his black beard viciously. Then he expectorated with Teutonic violence. 'Schust anoder liddle piziness defelopment bro-fided,' he informed her grimly.

Telegrams are rare in the squalid little trading village of Dalu Bay, on the northern coast of Borneo. So also are ocean-going cargo steamers of the size of the *Clara* of Hamburg, which had now lain for three days in the bay ostensibly repairing her machinery. Her commander walked abruptly to the window, pushed aside the shutter, and blinked through the pitiless sun-glare which smote down on the white sand of the beach.

He was not pleased at what he saw. So much the frown on his perplexed, anxious face told to the motionless girl in the background.

Under the shimmering heat the surface of the sea lay oily and inert, save where it lapped sluggishly against the dingy mangrove swamps on the shore. A faint whiff of foul air floated seawards from the swamps inland. A couple of Chinese junks rocked idly at anchor, and the huge hulk of the *Clara* squatted ponderously to her mooring-chain, deep in the water, heavily laden. From Captain Ludecke's further earnest commentary the listener

gathered that he would greatly have preferred that the one other vessel in port at the entrance to the bay should be in a more distant, still hotter, locality which is mercifully known of by report alone.

'In von day all mein plans bicked upside behint complete pecause she haf arrived out dere. Ach, dese hell seas!' said the captain, with temper.

The cause of his perturbation was a black, venomous torpedo-boat destroyer. A big, blunt-nosed gun pointed significantly at the *Clara*. The white ensign of Great Britain flapped lazily in her stern. Dalu Bay is British territory.

The door of the bungalow slammed noisily, and a man with a slightly befuddled appearance strode into the room, and dropped into a seat. Every one on the coast knew Ronald Harrison the trader, and no one trusted him. He was never apt to be handicapped in his dealings by troublesome ideas of personal integrity.

'I've seen the boy-officer of the *Squasher*, cap'n,' he said. 'He has been sent here to shadow you. He doesn't mean to let you clear. Fact!'

The skipper's stamp of anger shook the rickety floor. The trader tilted his cigar to an extreme angle with his nose, and drawled:

'You're in a tight hole, I reckon. I'll state the case, cap'n—short as may be. Big war on—Muscovite v. Jap. *Clara*, chock-a-block with contraband (arms, ammunition, and stores for the Russian fleet), puts into Dalu Bay for orders. British Admiral at Hong-kong gets wind of you, babbles about infringement of neutrality, sends destroyer to stick you up. Eh—what?'

'Thousands of pounds for honest sailorman if you get through. You come to me for help. I'm ready, at a price—see? You pass me on a few of those extra gold ones, and I will take you through the inner island channel to-night. That tin-kettle warship daren't follow without a pilot; it's the devil's



own navigation, and no one else here knows the course.'

'Except me,' interposed the girl nonchalantly.

Ronald Harrison looked obliquely at his step-daughter. Her own father was dead, and her mother had married again soon afterwards. When the Borneo climate had ended that lady's not too creditable career, the girl had settled down to live, lonely and uncared for, with her stepfather at Dalu Bay. She knew he was unscrupulous and dishonourable, but at the same time he had provided for her—a penniless orphan—with a rough generosity to which she was keenly alive. Also, he had amused himself by teaching the girl many a seaman's trick in the treacherous tropical channels and cross-currents of the coast. In his way he was even fond of her, she believed when she ever considered the matter at all. But casual affection is unsatisfying.

'You had better leave us alone now, Maureen,' suggested Harrison brusquely. 'Captain Ludecke and I have our plans to make.'

She drew in her breath sharply. 'What plans?' she asked.

'Never mind,' said Harrison suavely. 'They do not concern you.'

'Oh, very well,' she answered, with some slight annoyance. She stood up. 'When do you sail?' she inquired indifferently of the skipper.

'Ouf!' snorted that worthy, with exasperation. 'How do I know to myself, Fräulein? Lisdén now. If I should haf kept away von here so should I haf my voyage done midout being hoonted; also should I a blentiful fortune made. Now see how I haf drafelld, schweating, since many veeks von Hamburg vor nodings.'

Harrison was staring thoughtfully straight before him. Should he confide in this girl of his? She could help if she had a mind to. He glanced cunningly at her, and revolved the most wily of schemes in his head. Then he poured himself out a stiff whisky as a refresher, and determined to keep his own counsel. She might have the fool scruples of a woman, he meditated. He could do the job safer without her aid. It would be a delicate matter to manage, he foresaw. Soon he and the captain of the *Clara* were deep in cautious conference.

Some hours later, from her little bedroom in the bungalow, Maureen noticed a boat leave the destroyer for the shore. She could distinguish the cool, white uniform of the officer in the stern. A dull anxiety, which was new, gnawed at the girl's heart. She hardly understood her own feelings; in fact, she was distinctly annoyed with herself for having them. The war, not long begun, had seemed so remote; now its perplexities had suddenly come home to her. The sight of the white ensign on the warship brought bitter memories—only a year old in reality, but, oh, seemingly so far away!

What blissful times she had had during that

last voyage to Singapore on the big liner! Morning, afternoon, and evening she had been with Bernard Anstice, the young English lieutenant, on his way out to join a ship of the China Squadron. How instinctively they had been drawn to each other! There had been no chaperon to interfere; Maureen Erleton had scarcely ever heard of such a personality. Those days with him—when his clean-cut, brown face and frank, laughing eyes were always seeking hers—had been the happiest in her life. Then that last evening of the voyage, in the moonlight on the white, wide deck! Ah, the fate which had separated them next day was cruellest of the cruel!

Then that long silence, bitter and unaccountable. She did not care now. She repeated, obstinately, to herself that she did not love him, that she was glad the dream was over. She shook herself impatiently at the queer ache of her heart. He had spoken of coming to claim her; he never had come. He had vowed he would carry her away to be mistress of that fair, sleepy, ancestral home of his in England. He had said so many things—things that no woman can hear without a thrill—all these, too, he must have forgotten. Long ago, no doubt, he had met some other girl, rich and clever, whom he preferred. Yes; she didn't care now—not she!

The afternoon had crept on, and the cooler air of the evening heralded the oncoming of darkness. For a long time she sat very still. Then her thoughts reverted unwillingly to the present; and as she did not know what to do, she resolved, girl-like, that she must do something. The smouldering uneasiness which she found so hard to define was growing insupportable. She must find out what mischief those two men below had hatched.

She went slowly towards her room-door and turned the handle. It was locked from outside. Her strong, little hands wrestled mutinously with it for a moment. Then a defiant gleam came into her eyes.

She did her thinking quickly. If she had been too absorbed to notice the stealthy footsteps in the passage when she had been trapped, she was alert enough now as she realised that something was indeed afoot so shady that she was to bear no part in it.

She crept to the window of her room and peered out warily. In a few minutes the dense darkness would have fallen with tropical swiftness. Stretching from the room beyond hers ran the bungalow balcony. Could she reach it? She could be reckless too.

A narrow wooden coping might give foothold. If she slipped the fall might injure her seriously. But, after all, it would matter to no one in particular now if she were killed outright. She calculated her chances on that coping with a measuring eye. She had passed along it once, in a childish freak, years ago, and her mother had

had hysterics, and had slapped her severely afterwards. Harrison had been away, and had never heard of the escapade. But at that time she had been smaller.

She slid off her shoes and stockings with sudden resolve. The small feet looked very white and delicate, but theirs was the dainty delicacy of youthful strength. Then, with fearless eyes, she lowered herself on to the narrow ledge, and proceeded to work along it daringly as if there were no such thing as gravitation. In a few perilous seconds she had passed safely on to the balcony and crouched down to listen intently. The slim girl-form in the universal blackness was still as stone.

Inside the farther lamp-lit room her stepfather was speaking. He had never been good-looking, and the present vindictive scowl by no means added to his attractions.

'I guess this will teach that blamed young chicken to stay in his own fowl-run for a bit, and not to come pecking after us. That sleeping-draught is good for six hours clear; 'tis a pity he didn't drink the lot. Now, cap'n, we'd best be looking slippy and sailing for that rendezvous you're wired to. The little warship won't dare

move without her commander, and his boat's crew will take some time to find him here. He'll be missing for a spell. Eh—what?'

The captain of the *Clara* grunted with brutal delight. He pulled a dirty hat over the perpendicular hair which rose so assertively on his Teutonic head.

'Come den mit me, mein pilot; ve fix it peautiful. Ve vill leaf der officer of his lof to dream. She can to him consolation gif in dem morgen. He is peyond knowledge all past.' The speaker moved from in front of the window which his huge bulk had filled, and the watcher outside caught a fleeting glimpse of a third man lying limp and senseless on a chair. He was in naval uniform. The girl started violently at the sight.

And what was her stepfather muttering about intercepted letters?

Next moment, however, Harrison had extinguished the light, and the two men left the bungalow with haste. Their footsteps speedily died away. For a long time no sound broke the quietness until the rattle of a steam windlass hauling up an anchor-chain drifted noisily across the bay. But Maureen never heeded that.

(To be continued.)

## BISHOPS AS LEGISLATORS.

By W. V. ROBERTS.



PROBABLY not many people could say off-hand precisely why it is that the Bishops of the Church of England sit in the House of Lords and take part in its legislative work, while the heads of all other Churches in the United Kingdom are rigidly excluded. The matter is not without interest. Clearly to understand it, however, one must go back to the beginnings of Parliament itself.

In Norman times the position of Bishops was very different from what it is to-day. Many, if not all, of them held lands as 'baronies,' and were required to render court and military service to the Crown. Their power was considerable. It was an Archbishop, Stephen Langton, who headed the barons when Magna Charta was wrung from King John, and it was probably at Langton's dictation that one clause of that charter provided that prelates and the greater barons—prelates being put first—should be summoned by special writ to the Great Council which was then set up, and to which may be traced the origin of the House of Lords. Thus we have the introduction of prelates into the Parliament of the realm.

Moreover, between the signing of Magna Charta and the reign of Henry VIII. it became customary to send the writ of summons to priors and abbots, heads of the religious houses which then abounded, with the result that these Lords Spiritual, as the

prelates, priors, and abbots came to be called, outnumbered the Lords Temporal, or purely territorial lords. Consequently—the House of Commons not having then acquired any great position in the State—practically all power apart from the King was vested in the barons; this really meaning, in view of their great majority, the Lords Spiritual.

A great change came when Henry VIII. swept away the monastic houses and reduced the number of prelates or Bishops in the House of Lords to twenty-one, a proportion which, for the first time, gave the Lords Temporal the upper hand. Thereafter the Lords Spiritual formed but a minority of the peers, and their power steadily declined. Indeed, one of the last acts of Charles I. before leaving London to break with the Parliament was to give assent to a law which removed the Bishops from the House of Lords altogether, and they were not restored till the time of Charles II., in 1660. With that exception, however, the order of things established by Henry VIII. continued till the middle of last century. There were rather more than twenty Bishops or Lords Spiritual, and no new See was founded for over three hundred years.

But early in the reign of Queen Victoria it became apparent, with the great movement of population and the growth of cities, that some rearrangement was required, and there were proposals for carving out new dioceses. The question, however, arose whether the new Bishops should, as such, be

admitted as a matter of course to the House of Lords, and in the result it was decreed that though the number of Bishops in the country might be added to, the proportion sitting in the House of Lords should not be increased. The arrangement continued was, that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York should always, by virtue of their office, have seats in the Lords; that the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester should sit whether appointed directly to those Sees or translated from other dioceses to them; and that twenty-one other Bishops should sit in priority of consecration.

Thus a new Bishop could not immediately sit in the House of Lords; but on the death of an older Bishop the senior of those awaiting seats would be called, and so a rotation would be set up. That is the principle which has since prevailed. Meanwhile, the bishoprics of Ripon, Manchester, St Albans, Truro, Liverpool, Newcastle, Southwell, Wakefield, Southwark, and Birmingham have been created, and Gloucester and Bristol has been divided, so that a new Bishop may now have to wait several years before his turn comes to enter the House of Lords. But, as already indicated, if an appointment is made directly to the Sees of London, Durham, or Winchester, the Bishop takes his seat at once—the Bishop of London as Bishop of the capital city of England and Provincial Dean of Canterbury; the Bishop of Durham as Count Palatine and Earl of Sedburgh, an old-world town in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and the Bishop of Winchester as prelate of the Order of the Garter. But in the event of translation from another See to Canterbury, York, London, Durham, or Winchester, whoever is appointed to the See so vacated must take his place at the bottom of the rota and wait his turn for admission to the Lords.

The principle was recently illustrated with some point. In 1904 the two dioceses of Southwark and Birmingham were created. The Bishop of Rochester was translated to the See of Southwark, and as he already had a seat in the Lords he continued to hold it, so that the Bishop of the new See had a seat in the House of Lords at once, while the successor in the older diocese had to take his place at the bottom of the rota. The Bishop of Worcester was translated to Birmingham. He had then no seat in the House of Lords, but his turn came a few months after removal to Birmingham, and then his successor at Worcester had to go on the rota below the new Bishop of Rochester. The Bishop of Sodor and Man is excluded from this general arrangement, as he has his own position in the Manx legislature. Suffragans, of course, do not sit in the House of Lords.

With regard to Scotland, no provision was made in the Act of Union for the admission of Lords Spiritual to the House of Peers, and Scotch Bishops are therefore without seats in the legislature. In the case of Ireland, the Act of Union provided for some representation by Lords Spiritual. Two Archbishops, accordingly, sat in turn, and three Bishops

in rotation. But this was ended with the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869, and the English Bishops alone remain.

It will be clear from the foregoing that the Lords Spiritual can lay claim to great antiquity as legislators, and that they are the oldest branch of the legislature. Supposing we allow that they took their seats in the days of King John, and have continued to do so, with the little interval at the time of the Commonwealth (consequent on the action of Charles I.), then it follows that they can trace a line of succession longer than that of the Lords Temporal of to-day. Magna Charta was granted in 1215, and the Bishops may date their seats from then.

But the oldest peerage is that of Lord de Ros, created in 1264. Indeed, there are only four peerages that go back to the thirteenth century, so that the others must be relatively young compared with the bishoprics. Possibly that explains the precedence taken by the Archbishop of Canterbury. As most people know, his Grace stands first in the realm after the members of the Royal House. Was it because Stephen Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury, the most powerful man in the time of King John, took care to secure that position? One makes this suggestion with diffidence, but it is plausible, to say the least.

Another point shrouded in the mists of time has reference to the claim of Bishops to be styled 'Lord Bishops.' Every one is familiar with the phrase, 'The Lord Bishop of the diocese will preside.' What does it signify? Some contend that the origin of this is to be found in the fact that in the feudal times already spoken of Bishops were 'barones,' and that therefore lordship implied lordship over lands. Others maintain that the term indicates that Bishops are peers of the realm as well as Bishops, and that that is the true explanation. But lordship over land, as understood centuries ago, has gone, and in no sense applies to the present day. As indicating territorial possessions the phrase is meaningless. Then, as to Bishops being peers of the realm, it is clear that they sit in the House of Peers simply by virtue of their office. In the event of retirement from his episcopal office a Bishop loses his seat in the Lords, while a seat when holding office confers no title on his wife or child. Besides, the title of 'Lord Bishop' is applied alike to the newest Bishop, who may have to wait ten years for a seat in the House of Lords, and to a Bishop who has sat in that House for perhaps a quarter of a century. It is conferred on Colonial Bishops and is given sometimes to suffragans. All that can be said with certainty is that as applied to the higher prelates the title of 'Lord Bishop' has the sanction of long usage, and as such is conceded by courtesy.

Allusion was made a moment ago to the fact that a Bishop's wife takes no title in consequence of her husband's seat in the House of Lords. A Bishop takes rank next after an Earl and before a Viscount.



Yet his wife, unless she happens to have a title of her own as being the daughter of a territorial peer, remains plain Mrs So-and-so. That is a notable thing, seeing that Bishops are the oldest section of the Upper Chamber. If a lawyer is made a life-peer, a by no means unusual thing, the courtesy-title of 'Lady' is given to his wife. Why, then, is a Bishop's wife differently treated? Obviously the answer is that between the days of King John and the Reformation the status of women had little interest for celibate prelates, abbots, and priors, and that nothing was done to establish it; while in later days, with marriage the rule among clergy, the power of dealing with so large a matter affecting the peerage has not been vested solely in Lords and Commons. If every man made a Bishop became also a peer of the realm with a title in the peerage continuing in perpetuity, a question of numbers would soon arise, leading, to say the least, to a very critical situation.

Not that Bishops' wives are nonentities. Readers of *Barchester Towers* will not easily forget how Anthony Trollope described the way in which Mrs Proudie made patronage in her husband's diocese her own concern, and how she had something to say in nearly all that was done. The picture, it has always been understood, was drawn from life, and is believed to be as true to-day in many dioceses as when Anthony Trollope wrote.

But a far more important question arises in respect of the appointment, if not of the status, of Bishops themselves. It will have been gathered from what has already been said that Bishops were a power in the State before Parliament came into existence, and therefore long before the Cabinet was even dreamed of. The first great check to their position came with the stand made by Henry VIII. in relation to the Popes and the Bishops, and the net result of successive minor changes is that all Bishops have now to be appointed by the Prime Minister, subject only to the approval of the Sovereign. To describe minutely all the stages by which the nomination of Bishops passed into the hands of the Crown alone, and then into those of the First Minister of the Crown, would be to open a great chapter in constitutional history. It is enough for the present purpose to emphasise the broad fact that from one cause and another the Prime Minister has been made responsible for the selection and nomination of English Bishops.

There are some who cling to the old fiction that because permission to choose is sent to the Dean and Chapter of a diocese whose bishopric is vacant, therefore the choice lies really with the Dean and Chapter. But this permit is not sent till after the Prime Minister has made and announced an appointment, and the Dean and Chapter have no alternative but to accept his choice. Occasionally considerable indignation has arisen. This was the case when Mr Gladstone appointed Dr Temple to the bishopric of Exeter, a large section of Church-

men being in arms. There was a great outburst, too, when Lord Salisbury made Canon Gore Bishop of Worcester, the scene at Westminster Abbey being so great that consecration was delayed for a day. But though Churchmen stormed and stamped, the nominations had to be accepted, and were afterwards admitted to be exceedingly good.

Thus the making of Bishops is in very few hands. In the course of a century there may be only a dozen Prime Ministers, and a dozen men have, therefore, the nomination of the whole Bench of English Bishops for a hundred years. A dozen men may differ much in thought and principle, and their mode of selection may be curious. A headmaster of Rugby or a scholar at Oxford or Cambridge may be often preferred to one who has engaged in strenuous parochial work and who has already proved a success in the Church. Nobody would deny, however, that some really fine appointments have been made, and that the Episcopal Bench has been adorned by men endowed with great and divers gifts—statesmen like Dr Tait (who did so much to moderate feeling and secure the passing of the Irish Disestablishment Bill), public orators like Dr Magee of Peterborough, preachers like Dr Westcott, organisers like Dr Benson, sturdy administrators like Dr Temple, and scholars like Dr Creighton.

For a time the Bench of Bishops reflects to some extent a Prime Minister's theological views. It used to be said by way of complaint that Mr Gladstone appointed mostly High Churchmen, and at one time a large proportion of the Bishops had been nominated by Mr Gladstone. But to-day out of thirty-seven English Bishops there are only three who were appointed by Mr Gladstone, two were nominated by Lord Rosebery, while seventeen were chosen by Lord Salisbury and fifteen by Mr Balfour. Thus thirty-two owe their position to two men who stood in the relation of uncle and nephew.

Perhaps it is because Bishops sit in the House of Lords that the clergy of the Church of England, as such, are debarred from sitting in the House of Commons. Should a clergyman in holy orders desire to become a member of that House he must be 'unfrocked,' divested of 'the cloth,' and resume his position as a layman. Mr Arthur Acland, who was practically Minister of Education in Mr Gladstone's last administration, was unfrocked, and he is believed to be the only ex-clergyman who has attained to Cabinet rank. Sir William Marriott, once Judge Advocate-General, was unfrocked, and so was Mr Bowen Rowlands, K.C.; while unfrocked members of the late Parliament include Mr Cumming Macdonald, Mr A. H. Morton, and Mr E. A. Villiers, who won a seat for Brighton.

By way of compensation, the clergy of other denominations may sit in the House of Commons, though it seldom happens that they do sit there without having first resigned their ministerial work.

The late Mr Edward Miall was a Nonconformist minister before he entered Parliament to lead the Disestablishment movement. The late leader of the Welsh movement, Mr Henry Richard, was at one time a Nonconformist minister. As to Scotland, the late Dr Robert Wallace had been a popular preacher in Edinburgh before entering upon membership of

the House of Commons. It is true that some Nonconformist members of Parliament do occasionally preach or give addresses in places of worship on Sunday; but men of a clerical mind do not form so solid or so influential a party in the House of Commons as do the Bishops in the House of Lords.

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER XXIV.



NE dull afternoon, a few days after the ball, Betty slipped out of the house alone with Johnnie, whose ecstasies she could hardly control until well clear of house and grounds, and safe from pursuit.

They walked on and on to a ragged little fir-wood cutting the skyline with its black, irregular forms. A stream ran through it, spanned in one part by a rickety bridge. The banks of the stream were full of holes, and Johnnie promptly availed himself of the most promising of the many, and began scratching and squeaking, grunting and snorting, emerging every now and then with earth-caked head and bright, anxious eyes, to look up in his mistress's face and make sure that she was still there.

Betty stood by with one hand resting on the rail of the bridge, lassitude in every line of her tall figure, gazing absently at the little dog; and the stream rippled noisily on, as it would still ripple when all things present had passed away and other generations had come and gone.

A chill wind blew in her face, whirling some of the few brown leaves remaining on the trees into the muddy little river, which tossed them and carried them along.

A straggling company of rooks flew across the breadth of cold, gray sky. It was all dull, drear, and depressing as the girl's own thoughts.

'How different from our amber and silver and pearl!' she thought, watching the opaque ripples and bubbles of the stream at her feet.

Fate was approaching with swift steps, and the little river flowed on unheeding.

Harlestone had been out after wild-fowl nominally, in reality to get away from the house-party and indulge in his own thoughts, also cheerless enough; and he had taken his way home through this little wood.

'What evil spirit made me come this way and at the eleventh hour?' he thought, for he was leaving Brayborough very shortly. He was close upon her; retreat was impossible. He saw that she was alone, and that they must necessarily walk home together.

Betty neither saw nor heard him. The stream rushed and swirled noisily under the bridge, and she was watching Johnnie's tail, which was wagging feverishly at the prospect of worrying some poor little animal he fancied he was nearing in its hole.

She raised her head as Lord Harlestone came up, and he saw how changed she was, and how dark were the stains under her big brown eyes, and his whole heart went out to her in his great longing to comfort her and make her happier, even if it involved the destruction of his own happiness by finding that she was indeed fretting for Geoffrey Erle.

I can imagine the exclamations of derision and doubt as to the existence of such men as Lord Harlestone; but they exist nevertheless.

'I am afraid you are not happy, Miss Fitzhugh,' he said in his old kind voice. 'We have been such good friends, won't you tell me what it is, and perhaps I might be able to help you?' And he laid his hand on her small white one as a brother or father might have done.

Great tears rolled down the girl's pale cheeks.

It was too much for Harlestone.

'My darling, what is it?' he said, and he held out his arms, and she went to him and laid her head on his shoulder, on the rough old shooting-coat that smelt of guns and tobacco, and was so scratchy and damp.

'Will you marry me, Betty?' said Harlestone, and his strong voice shook.

There was an inarticulate murmur; but it was evidently of a satisfactory nature.

'Are you quite sure, darling?' he said gravely. 'I am so much older than you, and you have seen so little of the world, that perhaps I ought not to take advantage of your youth and ignorance. Who knows?' he added, with a sigh.

The girl raised her head from its resting-place on his broad breast.

'I am quite sure,' she said; 'but there is something I ought to tell you, and perhaps you will not care for me any more.'

He drew her closer to him. 'Tell me,' he said.

'It is about Mr Erle,' said Betty. 'You know he was a great friend of Jack's, who brought him to Dunscath last autumn, and he stayed on and on. I have always gone out shooting and fishing with Jack; in fact, we have done everything together all our lives, and I hated Mr Erle's coming as I thought I should be out of it all, and Jack would not want me any more. However, he did, and I went out the same as usual; and Mr Erle was always pleasant and nice, and I talked a good deal to him, and often

felt very sorry for him, he seemed so unhappy sometimes, and said people were so nasty to him, jealous of his shooting and things,' she said sketchily.

Harlestone made an indistinct remark under his breath.

'I often walked home alone with Mr Erle after shooting,' she continued, 'just as I would have walked with Jack. Jack used to have a last try for game, or wanted to talk to the keepers, and sent me on home. Mr Erle and I were coming home one day, and there was a burn to cross, and Jack had gone round another way after black-game. There had been a little spate, and the stones were slippery. Mr Erle crossed first, and I stupidly slipped a little on the last stone, and he seized me round the waist and kissed my cheek. It was horrible of him;' and she buried her face. 'I was miserable, and Jack was so cross about Mr Erle's long visit all of a sudden, though I did not like to tell him of what had happened and make mischief. I was afraid he thought I had something to do with it. He took Mr Erle away a few days later, and did not come back himself as I had hoped. It was wretched.'

'Have you seen Erle since?' said Harlestone.

'Only that day out hunting, when he was so hateful about Jack, and so vulgar and coarse. I cannot think what can have come over him. I do

not know what you must have thought of me, seeing him holding my hand like that.' And the tears shone in the pure eyes and trickled down the pale cheeks.

'Well, is that all you have to tell me?' said Harlestone.

'Yes,' she said; 'and indeed it is enough.'

'My precious one,' he said, and bent his tall head, and the beautiful lips were sealed to him for all time, as far as time concerned these two.

They walked home through the gloaming, and joy and peace unspeakable filled their hearts. They were too happy for much speech.

'We will get Daddy to ask Jack down here,' said Harlestone, 'so that we may make friends.' And the girl slipped her hand into his.

The Miss Pegrams were looking out of the window as Betty and Harlestone walked up the approach. A broad band of yellow light where the sun had set threw the two tall figures into strong relief. There was a nameless something; perhaps it was a tender bending of the man's head towards the maid's, a slightly closer proximity than usual, a lingering in their steps, that told its tale.

The Miss Pegrams decided that they had had enough of Brayborough, and that the time had arrived for them to move on.

*(To be continued.)*

## RELICS OF THE INQUISITION.

By EDWARD JOHN PRIOR.



THE dim past of strong beliefs and fanaticism, narrow-minded symbolism and marvellous craftsmanship, is vividly recalled by some eight hundred relics of the notorious Inquisition which have just entered upon another stage in their strange history. These relics are of great interest to antiquarians, and, by reason of their peculiarity, to the general mind. It is said that nothing is so interesting as that which happens on the other side of a wall; and the secrecy with which the remarkable conclave which burned and tortured in the name of religion conducted their proceedings has appealed to the curiosity and the imagination of every student of European history. These relics certainly stir that imagination. They consist of representations of men and devils and things—some fearsome, almost loathsome; others beautiful.

All the relics are made of leather, and are figures and articles of furniture which were once used by the mysterious Inquisitors. Their present owner is Mr William Smith of the Winslade Galleries, Westminster, to whose courtesy I am indebted for these few notes about them.

What their exact history is will probably never be known. Life-like as some of the figures are, they are, alas! dumb. If only they could speak, 'a

tale they would unfold'—a tale of all that is dark and dreadful, but fascinating, in the history of a great Church. There is no doubt that the figures are those which were once used for processional purposes. Some represent the bright and enchanting things in Christian history; the others stand for the baser weapons of the religionist. The latter are images and figures which were used to strike terror into the heart of 'the unfaithful,' to foreshadow the bitterness of hell.

Their age is calculated at about four hundred years. Their manufacturers were probably devout followers of the Roman Catholic Church, who went to enormous trouble to shape them. Originally they were in the council chamber used by the Inquisitors at Lisbon in the sixteenth century, and now they stand in a specially built strong-room in Kennington. How they came to leave Lisbon and to be securely stored in London would doubtless form a fascinating story if it were told; but unfortunately many links in the romantic chain of events are missing. Some research, however, has revealed a few points in their history; and the story is wonderful. Writers of modern fiction could easily weave a novel round it.

They were removed from Lisbon at some date in the early part of the seventeenth century. There is evidence, too, that they were stolen; but whether the



theft, which was certainly on a big scale, took place at Lisbon or on the high seas is uncertain. Probably they were stolen at sea, for before the seventeenth century was very old they came into the possession of one Carlos Don Sebastian, who scoured the seas as a pirate, and who, in a will which he left, confessed that he had stolen them. The pirate does not mention how he stole them; nor does the will throw any light on what actuated him in securing so strange a cargo. There is some slight evidence that the relics have in the course of their chequered career been at the bottom of the ocean, but how this occurred is a matter of pure conjecture.

It is conceivable that for some purpose unknown they were being conveyed from the port where they had played an important part in the formidable *auto-da-fé*, or act of faith, when the pirate-ship captured them. Pirate vessels were not uncommon in those days of slow-sailing merchantmen and ineffective laws, and pirates were men whose strength and speed were their safety. There may have been an encounter, and the ship bearing a strangely mixed cargo of leather devils and angels was probably sunk by the might of Carlos Don Sebastian. It is just possible, however, that they were stolen from Lisbon itself. They may have been violently seized when they were being carried in dread procession, or they may have been removed by sacrilegious hands at dead of night from the chamber of diabolical reputation. The presence in the collection of various articles of furniture which would certainly not be used for processional purposes favours the idea that the relics were either stolen in one lot at sea or were taken from the chamber. But whatever the true history, there is no doubt that they came into the hands of the pirate, who disposed of them by will in the year 1650.

The will is a curious document. In quaint but fairly distinct lettering it sets out that 'I, Carlos Don Sebastian,' was a pirate; then in strange phraseology the bold buccaneer expresses contrition for his past life, and concludes by bequeathing some effects and the Inquisition figures, which he frankly says were stolen, to one James Allinson of Nespra Hall, Yorkshire. Antiquaries are endeavouring to trace the history of this James Allinson. All the evidence they have to go upon at present is a ruined mansion in Yorkshire and the knowledge of the existence somewhere of a manuscript book which is believed to deal with the history of the Allinson family. The present owner of the relics received information that James Allinson was a soldier. As most country gentlemen in the seventeenth century knew something of the military art, this is not at all unlikely, though what the connection between James Allinson and Carlos Don Sebastian was I do not know.

James Allinson died intestate, and the whole collection went into the Court of Chancery, remained there for a considerable period, and afterwards came into the possession of some one from whom, through the medium of a third party, they have been acquired

by Mr William Smith. The 'third party' brought a specimen of the collection to the present owner eight years ago. It was a model of a vessel in full sail, beautifully made in leather. Mr Smith, recognising it as a thing of value, promptly purchased it, and during the succeeding years he has obtained through the same agency what he believes to be the entire collection. Who the principal is who has been disposing of the relics Mr Smith assures me that he does not know. The mystery which has ever been associated with these figures remains with them until this day.

As they were purchased they were securely packed away in the cellar of an old house in Kennington. Sometimes the collection was added to with single pieces; then a vanload of figures were obtained, and during the patient process of collecting the years slipped by. The lease of the house ran out, and it became imperative that the figures should be removed. The proud owner of the collection, who is a wealthy man, decided to build a special strong-room in which he could arrange his possessions to the best advantage, and to a substantial hall built in the heart of Kennington the figures have just been removed. Their removal excited a vast amount of interest. Curious people, seeing life-size and gigantic figures being carried out of a seemingly empty house, spread sensational reports. Crowds assembled to see what there was to be seen, and children agape with astonishment followed the vans.

After an inspection of the collection I am bound to say that it possesses unique interest. It stands in a hall fifty feet by seventeen feet, and fifteen feet high, lighted by small double windows and a skylight. It is approached through the basement of an ordinary dwelling-house, and as you walk through small rooms towards it, iron doors nearly half a foot in thickness clang behind you. The air is musty; the silence—in that busy part of South London—wonderful. The purpose of the building is space and also security, for the collection is a valuable one. Roughly estimated, its value is not less than twenty-five thousand pounds, and some experts who have visited the collection—and recently there have been many well-known visitors—place it at a higher amount.

To visit the building now, despite the obvious newness of the place, is to stand in the presence of the past. The sight of the curious relics produces a strangely mixed impression. There is something almost uncanny in the sight. Irresistibly there steals over one the conviction that the figures were once animate beings of flesh and blood, purposeful and passionate, who, at the sound of some great command, had suddenly ceased to move, and had stood still ever since, awaiting an order. This, no doubt, is a tribute to the skill of those who made them, and it helps one to faintly realise the real sense of terror which the figures helped to impart into the ceremonies for which they were created.

In the centre of the room there stands the table

at which, in time past, masked Inquisitors sat. Like everything else that was in the council chamber, it is made of leather. Leather deadens sound, as the Inquisitors knew. The walls and the ceiling were covered with the same material. Grim ingenuity! The table is ten feet long and eight feet broad, and is supported on the heads of ten small figures. In the centre of the table there is a life-size female figure holding candelabra which evidently afforded the light for the apartment.

There are leather settees which consist of rows of human figures in a sitting position. The occupants of the council chamber thus sat in the laps of these dummies. All the chairs are of similar design. What was apparently the presidential chair is a magnificent piece of work in brown leather, and the high back (the head of a venerable personage) is surmounted by a finely worked crown. This chair probably stood at the end of the chamber, at the head of the table, commanding a view of the entire apartment. From the nature of the relics it is not difficult to reconstruct the scene presented to any one sitting in that human chair of dignity. Leather-covered walls, leather ceiling, horrible figures at various parts of the room, grim hooded Inquisitors, stuffiness, silence. In each of the four corners of the ceiling there was a devil representing the vices of humanity. In a central position would be the clock. The clock is borne by the figure of an old man representing Time. In his hands he clasps a scythe, and over his head there is a chariot with galloping horses. The clock is still in good condition, and the face is artistically arranged within the wheels of the chariot.

Red devils with horrible grimaces and glistening eyes of glass used to hang on the walls of the council chamber. Probably by the side of them would be some of the really beautiful figures of angels which are included in this collection. Both seemed formed to emphasise in a striking manner the belief that there is joy or sorrow hereafter. A fine piece of work is a big dragon flogging the devil (also of large proportions) with a seven-thonged whip of snakes. There is also—curious object!—a female devil. She has the sinister look of what one regards as the conventional devil, and has wings. Together there is a male and female devil. On a fork the male holds aloft the body of a woman; the female holds the body of a man. A wine-cup has fallen from the hands of one of the victims, and coins are represented as falling away. The figures are symbolic of men and women snatched by evil hands when engrossed in the good things of this 'earthly tabernacle.'

The majority of the figures are undoubtedly those which were used in the Inquisition processions.

They form a contrast to the processional effigies employed by the Roman Catholic Church at the present day; but there are some of splendid craftsmanship, rich with a wealth of suggestion, representative of the life of Christ. There is something extraordinary in the fact that the same hands that shaped the figures of the infant Jesus and of Mary His mother also created the monstrosities to terrorise those whose religious or political convictions were not those of the persecuting elect.

Christ entering Jerusalem on an ass is a touching and well-conceived piece of work. Originally the leather was gilded, but time and strange adventures by land and sea have rubbed off much of the gilt. A striking group consists of Mary on an ass, with the infant Saviour in her lap, Joseph leading the animal, and a lamb walking by the side. The ass is very life-like in appearance, and the position of the most famous mother graceful. The other figures carry conviction. Another group represents four brownies—queer little brown elfs they are—carrying an immense canopy under which sits Mary, with Jesus in her lap. Figures very similar in form are used in Roman Catholic processions at the present day. Yet another group represents Christ in the manger, and two life-size figures support the manger. There is the magnificent figure of a bishop in his robes carrying Christ on the Cross, and close at hand there stands a truly gigantic Crusader in armour. Solemn dignity has been imparted by the artist to the life-size figure of a pilgrim carrying a heart, and to four monks carrying boxes in each of which there are groups of miniature figures illustrating the comparatively brief and glorious life of Christ. The four scenes thus portrayed are (1) the Birth of Christ, (2) the Lord's Supper, (3) the Crucifixion, (4) the Rising from the Dead. Of course they are all in leather. The chief features of this remarkable collection may be completed by mentioning the big organ, the piano, the plate-chest, and deed-chest. Both the musical instruments are in fair condition. As curios they will long be treasured, and it is just possible that in the fitness of things they may once again be employed on their high errand in the service of religion—a religion divorced from the fanaticism to which it ought never to have been wedded by the excessive zeal of man.

There stand these mute figures—devils, angels, elfs—speaking with their dumbness of what is practically dead art and dead superstition. Singular sight in modern plebeian Kennington! Relics of a past one hopes never to be revived, fit ornaments for any twentieth century museum, absurdities, monstrosities, beautiful things shaped by the hands of unknown artists.



## MERCANTILE PIN-PRICKS; OR, MR GREGSON'S COMMERCIAL EXPERIENCES.

By ALGERNON WARREN, Author of *Commercial Travelling*, &c.

**I**S that all you want, sir? Goods by the usual route, I suppose?

'Yes,' answered Mr Gregson to the commercial traveller, who, after booking his order, had taken the precaution to read it out to him, so as to make sure that each entry was correct. In this particular instance it had been a pleasure to the merchant to dictate it; for he knew that what the other said he meant, and that, unlike some of his kind, he was not the sort of man to impose upon him by means of specious assertions with a view to working off superfluous stock in total disregard of the buyer's interests.

'By-the-bye, Jones,' he added, 'how are you getting on with my neighbour, young Green?'

'Oh, sir, he is too clever in the wrong place, too foxy altogether to suit me. Always tries to beat one down, and cuts his own throat sometimes. Why, sir, when I was here last journey you know what a state the seal-oil market was in. Now I told him, "Mr Green, the market's moving; here's my to-day's price for ten tons. I can't hold it over—not for twenty-four hours." Well, he said he'd take the ten if I'd come down fifteen shillings a ton. "No," I said; "can't do it, sir." Then he said he thought he could do better, and he wouldn't give his order. Well, as you may remember, the next day the price was up a shilling a hundredweight. Then he wires to our firm to send him on ten tons. We weren't such fools, and wired back that we could only execute his order at the advanced figure. Well, although he was right out, he wouldn't close then and there, but wrote asking us to split the difference. By the time we got his letter there was a further rise on market, and it ended in his having to pay fifteen pounds more for his little lot than he would have had to give if he had closed at once with my first offer. You see, sir, he's one of those fellows that always think you've got some special motive when you say it's a good time to buy. He wouldn't believe me, you see, and went trying elsewhere, and so got landed. There's lots like him, sir, so sharp that they cut themselves. He got himself disliked on the road for that. When the old man was alive he sent this young one out "to learn the ropes;" but he wasn't a bit of good, so I've heard.'

'Talked too much of himself, I suppose?'

'That's it, sir—just what he always did; regularly spoilt his chances. I was just beginning to travel when his father was about leaving off; and I can tell you, sir, the old gentleman—well, he wasn't so very old then, but getting on a bit—was a much tougher customer to have working against you than the young one. Kept his mouth shut and his ears

open, and went ahead. By giving others a chance to talk, he got a pretty shrewd idea when a man was beginning to get a bit "dicky." But that young my-lord made a thumping big bad debt the very last journey he took.'

'Well, of course, if he gave himself airs he wouldn't get on.'

'Quite so, sir. Well, good-morning to you, sir.' And with that, this capable 'commercial' departed, knowing better than to spin out chat in business hours and run the risk thereby of wearing out his welcome. Mr Gregson was just beginning to give attention to a rather intricate form of tender for goods which he had been asked to send in, when one of his senior clerks tapped and entered with a request to be spared if convenient on the following Monday.

'Anything very particular, Mr Snetham? You know we are close on a time when we are likely to be particularly busy.'

'Our club has a golf tournament, sir, beginning on Saturday at one, and it's to last two days, and I want to enter.'

'Can't they manage these affairs by having them on two or three Saturday afternoons running, instead of taking up whole working-days for them?'

'Well, sir, they don't come very often.'

'Really, Mr Snetham, I like my people to get a reasonable amount of pleasure; but, as you know, the length of the regular summer holiday has been increased for every one of you, and if you seniors come asking me for extra days for sport I am afraid it will have an unsettling effect on the juniors. Some of them are none too ready to stick to it as it is. The last two hours' work on a Saturday morning doesn't amount to much with them. I notice, if I happen to step into the outer office of a Saturday, that the railway time-table is pretty sure to be out of its place, and I know that it isn't in my interests that it is being referred to. However, that's not the case with you, and you can have your leave for the Monday; only, I warn you that if I find the business suffering from this continual asking for extra days off I shall have to make a hard-and-fast rule prohibiting them.'

'There!' soliloquised Mr Gregson after the other had retired, 'twenty years ago if a man of eight-and-forty or so like Snetham had come in to ask for a holiday for such a purpose his employer would, as likely as not, have recommended him to take himself off altogether. Clerks get more holidays than principals nowadays. Leave wouldn't be so much grudged to them, perhaps, if they hadn't such a knack of asking for it in busy seasons, and the seniors seem to have caught the tone from the lads. Talk about old heads on young shoulders; it is the



other way about at present! What with veteran cricket and golf champions, forty-five seems to be about the acme of friskiness.'

The merchant now found it expedient to repair to the commercial sale-rooms to note some latest market reports. Just at the entrance he encountered one of his business friends with a youth whom the other introduced as his son, who had just begun work in the City. The three entered the building together, and saw a knot of men crowding about a notice-board. 'Hope nothing's gone wrong,' said the parent, seeing more and more pressing up towards it. But when they got near enough to read they found that the excitement arose out of a cricket bulletin—namely, 'Visitors all out for 156. County eleven, 48 for 3 wickets.'

'There, Gregson!' said the father when his son had moved out of hearing—'there's a thing for my boy to see the very first time I bring him in here. His chief fault is that his mind is a bit too set on games. I've been telling him that he's got to earn his bread-and-butter, and that if he wants to be able to afford to play he must stick to work; and now, what is the youngster to think when I take him to a place supposed to be established for business convenience, and the first thing he sees there is a lot of men bustling as if their lives depended on it to read a cricket notice? Talk about all work; it's all shirk and go play nowadays!'

'Well,' said Mr Gregson, 'you wouldn't like your boy to have quite so close a sticking-time to business as you had; though I must say I'm inclined to agree with you.'

'Perhaps not; but competition is getting keener and keener, and it is not altogether a question of "like." It is "must" to an extent, if he is to do any good, what with the foreigner always trying to creep in. That is the great fault of our public schools in my opinion. They don't impress this sufficiently.'

'And yet you sent your son to one of them, if I remember rightly.'

'I know I did. I've seen what a capital moral tone there generally is about them, and what plucky, manly fellows they turn out. But the worst of it is that the masters in these big schools seem inclined, for the most part, to fight shy of pointing out continually to the boys that a large number of them will have to work hard to earn their daily bread. So, when they get pitchforked into commercial life without any preliminary insight, many of them kick at the drudgery of the details they've got to master, and get restless. They ought to have the dignity of commerce instilled into them from the first, and how we're going to do it for them I don't know, when they come and see these "sport notices" stuck up as prominently as they possibly can be in a business place of resort, causing as much commotion as if they notified a heavy drop in Consols or a serious accident with considerable loss of life.'

'I am afraid you will find yourself in the minority if you raise an objection.'

'Oh yes! I know I should. It infects the whole atmosphere, does this present athletic craze, and we who merely protest against such extremes are called selfish, money-grubbing fossils, who, because we don't care for sport ourselves, do not want any one else to. Well, Gregson, some of them will see the folly of it when it's too late. You and I were keen enough about volunteering in our time, and put our backs into it when we were at it. But we didn't clamour about it in business hours. No; and for the matter of that, we didn't run sport into the Sunday in the way it's done now. Seems to me in this age of enlightenment that the Englishman thinks that his chance of salvation depends mainly on the size of his bath-sponge. Good-bye; I've got a meeting on, and must be off.'

Mr Gregson noted the announcements of market changes, had some business conversation, and was preparing to leave, when he was hailed with 'I say, Mr Gregson! just a moment if you please.' He turned and saw a Mr Jenkins, with whom he was anything but intimate, although periodically thrown into his company through common commercial interests. He was accompanied by a young man who wore that too obsequious smile so annoying to many because they feel sure that its wearer is about to solicit a favour of them. 'Allow me to introduce my wife's younger brother to you. He has just taken an agency for goods in your line, and I hope you will be able to give him a turn. When will it be convenient for him to look in on you at your office?'

Had Mr Gregson been in the habit of thinking aloud his immediate utterance would have been, 'When I am out of it.' All he could do in self-defence was to say that the buying of the establishment was customarily conducted between certain hours, but that there was always a good deal of pressure on his time.

'Oh, Jack, here, won't mind even if he has to wait a minute or two. He shall come and see you to-morrow. I knew you wouldn't object to my taking this opportunity of saying a word for him.'

'Then you know me better than I know myself,' was Mr Gregson's inward reflection. 'Now, I shall have to spend time to no purpose in listening to this young fellow, who evidently is not up to his work, or he wouldn't let another speak for him in this way without saying a word to the purpose himself. These agencies are a frightful nuisance when they are taken up by youngsters who haven't had a proper business training, and who come offering goods without understanding how to do it, or knowing what facts ought to be ascertained beforehand.'

He got back to his office, and was immediately presented with a note marked, 'Bearer to wait answer.' On opening it he found that it contained an invoice sent two days before by Gregson and Company for some ten shillings' worth of a certain kind of oil supplied to a neighbouring wholesale firm; also, a produce broker's circular and the following letter:

'GENTLEMEN,—Will you be good enough to send us a corrected invoice herewith? You will see by the accompanying price-list that you have charged us much in excess of the proper value. We want to do as much as we can with you, but must ask you to put us on the best possible terms as regards price.—Yours,' &c.

'Well,' muttered Mr Gregson angrily, 'of all the unconscionable people I ever met with in business, I do think these are about the worst. They, a wholesale firm employing a hundred hands at the least, send us an order for a quantity of oil which any respectable retailer would think miserably petty, and then have the assurance to ask us to charge it at or about the value of the article when sold in two-ton lots and upwards!—Johnson!'

'Sir.'

'Just look at this. Haven't these people been asking for a good many quotations from us of late?'

'Oh yes, sir; but they have not ordered anything worth having for some time past. I was referring to their account last week, and they haven't had five pounds' worth in the last quarter, and yet I see by the "quotation-book" that they have asked for special prices at least six times within the last two months. They never order ten shillings' worth of oil without coming to ask the figure beforehand, sir.'

'Had they asked the price before they sent us the order for the peddling quantity on this invoice?'

'Yes, they had, sir, and were charged in accordance with the quantity scale quoted to them.'

'Well, I suppose they are too hopelessly thick-skinned to care if we deprecate their conduct in giving us so much trouble with their small orders. Let them be written to saying that they have been charged as quoted, and return them that circular, which they know as well as we do contains prices for bulk quantities only. It's from one of those greedy German firms who are always giving annoyance by scattering their price currents broadcast so that these fall into the hands of men who don't buy a tithe of the quantities for which the figures are quoted, and who, nevertheless, are always ready to badger us by comparing these quotations for large lots with our charges for the petty amounts that they buy of us; and they add insult to injury by their confounded tone of patronage, saying that they want to do as much with us as they can. It would serve them right to show them up in a trade journal.'

Further reflections were interrupted by his being told that the junior partner of a competing wholesale establishment was waiting to see him personally to get a special price. This firm perpetually made not over-scrupulous efforts to secure some of the trade of Gregson & Company, and he knew that the chances were twenty to one that the inquiry on this occasion would not be *bond-fide*. He first glanced around his office carefully to make sure that there was nothing lying about which he should not

care to have seen by eyes which former experience had taught him were particularly prying, covered over some correspondence on his desk, and then ordered that the party should be shown in.

He entered, and any keen observer of human nature would have commended Mr Gregson for his caution. There was a look of cunning about the other which could not fail to be particularly repugnant to any straightforward business man.

'Can you give us a special quotation for best refined colza-oil, Mr Gregson?'

'What quantity do you want a price for, sir?'

'That depends on how favourably you can offer us,' was the evasive answer.

'Here is our scale price,' said Mr Gregson, passing him a list of figures.

'Oh, but won't you go a bit under these for us?'

'Those are our prices, sir, to any one who takes the quantities specified.'

'I don't think you are sticking quite close to these quotations, Mr Gregson. Our traveller in the west of England tells us that customers there say you are offering small lots at lower figures than you quote here.'

'Indeed!' was all Mr Gregson's disgusted comment. As he had anticipated, this unscrupulous competitor had no intention of buying from him, but merely wished to ascertain his selling prices so as to underquote him if possible.

'Then, I suppose, Mr Gregson, we can tell our traveller that our customers have made some mistake, and that these are the very lowest prices at which you are selling.'

'I understood, sir, that you wanted to see me about a special quotation for yourselves.'

'Well, we've got a stock at present, but might perhaps have been open to buy more if you could have quoted us specially low.'

'That's a lie, and you know it,' was his auditor's mental reflection; 'and it's you and the like of you that spoil honest trade by your dirty sharp practices.' Long experience, however, had taught him that, if he did not want to listen to a string of prevarications, he had better say as little as possible in a case like this. So he looked the other straightway in the face and said, 'Well, good-morning, sir. If we find ourselves later on able to quote you to better advantage we will do so.'

The young man was acute enough to see that Mr Gregson was not going to commit himself. He had hoped to wring out an asseveration from him, and thereby pin him to a definite statement that he was not going to deviate under any consideration from the selling prices which he had indicated so long as the market value remained unaltered. Then, on the strength of this, the young man would have written to his own traveller straightway, saying: 'Messrs Gregson & Company's definite lowest figures are so-and-so; you can offer at a fraction lower to customers of theirs who don't deal with us at present.' He was nowise abashed at the imputation that he had not come with a real desire to

purchase. This, he thought, was rather a compliment to his sharpness than otherwise. Nor did he take exception to Mr Gregson's bidding him good-morning as a suggestion that he wanted to be rid of him. He went out as jauntily as he had come in, prepared to try it on again when opportunity should present itself. As soon as he was gone the merchant turned again to his uncompleted form of

tender, the filling in of which these unwelcome interruptions had hindered. As he did so he be-thought himself, 'We need something else badly in business besides the passing of the Prevention of Corruption Bill, and that is the universal commercial boycotting of fellows like that. Nothing short of it will drive a particle of conscience into them.'

## SPITZBERGEN FOR A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

By E. H. PARKER.



**S**PITZBERGEN, Spidsberg, or Spitzbergen, according to whether the Dutch, Norwegian, or German form be used, means, as the English word 'spit' suggests to us, the 'pointed mountains,' and probably first referred specially to the pyramidal hills surrounding Recherche Bay in Bell Sound; though it is true this spiked appearance may well be a characteristic also of other parts of the island group. At any rate, it appears that, strictly speaking, the heart-shaped main island was the only one originally discovered by Barendts, to which alone, therefore, the name Spitzbergen is properly applicable. The other large islands to the east of it, separated from each other and from Spitzbergen proper by straits or sounds, are North-East Land, Barendts Island, and Edge Island. Dotted around these four in various directions are the smaller islands of Prince Charles Foreland, Danes Island, Amsterdam Island, Wyches Island, &c. The whole lie between latitude 76°30 degrees to 80°30 degrees north and longitude 10°40 degrees to 21°40 degrees east.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century, when the Dutch and English mariners started out to rival and oust their competitors the Portuguese and the Spaniards, the idea of finding a north-east passage to China began to take possession of men's minds. Accordingly, on the 5th of June 1594, Barendts left Holland for Nova Zembla—that is, the Russian *Novaya Zemlya*, or 'New Land'—where they heard tidings of other Arctic lands five or six days' sail away. In May 1596 the same Dutchman Barendts, accompanied by John Cornelius Ryp, Heemskerck, and others, having sailed from Amsterdam, in due course discovered the small uninhabited Cherie Island or Bear Island (latitude 74°45 degrees north, longitude 19°10 degrees east), lying about half-way between the North Cape and Spitzbergen; and then they sighted Spitzbergen itself. They anchored in a harbour now known as Fair Haven, lying to the north of Amsterdam Island (latitude 79°42 degrees north), and on the 1st of July arrived safely back off the Bear Island group, the resort of millions of sea-fowl, and then also of sperm whales. The highest point (one thousand seven hundred and sixty feet) of Bear Island received the name of

Mount Misery, and various points in Spitzbergen were duly named; but so far no nation has seen fit officially to appropriate either the Spitzbergen or the Bear Island group. Barendts thence passed on to Nova Zembla, where, after some stirring adventures, he died on the 15th of June 1597. Thus the honours of prior discovery belong incontestably to the Dutch.

The English were not long in hearing about and securing a share in the lucrative whale-fishery. In 1607 the renowned navigator Hudson appeared on the scene, followed about ten years later by Baffin. The competing whalers had the good sense not to quarrel on the spot, and a fair division of the spoil was accordingly arranged. The Dutch considered their prospects here as valuable as those in the Spice Islands; the English centre was fixed at Magdalen Bay, to the south of Fair Haven; and the industry was then pursued with such relentless vigour that at one time there were from seventeen thousand to eighteen thousand Dutch whalers and workmen on the spot, as a natural consequence of which the 'right' or sperm whale was almost extinct in these waters before the middle of the seventeenth century. By 1660 the industry had utterly collapsed.

Meanwhile the Russians, under the stimulus of Yermak and his Cossacks, had appropriated most of Siberia, and had come into collision with the Eleuth dominion of Ili, with the Kirghiz, and with the rising Manchu Empire. Hearing of Dutch doings in Spitzbergen, and feeling their own incompetence as mariners, they determined to attempt a permanent colonisation of its shores. The Samoyedes of North Siberia were eminently fitted by nature and habit for this work, but unfortunately their intellectual powers were too low, even if it had been possible to utilise a race then so little under control. Desperate efforts having been made in vain, under offers of liberal rewards, to induce suitable colonists to pass a winter in Spitzbergen, recourse was had at last to the extreme plan of offering pardon to any hardened criminals who would volunteer to remain a year there. This was in 1630, the year in which eight English whalers perished. Fourteen more who had been accidentally left behind found their way to the comparatively frequented Bell Sound, whence they were rescued in excellent health in May 1631,



having meantime undergone terrible hardships and anxieties and spent ten weary months on these inhospitable shores; for nearly four months (middle of October to early in February) they never saw the sun.

About a century after this, Russians in search of foxskins and bearskins frequented Spitzbergen pretty regularly during the summer months, when the sun correspondingly never disappears at all. Experience had now shown that the best and safest month of all is July, when the winds, barometer, and thermometer are steadiest, the sun brightest, and the mists least. Exact observations taken by the Swedes about a quarter of a century ago have in recent years confirmed these data, and placed them upon a secure scientific basis.

Dutchmen and other whalers continued until 1830 to visit the group in order to replenish their stores of fresh water and reindeer-flesh, and the Russian skin-hunters also kept up their visits until this date, after which the Norwegians alone worked the fisheries. At present they still hold the field; but there are incipient signs that the Germans will soon be up and doing. The sperm whales, it is true, have disappeared long ago, and the fishers have to content themselves with the much inferior blue whale, whose coarser blubber is boiled down chiefly for use as engine and engine-strap oil. The Norwegians also take reindeer, seals, and eider-down in great quantities; so that, what with the Dutchmen and Russians before them, they threaten soon to extinguish the exiguous remains of all animal and bird life in the vicinity.

In June 1773 the English Admiralty despatched the *Racehorse* and *Carcass*, under Captain Phipps, to explore the Spitzbergen group once more. With him, as captain's coxswain, was young Horatio Nelson, then fifteen years old. They saw the midnight sun on the 27th of June at a spot ascertained to be in latitude 74°26' degrees north, and on the 29th sighted the South Cape (Island) of Spitzbergen. On the 5th of July they anchored off Magdalen Hoek (latitude 79°34' degrees), whence Captain Phipps ran east and west for several degrees of longitude in front of the pack-ice, reaching a latitude of 80°48' degrees north. During the excursions made ashore and in the neighbouring sounds, young Nelson twice distinguished himself by his reckless bravery: once by volunteering single-handed to attack a polar bear with the butt-end of his musket, and again by driving off some savage walrus which were threatening to annihilate his comrades' boat. Phipps was under the impression that the year 1773 was an exceptionally fine one, although he discerned no opening whatever in the ice-pack; but as a matter of fact he achieved very little in the way of fresh discovery, and it was afterwards ascertained that in most years there were plenty of channels in the pack-ice.

In 1818 Captain Buchanan, in the *Dorothea*, with Lieutenant Franklin in the *Trent* (Captain Beechy second in command), anchored in Magdalen Bay,

which was surveyed, and subsequently got as far north as latitude 80°11' degrees. On the 4th of June magnificent sun-effects were seen; on the 7th they examined the ice-pack, got amongst the ice-floes, and the *Trent* was subsequently fortunate enough to witness the collapse of half a million tons of glacier ice in Magdalen Bay. For some days the two ships were moored in the South Gut—that is, to the south of Danes Island, where in 1896 the luckless Andrée built his balloon-house, and whence he started on his fatal aerial voyage in July 1897. On the 30th of August the *Dorothea* and *Trent* left for England.

For nearly a century since then Spitzbergen has been almost unfrequented and forgotten, except for the occasional visits of hunters and whalers as above explained. There never were any indigenous inhabitants, and even now there are no foreign residents except between the extremes of May and October. During the past fourteen years, however, the enterprising Captain Bade of Wismar, in Mecklenburg, has led the way in making Spitzbergen the resort of summer tourists. He took his first batch in 1891, and has made two trips every year since then, always in July and August. He was there with his steamer *Oihanna* a week before the writer of these lines reached the pack-ice on the 22nd of July 1905; and, according to accounts received at Recherche Bay, actually gave several parties and 'receptions' on the pack-ice itself, within the clutches of which his tourists and steamer were forcibly detained for five days, having made a 'record' north for tourists of latitude 81°07'. They visited the ruins of Andrée's house and went into Virgin Bay.

In 1893 the Hamburg-America Line sent the s.s. *Columbia* with tourists. In 1894 the Orient Company despatched the *Lusitania*, which on 11th August was fortunate enough to get as far north as latitude 80°15' degrees to examine the pack. The Norwegian Vesterdaalen Company for several successive years ran a tiny pleasure-steamer, called the *Expres*, with tourists; and a small hotel was run up in 1897 on the shore of Advent Bay in Ice Fjord (half-way between Bell Sound and Magdalen Bay), in order to give tourists an opportunity of visiting Andrée's balloon-house from this centre; but the hotel is now closed for want of custom, or has disappeared. As a matter of fact, Advent Bay is a far better anchorage than Recherche Bay, but the surrounding scenery is uninteresting, and it is not so convenient for whalers, besides being a more exposed situation. The year Andrée was on Danes Island was quite an exceptional one, and indeed at least one steamer then managed to push its way past Wijde Bay to Hinterloopen Sound on the north coast.

In 1896 Sir William Martin Conway visited Recherche Bay, Advent Bay, Danes Island, and other places, crossed several glaciers, and forced his way over the main island from the head of one fjord to the head of another, these fjords cutting

deep into the main island both from north to south and from east to west—almost, in fact, meeting each other in one or two cases. Sir M. Conway visited Andrée at Danes Island, and was also fortunate enough to witness, a few days later, the return of Nansen to Hammerfest. The latest Admiralty charts (1898) give the results of his most recent observations, and indicate several very important changes in the position of Sassen Bay and other inlets within the area of Ice Fjord.

In 1904 the P. & O. pleasure-yacht *Vectis*, after a long detention caused by mist, failed to get into Recherche Bay at all, but examined the ice-pack successfully. In 1905 she was happy enough to encounter splendid weather in Recherche Bay on the 20th of July. The passengers had a broiling hot walk up the Fox Glacier, and even a dance in summer clothes on deck up to 11 P.M. Of course it was broad daylight throughout the night, but too misty for the sun to be seen. A huge ice-floe had meanwhile got detached from the ice-pack, and was suddenly encountered at 3 A.M. on the morning of the 22nd, in latitude 79°25 north, longitude 6°23 east. This was sixty miles farther south than was expected, so the ship immediately put about in order not to be closed in, as Captain Bade had been a week before. Nansen's extreme north in 1895-96 was latitude 86°13, and the Duke of the Abruzzi got a few minutes farther north. Since then Lieutenant Peary, U.S.N., has discovered that Greenland is practically an island, and is at present reported to be firmly resolved to reach the Pole this or next year by moving rapidly across the pack-ice.

To turn now to our personal experiences. On the 17th of July we crossed the Arctic circle at 8 P.M., having steamed for exactly twenty-four hours since leaving Merok on the Nordfjord of Norway. At 10.30 P.M. on the 19th we sighted and spoke the Norwegian whalers *Alfa* and *Beta*, engaged with the parent ship *Constanz* in towing in and cutting up several huge whales. From them we received confirmation of our exact position. These whalers carry in the bows a formidable harpoon, barbed at both ends, and fired off like a gun at a distance of from fifty to a hundred yards. A grenade or bomb accompanies the harpoon, and on exploding inside the huge animal, kills it. The steel cable for paying out in case the whale gives trouble before dying is fitted with an effective brake. Gas is then pumped into the carcass, and for some unexplained reason promptly finds its way to the tongue of the whale, which then swells to an enormous size, and thus floats the whole body sufficiently to permit of cutting and boiling being carried on *in situ*. The whalers are careful not to prick the tongue, on account of the fearful stench caused by the imprisoned gases escaping therefrom when it is pierced. Even without this, many of our fellow-passengers found the leeward side of the dead whales decidedly unpleasant company.

Owing to the supposed interference of the whale-

fishery with the enormous cod industry, the Norwegian Government will not allow either fishing or cutting-up of whales within twenty miles of their coasts; hence, owing to the difficulty of conveying fuel and securing adequate supplies of fresh water, the blubber-boilers are hampered by having to do their work at sea, and thus at least half the value of the whale (often worth two hundred pounds) is wasted and lost.

Shortly after sighting these carcasses, surrounded by millions of hungry gulls, petrels, and other sea-fowl, we distinguished the blue and glacier-lined coasts of Spitzbergen. Early the next morning we were safely anchored in Recherche Bay (a well-sheltered harbour or inlet in the south shore of Bell Sound), the blind end of which points to the south. The whole bay is shut in by rows of pyramidal hills, the highest of which range from two thousand to two thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. To the west is Fox Glacier, to the east East Glacier, each about two miles across at their sea-foot, and apparently about two hundred feet in height. They are supposed to extend back some thirty or forty miles.

We landed on the mossy bank, which was still soaking under the effects of recently melted snow, clambered up the moraine of Fox Glacier, and walked over half a mile of the glacier itself. The mossy bank was richly covered with bright-yellow, white, and pink saxifrages, the last especially beautiful. No other plants and no insect or animal life were discoverable in the vicinity; but on the moss-covered islet of Bird Island—more recently charted as Training-Squadron Island—innumerable fulmar petrels, little auks, glaucous gulls, ivory gulls, eider ducks, and other birds drop their eggs into the ready-made holes in lieu of nests.

Some of our party plunged boldly up the snow-covered hills in a southerly direction, and were rewarded by discovering a bottle in a small stone cairn, inside which was a paper recording the fact that on the 3rd of August 1892 the French vessel *La Manche* had visited the port on its way from Jan Mayen Island (Greenland) to Ice Fjord (Spitzbergen), 'all well,' duly signed by two of the officers.

The Norwegian whalers in port were very numerous, and nearly all of them seemed to hail from Sandefjord, a few being from Tromsø. Every hour or two a fresh steamer came in with one or two whales in tow; and an enterprising Norwegian company called the Ornen Actie-selskab had even enclosed a plot of the moss-bank about two acres in extent, and had erected thereon a steam boiler with four tanks, in which blubber was being boiled out of huge hunks of whale-flesh, under more roomy conditions than on board the steamers. The melting snow provided an ample supply of fresh water for both boiling and ship uses, and this was being ingeniously conveyed by means of wooden chutes and rubber pipes down a small gully into cisterns and boats. Alexander Lange of Sandefjord was named on the enclosure notices as being the chief proprietor

or representative of the company. A good wooden hut with brick dividing wall for an iron stove was being erected in the centre of a second wire-enclosed plot in the interests of Consul Gjaever of Tromsø. According to the guide-books, this gentleman is the British Vice-Consul; but as his notice had also pasted across it a paper in German dated Hvalheim, with the words *Neue Marken*, or 'Fresh marks,' it is possible he may be the German Consul at Tromsø too, and that the ever-active Kaiser has ambitious notions in this direction. Indeed, a signboard already marks the *Station des Deutschen Seefischerei Vereins*.

A wooden cross stands hard by, announcing that 'These graves were restored by H.M.S. *Calypso*, 1893'—alluding to the visit of that ship and the *Ruby*, with two others of the Training Squadron, in that year. The graves in question were utterly obliterated by successive years of melting snow, but strange to say the cross remains uninjured. Another and smaller cross marks the grave of Hans Hovland of the *Allemania*, from Sandefjord, who died at Recherche Bay on 29th July 1904.

With the exception of a small hut (behind Consul Gjaever's new house) where post-cards and fanciful but useless Spitzbergen 'postage-stamps' were being sold, there were no other buildings of any kind. Thousands of empty barrels awaiting their turn to be filled with whale-oil surrounded the boiling-house, which was also provided with a windlass and cog-wheel hauling-tackle for getting the carcasses up to the shore. The bones of the huge head were being sawn into convenient sizes for carriage to Tromsø, where they are made into chairs and various utensils.

Horn Sound, between South Cape and Bell Sound, is not often visited. A mountain there attains the height of four thousand seven hundred feet. We did not visit the site of the old Dutch settlement of Smeerenburg, lying in Smeerenburg Sound, otherwise called Holland Bay, between Amsterdam Island and that part of the mainland which is around the English site and burial-place at Magdalen Hoek and Magdalen Bay; nor did we visit Green Harbour, Coal Bay, Advent Bay, Sassen Bay, or any other part of Ice Fjord, which of all the fjords or inlets runs deepest inland; but, from all accounts, Recherche Bay, in Bell Sound, is much the most picturesque place, and the scenery in other places does not present much novelty or variety. In North-East Land the icefield itself attains a height of two thousand feet, which is almost as much as the altitude of the hills of Recherche Bay. Round to the north-east from Magdalen Bay are Liefde Bay, Wijde Bay, and Hinloopen Bay, all of which may be visited in 'open' years. The eastern side of the Spitzbergen group, not being under the soothing influence of the Gulf Stream, does not fall within the scope of tourist operations at any period.

A year or two ago the *Mexico* took a party of tourists to Spitzbergen, and a volume called

the *Tour of the Mexicans*, apparently published for private circulation, was in the hands of one of our passengers. Lord William Percy had contributed to it an exhaustive chapter upon the birds of the Bell Sound neighbourhood (which presumably means practically also the birds of Spitzbergen generally), and Miss Wallace had added a chapter on the flora. As to the animals, besides walrus, seal, white foxes, white hares, bears, rats, and mice, there does not seem to be many. On our way back we had an opportunity of studying specimens in the Tromsø Museum. Sir W. Martin Conway's two works on Spitzbergen are, of course, the latest and most complete contributions to the literature of this subject; but the older works on Arctic discoveries also contain many historical details omitted by him.

#### A LITTLE GLADNESS.

How can you mend a broken heart,  
Fallen prey to saddest blow?  
With the wine-cup's merry glow?  
With bitter jest and the barbed dart?  
Ah, no! Ah, no!  
With just a little gladness—so.

How can you mend a wreath in twain,  
By the storm-wind's blast laid low?  
How join anew the ends to grow,  
With what strong cord can you bind again?  
What, oh! What, oh!  
What but a little gladness?—so.

And how redeem the debt of years,  
Repented oft in bitter woe?  
By the present's penance slow?  
By cruel thoughts, or angry tears?  
Ah, no! Ah, no!  
With just a little gladness—so.

In all these songs you must not hope  
That they my serious views display.  
Touches of sorrow, flashes of joy,  
And all things only just in play.

Nor must you seek to find revealed  
Which face I loved the most;  
Though many bright eyes seem concealed,  
Yet all things only were in play!

And if perchance a tear-drop fell  
Upon the verses penned one day,  
Long since that tear-drop has been dry  
And all things only are in play!

*Translated from the German  
of C. F. MEYER by VIOLET DERING.*

#### \* \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE COBRA AND THE MONGOOSE.

By Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN MACGREGOR, Author of *Through the Buffer State, The Girdle of the Globe, &c.*

#### PART I.

**O**NE of the first customers to claim the patronage of the fresh arrival in India is the Indian juggler. Perhaps I ought to put the native boatmen first; but, talking particularly of Bombay, to which the great majority of European travellers mostly do congregate on their way eastwards and on their way westwards, times have considerably changed of late years in this respect, and a good deal of the romance of landing in boats from the open bay has been done away with by the more modern and prosy methods of docks and quays.

For who that has ever heard the loud hullabaloo of the crowds of almost naked boatmen that were wont to surround the P. & O. ships on his arrival in harbour in the good old days will ever forget his first impressions: the threatening attitudes among themselves, the deafening war of words that never really ended in blows, and the apparently hopeless task of keeping one's baggage from being forcibly snatched away by a variety of vociferous claimants for the favour of taking it ashore?

Birds of passage like Sir Frederick Treves, according to his late book, are liable to look on India as a country of quiet melancholy. There is, indeed, on first experience, a certain amount of mystification and melancholy in the very atmosphere of the so-called Land of Regrets, with the dead stillness often of the air and the traditional associations of the country. But the East Indian, of whatever caste or creed, when on his native heath, or rather when in his native element, as on feast-days, is the most noisy and utterly abandoned of merrymakers. Let these passers-by witness the Mohammedans at a *mohurram*, or Hindus during their *hooli* holidays, and they will probably change their opinion.

But leaving the boatmen of port-towns out of the question, the strolling jugglers were and are, and I fancy ever will be, an abiding presence in sultry India throughout the length and breadth of

the land. On the very first morning, as the tourist flops down in his long arm-chair on, say, the elevated veranda of the Esplanade Hotel, Bombay, he will find the inevitable juggler appealing to him with uplifted eyes, accompanied by his bag, his basket, and the other paraphernalia of his craft; and though the mango-growing trick may be more mysterious, the fight between the cobra and the mongoose will be more interesting.

The inborn mutual hatred between these creatures must be supposed to serve some purpose in the wise economy of nature, and yet would look very strange did we not know that similar aversions exist between other more familiar creatures, and for reasons not always apparent. Irrespective of the danger of it, why does the mongoose attack the cobra? A live mongoose is said never to touch a dead cobra in the way of food, and the bristly carcass of a mongoose is probably too tough for even the capacious digestion of his natural adversary. We can only account for it, therefore, on the same principle that the best-bred game-dogs will not touch the flesh of the quarry that they are so fond of hunting.

The active little mongoose is almost always the aggressor, for the comparatively awkward cobra, unless he got him asleep, would probably never think of attacking his more nimble opponent; and it is generally the mongoose that is the victor in these encounters. Though the cobra rears his head, expands his hood umbrella-like to the utmost, and hisses viciously, his dabs at the enemy seem misdirected and aimless, for the wily mongoose suddenly becomes double his natural size by the erection of his tough, bristly coat in a way that seems quite to deceive even the wise serpent as to what may be bristles and what not. It is only just to say for the cobra, though, that if his fangs were not extracted or the poison-glands destroyed, a successful chance-peck would soon finish the mongoose, in spite of his activity.

The natural animosity is no doubt greatly toned

down in the specimens possessed by the jugglers. Familiarity breeds tolerance, if not contempt, on both sides, so that they must attack one another with less ferocity than in their natural wild condition, and must often laugh in their sleeves when the farce is over.

I had the good or bad luck to come across many cobras here and there, the most of which I killed. Indeed, there is little to fear from a cobra in the open. If you do not attack him he is not likely to attack you, unless he takes it into his head that you are going to tread on the tail of his coat. It is a popular delusion that a cobra, after rearing himself, can jump at the enemy. This he is quite unable to do, for the motion of the head is along the arc of a circle of which the radius extends from the head to the part of the serpent touching the ground.

When marching from one station to another we camped at a certain place. The morrow being Sunday, I took a walk with a couple of young fox-terriers (Punch and Pickwick) on the open country highway. I saw in the distance the two dogs violently barking at something, at which they made frequent rushes, but always fell back terrified. I then noticed that they were barking at what appeared like a piece of stick standing on end. It struck me at once that it was a snake, and I ran up to it for fear that the dogs might get bitten. True enough, as I expected, they were barking at a cobra that reared himself defiantly against them.

The officer then commanding was a bit of a naturalist, with some local reputation as such; and as he had gone out shooting that day, I thought I would bring him a live cobra for his return. With my walking-stick I worried the reared head of the cobra from side to side till he got so wearied that he could not raise his head any longer. I then caught him by the tail, brought him to my tent, and put him into an empty gun-case. But I must have hurt him too severely in the process of capture, or the sanitary condition of the closed gun-case did not agree with him, for he died shortly afterwards, and so the colonel was deprived of the pleasure of making a pet of a live and kicking cobra.

There is no danger whatever in hanging a cobra with the tail-end in your hand, as he has no purchase to strike from, even if he could twist or double back upon himself—which he cannot do. Yet, though one may be convinced of this fact, there is something uncanny about the very presence of venomous snakes. Not long ago, while walking on the moor near where I am writing this random article, I came across a rather large adder, killed him, and was taking him home with me. On reaching the road where I had left my bicycle, I took the snake by the tail in my right hand, mounted the bicycle, and proceeded homewards.

My object in taking the snake at all was to show him to young children who had lately arrived here, and to warn them to beware of such creatures

should they happen to come across any of them in their childish wanderings. As I went along, my thoughts ceased to be concerned about the snake at all. But somehow or other I felt an abrupt flop of the snake against my right leg. Though a moment's reflection would have reassured me, there was no time for reflection. Like a flash of lightning the thought struck me that I had been bitten by a venomous snake, when, with a sudden 'Ugh!' (as I must confess), I jerked my feet off the pedals, overbalanced the cycle, and came down with a great crash on the hard roadside. Such be the thoughts connected with snakes when you are struck by one all of a sudden, and thus may have arisen the well-known expletive of 'Oh, snakes!' with some people on hearing a particularly creepy or incredible story.

## PART II.



ON one occasion, during the late war in Upper Burma, when resting on a small tent-bed of an eighty-pound service-tent,

I saw a cobra walking stealthily into my parlour, as the spider would say to the fly, through the open door. I say 'walking' advisedly, because serpents do actually walk on the end of their ribs instead of wriggling along after the fashion of worms. The presence of this snake naturally created quite a nasty feeling, with such a narrow compass to move about in; but the snake did not get out alive.

There are such incredible stories invented about cobras in India, and so extravagant, too, that one hesitates to mention one's own more modest though truthful experiences, as not quite thrilling enough to be placed on record.

My own most creepy sensation was at an up-country station in India. I had newly arrived there from Burma, and was writing at night-time on one of the usual kinds of writing-desks, with drawers on each side and an empty interval below and between; the desk being, as usual, placed against one of the walls of the room.

I was dressed, moreover, in thin, hot-weather clothing, and therefore particularly vulnerable to the bites of snakes. My legs were in the empty space beneath the lid and in the interval between the drawers on either side. But what was it that I suddenly observed creeping round from the end of the table to my right, and going into the hollow, almost in touch with my right foot? It was a vile cobra. I could not jump away on account of the position in which I was placed. I at once realised that to move in any way would probably rouse the serpent immediately to rear and strike. At any rate, whether it was by calm calculation or that I was too petrified with horror to move, I never did move a muscle till, to my intense relief, the cobra got beyond my feet to the back of the hollow against the wall. Then I moved away with less grace than agility, and shouted to my bearer, 'Boy!

boy!' at the top of my voice; for it is scarcely needful to tell that not even the common or garden bell-rope has yet penetrated into the remote Mofossil stations of India, not to speak of the electric press-the-button variety. Hindus, as a rule, are not fond of killing snakes, or anything else for that matter. Indeed, they look upon the cobra as sacred, and worship it in their purblind fashion, especially at the yearly festival of *Nag Panchami* (or the Feast of Snakes), *naga* being the Hindustani word for a cobra.

At this time, however, one or two of my servants were Mussulmans, who had no great regard either for cobras or Hindus, and we soon hunted out the cobra and despatched him forthwith.

Even the venomous cobra can be made a pet of, minus (if one is wise) his fangs and poison-glands; and as for the mongoose, he is one of the most companionable of wild beasts. There is more than one variety of this animal, and they vary in size according to their breed and geographical distribution. One of the most interesting pets I had of this kind was a mongoose that was sent me from the Sultan of Lahej, an Arabian district some thirty miles from our outpost of Aden, when I was stationed in that very sultry locality. I thought this Arabian variety was smaller than those I had seen in India.

Besides his penchant for snake-hunting, the mongoose is not only the sworn foe of rats, mice, and other such vermin, but is also very fond of sucking eggs, and I should think, therefore, a great robber of nests when he can get them. It must be said, however, that the 'Barren Rocks of Aden' and the neighbouring portion of 'Araby the Blest' are not very productive of nests to satisfy the cravings of the mongoose. But the surrounding shores abound in a variety of sea-shells, including those of the univalve or conch variety of various sizes. Whether by mistaking these smaller conical shells for eggs (which I very much doubt), or whether from sheer cussedness, this mongoose of mine took great delight in trying to break these shells. He would stand with his hind-legs apart, and his back to the wall or some hard object; and then, catching the shell between his fore-legs, he would try to smash it between his hind-legs against the wall, or whatever it was, behind him. Whenever he would be within hearing, I would only have to shout, 'Dock! Dock!' the name by which I called him, and he would immediately rush up to me, and generally jump on my knee with a peculiar whirr of pleasure that was very quaint to hear. At other times he would try and rush up my leg inside my pyjamas, which was not quite so pleasing to feel.

But perhaps the most curious, if not the most tameable, pets that I have had were a couple of young civet-cats. I bought them from a native when they were quite young kittens, and they got so tame that their pet place of residence was my bed. They would often burrow themselves under the covering, when any such was used in so hot a climate, and

purr away graciously and contentedly, much after the fashion of a domestic cat; but when they got angry there was a vicious spitting and hissing about them that I did not like. When they were about half-grown or more they were so tame that they would hop after me through the compound of the bungalow, as a cat will sometimes hop after a favourite through a garden at home. But as they grew still bigger they got less tame in their disposition; and as at that time, too, they began to emit what was to me a disagreeable odour, that of the civet of commerce, I was not altogether sorry when they deserted me to join the more genial company of their fellow civet-cats of the jungle.

To revert, in conclusion, to snakes. Some people doubt if there can be any recovery from the full bite of a grown cobra. The poisonous bored fangs of this creature work on a kind of hinge, and are folded back on the roof of the mouth when the animal is in repose; but when the cobra prepares to strike, the mere mechanism of the upper jaw in opening the mouth raises these folded fangs. If the fangs then hit the victim straight, I fancy recovery must be very rare. But there is not always a full complement of poison in the glands at the root of the fangs, and every successive strike makes the quantity less for the time being. Again, the dress may catch up the greater portion of the virus before the skin is reached; and, lastly, the fangs may not strike straight, and then they are easily doubled up on account of the joint spoken of, so that in such instances the front or outer portion of the fangs may graze the skin with, perhaps, no poison at all.

I remember a strange thing happening once regarding the bite of a snake. In a certain part of Beluchistan a detachment was in search of a new site for a temporary cantonment in place of the undesirable one we then had, Thull Chotiali. On our first camping-ground we were seated at dinner inside the mess-tent, when a sudden cry was raised that one of the camp-followers had been bitten by a snake almost immediately outside the tent. The medical officer of the detachment, with the knife he was at the time holding in his hand, rushed out at once. The wound was plain enough on the man's bare leg.

He had been, native fashion, squatting on the ground, and had been bitten on the outside fleshy portion of the leg, a few inches above the ankle. The major at once made a slash on each side above and below the wound, and cut a V-shaped fid out of the poor man's leg within a few seconds of the cry being raised. As we had only gone some dozen miles away from our previous headquarters, and as the detachment was going on still farther, the man was sent in next morning in a *dhoobie* to the hospital, where he lay very ill for some time, but eventually recovered to a certain degree. As it was night-time and the other natives got flurried, the snake unfortunately escaped in the dark; so



I have always wondered whether it was a cobra, and if the prompt excision saved the camp-follower's life.

Considering that over twenty thousand—think of it!—human lives are annually lost in India from wild beasts, a very great portion of which is from venomous snakes, it is at first surprising to see the almost complete immunity of Europeans from snake-bites in that country. It must be borne in mind, however, that there is only a mere handful (one

hundred and twenty thousand or so) of Europeans in India altogether, as against the vast number of natives, approaching the stupendous figures of three hundred millions. The natives, moreover, grope about in the dark and roam the jungles with bare feet, and often bare everything else, a condition of affairs that leaves them particularly exposed to the bites of snakes. Be this as it may, it is seldom one hears of a death from snake-bite among the European portion of the Indian population.

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER XXV.



LL went merrily as wedding-bells. The announcement of the engagement caused much excitement at Brayborough, deep joy to Lord Forsyth, and evoked torrents of congratulation from north, south, east, and west.

Lady Fitzhugh breathed sighs of thankfulness that her daughter's future was so satisfactorily settled, and that there would henceforth arise no possible chance of a call upon her to exert herself, to emerge from her usual conditions of idolent ease, to re-enter the world of London and society that bored her to extinction, with a daughter treading on the tail of her gown. She interested herself, however, a good deal in the girl's trousseau, and a half-regretful sigh would at times escape her when Betty asked her opinion on matters connected with chiffons, or would turn her charming face towards her mother for approval, her head crowned with some milliner's marvel of fur, feathers, or flowers.

The rather dingy town-house had been swept and garnished; the door-bell jingled at all hours for the admission of a stream of tissue-paper-covered articles, some of which were of little beauty or use to man or woman, whereas others would be a joy for ever. The Miss Pegrams sent a very smart but slightly soiled handkerchief-sachet they had bought at the auction of a grand bazaar in the county town of the house they were staying at; Colonel Fraser sent the very best trout-rod Farlow could provide; and there was a clumsy little parcel done up in coarse, whity-brown paper tied with brown fishing-line, containing a pair of home-knitted stockings, a black ground with yellow 'schooners' all over them, from Mrs Donald Roy, smelling strongly of peat-smoke, which Betty kissed and clasped to her bosom. An incongruous mass of offerings: some heart and a good deal of head were represented in the gifts to the coming peeress.

Mrs Fletcher was distinctly out of it all; her day of humiliation had come. Lady Fitzhugh had tired of her unmistakably and crudely, as was her wont, taking little trouble to hide the fact. She (Lady Fitzhugh) had slipped back into London life to a certain extent. Old acquaintances had gathered round her; engagements of various kinds crowded

upon her, and rather amused her. She found Mrs Fletcher a bore and in the way, and at the eleventh hour she was beginning to appreciate her daughter.

The companion sat solitary, gnawing her lips at the recollection of the last real or fancied slight, brooding over the changed conditions, foreseeing the day of her dismissal. She had never realised how slight was her hold over, how insecure her footing with, Lady Fitzhugh.

Wandering through the lighted streets, doing some desultory shopping, one evening, she paused before the window of a jeweller's shop, attracted by the blaze of electric light reflected by the facets of the glittering gems within, reposing on beds of rose-coloured velvet.

'How do you do, Mrs Fletcher?' said a man's voice at her elbow.

'Mr Erle!' said the widow, a delighted light coming into her moody face. 'Dear Mr Erle, how charming to see you again!' she gushed, looking up into his black eyes.

'Very kind of you to say so, I'm sure. Come and have a talk somewhere. Come and have some chocolate. There is a nice, quiet, little French place I know of near here.'

The widow bridled.

Erle was in no mood for dalliance; he meant to get news of Betty, and he knew his bird.

'Well, will you come or not?' he said rather impatiently.

She cowered a little at his tone.

'Do,' he said more gently. An unhealthy flush rose to her cheek, and she turned and went with him down a bystreet close at hand, where a little French restaurant stood huddled in a corner.

Erle hurried her through the brightly lighted shop, with a motion of his head to the white-capped and aproned *patron*, and they were shown into a meretricious-looking little room, all red velvet and gilt mirrors and jingling glass.

Rich chocolate and potent liqueurs were brought, and with a whisk of her skirts and a grin disclosing a row of dazzling teeth shining between the broad, red lips, and almost closing the long, narrow eyes, the impudent French attendant closed the door and left them.

They talked long.

Erle's lean, brown hand lay on the widow's plump one, and their heads were close together.

'You will do this for me?' he said sternly. 'No, I am not in love with the girl,' in answer to her murmured question; 'but I hate Harlestone, and would prevent the marriage if I could.'

She knew he was lying, but chose to blink the fact. Her own infatuation was great. She had always admired Erle, and had magnified and treasured any gallant word or look he may have thrown her at Dunscaith in contemptuous mirth, at what she took little pains to conceal. 'Now,' she thought, 'who knows what might happen should he be under great obligation to me?'

'But how is it to be done?' she said helplessly.

'I don't know,' said Erle. 'You must compromise her somehow with me. You must lead him to believe there were love-passages between us at Dunscaith.'

'But I never see him!'

'You must find a way. There are weeks before you in which to work—for me, remember;—and his clasp tightened over her hand. 'It shall be one thousand pounds down to you when you bring me the paragraph in the paper announcing that the marriage is off.'

She gasped. With a startled look at her watch, she suddenly rose.

'Well,' said Erle, 'I suppose we must part.'

He stooped and kissed her.

They parted at the door of the shady little café. She hailed a passing hansom, her brain in a whirl, her face on fire, her coarse nature stirred to its depths.

'I would do anything for him,' she said to herself as she drove through the foggy streets, 'and to spite her. She has always hated and ignored me, and made me look foolish when she had the chance. The mouse has helped the lion before now. My handsome black lion. And the thousand would be handy when her ladyship casts me out, as I see she has it in her mind, or the thing she calls her mind, to do. I must think.'

'Pah!' said Erle to himself, wiping his black moustache with disgust as he went on his way. 'With what tools must one work! But she will do it. It is the only chance I can see.'

#### CHAPTER XXVI.



THE days and weeks flew by—full and happy days to Betty and Harlestone, though the latter grumbled a good deal at the time given up to dressmakers, milliners, clamouring relations, and the crowds of friends who spring up to attend and gather round prosperity. Betty, however, generally contrived to retain a quiet hour between tea and dressing for dinner, for an undisturbed *tête-à-tête* with her betrothed.

One evening he arrived as usual, but found that she was out.

Mrs Fletcher, ever on the watch, though growing more and more hopeless as to the realisation of her plot with Erle, hurried forward to meet him, telling him that Betty would return about 6.30. Meantime, would he wait?

Harlestone looked rather put out. The day had been wearisome and harassing, with long-winded lawyers and tiresome business, and he was rather on edge, and had looked forward to a quiet hour with Betty.

It would surely seem that there are times in which the Evil One has it all his own way.

'Will you come in here, Lord Harlestone?' said Mrs Fletcher. 'There is a nice fire—and indeed one wants fires in this cold house—and it is so foggy to-night.'

She preceded him into a small drawing-room, hovering round, stirring the fire, wheeling an arm-chair forward.

A photograph-book lay on the table; he began idly turning over the leaves.

'How good these are!' he said. She started and turned away, her face aflame, her hand on her heart. Was it possible that hour and opportunity had come? With difficulty she regained composure.

'Oh, you do me proud, Lord Harlestone, for they are mine,' she simpered; 'but I have some better ones than those. Oh, here is a book that will interest you; all Dunscaith and the young people.'

She rapidly manipulated a rather complicated lock. A hand seemed to be closing on her throat.

He held out his hand for the book, and looked through the pages absently, wondering how long it would be before Betty returned.

Some loose photographs lay between the leaves, and he took them up. With a sudden start and muttered ejaculation, 'What is this?' he said, a black frown drawing his brows together.

'Oh dear, how stupid I am!' said Mrs Fletcher, wringing her hands. 'You must not look at those; indeed you must not. They were done last autumn when Miss Fitzhugh was engaged— Oh no, I don't mean that; it was just a little chaff, and they made such a fine photograph.'

'Do you mean to tell me that Miss Fitzhugh was ever engaged to Mr Erle?' said Harlestone in icy tones. 'If not, what does this photograph mean?'

The tide of doubt and tormenting fear that he had so joyfully stemmed was flowing over him, flooding his mind, blinding him, roaring in his ears.

'Dear, dear,' said Mrs Fletcher, 'what have I done? How too foolish of me! But I hear Miss Fitzhugh coming in.' And she caught at the book. Harlestone laid his hand on the photographs. 'These remain with me,' he said; and the widow, throwing up her hands, but with an evil smile on her lips, left the room as Betty came in.

The girl came forward to meet her lover, a light in her eyes, a flush on her cheek, a vision of youth and loveliness, in her velvet hat and soft, dark furs.

Harlestone, black with anger and dismay, stood motionless. He held out the photograph to the girl.

Thunder-struck, she gazed at it. There she stood pictured, Erle's arm around her, she gazing up smilingly into his face.

'But it was Jack,' she exclaimed; 'it was Jack!'

'It does not look much like Jack,' said Harlestone, bitter scorn in his voice.

Betty looked at him. Her heart began to beat to suffocation, and she turned deadly pale.

'It was Jack,' she said again, and the words sounded strangely in her ears.

'You led me to understand that you certainly had never been engaged to Erle, and that you looked upon him with something like horror,' he continued, ignoring her remark. 'What does this mean, then? You must have been on strange terms with Mr Erle to allow yourself to be photographed in such a position.'

The stinging contempt in his tone brought the hot blood surging into Betty's face.

'It was Jack. It was not Mr Erle at all,' she repeated, and drew herself up to her full height.

'Photographs do not lie,' said Harlestone.

'Do you mean that I have lied?' said Betty under her breath. 'That I have lied to you all through?'

Harlestone was silent. The evidence of his eyes was too strong for him, in his agony of love and doubt and fury; and Betty's pride and temper had now got the upper hand with her. She slowly drew his splendid ring from her finger, the ring she had kissed so often and cherished so proudly, and held it out to him. With a passionate gesture he flung it into the heart of the fire, turned, and left her. The clang of the hall-door seemed to Betty to be the end of all things for her in this world—the end of hope, of happiness, of love.

She stood where Harlestone had left her as though turned to stone, then with an exceeding bitter cry she sought her mother.

That evening Mrs Fletcher's place at the dinner-table was vacant, and a note was handed to Lady Fitzhugh as she sat down to a solitary meal, Betty having asked to be excused from appearing again that evening. The note ran:

'DEAR LADY FITZHUGH,—I am terribly upset. A sudden call to Paris by telegram, to a dying relation. The daughters helpless, and imploring me to come to them. You kindly remitted my salary last week, and my boxes will be called for. So our connection ends. My return to London is most uncertain. I shall probably remain on the Continent. Best wishes to Miss Fitzhugh. I shall study the *New York Herald* for an account of the wedding.—Yours very truly,  
JOHANNA FLETCHER.

'P.S.—From your manner to me lately I cannot feel that my departure will be either unwelcome to you or ill-timed. Such is life.'

Lady Fitzhugh's lip curled.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.



LADY FITZHUGH was thunder-struck. Dismay, doubt, anger, however, at last gave way before her daughter's attitude of proud denial.

'I can only say, mother, that I never stood for that photograph; that never in all my life could I imagine myself doing such a thing. I stood like that with Jack, for fun, one day. I remember it quite well. Mrs Fletcher came along boring us with her camera, and Jack made fun of her, and played the fool. She must have done something with the photograph.'

'Well, my dear, I believe you; but it is hard to believe that black is white, and I can imagine Harlestone's feelings. It must be cleared up somehow.'

'Never!' said Betty, and there was a determined ring in her young voice. 'If it were cleared up, and made as clear as daylight, I would never forgive the way in which he spoke to me and looked at me.' And her voice broke. 'I have sent back all his presents by Janet in a cab this morning, and nothing will induce me to see him again.'

Lady Fitzhugh sighed wearily. As the girl spoke, memories of the iron determination of the late Lord Fitzhugh came into her mind—a determined will that nothing could bend or move. Lady Fitzhugh had not had much experience of this phase of her lord's character; but what she had had impressed her deeply, and she seemed to hear the ring of his voice once more in the clear tones of his young daughter.

Meanwhile another interview was proceeding in Harlestone's rooms.

'Can nothing be done, Harlestone?' said Lord Forsyth miserably. 'I cannot believe it of her.'

'Dear old Daddy, there it is. Look at it yourself. Can black be made white?' He handed the photograph to his old friend. 'She must have cared for the boulder; there must have been something at Dunscaith. I honestly believe that she cares nothing about him now—that he sickens her, in fact; but there it is, and what I cannot get over is that she denied it to me, denied ever having had any feeling for the man, denied it with her head on my breast, her pure eyes looking up into mine; spoke of him with something like horror even! She has sent me back all the things I gave her without one word. Does this look as though the thing could be explained?'

'I have seen her, Harlestone,' said Lord Forsyth, 'and I cannot believe it, somehow. She maintains that she was photographed with her brother, and



that there was never anything between her and that blackguard Erle.'

'That Fletcher woman knew something,' said Harlestone. 'She let out that Betty was engaged to Erle, or something of the sort, and she was in a great state when she saw that she had let it out.'

'I should never believe one word that vile hag said. I took the greatest dislike to her at

Dunseath,' said old Lord Forsyth savagely. 'Well, my boy, I suppose it is useless saying anything more. It is one of the bitterest disappointments I have ever had.' And he left the room and went heavily downstairs and into the street. 'It is black,' he said to himself; 'but I believe the child.'

*(To be continued.)*

## PERSIAN IRRIGATION CHANNELS.

By Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. BAIRNSFATHER.



THE art of irrigation is no doubt as old, or nearly so, as agriculture itself. For, as is the case in regard to most other of the essentials of civilisation, it was in the east of the Old World that cultivation must have had its beginning, and it is here that we find irrigation up to the present day an absolute necessity in many districts of almost all Asiatic countries. And so we may assume that it was practised from very early times. That the art has not spread westwards, like so many others, is due to the very sufficient reason that, owing to plentiful rainfall, it is not required. And so the methods remain unfamiliar to the ordinary untravelled European.

In nearly all countries of the East, as said, from Japan westwards through China, India, and Persia to Palestine and Egypt, there are large tracts of country either so deficient in rainfall that some form of irrigation is an absolute necessity if crops are to be grown at all, or where the climate and soil is so favourable that more than one crop in the year may be raised by artificial supply of water at seasons when rain is deficient. The most natural and most commonly adopted expedients are, it need hardly be said, the storage and control of the supply afforded by rivers, the sinking of wells from which the water is laboriously raised by various methods, or the collection of rain-water by dams in suitable places, and the subsequent distribution to fields as required. Examples of such are innumerable, from the wonderful arrangement of minute fields in the hilly districts of Japan or the steep mountain-slopes of the Himalayas (where the smallest trickle of water is utilised in the most ingenious and effective manner), to the harnessing of the great rivers of India or the latest triumphs of science exhibited in the two great barrages of the Nile.

All these, as has been remarked, are the application of very obvious principles, and in reality required little imagination in the inception, however ingenious the developments may have become. But in Persia, as also in Afghanistan and Beluchistan, there is another system, not of irrigation proper, but as to the source of the water-supply, unique, as I believe, and which seems to indicate a quite uncommon order of intelligence in the originators, besides affording a striking example of the power of

necessity to suggest the invention most suitable to the conditions. This is a system by which the water is carried for long distances underground in tunnels, which I shall presently describe more fully. Had there been rivers to tap in the districts where these are used, no doubt the usual method would have been adopted; but in many parts of Persia none are available, nor is there sufficient rainfall, while at the same time the actual soil is amply fertile, only requiring water. Now, these districts are not flat, but a succession of valleys enclosed by hills of more or less elevation, all bare and barren in appearance save where the water from these channels has transformed portions into green and smiling fields.

The manner of construction of these channels, as well as the method by which the source of the water-supply was first discovered, is a matter of speculation. In days so long gone by that the memory of them is lost, some wise old Persian, we may imagine, having noted the fact that springs of water were often found issuing somewhere near the base of the hills, conceived the idea that the source of this water might be found by digging. No unusual insight this, however, the knowledge of wells being almost universal the world over. But to conceive of a large and constant stream sufficient to serve the purpose of considerable irrigation is another matter. And that was the object. Following up his idea, then, he calculates that the water, being found at a level far above the bare plain which he desires to cultivate, might surely be conveyed in some manner to this lower level. The force-pump is beyond him, and the labour of cutting a channel sufficiently deep is not to be thought of. But why not convey it underground? And whether the sequence of ideas as imagined be correct or not, this is what was done.

As we approach one of these water-channels—the *kanat* of Persia, *karez* of Afghanistan—all that is apparent is a series of mounds in a straight line and at intervals of from fifty to a hundred yards. These mark the several shafts from which the earth from the sections of tunnel was thrown out on being excavated; and looking down one of these shafts, we see a fine, strong stream of water, the depth from the ground-surface varying—that is, diminishing—

according to its distance from the source. The distance to which the water can be conveyed by these channels obviously depends on the depth at which it may be found at the base of the hills and the elevation of the spot above the plain to be irrigated. A low elevation and deep well will mean a short flow, and *vice versa*. Some of the channels may be from five to ten miles in length, which indicates a vast amount of underground labour and no mean capacity in calculating levels. The method of construction after finding the water would probably be somewhat as follows, though I never met any one who could throw much light on the subject: The sinking of the shafts and hollowing out of the tunnels would proceed from the higher end, a more or less rough guess being made at the required depth of each shaft. The flow of water could be trusted afterwards to set right any inconsiderable error. And it would be necessary not only for the whole tunnel to be constructed before the water was allowed to flow, but, to save waste and to prevent the scouring out of an undesired channel in the ground for cultivation, the prospective fields and irrigation channels would also be at least partially prepared in advance. What an anxious moment for these old-world speculators would be that of the letting in of the water—*anxiety for the proof of a sufficient and permanent supply, as well as to the adequacy of their handiwork in the construction of the channel!* And what feverish haste in completing and perfecting

the distribution arrangements at the point of issue! And thereafter what intense interest in the subsequent ploughing and in the sowing of the first crops! No wonder that the water-rights are those most jealously guarded in these lands, and that most of the boundary disputes have direct reference to them.

Crude and primitive these channels might be called by scientific engineers of the present day, but I feel far from sure that any better way could even now be found for procuring the water in the districts where they are in use. And one even wonders if it would not be reasonable to take a lesson from the old Persians, and try something similar elsewhere—on some of the dry tracts in South Africa, for instance, where the conditions would seem to be very similar, and where other projected schemes of irrigation appear to have come to an untimely end.

There is one other fact in connection with these channels, and far more wonderful than anything in their construction, which I must not omit to mention in conclusion. They contain fish. I have caught many with rod and line, pulling them up through the vent-hole of a shaft. This seems as inexplicable as any other of the fish-mysteries of which one hears. For it is to be clearly understood that the water of the channels comes at its source from far underground, and is eventually all used up in irrigation, or if there be any surplus, this is inevitably totally lost in the surrounding desert.

## IN THE MATTER OF A CONTRABAND.

### PART II.



NE of the lessons learnt in His Majesty's Navy is not to be surprised by unexpected occurrences. This precept permeates all ranks. Consequently the petty officer in charge of H.M.S. *Squasher's* waiting dingy merely touched his cap respectfully when a tall, full-figured young woman suddenly fronted him out of the gloom. She wore no hat, and the white outline of her throat gleamed softly in the darkness. Her face was deadly pale, with parted, punting lips. Her breast heaved stormily to the quick gasps of her breath.

'How long is it since the *Clara's* boat left?'

'About two hours, miss.'

'As long as that?' she cried in dismay.

'Yes, miss.'

Had she, indeed, allowed all that precious time to elapse while vainly trying to revive Bernard Anstice from the noxious effects of the sleeping-draught, while first reading and then realising the full meaning of the little crumpled note that had dropped from his nerveless hand? Once again a burning flush crimsoned Maureen's face as the truth swept over her anew that her name had been

used to lure him ashore to the bungalow. She had been the unconscious decoy. No wonder her stepfather had departed without the ceremony of farewell.

'One of 'em as went away in 'er would be a 'andsome feller but for 'is face,' commented the sailor reminiscently. 'T'other looked as if 'is work in life, when 'e wasn't drinkin', would be turnin' the 'andle of an organ or dancin' on the top.'

She cut across his words sharply.

'Has the *Clara* sailed?'

'I'm thinkin' so. An' we was sent for to stop 'er,' answered the sailor, with guarded significance. 'But we're waitin' for our orficer. 'E ain't come back.'

'You must come and fetch him,' said the girl very quietly. 'He has been drugged.' And shortly afterwards Maureen was explaining the case to a brown-faced, bearded warrant-officer who was the *Squasher's* second in command. He listened with quick comprehension. The girl looked very fragile as she leant against the quick-firer on the narrow steel deck.

'You will never overtake that steamer unless

you follow her through the inner channel. The navigation there is very difficult. Can you do it?’

The warrant-officer shook his head doubtfully.

‘Will it be bad for—for Mr Anstice if she escapes? I mean—will he be blamed?’

‘Yes,’ was the curt answer. The speaker reflected over the Admiral’s emphatic orders, which left no doubt on that point. Under no circumstances was the *Clara* to be allowed to clear from British territory to deliver contraband to a belligerent.

‘Can we get a pilot in this place?’ asked the second in command after a little pause.

‘No; the only man here who knows the channel is on board the *Clara*.’

‘And the ordinary course round the outer island?’—

‘Takes about four times as long.’

The man-of-war’sman shrugged his shoulders rather helplessly.

‘But I can show you,’ said the girl confidently. ‘I know every inch of these waters by night or day.’

‘You!’ He stared at her in amazement. More valuable time was wasted before he was convinced. Even then he was only constrained with difficulty to agree to the attempt. He was distinctly distrustful—that warrant-officer. But then Maureen’s main motive was not clear to him as it would have been to herself had she ever stopped to confess it to her beating maiden-heart. She had quite forgotten that she did not care what happened to Bernard Anstice any more. She did not remember how she had stubbornly declared to herself that he was nothing to her now. He was ill and helpless, in danger of disgrace. Therefore everything had changed in some mysterious fashion; for love is really a very simple thing, whatever casuists may say, and leads a woman very straightly to the aid of the man she loves when the chance comes, be her questionings beforehand what they may. Which is sometimes too wise a truth for a philosopher to comprehend. And the most important moves in life—so clear and definite they stand out in after years—are often the result of an impulse as true-hearted as it may be swift.

The sailor at the wheel in the conning-tower sniffed at the night air with sudden suspicion as the destroyer headed seawards. It was different. He spoke in a low tone to his mate by the searchlight. There had been the same threatening breeze on that night of the typhoon off the Pescadores eighteen months ago. An ugly ground-swell was stirring the pitch-black water. Sinister cloud-masses blotted the stars. But the squat funnels belched out smoke, and the bow wave curled high as the *Squasher* surged stormily out of the land-locked anchorage.

Otherwise the weather was heeded but little at first on the canting bridge by the conning-tower. Maureen Erleton never quite remembered all that

occurred that night. Some of the crew will never forget; but then there are naval secrets which are sedulously concealed even from the halfpenny newspapers. This is another characteristic of the service: to veil with professional reticence all recital of deeds which might set the world ablaze and triple the taxation of the industrious. Admirals may write confidential reports on international happenings, which are scheduled with privacy at Whitehall; but the serenity of Parliaments and Bourses is undisturbed. Peace is so often the product of a most blessed general ignorance; of which this tale of that night off the Borneo coast-line is a witness.

Through the inner channel of the intricate Dalu Passage the *Clara* thumped her ten knots with regularity, and the *Squasher* bucketed through a confused sea after her as fast as those in charge dared carry on amid the narrow, rock-fringed waters. These have a lurid reputation among navigators. From the high, rocky curve of Jurong Point the coral-reefs wind out into sunken islets and breaker-beaten shoals. The leadsman’s pulse was jumpy as he sang out the fathoms from the bow. Where the evil ledges project from the Gut of the Seven Hills they stopped the *Squasher’s* way and went astern just in time to prevent her from piling her plates for ever in the seethe of the racing tides.

When the screws scraped, churning across the mud-bank that trends inwards from the northern entrance—so that dusky figures flung themselves frantically deckwards from the sticky reek of oil and steam below—it was sworn for long afterwards that the coolest being on board was a girl, who stood calmly with her little hand on the handle of the telegraph indicator, and her wide, straining eyes fixed steadily on the outlined blackness ahead. It was her quiet-voiced direction through those set little teeth which drove the destroyer squeezing under the steep slope of an utterly forbidding island shore, which twisted her in an S-like wake athwart the current, which wallowed her through a whirl of tossing foam, till at last the open ocean lay inkily outspread before them. Then, as the little vessel plunged to the heave of the deeper seas, the engine-room gong rang out to make full speed ahead, and the quick pulse of the machinery leapt to the order. The beam of the searchlight flashed out balefully in quest of the chase.

‘Now we’ll try to come up to our contract requirement of speed,’ muttered the *Squasher’s* second in command with an odd huskiness. ‘I take it the insurance offices charge a special premium rate for junks as go that passage.’ He wiped the perspiration from his brow and leaned eagerly outboards. ‘I reckon we’ll overhaul that old German rabbit-hutch yet,’ he said.

He glanced back gratefully at the slender girl who was grasping the grit-covered bridge-rail in sudden exhaustion. Keen admiration at her pluck



stirred him. In the glare of the electric light the shadows showed purple under the fair, wind-stung lashes. The warrant-officer bawled savagely to a subordinate to 'move his blistered self immediate and pass the word along for brandy—sharp!'

It was a bell before midnight when Bernard Anstice idly opened his eyes. He speculated in dreamy wonder for a little what made their lids so heavy. His head was singing in a confused jumble. For a second or two he lay still, trying to quiet the burning racket of his brain. Then he discovered that he was on his own leather-lined locker against the steel-ribbed side of the box that was designed as a cabin by the draughtsman of destroyers—at home. He stumbled clumsily to his feet and grabbed at the swaying table. Then swift recollection came.

Eight bells! Heavens! what had happened? He shouted hoarsely, and a scurrying steward dropped down the steel ladder to his call. A few quick-flung sentences told him. He tore up through the manhole into the stinging sea air on deck with a wild thrill at his heart.

Next moment Maureen Erleton felt a strong clasp close over her cold little fingers that clutched the slithering rail. She turned and looked up with strange, dilated nostrils, half-frightened, half-defiant. What did he think of her?

The answering expression on his face was reassuring. But neither of them uttered a word.

The man at the searchlight projector swept the skyline. Hard, bright eyes trained in the finest service in the world peered staring round the horizon. The black hull of the *Clara* danced shadowily into view, silhouetted in the far distance. She was steaming with desperate haste.

'It's her,' said the bluejacket briefly. The wheel-spokes spun over, and the *Squasher* plunged noisily in the tumble of the sea. There was a presentiment of coming fury in the fierce swish of the storm-wind.

The warrant-officer wiped the flying spray from the binoculars with his sleeve, and passed them hurriedly to the commander. His arm was pointing seawards in another direction.

'Yon's a cruiser, sir,' he cried, startled; 'foreign—hull down—on the port bow.'

Anstice seized the glasses and blinked earnestly through the smother. Some wan specks of yellow flickered faintly through the dimness.

The great arc of light from the destroyer shot out in inquiry across the black. It was answered by a similar menacing glare to southward.

'Mask all lights!'

Anstice dropped his mouth over the speaking-tube to the engine-room. The *Squasher* lurched heavily. Maureen turned with a cry.

That telegram to Ludecke—the mention of a rendezvous. In a flash she understood.

'Clear for action. Stand by.'

The destroyer's deck hummed into activity.

Then it quieted just as swiftly, leaving sturdy, silent figures who waited expectant by the wet guns and torpedo-tubes. All sound ceased save the throb of the engines and the wash of the water hissing against the driven steel. The strange cruiser was forging rapidly nearer.

Anstice cast a rapid glance over his command. 'Now, what is she?' he queried aloud.

'A Russian—the convoy for the contraband.' And even as the words were spoken came conclusive confirmation.

There was a far flash, a dull report, and a shell screamed hooting astern. The foreigner was in deadly earnest, also in a hurry. And the world has lately learnt that on such occasions international niceties are apt to be disregarded.

'Range a bit wild,' commented some one composedly in Maureen Erleton's ear.

The *Squasher* held on unheeding. She was doing twenty-eight knots now to the *Clara*'s ten. An inscrutable mask had fallen over the boyish face of her commander. He was the naval officer at war. He meant doggedly to go on, to see this business through. He rapped out an order, and the forward quick-firer spoke jerkily twice, sending two stern messages across the *Clara*'s bow that she would be wise to heave-to with promptness.

Again the oncoming cruiser answered. The projectile tore through the night air and sloshed with a mighty roar into the lashed-up sea.

'More noise than damage;' but the faces on the target grew grim.

The *Squasher* was handled with consummate skill. In a few minutes her course, parallel to the merchantman, would take her under the *Clara*'s beam. It would be difficult then for the cruiser to fire without hitting her larger friend. Once more the arc of the destroyer's searchlight stabbed the gloom.

Those last moments on the bridge of the *Clara* were pregnant of terror. It was futile to try to escape from the aching glare that pursued them so relentlessly. Its dazzling rays lit up the cowering men on her reeling deck, blinded them, told them the end had come. Ludecke was seen to fling up his arms in one fierce gesture of impotent despair. Then the electric shut down utterly again.

As it did so the typhoon burst.

A streak of foam boiled madly across the water; a blast of tempest-tossed brine sprayed and stunned. From the fringing banks of cloud-masses a howl of wind leapt deafening into the night. The remorseless roar of the cyclone boomed over the following waves, and churned them into the fury of its own intense velocity.

The *Squasher* shivered under the shock like a sentient being. The seas thundered along the deck and washed to Maureen Erleton's knees. But a strong arm was resolutely encircling her waist, and she clung to its owner in return with con-

fidence, content, responsive to the eyes so close to hers.

For one wild second the destroyer trimmed down by the head, and her propellers raced into the empty air; for another her nose was cocked to the lowering heavens, and her stern reeled to the welter of the seas. With rails awash and decks streaming, she took to the set of the squall, and all things movable aboard her were carried away. Then she rose to the white, tossing line streaks, and bobbed bravely to the blotted-out horizon. She bit her way desperately before the onslaught of the gale.

The path of a typhoon is proverbially erratic; it will curve and recurve with mysterious irregularity. By mercy it was ordained that the *Squasher* should miss the entanglement of its centre, and should successfully batter herself from out of its fringe. Exactly how it was all done those on board do not seem to know. But with the livid oncoming of the dawn, tense, set faces of men who had been tried to the uttermost relaxed at last to the relief that their boat had crawled indeed from one of the gates of death.

Maureen's eyelids were drooping with weariness; the whiteness of fatigue and strain was on her oval cheeks. She pushed back the loose, wet hair from her forehead, and stared with deadened wonder over the unnatural grayness of a dreary sea and sky. Never to the man who silently watched her had her delicate beauty so appealed in happier hours.

Yet never had she seemed to him so far away in some perversest of fashions. The girlish frailness was very formidable; the fearless baby-face held him aloof with the tireless brightness of its charm. There was an odd ring in her voice when at last she spoke. And when she lifted quick eyes she saw that the blur of the blood-mist had passed away from his face with the daylight, and a very tender, wistful gaze met hers. Her own lashes dropped swiftly.

'How unwomanly I must seem to you!' she said at length.

Sometimes dark shadows under the eyes add but new beauty to a girlish face. Bernard Anstice thought so then.

'Maureen, I love you,' he said quite simply.

'Are you sure?' She flashed a look up at him again dubiously. All the events of the last few hours slide by to make her pause.

It is a question that many women have asked of many men. It is always answered—sometimes truly; and on the truth of the reply depends the happiness of lives and years to come.

'No one ever cared for me before,' she added uncertainly.

The colour flamed back into her face at his smile. 'Perhaps that is why I love you so,' said the man beside her. 'Do you know what you have done?'

'No,' she cried in quick alarm.

'The *Clara* has foundered in the typhoon,' he explained to her gravely. 'That no man could help. Yet but for your skill and daring last night I could never have reported it. You have saved my reputation, dear, at the risk of your life. Why did you do it?'

For a short space no answer came. Then Maureen Erleton spoke softly to the sudden sunlit sea.

'Because—I too—love.'

In subsequent days the *Clara* was posted as missing at Lloyd's, and the battle of Tsushima Straits ended for ever the career of a Russian cruiser. The British Admiral on the China station must have known of a certain story in which one of his destroyers was equally concerned, though undue publicity was not given to the tale. Yet had he been displeased he would scarcely have attended in person the very pretty wedding at the garrison church at Hong-kong a few months later. At least this appears unlikely.

THE END.

## CHINESE WHO LOOK LIKE ENGLISHMEN.

By T. WRIGHT.

**T**HAT Chinese coolie reminds me strangely of my sister.' This, coming from a sober commercial Englishman in China, not given to practical jokes, and incapable of appreciating the fine points of a paradox, startled me at the time I heard it. I have thought of it often since, when considering the anthropological questions suggested by the talk of 'yellow perils,' military and commercial. My friend replied to me that the coolie he pointed out had his sister's face both in feature and expression, making only the slightest of allowances for the difference of sex.

Stimulated by this, and remembering many impressions unconsciously gained during my travels, I have come to the conclusion that some of the anthropological 'truths' we are taught in the textbooks require revision. The racial differences are more superficial than the Aryanists make out. To those of us who have been complacently entertaining the idea that we belonged to a race that sets a sort of standard by which to measure the rest of mankind, the discovery and requisite revision cannot fail to be displeasing; but it is inevitable if we seriously examine the orthodox classification as Caucasians, Mongolians, and so on. St Paul says that God hath 'made of one blood all nations of

men;' and, apparently, if there ever was a time when the popular conception of a fixed type was justly held, there has since been at work some agency that has made mankind—even those far-away branches—tend to approximate to a uniform type.

Put in another way, you can find in any crowd of Chinese the same diversity of skull shapes and sizes, and all the different facial peculiarities, by which the anthropologists are accustomed to sort out the various 'types' of mankind. There are undeniable differences between the Latins and the Teutons; but there are the same, exactly the same, variations to be traced between Chinaman and Chinaman. Even the oblique eye proves nothing. It is by no means universal in the Orient, and it is not unknown in the Occident. I have seen it myself in the case of several Europeans in the Far East whose parentage was above suspicion.

The time has come when we must regard the labours of such a clever Japanese scholar as Mr K. Kawakami (who argues that the Japanese are of Aryan descent) as supererogatory. If it be environment and education which multiplies racial peculiarities, and that at bottom there is but one race, the human, he might as well have inverted his process and demonstrated that Europeans are Asiatic. Science may smile indulgently when 'Mr Dooley' informs us that 'an Anglo-Saxon is a German that's forgot who were his parents.'

A competent examination of the human cosmos to be found in China alone—where the races of mankind find their epitome, so to speak, all in one—must confirm Mr H. G. Wells's idea that it is a bastard science which sanctions the popular belief in the incompatibility of alien races. One's

respect for that 'dreamer' is augmented by the shrewdness with which he asks, without knowing China at first hand, 'Would that [the difference between the average Chinaman and the average Englishman] amount to a wider difference than is to be found between extreme types of Englishmen?' He did not think so, and if these remarks of mine confirm anything, they should confirm that doubt. I know a Chinaman who is the 'double' of a youthful parliamentarian who seems to have come much to the front since I left England, and it has been my amusement to note such resemblances as I have discovered between casually encountered Chinese and prominent men. I had hoped to secure photographs for 'parallel' publication, but was defeated by a general and quite Corelli-like aversion to be snap-shotted. Any observant resident in either Japan or China will, however, bear me out as to the frequency of such resemblances, some of them most truly startling. When to these accidental similarities are added the voluntary adoption of European costume, it will be seen how difficult is the task sometimes to label a man on the China coast. There are Japanese and Chinese who would pass unobserved in an English crowd, and would even, if observed, pass for better-class Englishmen. There are also plenty of Europeans who, properly barbered and clothed, would escape notice in a Far Eastern native community. Were it not for the hairiness of European faces, which is, of course, a superficial difference, it would be impossible to say definitely of such a disguised person just what race could claim him. It is the pigtail and the clothes which mislead us into believing in the exaggerated physical peculiarity of the Chinaman and of others.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### THORIA FROM QUEENSLAND.

**T**HE immense demand for incandescent gas-mantles calls for a large supply of the rare earth thoria, which is their principal constituent. The Department of Mines for Queensland has forwarded to the Imperial Institute a consignment of monazitic sand, in order to have a report upon its commercial value. Upon examination it was found, however, that the sand contained only a small proportion of the heavy minerals among which those of commercial value are found, and the aid of running water was therefore called in to wash away the lighter particles. The residue, about one-fifth of the weight of the whole, was subjected to examination, but it was found that the quantity of thoria was disappointingly small, amounting to only .05 per cent. of the original sand. There was about twice the percentage of cerium-oxide; but as only a pro-

portion of one in a hundred of this mineral as compared with thorium-oxide is used in the construction of mantles, there is not a very great demand for it.

### A BIG IRRIGATION SCHEME.

The valley of the Salt River in Arizona is at present one of the most barren stretches in America; but when the works now under construction are completed it is believed that this desolate place will become one of the most fertile in the world, for from experiments already undertaken it has been ascertained that water alone is needed to make it an ideal spot for grain and fruit growing. Some portions of the district are already watered by small systems, and in a few of these instances three and four crops are gathered in a year. It is hoped to spread these conditions to the large area embraced in the new scheme. A dam, measuring from foundation to crest two hundred and fifty feet in height, is to be built at a spot



about sixty-five miles north-east of Phoenix, in Arizona, U.S.A., where the natural cañon formation offers a suitable site. As yet only the preliminary details have been carried out, but these embrace the construction of several roadways for the haulage of materials, and a power canal nearly twenty miles in length to provide electric current for operating the necessary plant and illuminating the cement-works, &c. This canal alone involved the piercing of mountains and the building of elaborate culverts. A suitable deposit for the base of the Portland cement has been found about seven miles from the site of the dam, and all the cement required in this huge undertaking will be made in the vicinity. It is estimated that when the Tonto reservoir is completed it will contain sufficient water to flood over a million acres to an average depth of one foot. The irrigation systems at present in operation serve only about seventy-five thousand acres; but the area reached by the new reservoir will be about two hundred and seventy-five thousand acres, and that without possibility of failure.

#### GROWING IRON.

According to a paragraph in *Knowledge*, the Franklin Institute has awarded a gold medal for a new process by which iron can be made to 'grow.' The process is said to consist in several times heating the iron to a certain critical temperature and cooling it between times, whereby the astonishing result is obtained of increasing the iron to nearly half as large again. It is reported that two identical castings were made, and one reserved for comparison, while the other was subjected to this new treatment. One side of each was machined and polished so that examination of the grain and structure might be made, but little difference could be discerned except in point of size, which was very marked. The weight of the swelled casting was identical with that of the one with which it was compared, but in all other respects the metal appeared to be of similar character. After this, one is not surprised to learn that important practical applications have already been found for the remarkable discovery; indeed, new uses suggest themselves instantly to the mind. The story is so extraordinary, however, that it may be accepted with some hesitation until confirmation is afforded.

#### AN INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

It is one of the disadvantages of an electric railroad track, when laid in a tunnel, that a breakdown often means for the passengers a choice between the two unpleasant alternatives of temporary imprisonment or the chance of electrocution if they make their way on foot through the tunnel. If the current is switched off so that it is safe to walk along the lines, all traffic on the section is stopped, and with it all chance of conveying the passengers to a station in another train. To obviate this difficulty, the directors of the London Piccadilly

and Brompton Railroad, London's new deep-level tube shortly to be opened, have designed an emergency locomotive which is entirely self-contained—that is to say, it draws its supply of electricity from its own storage battery, which it carries about with it in a long truck. The battery is of great capacity, and the locomotive is at present at work hauling the excavated material through the tunnel, and carrying to the scene of operations the various materials of construction, such as iron segments for lining the tunnel.

#### A RAILWAY MOTOR-CAR.

The gasoline motor, which, according to the prophets, is to prove so serious a rival to the railway companies in the near future, is at the present time doing them considerable service. Many of the English railways are running motor-cars as 'feeders' for those stations which serve scattered districts, and these cars run regularly in connection with certain trains bringing passengers from the outlying places. In America an experimental car has been constructed by the Union Pacific Railroad Company to run on the ordinary track, and it has proved such an unqualified success that the company have now constructed a second car of similar type but very much larger size. In appearance it is a very different thing from the road-car which may perhaps be regarded as its parent, for it is a massive structure of the size and solidity of an ordinary American railroad carriage, pointed in front to minimise the wind-pressure, and fitted with the approved form of cow-catcher. It is fifty-five feet in length, weighs twenty-eight tons, and provides seating accommodation for fifty-seven passengers. It is lighted by twenty-five acetylene gaslights, and the interior is finished in antique mahogany and leather, and warmed by the water circulating system which cools the engine. The engine is a six-cylinder gasoline engine of special construction for railroad purposes, and of one hundred horse-power. On the trial trip a maximum speed of over sixty-three miles was attained, and kept up for a considerable time.

#### THE PRODUCTS OF UGANDA.

An interesting account of the economic resources of Uganda is given in the current issue of the *Bulletin* of the Imperial Institute. The scientific and forestry department of the protectorate has made considerable progress, and now it has under its control the Botanical Gardens at Entebbe, two experimental farms, and eight meteorological and five hydrographical stations. It has recently undertaken an important survey of the Mabira Forest, and has obtained much valuable information. The Lagos rubber-tree, which was supposed to be restricted to the western tropics of Africa, has been found to be indigenous in Uganda. As this tree yields excellent rubber and is eminently suited to systematic cultivation, the discovery is of great importance, and steps have already been taken to utilise it by the distribution of large quantities of seed and the

establishment of plantations. Both tea and coffee are being planted in various parts of the country, and in most cases are giving very promising results, although the former finds a terrible enemy in the white ant. Several kinds of cotton are also being experimented with, and results so far indicate that American upland cotton is more suitable for cultivation than the Egyptian varieties, and it is said, indeed, to yield cotton of longer staple than in its native country.

#### WOOD-PULP.

A paper read before the Society of Arts by Mr S. C. Phillips furnishes some very interesting particulars of the manufacture of paper from wood. There are two essentials to the commercially successful production of wood-pulp: first, a supply of the right kind of timber in sufficient quantities; and, secondly, an abundant water-power to operate the machinery. Scandinavia supplies by far the larger proportion of Great Britain's imports of wood-pulp, and in 1903 nearly five hundred thousand tons were imported from that country to this. Canada has within recent years exported a considerable quantity of wood-pulp, and her contributions to Great Britain in 1903 amounted to over seventy-one thousand tons. The processes of manufacture may be divided into two broad classes, mechanical and chemical. By the mechanical process the wood is ground to powder by means of huge grindstones, kept cool the while by streams of running water. The logs of wood are first freed from bark by a machine furnished with knives set around a revolving drum, and from knots by means of a scoop-like auger, and are then held against the rapidly revolving grindstone, so that the longitudinal axis of the wood is parallel to the grinding surface. Constant streams of water carry off the heat of friction, and the shreds of wood which are torn off by the grindstone are carried away by the water into a large vat. They are then sorted into sizes by an arrangement of mechanically agitated sieves, and the finer particles, after being allowed to settle, are ready for papermaking. Mechanical pulp is principally used for the manufacture of bookbinders' pasteboards and all the coarser kinds of paper, but mixed with a small proportion of chemically prepared pulp it can be made into a paper suitable for printing on rapid machines, and most of our daily newspapers are printed on paper prepared in this way. According to the lecturer, a single issue of a large London daily would require about ten acres of an average forest for its supply of paper.

#### CHEMICAL WOOD-PULP.

Wood-pulp prepared by chemical means, as opposed to the mechanical process mentioned above, yields a far finer grade of paper, which only an expert can tell from an expensive rag-paper. It is made by treating the wood with various agents by which the mineral matter is removed and a pulp consisting of more or less pure cellulose fibres is obtained. The wood, after being freed from bark and from

knots by machinery as in the mechanical process, is passed into a further machine which chops it up into small pieces, and these pieces, after examination and the removal of any knots which have escaped previous detection, are fed into a 'digester,' which in some cases is large enough to produce fifteen tons of pulp at one operation. Here they are subjected to the action of calcium bisulphite under a pressure of about seven atmospheres. Steam is passed into the 'digester' until the temperature is raised to one hundred and fifteen degrees centigrade, and after a period varying from eight hours to three days, the pulp is washed with hot water and passed through various screens to separate out any unattacked particles. In another process a solution of caustic soda is used instead of the sulphite liquid; but this has within recent years largely given place to a third method, in which a solution of sodium sulphate in combination with a certain amount of caustic soda is used.

#### PRODUCER-GAS.

It is evident that a great deal is to be heard of producer-gas, despite its horrible name, for it is being applied to various important uses all over the world. Messrs Thornycroft of London are developing Herr Capitaine's patents as applied to comparatively small boats, while the rights to apply the invention to larger vessels have been secured by Messrs Beardmore & Co., Limited, who are now carrying out elaborate experiments in this direction. They are at present constructing a five-cylinder five hundred horse-power vertical marine engine, which, after exhaustive tests on land under conditions approximating as nearly as possible to those obtaining at sea, will be fitted into a Glasgow coasting-ship. Utilising the experience thus gained, they will then proceed to build a similar engine of one thousand horse-power. This firm has designed a new reversing gear for their gas-engines, which, by permitting the engines to be run in either direction, obviates the necessity for feathering propellers, bevel gearing, and other devices. In America producer-gas is coming to the front, not so much for power purposes, but for providing heat for various processes. It is said that the gas-producers are reaching a high stage of perfection, and great economy of both fuel and labour is being experienced. By their use fuel consumption is confined to one place in a factory, whereby conveyance costs are minimised, and the gas carried thence by pipes to the various furnaces is burned exactly as and when required, and in such a manner as to introduce the least possible loss of heat by radiation or conduction.

#### A NEW ELECTRIC LIFT.

At the Electrical Exhibition held at the close of last year at the Madison Square Gardens, New York, some attention was attracted by a novel electric elevator of striking construction. The lift was operated by an electric motor placed in the

structure itself, right under the control of the attendant. This motor rotated a big wheel or drum, whose diameter was the same as that of the well in which the lift worked. Into the face or periphery of this drum was cut a spiral thread which engaged in the teeth of two racks placed opposite one another in the well, and running from top to bottom. The drum acted, therefore, like a screw in the racks, and when revolved by the motor, carried the lift with it either up or down, according to the direction of rotation. The teeth of the racks were formed of rollers to minimise the friction, and it was claimed that there was a considerable saving of power as compared with other elevator systems. However that may be, the new invention certainly makes for safety, for if the motor should fail in any way whatever, the lift must remain where it is at the time. The pitch of the screw being insufficiently steep for auto-rotation to set in, it follows that there can be no possible danger of an accident unless the drum itself or the racks should be broken away, and of that there should be no possibility with good construction. Certainly more confidence will be felt in a contrivance of this kind than in the stoutest of ropes or chains.

#### THE TURBINE TORPEDO.

The new turbine-driven torpedo which has been adopted by the United States Navy is probably the most powerful and speediest type of this deadly weapon. It has a speed of thirty-six knots at a range of twelve hundred yards, while the standard Whitehead torpedo only attains a speed of twenty-eight knots for the same range. At the very tip of its nose is the firing-pin whose duty is to detonate the explosive charge directly the torpedo strikes its object. Normally this pin is locked by a screw shaped like a tiny propeller, and is thus held secure from accidental firing until the death-dealing machine is actually in the water and started off on its fatal journey. Only then is it released by the pressure of the water rotating the screw and unlocking the firing-pin. Next in order comes the charge of explosive, which consists of one hundred and thirty-two pounds of wet gun-cotton, with a central core of dry gun-cotton for detonating it. The central compartment is simply a steel cylinder containing compressed air for driving the engine which propels the torpedo through the water. The air is stored at an initial pressure of two thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds to the square inch—about ten times as much as that of a high-pressure steam boiler. In the third compartment is the wonderful turbine-engine which drives the two propellers. It is of the Curtis compound type, and runs at a speed of ten thousand revolutions per minute, which is geared down to nine hundred at the propellers. At this speed one hundred and sixty horse-power is developed, which means forty knots—four in excess of the contract demands. Last of all—except

the propellers and rudders—comes the marvellous steering-gear. If a modern torpedo is in any way deflected from its course, it at once automatically steers itself back again until it is running in the same line as before. This almost miraculous result is accomplished by making use of the well-known tendency of the gyroscope—a heavy wheel spinning very rapidly—to maintain its plane of rotation. The gyroscope in this case is driven by a tiny turbine which keeps it spinning during the run of the torpedo. If the torpedo turns aside, the gyroscope pivoted within it holds its original position unchanged, and, acting on the rudder with which it is directly connected, brings the erring craft back into the line of aim. There is also a horizontal rudder which is controlled by a disc held by springs on the one side poised against the pressure of the water on the other. Should the torpedo plunge too deeply, the increased water-pressure displaces the disc and deflects the rudder upwards until the vessel is brought again to its proper depth. Should it rise too near the surface the opposite obtains, and it is at once pressed down again to its pre-arranged level. According to the *Scientific American*, the United States Government has ordered one hundred torpedoes of this type eighteen inches in diameter, while of the larger or twenty-one inch size three hundred have been called for. The cost of the smaller size is said to be over one thousand pounds each.

#### NATURAL HISTORY SLIDES.

An excellent series of coloured lantern-slides at a remarkably low price has been issued by Messrs Butcher & Sons of London. The slides illustrate various branches of the study of natural history, and should prove a boon to lecturers and teachers, for their price is considerably less than that of the ordinary uncoloured photographic production.

#### PASPALUM GRASS.

The phenomenal development of the dairy industry in New South Wales is said to be largely due to the spread of *Paspalum dilatatum* pastures. The name paspalum is one of the Greek terms for millet, and the term dilatatum is descriptive of its dilatations or expansive habit both above and below the surface. It is a native of South America, and has been known in the United States since 1880, where it is called hairy and flowered paspalum. All soils seem acceptable to this grass, and it is little affected by drought, fills the soil with a matting of roots, and covers the surface with luxuriant foliage from early spring till autumn frosts. Paspalum as it spreads kills noxious and valueless plants. It is beginning to be introduced into New Zealand.

#### HARES, RABBITS, AND MICE IN AUSTRALIA.

According to the Australian *Pastoralists' Review*, hares are so numerous in the mallee of a district of Victoria that they threaten to become as great



a pest as rabbits. The stock-owners of New South Wales are so much in earnest regarding the extermination of rabbits that they are prepared—and the Government has given its consent—to bring out Dr Danysz from Paris to deal with the pests. Dr Danysz's method of dealing with the rabbits is to induce a disease which would attack the rabbits in lungs and throat, and the contagion would come by a mucus from the nostrils that would foul the burrows and the food. The disease would be highly contagious, and the course of it would run from three days to six weeks, and any rabbit taking it would be almost sure to die. It is harmless to man, beast, or bird. A Victorian pastoralist has for eighteen years used a simple preventive against mice in stacks. He sprinkles three-quarters of a pound to one pound of sulphur to each ton of hay or corn. He sprinkles a pretty liberal helping round the first three or four rows of sheaves at the bottom of the stack, and gives the outside also a good dose. The moisture in the stack causes sulphuretted hydrogen to be given off, and this keeps away mice. It must kill some mice also, as dead ones are found in the stack so treated.

#### MILKING-MACHINES.

Milking by machinery, according to the *Pastoralists' Review*, is making quiet but steady progress in Australia. There are two kinds of machines practically working at present, and both are giving satisfactory results. The 'Lawrence-Kennedy-Gillies' machine, as its name indicates, is the result of three inventions, the last being added by Mr Gillies, a Victorian dairyman. Over three hundred of these machines are being practically used this season in the Commonwealth and New Zealand, milking about five thousand cows daily; and the fact that one hundred and thirty of them have been adopted this season indicates that satisfaction is being obtained. The largest number are being used in Victoria and New Zealand, but there are also several in New South Wales and Queensland. A machine of purely Victorian invention—namely, the 'Hartnett' milker, upon which the inventor has been working for some years—will shortly be put upon the market. It has been under trial for the last eight months. The difficulty of milking by machinery seems to have been at length overcome, and Australians have been prominent in the accomplishment.

#### EXERCISES FOR THE SEDENTARY.

There are people to whom gentle and systematic exercise means a new enjoyment of health and longer life; others take up athletics in so violent a fashion as to lead to over-development, in so far as too much time and energy are given to certain systems of exercise, and the balance of nature is destroyed. The happy medium seems to be struck in a book which comes from the Anglo-Danish Publishing Company, 188 Strand, London. It is entitled *My System*, by J. T. Müller, who has been

successively a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, a private engineer, and an inspector of a sanatorium for consumptives. He now proposes to spend his time in developing 'My System,' in which, in the book and accompanying chart, eighteen forms of simple exercises are laid down and explained. He promises health for fifteen minutes a day spent in his exercises. The writer was at one time a delicate boy, but by a series of gymnastics and physical exercises developed himself into perfect physical condition. The value of fresh air and cold water is duly set down, although in our climate it is a counsel of perfection to recommend that every day you should let the 'sun shine upon you,' and also that you should not allow one day to pass without every muscle and organ of the body being set in brisk motion. Stagnation, says Müller, leads to drooping and untimely death. Motion is life. He directs special attention to keeping the skin in health, and to exercising the middle of the trunk of the body, which is most neglected. Skin gymnastics and exercise of the muscles of the waist are what nine people out of every ten, he tells us, stand most in need of.

#### THE MATOPPOS.

NAY, tread not more soft, though the ground here be holy,  
Thy step will disturb not the Dreamer's last dream;  
But climb thou the mount in thy solitude, solely,  
And tell him, though far off, there still is the gleam.

He cares not to know that we muffle our voices,  
And say, 'Hush! he slumbers; well-earned is his rest.'  
But he waits for the heart-beat, the shout that rejoices:  
'Dost hear us, our Captain? In armour we're dressed.'

From his couch of the granite he questions and hearkens—  
'Tis a right regal bed for the lone lion-heart,  
Where the soft veldt-winds sigh as the dim daylight  
darkens—  
'How goes the long fight then? Hast thou played thy  
part?'

Sleep on, mighty Chief! for thy banner is flying  
Across the brave veldt that is thirsty and bare;  
Our Voortrekker's footsteps still echo, undying,  
And hasten us on to the hope that we dare.

Sleep on! There's a murmur of far laughing waters  
That promise our desert shall yet burst in bloom,  
When the sister-lands, linked in one—Africa's fair  
daughters—

Will lay the sweet veldt-flower of love on thy tomb.

CAPETOWN.

MARY ADAMSON.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### 'AUGUSTA SAYS.'

By ROSALINE MASSON.

#### CHAPTER I.

**I**T was a remarkably awkward thing for me, a quiet and sober old bachelor (somewhere about sixty, not to be too precise), to find myself suddenly in charge—apparently in permanent charge—of two charming young ladies, both beauties, one an heiress, and the other of the modern and progressive variety. At first it was the thought of the upset of all my little habits that obtruded itself on my masculine, and therefore naturally selfish, mind. But Winifred soon betrayed a truly feminine and lovable and coaxing way of making a perfect idol of each one of my little habits, considering them even more than the head-waiter at the club ever does, and I yielded gracefully to her attitude. It is women of Winifred's type that make men selfish in little things; but in the long-run I fancy they have the best of it. After my anxiety regarding my ways and habits was allayed, it was the awful moral responsibility that gripped my imagination. But very soon I was made to feel that Augusta had taken the awful moral responsibility entirely on herself. Augusta is the sort of woman that makes a man selfish in big things. She is rigidly critical of his daily conduct; but I suspect that in the long-run that kind of woman has the worst of it. These reflections, however, are only incidental to the main gist of what I am about to relate, which is the story of the wild doings at Ardstronach; for which wild doings, I am sorry to say, every one of the actors now holds that I, and I alone, was and am answerable. In vain do I plead that I am a gentle bachelor of sixty—there or thereabouts, not to be too particular; they say that I have a humorous face, and was cut out for the comic stage. Young people have little or no reverence nowadays. Even that graceless scamp, my nephew, Tom McNab, alleges that he remembers his father once dropping a hint that I had been a very wild lad in my teens. Well, well, what I did at Ardstronach I did for the best, as

it turned out. I know I enjoyed the whole ploy while the fun lasted; but, as to my being answerable, had it not been for these two young women suddenly dropping down on me from the skies, would I ever have left the calm routine of my club existence to take part in any mad doings whatsoever?

First came my niece Winifred Murray. What could I say? When her flighty step-mother married again there was certainly no home for the poor child in India. I was her uncle and her godfather and her guardian, and to whom else should she be sent? I went myself to meet her at Marseilles, remembering the little lass I had seen off four years before—swollen eyelids, and a wisp of very fair hair tied with a black ribbon. When she stepped off the gangway I received my first shock.

'Why, bless my soul, you are grown-up!' I exclaimed.

She flung herself on me and kissed me, and I was so taken aback that I gripped her shoulders with a hold like a vice, and, holding her off from me, stretched my neck to its utmost—I am not a very tall man. All this was instinctive, and not actuated by repugnance.

She raised two tearful and appealing blue eyes to my face.

'Did you not expect me to kiss you, Uncle Ben?' she cried.

'Well, my dear, you see,' I began breathlessly, relaxing my hold, 'it is a long time since any woman'—

'I suppose mamma was the last?' she remarked demurely.

I dismissed the subject with a nod. 'You are very like my poor sister,' I told her when we were seated opposite one another in the train.

'So father said when I first went out; and that, I think, was why my step-mother disliked me.'

Through a cloud of diaphanous veiling she looked at me with eyes like trustful summer stars, and her

baby-mouth was soft and pink as a rose, and the wisp of very fair hair had spread out into a halo of glory. She did not look sensible; but she was eminently lovable.

'You are prettier than your mother ever was,' I felt bound to add.

'Father said mother was the prettier,' she answered simply.

'Well, you were not even prepossessing when you went out,' I reminded her. 'You have changed surprisingly.'

'Four years added to sixteen makes twenty, Uncle Ben!' she laughed. 'But *you* are not in the least changed! I always remembered you, and how your iron-gray hair stood up stubby all over your head, and how you were clean-shaved, and had such a merry twinkle in your eyes, and such a humorous twist to your mouth, and that you were hardly taller than me, and that you wore such big ties, and said such wicked things, and I was *sure* I should be happy with you, Uncle Ben!'

Well, I can't say it was altogether a complimentary description.

Still, that's me—I can't describe myself better. I felt my hair and my tie as she spoke. Certainly the former *did* 'stand up stubby' all over my head, and the latter *was* tied in a rather large bow under my chin.

'I hope that you *will* be happy with me, Winnie,' I told her gravely; 'but I had entirely forgotten that you were grown-up, and I had thought of engaging a governess, and taking you to live in the depths of the country.'

'At Ardstronach!' she cried, and then she flung herself on me again; and this time I submitted. It is wonderful how soon one becomes used to ways of that kind.

It appeared that she remembered Ardstronach, where she had spent her holidays often; that, indeed, many a time out in India, when the sun was hot and the step-mother was cold, she had thought about it. It had been her mother's early home. Ah! my heart turned to her then—it endeared the little thing to me more even than did the likeness in her to my poor dead sister—to find my niece was a M'Nab at heart. It is no doubt a ridiculous sentiment in an old bachelor, but I love my family traditions, doubtful enough though some of them be; and especially do I love that old barrack of a place Ardstronach. I know every sweep of the moors—know them when they are purple and honey-scented, and when they are green under the clear spring sky, and when they are white with snows; and I know every bend of our burn that foams down the hillside, and every silver birch and Scotch fir and stunted oak in our glen; and at the opening of the glen there stands Ardstronach, the homestead for over four hundred years of our branch of the M'Nabs, its old white-harled turrets reflected in the silver loch.

I divide my time between Ardstronach and my club in town, for it grows lonesome when I am all

alone there. But as often as I can I have young Tom M'Nab, my nephew and heir, to stay with me. Tom feels about the place just as I do, and I look upon him as my son. And we are good friends, though he is a foot taller than I, and forty years younger—well, let us say thirty-five, to leave it more indefinite—for are we not both M'Nabs? Most of the people for miles round bear our name, and their forebears served our forebears; and as we trudge along with our guns, and our dogs to heel, I remember that Tom will have it after me, and his children. All this passed through my mind as Winnie spoke with such right feeling about Ardstronach. So then and there I evolved a great idea, and, like a fool, I must needs blurt it out.

'If you are *very* good, Winnie, you shall marry Tom M'Nab!'

Suddenly, with the swiftness that a squall comes over the head of Ben Streaoung, there she was in tears, as if her heart would break!

'You won't force me to marry some one I hate, against my will?' she sobbed.

'Bless me, child! what century do you suppose we are living in?'

'I—I don't know! I never knew any history; but she said you would *make* me. And I am sure—sure he will be—horrid!'

'*Who* told you I would make you? I only thought of the thing this very moment.'

And then it all came out. It was that flighty baggage of a step-mother, with a tongue as long as my arm. And I had flattered myself that the very obvious idea had originated with me! Where it is a question of marriage, a woman is sure to have the first word as well as the last. Mrs Murray had known all about Ardstronach, and that I had one nephew, a M'Nab, who was heir, and that he had no money of his own; and she had known too, it seems, that a good deal of what I have dies with me, and that therefore it was desirable for Tom to marry a wife with shekels if he was to keep up Ardstronach and its traditions.

'You go home and marry the M'Nab cousin,' she had told Winnie. Fancy the impropriety of suggesting the idea so abruptly to a sensitive girl! And she had tried to poison Winnie's mind against me by suggesting—Winnie, with her natural naïveté and child-like trust, repeated it all to me—that I had welcomed her to my home just for the purpose, and that Tom and I were both calculating on her fortune.

'And I meant to ask *him* to take the fortune and *you* to keep me!' Winnie sobbed.

I was at a loss to know what to do, so I beat a sort of rhythmic tattoo on her shoulder, as I have seen women doing to infants, and crooned—we were quite alone—'Didums, wasums, then! where's the puff-puff going?'

She raised her head and laughed at that, just as the sun breaks out over Ben Streaoung.

'Then you won't force me to do *anything* I don't like?' she asked.



'No—but you *will* like Tom—everybody does,' I replied, with great diplomacy.

'And you will let me do *everything* I do like?' she went on.

'Certainly!' I assured her, thinking the request referred to the same thing from the opposite direction, so to speak.

'Then may I have the governess?'

'The governess?'

'Yes. You said a governess, and Augusta is a governess, and I'd like her.'

'Bless my soul! Well, you shall have her, then,' I promised lightly. It seemed innocent enough, but it is when a woman seems most innocent in her desires that a man should be on his guard.

And so that was how the other one came—the one of the modern and progressive variety.

Augusta—it transpired her other name was Arkwright—was a governess in a school where Winnie had received what she called her education. Being very traditional in my notions, I at once pictured Miss Arkwright as a staid young woman wearing spectacles, a good deal Winnie's senior, and with decided opinions on grammar and settled views on geography, and given to expressing them in precise tones. I was wrong in every particular, except, indeed, with regard to the decided opinions and the settled views; but they bore no reference to grammar and geography.

## CHAPTER II.



WHEN I came forward in the hall at Ardstronach to welcome Miss Augusta Arkwright I received shock number two. The splendid, stately young creature was fully a head taller than I am; and the great, dark, fathomless eyes she bent on me were enough to make a man go out and murder the next man he met out of sheer joy and excitement. However, I have lived through some sixty and odd summers, not to descend to details; and so I merely patted her hand in a fatherly way and said I hoped she would not find the place dull.

Afterwards I caught little Winnie as she ran past the door of the smoking-room, swinging a big basket of roses in her hand, and I drew her in, held her by one shoulder, and looked at her as sternly as I could.

'That is scarcely my idea of a governess,' I remarked; 'but I shall of course be delighted for your girl-friend to pay you a visit.'

'She is a governess, Uncle Ben; she has been a governess at our school ever since I left it. And you can scarcely call her a girl any longer; she is four-and-twenty.'

'My dear, everything is comparative. Compared to me, she is young and tall, and she is extremely beautiful.'

'Oh, I am glad you admire her so much! She

*will* be so pleased! She says *you* look a perfect darling!'

'Really!' I ejaculated.

My niece pinned a rose out of her basket in my coat, gave me a kiss like the brushing of a butterfly's wings, and ran off.

At dinner I looked at them both, at my niece opposite to me and her friend on my right, the one as fair as a daffodil, as pink and white and fragrant as a bunch of sweet-peas, and with eyes as blue as forget-me-nots and as innocent as morning dew; the other as dark as a moonless midnight, as awe-inspiring, as suggestive of romance and emotion. I listened to their voices, like the songs of birds. I put too much cayenne into my soup, and as I stifled my sneezes I thought hard what topic I could broach. I was saved the trouble of any decision, for Miss Arkwright, turning those wonderful eyes full on me, asked me if I approved of Women's Suffrage.

It was during that first dinner that it dawned upon me that the moonless and impenetrable midnight was full of motor-cars going considerably beyond regulation speed.

Next morning Winnie perched herself on my knee and began thoughtfully twisting my watch-chain.

'You must not think that Augusta means all she says,' she remarked diffidently.

'I never thought that of any woman,' I hastened to assure her. 'It would be an insult to her intelligence—and to one's own.'

'Augusta says that women are down-trodden, and that men are very wicked.'

'I have heard hints to that effect myself.'

'Do you believe it, Uncle Ben?'

'Bless me, no, my dear! And, according to you, neither does Miss Arkwright; she probably means that men are down-trodden and women very wicked.'

'You ought to try and be serious, Uncle Ben, though you can't look serious. Augusta says content is a soul-destroying thing, and ruins the life of the nation and the character of the individual.'

'Yes, I have heard that too. Come to think of it, I have seen it in print.'

'Then I suppose it *is* true. Augusta says that to stir up discontent is the first act of the reformer.'

'Dear, dear! Has she any views on game-laws?'

Winnie shook her head. 'She has views on most things,' she said.

'Humph!' I answered.

'She would make an ideal wife,' Winnie went on, with more enthusiasm than logic.

'Humph!' I repeated.

'Perhaps,' Winnie went on, twisting my watch-chain round and round one of her slender fingers, and apparently thinking only of the effect so produced, 'perhaps Cousin Tom will admire her.'

Well, that was an idea that had already occurred to me, and had somewhat disquieted me. But I had determined to use diplomacy. I have not gone

through life without observing the vast power of jealousy as a motive.

'Very likely,' I said cheerfully. 'A woman as lovely as that must win worship.'

Winnie unwound the watch-chain slowly. 'It is such a pity that dear Augusta does not want to marry,' she replied rather coldly.

'Oh, every girl says that!' I cried.

'Yes; but every girl'—Winnie dropped her voice—'does not want to be a widow!'

'Bless my soul! is she married already, then?'

'Oh no!'

'But she would have to be married before she could be a widow!'

'That is what I told her.' Winnie nodded her head sagely.

'What did she say to that, eh?'

'She said'—Winnie again dropped her voice, and spoke with a hint of being slightly shocked but much impressed—'that anything worth attaining has to be attained through tribulation, that the Promised Land was not reached till after forty years in the wilderness, and that Heaven itself is gained through purgatory.'

'So the husband is a wilderness and purgatory combined? No wonder *la belle dame sans merci* feels no pity for the necessary sacrifice of him in order that she may become a widow.'

'Oh, Augusta has heart! She spoke most feelingly about him!—Said it must be some one she had married out of pity, and been very kind to; or else, perhaps, it might have been some kind of mutual arrangement on a business basis, you know.'

'And may I venture to ask what you replied to all this?' I asked.

Winnie put both her little hands over my eyes. 'I told Augusta,' she whispered, 'that I would rather be the wife of a man I did love than the widow of one I had not loved.'

'Quite right, my dear! Quite proper! Very womanly sentiments! Did Miss Augusta seem suitably impressed?'

Winnie removed her hands from my eyes and laughed into them. 'Augusta told me I was as much the outcome of the system of beguiling slavery under which women have been ruled for ages as a bulldog's profile is the outcome of generations of bull-baiting.'

'Well, that shows she knows something about the breeding of bulldogs. She seems to be a young lady of varied knowledge as well as of peculiar ambitions. Why, by the way, does she desire to be a widow?'

'Because, Augusta says, no other woman has complete freedom. Young or old, rich or poor, plain or pretty, married or single, a woman is invariably a slave either to man or to circumstance. The only woman who has gained freedom with the power left to enjoy it, Augusta says, is a wealthy widow.'

'There is some truth in it,' I replied with becoming seriousness; 'but how—I ask merely out

of respectful curiosity—does she mean to ensure widowhood?'

Winnie took a rose out of her dress and bent her head and smelt it, and I could see her cheeks, as pink and soft as her rose, dimpling in merriment; but her voice was one of absolute gravity.

'Augusta has great forethought,' she assured me. 'She has considered the medium of an advertisement.'

'Good heav'—

'Hush, Uncle Ben! You see, Augusta is used to advertisements. Augusta says it is perfectly disheartening to run your eye morning after morning down column after column of "Situations Vacant," and she says she hates advertising for situations herself, cramming all her little stock of accomplishments into two lines for sixpence. She says it is humiliating, and that next time she intends to advertise in the agony column—she has studied that too.'

'And how will she word the advertisement?'

'Beautifully!'

Winnie stood up and put her hands behind her back as if repeating a lesson. '*Lady*,' she quoted—'*Lady, desirous of becoming a wealthy widow, wishes to hear of some one of means about to start on Arctic, Antarctic, or otherwise dangerous expedition. Lady would undertake to write his memoir.*' Winnie looked triumphantly at me. 'Augusta put that last bit in,' she explained, 'to tempt him. Augusta says you can always count on a man's vanity and egoism.'

Suddenly, with a sense of my impotency, my wrath rose. I felt the fighting blood of the M'Nabs coursing wildly through my veins. 'Winifred!' I roared, 'your young friend's opinions and maxims are horrible, and will bias your mind! But be she or say she or do she what she will, *you* are to be docile and do what your guardian sees is best for you.' I drew myself up to my full height—I am not a tall man—and I felt my hair bristling all over my scalp.

My niece sat down and clasped her hands, dropping her rose as she did so. I glanced at her—yes, she was on the verge of tears—blue eyes misty, rosebud mouth drooping and trembling.

I felt a brute—and I enjoyed the feeling. The long-dead instincts rose, and I was aware of a thrill at seeing a bowed and weeping woman, and knowing myself—after sixty years or so of a sober life particularly free from woman's influence—the savage cause. The fighting blood of the M'Nabs was in spate.

'Winifred!' I said—I spoke quite loudly—'a woman must obey! I insist—I have a right to insist'—

The door opened and Augusta Arkwright came in, and glanced from me to Winnie and back again. The blood of the M'Nabs sank into my boots. I coughed and edged towards the door. There was no time for explanations—no time to tell Winnie I did not really mean it. Miss Augusta, having

put me utterly in the wrong, now ignored me, and dropped on her knees beside my niece, put her arms round her, and crooned, 'What was the matter with it, then? What was he doing to it? Be its own brave self, and have a good cry! Poor ill-used little goldie-woldie, lovey angel, darling pet!'

I beat a hasty and silent retreat. I went straight to my own room and rang the bell. I told my man to pack my kit-case. I went up to town and drove to my club. As pants the hart for cooling streams, so I longed for men's society.

(To be continued.)

## NIGHTFALL ON THE WOUVI.



**A** HOT day in the dry season was drawing to its close as we approached the river at which we intended to camp for the night. There in front of us lay the deep depression in the land, with its broad belt of vivid green foliage, betokening the presence of a Southern Rhodesian river, though whether 'dry' or still running was a point yet to be ascertained. Should the former prove to be the case, a little burrowing in the sand would remedy the matter so far as our most pressing necessities were concerned.

We had traced the course of the river earlier in the afternoon from the crest of some hills where we had rested, the only indication of its whereabouts having been the deeper shade of its enveloping foliage; and, viewed across the hazy expanse of baobab and mopane bush, it had seemed like a dark-green serpent as it wound its way hither and thither through the wilderness. It was the goal towards which our weary footsteps had been bent since our departure from the native village in the morning.

We had been travelling all day through a dry, uninhabited district, and had been obliged to carry the water for our midday rest; therefore the prospect of camping under the grateful shade of these large trees, and of bathing our tired, dust-begrimed bodies in the cool waters of yonder river, quickened our footsteps and revived our drooping spirits.

'We' consisted of myself and four native 'boys' carrying food, camping requisites, &c., and we were journeying across those extensive and little-known flats which stretch right across the south-eastern corner of Rhodesia. The country is a true wilderness, and has been one from time immemorial, and probably will always remain one, unless, indeed, the all-conquering genius of the white man should some day find a means of extracting wealth from it. The native, at any rate, has never attempted to cultivate or reclaim the land, although here and there one passes through broad sweeps of plain whereon grows the short, sweet grass beloved by the zebra. The whole aspect of the land is singularly fertile even at this season of the year; and as one gazes around and sees the lovely flowering acacias, the mopane with its bright-green leaves, and the gigantic baobabs, it is very hard to realise that one might wander through these sylvan glades for days and

days and perhaps perish miserably from want of water.

This vast tract of land seems to be a perfect elysium for game, a retreat where they may live safe alike from the spears and arrows of the black man and from the more deadly bullet of the white hunter, for few and far apart are the paths which traverse this region, and woe betide the man who wanders off them and loses his way! Even the natives of the adjacent villages, cunning as they are in the arts of woodcraft, will not willingly venture far afield, whilst none of them would traverse the district singly, for here the King of Beasts roams unmolested, and his voice may be nightly heard by the traveller snugly ensconced inside his thorn-bush enclosure, with his camp-fire burning brightly. These enclosures may be seen at intervals all along the route, not only where water is found, but placed indiscriminately between the stages, showing where night has overtaken the weary and footsore traveller, and he has been obliged to camp without water. Some of them are of comparatively recent construction, whilst others are old and falling to pieces.

Nature, ever provident for the wants of her creatures, has placed in this country of wild animals abundance of shrubs and trees armed with the most terrible kinds of thorns, and by this means man can construct for himself a barrier ample to resist the attacks of the predatory beasts. A careful observer will see how the game obtains a similar means of protection. He will find in places trees of this kind whose branches so sweep down to the ground as to form a natural enclosure, in the centre of which the grass is trampled into a snug, soft bed where the antelopes lie at night; and even in the event of a lion or a leopard getting through, his struggles amongst the thorns would soon awaken the sleeping herd and give them a chance of breaking away.

Arriving at the edge of the fertile belt which borders the river, we descend abruptly the declivity which forms the basin of the river in floodtime, and the path winds its way through a tangled maze of undergrowth, whilst overhead the magnificent trees are spreading and interlacing their branches. The rays of the declining sun filter through the leafy canopy, giving almost the effect of sunbeams glinting through the windows of a cathedral, and completing the charm already presented to one plunging into this beautiful strip of forest from the glaring scrub



above; for, notwithstanding the fact that the country through which we have passed was dotted with innumerable trees, there was little or no shade to be obtained from them, and none of them could compare in stature with these.

The hum of many insects fills the air, the soft cooing of doves is everywhere, whilst numbers of little birds of every splendid colour imaginable flit from bough to bough. I pause, in spite of fatigue, and look around with a sense of rest and pleasure. This is more like the Africa of my imagination. At the end of the belt of trees we again descend, and this time find ourselves on the bed of the river; and, passing through a fringe of tall reeds, we emerge on a broad expanse of sand through which meanders a tiny trickling stream, which sometimes spreads itself over the sand and disappears altogether, reappearing farther on, and sometimes forming a pool. This is the Wouvi River in the dry season, a river marked on most maps, and ranking as an important tributary of the Limpopo.

As we step into the open there is a quick scurry and a swish of parted bushes, and we are just in time to see the disappearing backs of a troop of the *mpallah* antelope. Our appearance had evidently disturbed them whilst drinking.

Having reached the opposite bank and passed through a strip of jungle similar to that first encountered, the 'boys' at once set about the work of constructing a good strong enclosure, large enough to contain us all, for the spot bears an evil reputation as the haunt of lions—a reputation of which we are ominously reminded by the large quantity of *spoor* observable in the bed of the river, and also by one of the 'boys' occasionally finding a whitened and battered skull adorned with what was once a magnificent pair of horns.

Having refreshed myself with a good wash and a cup of coffee, I leave the 'boys' to complete the camping arrangements, and, taking my gun in case of emergency, I stroll up the river-bed.

It is now about the time of sunset—the most beautiful period of the African day. Who, travelling in Africa, has not been caught by the spell of this mystic hour? Some indefinable mellowing influence seems to rest on everything, and man himself throws off the sluggish languor induced by the hours of burning heat, and awakes to a new and delightful interest in his surroundings.

The most skilful pen could not describe the calm, stately beauty of the scene. The wide, clean bed of the river, flanked on either side by noble trees, winds into the distance. Here and there a shining pool catches and throws back the subdued light of the evening sky. A scarcely perceptible breeze—infinately refreshing—stirs the hitherto heat-laden atmosphere. Hundreds of birds are fluttering down from the branches and drinking or disporting themselves at the water's edge. The pheasants are calling to one another in the bush near by. Away in another direction I can hear a veteran guinea-fowl frantically calling his tribe together. With a swift

*whir-r* a covey of partridges arrives, wheels gracefully, and settles on the sand almost at my feet. How they enjoy themselves as they drink their fill, and how they roll and scratch in the cool, moist sand! They have been all day perhaps miles away in the hot scrub. After a while they all rise again, as at a given signal, and with a *whir-r* they are gone.

And who would think that in this paradise scenes of the deepest tragedy are constantly being enacted? Who, for instance, looking at that beautiful pool, which, with its complement of overhanging rock and delicate fern, looks like some fabled abode of water-nymphs, would imagine that in its limpid depths there lurked a hideous monster ever ready to dart forward and seize the unsuspecting antelope which, in its feverish haste to quench its thirst, had forgotten its usual caution and stopped at the first tempting piece of water?

Or perhaps on some night when this scene is flooded with silver moonlight, and the shivering cry of the night-jar periodically breaks the silence, from that clump of reeds over there in the shadows comes a faint crackling sound; presently the reeds are parted, and the sleek form of a lion steals out and crosses the shining sand. He goes over to the pool, where he slakes his thirst; then, looking hastily around, he pads swiftly and silently along the river-bed. After a while he stops and sniffs about excitedly, and, breaking into a series of terrific roars, he disappears up the bank. He has taken up a trail, and before morning some beautiful denizen of the woods will have fallen a victim.

Such tales as these can be plainly read in the tracks which cover the sand. The inscrutable laws of nature which seem to decree that every living thing in the universe shall battle for its existence are nowhere more evident than they are here.

A few steps farther on a pair of gray crested parrots, or 'go-away birds,' as they are called, perched on the topmost branches of a tree, break out at my approach into discordant cries; and turning a corner, I see a large troop of little black-faced monkeys scampering off, obedient to the warning of the birds. They lope away on all-fours, screaming and chattering, some of the bolder ones occasionally pausing to take a look at me, and then hurrying on with glances of comical terror. They soon reach the friendly shelter of the trees, and, clambering up pell-mell, they ensconce themselves amongst the abundant foliage, from which points of vantage they indulge their curiosity to the full.

Retracing my footsteps, and arriving at camp, I find my supper ready, to which I do ample justice. The sun has now set, and the shades of night are rapidly drawing in. The voice of nature is for the time hushed, save that here and there in the river-bed a few frogs are commencing tentatively to croak. They are but sounding the opening notes of that orchestral symphony which contributes so largely towards the eerie charms of the African night.

Our camp is snugly fenced in by a thick and impenetrable hedge of thorn-bush, and the 'door' of this fortress has been effectually closed for the night by the simple expedient of drawing a large, umbrella-shaped branch of the thorny mimosa into the narrow opening of the enclosure, thus completely blocking it, whilst egress is easily obtained by taking hold of the trunk of the branch and pushing it out in front.

The faces of the 'boys' are smiling and happy as they sit round the blazing camp-fire, chattering and taking snuff. For have they not feasted on venison? And are not all the toils and fatigues of the day past and forgotten? Their conversation is simple and devoid of malice. They talk of their neighbours, of the doings of the chief, or perhaps of the brother who has gone to work in the mines of far-away Johannesburg, and the maiden who awaits his return with the cattle or money with which to pay the *labolla* to her father, and so claim her as his bride. Possibly they will exchange anecdotes of adventures which have befallen them whilst in the employ of white men, laughing heartily at the recollection of their own discomfiture.

What is there in the mental composition of the African which makes him the happy, careless child he is? Surely something by no means undesirable which in the vaunted product of civilisation is missed altogether. He journeys through life without stopping to puzzle himself with inquiries as to whence he came or whither he is bound. He is content to accept the fact of life itself, and he joyfully endeavours to extract as much happiness as possible out of his share of it. What, if anything, lies beyond he does not attempt to fathom. And who shall say that he is not as wise as we are? This may not be an orthodox way of looking at matters; but no one who has observed the South African native living out his simple Arcadian existence can have failed to be struck by the favourable way in which his life compares with civilisation, with all its misery, squalor, and poverty.

Night is now upon us, and the stars have gradually appeared in the sky, until it has become a bejewelled dome of light.

A pair of prowling hyenas close by lift up their voices in an hysterical shriek, which gradually subsides into disjointed chuckles. The whole colony of frogs is now in full chorus, in which every variety of note is heard, from the piping treble to the deep, booming bass which sounds like the tone of an organ. Sometimes the music flags or wavers, and sometimes it dies down to a few fugitive notes, only to break out again with renewed vigour. As I lie back with my eyes closed and listen dreamily to these sounds, my imagination plays all sorts of tricks with me. Sometimes I can almost fancy myself to

be in a church listening to an organ recital; or, again, it will take on the sound of a peal of bells faintly heard in the distance, and thus recall a flood of memories of pastoral scenes, of an English village, of an old ivy-covered church—memories which years of exile from my native land have never effaced.

From a tree close at hand there comes with startling suddenness the sepulchral *hoo-hoo* of a great owl, which is answered by his mate from the other side of the river. Anon is heard the clear, insistent whistling of the night-hawk or the plaintive twittering of the night-jar.

The atmosphere is clear and sharp, and, notwithstanding the many voices of the night, the vast, still solitude of the uninhabited bush is always the most powerful impression. The sounds of nature seem but puny interruptions of a profound and impressive silence. Under these circumstances, how insignificant does our little encampment seem, throwing out its tiny circle of firelight amidst this great gloomy wilderness! No pen, however, could adequately convey to the reader's mind any idea of the weird beauties of a night spent under the stars amid such scenes as these. Even the harsh cries of a beast of prey seem to harmonise in a wild fashion with the surroundings in which they are heard.

The 'boys' have all gone to sleep, the fire is burning low, and I am still stretched out on my blankets gazing at the starry heights, when a far-away but distinct sound strikes on my ear. It is not unlike the deep baying of a hound, but each sound is longer and drawn out in a thunderous growl. After a while the noise is repeated, this time much closer. It is the voice of a lion on the trail of its prey. At various intervals during the night these terrible cries are repeated. Once they break out in alarming proximity to the camp, which brings all the 'boys' to their feet with the exclamation, '*Inguenyamah*' (lion). Some one blows the smouldering fire into a blaze and piles on more wood. As they look at the high, thick sides of the enclosure, however, they feel more assured, and eventually lie down and go to sleep again. I peer through the hedge, but there is nothing to be seen; all outside the circle of our firelight is wrapped in gloomy shadows, and certainly no one feels the slightest inclination to leave the snug embrace of the camp for the mere purpose of satisfying curiosity, or even for the chance of a shot; it is greatly preferable to wait for a chance of shooting a lion from some safe coign of vantage.

Sleep comes at last. The song of the frogs dies away into the dim distance. The stars seem to twinkle out, and I sink into that deep, refreshing slumber which is always enjoyed whilst indulging in a healthy open-air life away from the trammels and cares of civilisation.

## A STORMY MORNING.

By LADY NAPIER of Magdala.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

**W**E are authorised to state that the marriage arranged between Lord Harlestone and the Honourable Elizabeth MacDiarmid Fitzhugh will not take place.'

A few days later :

'Lord Harlestone and a party of friends have left England *en route* for the Pamirs on a prolonged shooting and exploring expedition. Mr Pinion the well-known naturalist accompanies the expedition.'

The second paragraph revived the already waning interest evoked by the first, which had been gossiped over, wondered at, torn to tatters, at many a breakfast-table in fast-filling London.

Mrs Fletcher, breakfasting comfortably in bed in a dingy bedroom in a dingier boarding-house in Bloomsbury, waved the newspaper containing the first paragraph triumphantly over her frowsy head, and promptly began her toilet. With her prize carefully folded and tucked away in her hand-bag, and 'dressed to perfection,' as she told herself, giving a final touch to her hair and pat to her toque, she made her way by bus and pavement to Erle's lodgings, not for the first time.

'Yus, Mr Erle is hup, an' 'ad just arst for another brandy-an'-soda,' said the sooty-handed maid at the door. 'Yer knows the w'y,' she said, with little respect, and descended to the lower regions.

Mrs Fletcher mounted the many flights breathlessly, pressing her hand to her side, knocked, and was admitted.

Erle was evidently in a vile temper, and gave her a surly greeting. Portmanteaus awaiting their straps encumbered the floor; a travelling-rug and overcoat hung over the back of a chair.

She extracted the newspaper, opened it, and pointed to the portentous paragraph with a tightly gloved finger. He clutched it. An evil light came into his eyes and a cruel sneer was on his lips.

'Thanks,' he said; 'so good of you to bring it. I am afraid I am obliged to go out.' And he tried to pass her.

Mrs Fletcher began to breathe a little quickly.

'Oh, but you have not done with me yet,' she said, a horrid fear lending sharpness to her voice, as an ugly flush rose to her cheeks, and she dropped her mask. 'How about my thousand pounds to be paid down when I brought you the paragraph announcing that the marriage was off? And it is I who have done it; I can tell you that much!'

'Your thousand pounds,' he snarled, 'you hag! Do I look like a thousand pounds? Good-day, madam. It has kept your fine talent for intrigue

in good practice. I advise you not to stay here long. I shall give up this room on my way out.'

Maddened, fooled, despairing, she sprang at him, hissing like an angry cat. He seized her wrists in an iron grasp and flung her aside, making his way out of the house.

The wretched woman, sick, dizzy, blind with impotent rage and despair, sank half-fainting on a chair. How long she remained there she never knew. She was aroused by the unceremonious entry of the landlord, who curtly gave her to understand his preference of her room to her company, and she stumbled her way homewards through the fog to her unsavoury lodgings, to be greeted by the fumes of Irish stew, curry, and cabbage-water as the door was opened; and there we gladly leave her.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

**W**OULD you like to go to Dunscaith, Betty; or shall we stay here and face it out?' said Lady Fitzhugh. 'I fear I have not been a very good mother to you, child. You would never have been thrown with such a man as Mr Erle had I done my duty by you,' she said remorsefully.

Betty came over to her mother's chair and kissed her forehead.

'I am ready to face it out,' she said. 'I have done nothing to be ashamed of, ever, and I will not go away and hide as though I had.'

'You are quite right, my dear. It is entirely my own view; but I did not like to press it on you. We will go to one of the early drawing-rooms, and take our places in the whirl, hateful though it will be to us both. And, oh dear! what a hunting up of people it will be!' she said to herself, with a groan. 'What a bother about invitations, having been out of it for so long!'

Lady Fitzhugh's fears on the latter score were ill-founded. The mother of a very pecunious young peer and a handsome young daughter with a history and mystery was not likely to lack invitations; they came pouring in from all sorts and sizes of houses, and it soon became a matter of picking and choosing which they should favour.

Betty was immensely admired, but rather unapproachable.

'What on earth can she want?' said a dowager—with two plain, pale daughters who had stood in front of her at balls for many long years—one night, looking at Betty through her long-handled eyeglasses, as she declined to dance with one of



the most insolent, ill-mannered, and much-hunted young millionaires of the season. 'She has sent young Maggit away now. Don't he look surprised? And she is going to dance with that useless young Wetherall!'

'Don't ask me what she wants,' said another weary matron. 'I really could find it in my heart to box some girls' ears; but she is very handsome, and it is such a nice face, too,' rather com-punctiously.

One night there was a ball at one of the greatest of the great London houses. Betty followed her mother up the grand staircase, whose shallow steps had been trodden by so many British and foreign potentates, royalties, and bigwigs, and also by such strange feet!

All the best tiaras were donned that night, and the smartest gowns, and it was undoubtedly a goodly spectacle. The tall, graceful young hostess stood at the head of the stairs receiving her guests, a magnificent diamond crown poised on the masses of ruddy hair, the bright eyes shining out beneath.

Lady Fitzhugh and her daughter made their bow, and lingered a little in the gallery before entering the ballroom, watching the brilliant crowd thronging up the stairs.

'How do you do, Lady Fitzhugh?' said a man's voice behind her.

'Ah, Mr Silvertop! how do you do? Still ball-going, I perceive. You appear to thrive on it, I must say, and like it better than I do.'

Mr Silvertop had been ball-going for the last fifty years, his friends said, who had arrived at that time of life when years become a glory rather than a shame. He was commonly supposed to be very, very old; but he always looked the same, always alert, up-to-date, always primed with the last story and scandal, and he would not have missed an entertainment at G—— House for anything.

'Yes, still ball-going,' he replied. 'I confess it amuses me more and more the older I grow. People amuse me far more than books. I hate the fire-side, and London is the only place to live in. What can possibly be more amusing than this show?'

Mr Silvertop was always careful to adopt the manner of speech of the day—the latest slang. He had gone through the phases of 'too-too,' he had been 'knocked,' he had been 'ragged;' everything to him had been 'weird,' from the *chaud froid* on the dinner-table to the sermon from the pulpit; he had 'rotted' much, was 'rippin' and now all was a 'show.'

'Look at the people! Look at Lady Lindisfarne with her auburn curls! She goes every morning to early service, no matter how late she may have been the night before; comes back and swears at her maid. The housekeeper from Brockhurst went there, but could not stand it. She told Lady Brock that "what with her la'ship's temper and early

chocolate before church-going, and Lady Philippa's prying and tale-bearings about the servants, the 'ouse was awful!" Lady Brock told me.—There goes little Lady Crackenthorpe. She told me she believed Cracky was the one thoroughly good man in London, poor little soul! Cracky loves a joke, and she is absolutely without the sense of humour, and also a little offended at jokes in general. Cracky nearly goes mad over her.'

'There is a lovely woman, if you like, just behind the man with the fez. Who may she be?' said Lady Fitzhugh.

'Oh,' said Mr Silvertop, screwing his glass into his eye, 'that's Mrs Foggo. Ain't she good-looking? She is the daughter of a Staffordshire squire, and her mother ran away with an actor. Her father disliked the girl, wanted to travel and get clean away, and gave her her choice of marrying Foggo, whom she loathed, or living with an aunt in Cornwall. She chose Foggo. Foggo was madly in love with her and rolling in riches. And, oh, my dear lady, such stories! They say she is absolutely heartless; her one idea is to lead men on up to a certain point, when she laughs in their faces and looks as if she spent her time in pickin' daisies. She loves what she calls breakin'-in boys, and has sent many a lad to the devil, savin' your presence. Will you come and have some tea? Here is a partner coming to bear away your daughter—to whom, by the way, you have not presented me. May I say how handsome I think her? Such an air!—so rare now when they all stride about, swing their arms, and square their shoulders.'

It was a beautiful ball. 'All London' was there, and Betty saw little of her mother, partner after partner claiming her.

Of course the Pegram girls were there. They went 'everywhere.' Mr Hamond, dabbing his cambric handkerchief on his heated brow, found himself unexpectedly close to them.

'Oh, Mr Hamond, how do you do?' said Ida Pegram with much cordiality. 'I have not seen you since our delightful visit to dear Brayborough, when we were all so interested in the Fitzhugh-Harlestone affair. What could have happened? I must say, though, I always thought the love was on her side, and that he had probably allowed himself to drift into the engagement to please Daddy Forsyth, to whom he is devoted. Of course she is handsome.'

'You thought quite wrong, then,' said young Hamond hotly. 'I happen to know that he is deeply in love with Miss Fitzhugh. They had a serious quarrel, and neither would give in, and he has gone to the East because he could not trust himself to keep away from her if he stayed in England. What it was about I cannot tell you; but that much I know for a fact, and whatever it was, I am sure she was in the right.'

'What a champion!' tittered Miss Pegram. 'Why not a consoler too? But that sort of thing

always does a girl harm ; people don't care about it,' she said, sniffing.

The boy flushed up. 'I don't know what you mean; but there is very little likelihood that Miss Fitzhugh will remain an unappropriated blessing,' he said rather pointedly. 'If she does, it will be of her own choice ;' and he turned on his heel.

'Beast !' said Ida Pegram to her sister ; 'and I so want some supper. Oh, there is Totty Buckminster ! How lovely she is looking !' And she nodded and beamed and smiled.

Totty Buckminster did not seem to be responsive,

gave a cool little nod, and turned her beautiful face up to the dark one bending over her.

'Who is her man ?' said Ida Pegram. She was used to snubs ; they slid off her.

'Oh, don't you know ? Fitzurse, her latest ; just come back from the Rockies. They were staying together at Whissenden for Bradby Races, and Tody told me'— And she whispered in her sister's ear.

'Disgustin' !' said the latter, reminiscent of the cool nod.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE QUEER SIDE OF THE CABINET.

By HENRY LEACH, Author of *The Duke of Devonshire, a Personal and Political Biography*.



WE are all amateur Cabinet-makers to-day. There is not a man of us taking any interest whatever in the affairs of the State but has his private opinion that Lord This or Mr That would be a much better man for a certain ministerial appointment than the person who holds it at the present time. Long before a reigning Cabinet gives up its seals of office we begin most indecently to anticipate its decease, and to set about a series of speculations upon the exact constitution of its successor. That rising young politician on the Opposition side, Mr Thingummy by name, reads through his newspapers and reviews some fine morning, and finds that he is a tolerable favourite for at least four ministerial appointments when the time comes for the Sovereign to demand the formation of a new Government in accordance with the evident desire of the people as expressed at the polls. We have even two or three potential Premiers, a couple of Foreign Secretaries, three possible Home Secretaries, and so on down the list. And yet there has never been a Cabinet, and in all probability never will be, that has been regarded by even a bare majority of critics as perfect. So we shall go on worrying about it until the end of our days. Worrying about what ? The Cabinet. And what is the Cabinet ?

That is not an easy question to answer.

The simple fact is that the Cabinet is entirely the result of accidents, and it is very nearly an anomaly, but a happy, blessed anomaly. To this day it is neither constituted nor recognised in a line of our national legislation. It seems to do its work by rules, but it has no rules. The most mighty engine of government in the whole world is a hap-hazard piece of political mechanism which has evolved itself from chaos, and which is controlled by nothing else than the great flywheel of Public Opinion and the powerful brake of Conscience. It is made up of the best statesmen that we have, and there is no obligation upon its makers to select them from either House of Parliament ; and yet the foremost man of the realm, and he whom they say to-day is

its wisest and soundest statesman—no other than King Edward the Peacemaker himself—is not a member of it. That, let it be said, is one of the accidents. If His Majesty demanded that he should sit at the Cabinet Councils that are held to-day at the Foreign Office, there is certainly no law to prevent him, and he could furnish abundant precedent in support of his claim. He would reasonably remark that he can speak the King's English at least as well as any other native of these isles ; for it was the accident that some former monarchs could not do so that brought about the cessation of their attendance at the ministerial conclaves. The third King William and Queen Anne regularly presided at the weekly meetings of the Cabinet ; but when the Hanoverian dynasty was established, the first George spoke no English and the second spoke it badly, and as, therefore, they could not take part in the discussions of the Cabinet—could not even understand what Ministers were saying—their attendance would have been too absurd, and was discontinued. By the time that a monarch had been bred who could speak the tongue of his subjects the absence of the head of the State from these councils had become an established custom, an unwritten principle of the constitution, and the Government had made up its mind to stick to the independence which had accidentally fallen to it. This curious circumstance is of a piece with the whole history of the Cabinet.

Some of the genealogists of our national institutions, in obedience to that instinct which carries them back to the veritable beginnings of our real England, seek even for an analogy between the modern assemblies and the councils that were held in England in the reign of Ina, King of the West Saxons, in the year 690, and Offa, King of the Mercians, in 758, as well as in other reigns of the Heptarchy ; whilst further comparisons are also made with the State councils that were held in the time of Alfred the Great, who has, indeed, been roundly declared to be the father of the Cabinet system. Out of that ancient body of king's counsellors who were collectively styled the Witenagemot

there was gradually evolved the Privy Council, and from that the Cabinet, and on the other side the courts of law; and thus it is an interesting, and indeed one of the most perfect, relics of the old principle of royal summons. But these likenesses are far-fetched, for the Cabinet as we know it to-day is quite a modern institution; the Stuarts had nothing corresponding to it. The real Cabinet Council dates from 1693, in the reign of William III., when that monarch discovered and adopted the two fundamental principles of a constitutional executive Government—that is to say, a Ministry composed of statesmen holding the same political views and identified with each other by a common policy on the one hand, whilst on the other the Ministry was designed on a parliamentary basis, commanding and retaining the majority of votes in the legislature. From this initiation through many changes and vicissitudes, and, as we have already indicated, in large measure through accidents of circumstance, the Cabinet has come to us as we know it to-day, a splendid working arrangement for governmental purposes, with which few of us have ever any fault to find, but one which is perhaps less of a constitutional entity than ever it was, more illogical in its existence than any other instrument of government.

It is even something of a mystery as to how it came by its very name, and it does not appear likely that when it was bestowed it was by way of dignity or compliment. We find that in 1711 there was a debate in the House of Lords upon the affairs of Spain, the Queen herself listening to it incognito, and Lord Scarsdale proposed a resolution in which the term Cabinet Council was used, and forthwith the peers harangued upon the meaning and desirability of such a term. For his part, my Lord Cowper considered that the alternative term, Ministry, was open to the same objection as the other, in that it also was one of uncertain signification. Thereupon the Earl of Islay said that neither term was known in the law, and therefore he would not be bound to them. He had heard a distinction between the Cabinet Council and the Privy Council, that the Privy Councillors were such as were thought to know everything and knew nothing, and those of the Cabinet Council thought that nobody knew anything but themselves. They fingered the money, they meddled with the war, and they meddled with things they did not understand, so that sometimes there was no Minister in the Council.

Consider the amazing capacity of the Cabinet of the twentieth century. It is in essence the ideal link between the legislative and the executive in our system of government, embodying the functions of both. With one or two exceptions, all the powers vested in the Sovereign are in practice exercised by the Cabinet—that is to say, it is the Sovereign in commission; it is the arbiter of national policy both foreign and domestic, the inner council of the Empire, the centralisation of the power of the House

of Commons. There is no foreign assembly like it; there has been nothing in the history of the world like the British Cabinet that we discuss to-day, and it is quite certain that no body of sensible men would ever have sat down and deliberately originated a body with such amazing powers as this one enjoys. But it came by accident, and, growing up in the same way, its sterling merits and absolute inimitability were discovered, and so its place in the British governmental system is as strong as any, and stronger than most. It has the extraordinary power of being able to dissolve the assembly which appointed it, to destroy its creators. Chosen by one Parliament, it may defy it, and, if it so wills, appeal to the next one. Every member of it is sworn to secrecy concerning its proceedings, and no minutes are kept of them. It is a point of honour with every member that even for his own private information and future reference he shall never make the slightest written note of what takes place at one of these councils. If it is necessary that a printed document should be placed before the Ministers, for Cabinet purposes only, it is set up in type by the private printers of the Government with extraordinary precautions for preserving its secrecy. Only one kind of public document is ever signed by all the members of the Cabinet, that being an order for general reprisals, which constitutes a declaration of war; but even this custom appears to be lapsing, for the last occasion on which it seems to have been sustained was when Russia was the object in 1854, all the members of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet signing the declaration. Furthermore, a minority in the Cabinet does not enjoy the privileges which usually attach to a minority elsewhere; in fact, the Cabinet sternly refuses to recognise a minority in any form.

A Minister who disagrees with a majority of his colleagues has no other option whatever except to come round to their way of thinking, and for ever afterwards hold his peace on the question at issue, or to retire from the Cabinet. Quite recently we had a display of the inevitable working of this rule. There is no such thing as independence. Once a Cabinet vote has been taken and a course decided upon, every individual Minister is equally responsible for the policy which is being pursued, and must support it and defend it whenever necessary. Because Palmerston took an opposite line to the Cabinet in regard to French questions in 1851, Russell advised the Queen to remove him from the Foreign Office. There were dissensions at the famous Cabinet meeting which agreed to propose a fixed duty on corn; but when the members were thinking of separating, Lord Melbourne put his back to the door and said, 'Now, is it to lower the price of corn, or isn't it? It is not much matter which we say; but, mind, we must all say the same.'

It follows that there must be such a complete sympathy between the members of a Cabinet as might be regarded as next to impossible amongst a body of men of that standard of intellect and



genius which is necessary to membership, for whatever hard things one may say about contemporaneous Governments, it is unquestionable that the fine process of selection results only in the inclusion of master-minds in the Cabinet. Only once, so far as one can remember, has it been roundly declared that a Cabinet had no sort of cleverness, and that was when, as John Hookham Frere tells us, a certain old Tory peer called on his father to tell him that Pitt was out of office and that Addington had formed a Ministry. My lord read aloud the list of members of the new administration, and at the finish, rubbing his hands with an evident sense of relief, exclaimed, 'Well, thank God, we have at last got a Ministry without one of those confounded men of genius in it!'

There have been many occasions on record in which a prominent politician has been kept out of Cabinet office because of his lack of personal sympathy with the other members of the Cabinet, and there are few instances of a Cabinet for long having retained its cohesion when it had ceased to be, as it were, a band of brothers united in close intimacy. Such a state of things as that which Burke declared to exist in connection with the Ministry formed by the Earl of Chatham in 1766 has been for a long time quite impossible. It was eight years later, when he was speaking in the debate on the taxation of the American colonies, that the great orator, with inimitable banter, observed that Chatham had 'made an administration so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so curiously indented and whimsically dovetailed, a Cabinet so variously inlaid, such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement—here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white, patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies—that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had associated at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name?" "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Mr Such-a-one." "I beg a thousand pardons." I venture to say it did so happen that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.'

One is naturally led to contrast this picture with those of Cabinets over which Mr Gladstone presided in his later years, remarkable for their extreme mutual sympathy, which was never more manifest than on that famous, sad occasion when the great Premier bade his last farewell to them with his 'God bless you all!' Mr Gladstone was a master of the art in preserving a spirit of mutual forbearance and sympathy among his ministerial followers, and could inspire enthusiasm when others would have regarded it as impossible. It has been declared that in his 1880 Government he got such an amount

of hard work out of Lord Hartington (the present Duke of Devonshire) as nobody else could have done. 'Oh, I can't do that; it is quite out of my line,' his lordship remarked when he was invited to undertake some new piece of special business. 'Nothing is impossible to you, Hartington, and everything is in your line,' the chief would say; and forthwith the Marquis devoted himself to the task with a measure of energy and enthusiasm which created great wonderment in the minds of his colleagues. If we reckon Mr Gladstone as among the most genial and encouraging of presidents, probably Canning was the least so. The Duke of Wellington used to say that if any one at a Cabinet meeting expressed an opinion differing from Canning's he was thrown at once into a most ungovernable rage, and on such occasions he flew out with a violence which often compelled him to be silent that he might not be involved in bitter personal altercation. Accidents must, of course, happen in the best-regulated Cabinets, and it is the wise Minister who guards against them. One hot Saturday forenoon in June 1872, the Cabinet met at eleven o'clock to await the decision of the Alabama Court from Geneva. They waited for hours and hours for the message that did not come, and then Lord Granville rushed off to the room occupied by Sir Algernon West, exclaiming, 'Can you get me a chess-board? If we all sit together much longer doing nothing we shall, in the nature of things, quarrel.' The chess-board was produced; and thus, while the Cabinet was sitting in council, Lord Granville and Mr Forster went out on to the terrace and played an exciting match, the other members of the Ministry the while looking on critically.

The mightiest of governmental institutions, the Cabinet yet has no home, no fixed meeting-place, no registered offices, so to speak. It may hold its meetings anywhere and at any time. The first Cabinet Councils of all are said to have been held in that part of old Whitehall Palace which was called the cockpit, and which has now practically disappeared. Nowadays they are almost invariably held either at the special room in the Foreign Office which is set apart for the purpose, or at 10 Downing Street. It was Lord Salisbury who first initiated the custom of holding the councils at the Foreign Office to suit his own convenience, and Mr Balfour saw no reason to disturb the arrangement. As soon as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came into office it was said that he decided to revert to the system that obtained under Mr Gladstone and other Prime Ministers of holding the meetings at No. 10; but by-and-by it was added that after all he would continue the usage of his predecessor, and that the meetings would go on in the room on the ground floor at the Foreign Office, on the door of which is painted in staring white letters the word 'Private,' which means very exactly what it says.

But this story was based on the alleged removal of a certain piece of furniture from the one place

to the other and back again, and is all wrong. Apart from their seals of office, the Chancellor's robe, and a few such-like, the members of the Cabinet have had practically nothing to bless themselves with in the way of official possessions, and, as a Cabinet, have been destitute of household goods save for a table upon which to lay their papers while they talk in conclave and decide what shall be done. It was said that it was the historic table round which meetings of the Cabinet had been held for fifty years that Sir Henry had been moving; but as a matter of fact the table at the Foreign Office which is used for the Cabinet meetings nowadays is a modern mahogany affair which was bought for the purpose at a cost of fifty pounds only two or three years ago. There is a table at 10 Downing Street round which Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Beaconsfield sat at various times; but the table which was most used for Cabinet purposes during the terms of living and only recently deceased statesmen, and the one that is usually meant when the 'historic' table is referred to, is now out of commission, and was taken over as a curio by the Office of Works when the mahogany article was purchased. Shortly before its retirement, the 'historic' table made a public appearance, being specially lent to the Telegraph Conference that was held in the Medical Examination Hall on the Thames Embankment. It was a humble deal affair, and it passed through many vicissitudes after it was brought down from an upper room in the Foreign Office to occupy the most important position that any table could ever wish to occupy.

As the Cabinet increased in numbers the table increased in size. It was a square table to begin with, and when new Ministers came to it, and they were short of room, the question arose as to whether it should be given another chance or a new piece of furniture should be procured. Sentiment ruled the day, and the carpenter was brought in to put some pieces on to this square table that would convert it into an oval one of larger size. Some big chapters of the world's history were planned round this table. When it passed into retirement it had earned a table's peerage, although no housewife would have envied it for kitchen use. But then it was never a woman's table, and there is no authentic instance on record of a lady ever sitting down to it, though it may have happened when the Cabinet was separated. The sound of the rustle of a skirt is enough to startle the Cabinet when it is at work, for there are such awful tales told to this day of valuable secrets that have been betrayed through the agency of the more curious sex. Once when Mr Gladstone was presiding over his Cabinet some of the Ministers suddenly declared that they had heard the rustle of silk in the adjoining room. 'Who is it?' they inquired uneasily of each other; but Mr Gladstone smiled and assured them that it was 'only Mrs Gladstone, an old statesman who had known the secrets of the Cabinet for forty years.' It was felt that this was all very well in

the case of Mrs Gladstone, but that the precedent was very bad.

By the way, while we may reasonably believe that the real reason for the excessive secrecy that hedges the doings of the Cabinet is, as generally understood, the very extreme delicacy and importance of its business, nevertheless we know that there have been occasions when, from entirely different causes, Ministers would have been distinctly uneasy had any unministerial eyes beheld and ears heard what was going on while it was generally supposed that world politics were under review. Mr Asquith himself has stated that on one occasion, in an interval of business, a lively discussion took place upon a passage in Juvenal, and there is good ground for believing that more than once Lord Palmerston fell asleep while the Cabinet was at work. But, despite the high politics and the sense of history-making, there is sometimes some excuse for somnolency even at a Cabinet meeting, for Ministers have been called from their beds to attend them, and on one occasion even the members of the late Government were summoned at midnight or thereabouts. Things are critical when this sort of thing happens; but perhaps what seemed at the time to be the most ominous summons to a Cabinet meeting was on 24th January 1878, when war with Russia was pending. Sir Stafford Northcote was just finishing a speech when a messenger came hurriedly to the Commons and called out all the Ministers. Members watched their departure very uneasily. They said, quite properly, that things must be critical indeed when a Cabinet Council was summoned in the middle of a debate.

We have spoken of the seals, and these seals are really all that a Cabinet Minister could produce to prove his status if by any curious chance he found himself among strange and unknown company, and desired so to prove it. Each Minister has his seal, or rather three seals, except—queer Cabinet!—the Prime Minister, who as such has no seal at all. The same old seals are passed on from Minister to Minister in the same office, and while they are held in this temporary possession they are kept either in a drawer or in a safe, according to the caution of their holder for the time being; and when his time for resignation comes he takes them out, polishes them up, and goes with them to the Privy Council, where he hands them to the King. The retiring Ministers walk out of the apartment from the Privy Council at which this solemn ceremony was held, and presently the same day another council is held, and His Majesty passes on the seals to their new possessors. They are practically never used. The only one that is anything but a mere emblem is the Great Seal itself, which goes to the Lord Chancellor, and which is used to place the hallmark upon the decisions of the Cabinet when they are of the right kind of magnitude. This Seal, indeed, is of quite unique importance. If the Cabinet appointed a Royal Commission to inquire

into the erratic movements of the universe, this body would be without authority if the Great Seal of England were not forthcoming to sign the warrant. As it is so indispensable, they are constantly nervous about it, and it is odd to think that the Purse-Bearer who goes with the Lord Chancellor into the House of Lords, and who is supposed to be carrying the Great Seal in his satchel, is doing nothing of the kind, the said satchel being empty and the Seal at home in the safe. Of course it has been lost more than once. We know of the fleeing monarch who dropped it in the Thames, and the Whigs who are supposed to have burgled Lord Chancellor Thurlow's house in Great Ormond Street, and taken it with the object of averting a general election; but it is not so generally understood that when Eldon was Lord Chancellor he was so fearful about the safety of the Seal when there was a fire at his place that he rushed out of the house with it and buried it in his garden. When he wanted it again he had forgotten where it had been placed, and 'You never saw anything so ridiculous,' he wrote, 'as seeing the whole family down the walks dibbling with bits of stick until we found it.'

Having regard to the big salaries that are now the order of the day for the top places in every profession and business, one is sometimes inclined to wonder whether from two thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds a year, according to the office that he holds, is quite enough for the Cabinet Minister, with his enormous responsibility and the glamour of his position. Of course some people

say it is too much; and there is the curious case of a certain member of the present Liberal Government who, before his appointment and in the days when he was independent and Downing Street was not marked on his map, used to declare in this connection that no man in the world was worth more than five pounds a week. Now he himself gets forty. John Bright once said to Mr Gladstone that he did not altogether like taking the money, whereupon the chief quickly answered, 'I don't agree with you for a moment, Bright, for I would rather take my official money as a Cabinet Minister than anything that I draw from lands, for I know that I have earned every penny of it.' However, whether the wage is large or small in comparison with the office, it is not generally understood that when a Cabinet Minister has put in four years of service he is entitled on retirement to a pension for life at two thousand pounds a year. The number of such pensions is limited to four, and when a vacancy in the list occurs, a Minister is appointed to the pension on his pleading that his private means are insufficient to enable him to maintain the dignity of his position as an ex-Minister of the Crown.

The Cabinet is a queer thing altogether. It is at once the perfection of official system and the contradiction of it. In its existing form we think that it is quite indispensable to the government of the country and would not have it altered, and yet, though other countries have their Cabinets, none has one like ours, and there is none but thinks its system better.

## ANCIENT GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.



FEW years ago some scientists excavating on the site of the ancient city of Tyre discovered tombs which, upon being opened, were found to contain amber in the form of beads and other jewellery. Experts in archaeology agree that the tombs were constructed fully five hundred years before the Christian era. The amber, however, is of the same quality as that found beneath the waters of the Baltic Sea to-day, and there is no doubt that at this ancient period it was being passed from hand to hand by traders, finally reaching the city of the past, where it has again been brought to light. The tombs of Tyre, however, are but a few of the strange places where precious stones have been discovered. As is well known, emeralds of great value have been found adorning mummies in the tombs of the Nile valley; but these undoubtedly came from Upper Egypt, for recently traces of mines have been found near Mount Zabarah, where the rock and earth were excavated thousands of years ago. That they were emerald-mines is shown by the fact that small

gems of this kind have been taken from the place. It proves that the stone was sought for and its value prized more than two thousand years before Christ, as the tombs from which the gems were secured were built prior to the year 2400 B.C.

History records it that precious stones were used largely instead of money in the past, and the rich trader going from place to place with caravan or vessel frequently took with him diamonds, rubies, pearls, and other stones representing great fortunes. While some were obtained direct from the mines, most of them were secured in exchange for gems or for merchandise. This is why amber has been found so many thousands of miles from the deposit which yielded it, and why the pearls from the Bay of Panamá were found centuries ago in the bazaars of India. When a stone perhaps not larger than the tip of one's finger would buy all the goods which could be packed on the backs of a score of camels or horses, and the animals themselves, it is not strange that the world's currency in the old time consisted largely of jewels.

At the present day, as in the past, many have



been discovered in strange hiding-places. While the pearl might be called a native of the water, there are other stones which are seldom found except in a region absolutely waterless, and where the seeker must endure the rays of the blazing tropic sun. This is especially true of opals found in the New World. The finest specimen thus far discovered in the United States was picked up in a rift of rock at the foot of a mountain in the Idaho desert. Only by accident did the discoverer notice it, and had he not been an expert he would probably have tossed it aside as a worthless pebble. The principal opal-deposits of Mexico and Honduras are located in the most desolate parts of these countries, and where the sky is cloudless for months at a time, in the heart of what is known as the arid region. Consequently the search can only be carried on with great hardship. This is also true of opal-mining, as it is called, in Queensland.

The dry bed of the Kistna River in India yielded the diamonds which were exchanged for merchandise in ancient times. Diamond experts say that these stones were carried about the then known world, and that they are not only scattered throughout Europe at the present time, but have even found their way across the Atlantic. Yet the location of this ancient mine resembled hundreds of other valleys in the Asiatic empire, the stones being found amid the dry gravel. Kistna has not produced any diamonds of importance for over one hundred and fifty years. Following it came the discoveries in Brazil, which established the diamond-cutting industry of Amsterdam and the other Holland cities; but fewer and fewer stones have been found in the country of the Amazon, until the value of the diggings is now so small that the average yield of the South African mines in a week equals its product for the entire year. Here, again, the diamonds were found in the gravel; but the diggers in the Kimberley region search eagerly in the volcanic rock which has proved such a treasure-house. Those who work among the softer material are called 'the yellow,' while those who go deeper are called 'the blue,' for the reason that the diamonds are found not only in the loose, yellowish formation, but in the hard, bluish-tinted rock which has been cut away to a depth of over a thousand feet below the surface, and is still giving up so many gems that in one year no less than a million carats, or six hundred and ninety-four pounds weight, have been brought to light.

The mineralogist says that rubies and sapphires are merely the red and blue varieties of corundum rock; but the pigeon's blood rubies of Burma so far excel the other kinds thus far found that they are in a class by themselves. The Burma mines have indeed a history, for the country was wrested from its original rulers in order to get control of the deposits. In Burma, as in Siam and on the island of Ceylon, the ruby-hunter looks in the soft, yellowish sand found here and there near the surface for the gems. They are seldom taken from

crevices in the rock or from a hard formation, as is so often the case with other jewels. How long the Burma sands have been searched for them may only be conjectured; but there is no question that the famous traveller Tavernier traded the magnificent emeralds in King Thebaw's collection of jewellery for the pigeon's blood rubies which were seen in the markets of eastern Europe during the Middle Ages. Those emeralds which are among the largest specimens in existence have been traced to the foothills of the Ural Mountains. Scientists believe that to-day the gems exist in quantities in the wild valleys of this region; but for the last twenty years mining operations have been almost abandoned, as the Russian Government imposes such a high tariff upon those who would search for the stones. The Spanish galleons carried emeralds from the shores of the Spanish Main, with the gold from the Incas, and gem-merchants during the present century have found specimens of great value in such cities as Cadiz and Madrid.

Of all the family of precious stones, pearls are probably more generally scattered about than any other. The pearl-fisheries are followed by thousands in the Persian Gulf; but this is only one of a score of places where the divers secure them, frequently with their naked hands in water three and four fathoms in depth. Pearls have been taken from the Gulf of Panamá for several centuries also by diving; but recently the work has been carried on with what are called dredges. A metal scoop, separated in the centre so as to form two jaws when opened, is lowered to the bottom by means of a long wooden handle. The jaws are then pulled together, catching between them any oysters which may be in the intervening space. Then the apparatus is hauled to the surface and its contents emptied into a boat. When the craft is loaded the oysters are taken ashore and left to decay in the sun, and then examined for the gems which may adhere to the inside of the shells. The same method is followed on the Upper Mississippi River in the United States, where in recent years many of the finest pearls obtained in America have been secured. Occasionally one is found which when ready for the necklace, ring, or other ornament is worth from two hundred pounds to five hundred pounds. The possibility of such a prize tempts thousands of people to search the waters not only of this stream but of several of the western rivers which empty into it.

Dredging for gems is also employed in the modern methods for securing amber. Originally it was supposed that this substance was produced by the chemical action of sea-water on stones or vegetation; but it is now known that amber really forms a part of the rock-formation beneath the Baltic. To what extent it exists is unknown even to this day, although it has been taken out for over a thousand years, as already stated. Vessels equipped with powerful excavators or shovels operated by steam are used, and the excavators, being forced along the bottom, tear up the masses of rock with their

steel jaws, and deposit the material in the hold of the vessel. When a load is secured the craft returns to the harbour, where the cargo is unloaded and carefully looked over. This is why the yield of amber has been much greater in recent years than when it was obtained merely from the deposits at the water's edge.

The turquoise, like the opal, is found in the desolate and waterless parts of the world. The principal deposits so far known are in the Persian desert and on the barren plateaus of New Mexico and Arizona. Usually the best specimens are taken from disintegrated rock, and the mining of turquoise is not only accompanied with much hardship on account of the location, but can only be performed with great difficulty. The quantity, combined with other stones as well as with gold, and by itself, is so extensive in the cities of eastern Europe that more of it is believed to be bought by gem-merchants in this way than is at present secured from the

principal mines. This is not strange, however, for not only turquoise but other precious stones are known to exist in remarkably large collections in Constantinople, as well as in cities in Turkestan, Persia, and communities of south-eastern Europe. They are hidden away in ginger-jars, rugs, old boxes, and other receptacles of the household, where the owner believes there is little prospect of search being made for them. Gem-collectors who have searched for stones in this part of the world say that no one can tell how many and what valuable specimens are thus hidden away, only to be brought to light when the owner is absolutely forced to part with them through dire necessity. Undoubtedly many a gem brought from the famous mines of India, Egypt, and Persia in the past has been thus secreted. Professor Flinders Petrie says the Egyptian mines at Sinai, worked from the 1st to the 20th Dynasty, may have yielded turquoise and copper.

## THE EXILE.

Oh, the stay-at-home and cosy !  
And the girlhood cool and rosy !  
Take ye now an English posy  
    Culled in tropic climes.

Oh, the sudden passion yearning,  
With the smothered longing burning !  
Days we knew, no more returning,  
    Calling us again.

Oh, the memories we waken  
When the hidden deeps are shaken !  
Exiled all, and all forsaken  
    Of the land we love.

Oh, the pitiless derision  
Of the clinging, haunting vision !  
Pain in every pure precision  
    Mirrored in the brain.

There was India for a reason,  
With a sudden rainy season ;  
But the brain devised a treason,  
    Dreaming in the rain.

It was seeming, only seeming,  
With the washen levels streaming ;  
Walked I then the land of dreaming,  
    Down an English lane.

Dear familiar ways and muddy,  
With the sunset warm and ruddy ;  
Kind forgotten cosy study  
    Waiting in the rain.

Some old lichen on the coping  
As I left it, and was hoping,  
And the evening owl amoping  
    In the ivy-tree.

Still the oak we used to scramble  
Standing knee-deep in the bramble,  
Winding path and woodland ramble,  
    Gloaming to the night.

In familiar fashion roaming  
From the gleaming to the gloaming,  
Clouds of sunset fleeced and foaming  
    From the fount of night.

Some old farm where I was greeted,  
Half-forgotten sounds repeated,  
With the ripe and mown and sheeted  
    Mellow meadow smell.

Still the stream that slips and glosses  
Where the little footpath crosses ;  
Still the stile, agreen with mosses,  
    Grained with history.

Some old gateway with a story,  
Where I caught a glimpse of glory—  
Light of lovers, oh, so hoary !—  
    When the world was still.

Some gray coppice all aglimmer  
With the fretted moonlight's shimmer,  
Gleaming out or frosting dimmer  
    'Mid the summer clouds.

Some old church with faded banners,  
Eloquent of men and manners,  
Dust of strife and dead hosannas  
    Dreaming in the stone.

Dust of anguish and of joyance,  
Crumbled pleasure and annoyance,  
Past the reach of e'en clairvoyance,  
    Resting in the stone.

Dainty feet arest from walking,  
Pretty lips apace from talking ;  
Cold the jest and dead the balking,  
    Silent in the stone.

Buried tales of buried treasure,  
Vanished grace of vanished leisure,  
Hushed the laugh and stilled the pleasure,  
    Echoing in the stone.

Oh, the sun on pretty faces !  
Oh, the all-forgotten graces !  
Lost delight and lawn and laces,  
    Mouldering in the stone.

It was seeming, only seeming,  
With the sodden levels steaming ;  
Gone the land and dead the dreaming—  
    Dreaming in the stone.

JOHN RAY.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### THE ESTATE-AGENT.

**I**N Scotland he is known as a factor or land-steward; in England, as an estate or land agent. Under whatever name he is known, that gentleman occupies a very responsible position, and keeps the machinery moving on great or small estates, and oftentimes exercises more power than the proprietor, who may be non-resident. He raises or reduces rents, makes valuations, and arranges for the building and repair of farms and cottages. Robert Burns, in his stinging satire on a cruel factor, noted some of the many ways in which, in the Scotland of his day, the factor might act as a tyrant:

I've noticed, on our laird's court-day,  
And monie a time my heart's been wae,  
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,  
How they maun thole a factor's snash:  
He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,  
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;  
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,  
And hear it a', and fear and tremble.

Yet we should remember that the factor here sketched, harsh as he was, may have been doing what he thought his duty and obeying instructions. The factor whose life-story forms the apology for this paper was a perfect Highland gentleman in every relation of life. No one can read the *Memoirs of a Highland Gentleman: being the Reminiscences of Evander Maciver of Seourie*, edited by the Rev. George Henderson (T. & A. Constable), without admiration. We have a picture of the administration of a great Highland estate; the trials and triumphs of the estate-agent's life, with examples, over the long period during which he held office, of the increase in comfort and well-being of crofter and farmer. When he is master of his craft, a judge of stock and of crops, a bit of a lawyer as well as business man, and a good farmer, his lot is that of a country gentleman, and he need scarcely envy the owner of the estate which he manages. No doubt he has his worries—as what situation is free of them?—but they need not be financial, as those of the owner of the estate so often are!

No. 432.—VOL. IX.

Would that William Laidlaw, the friend, factor, and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott, had left such a record as that of Evander Maciver; we had known more of the sayings and doings of Sir Walter and the brilliant circle around him at Abbotsford, as well as of his literary methods. Laidlaw was Scott's valued friend in field, stream, and study, and was introduced by him to Blackwood and Constable, for both of whom he did good literary work. His poetical feeling is shown in the song, 'Lucy's Flittin',' the scene of which may have been at The Glen, near his farm of Traquair Knowe, Innerleithen. He kept a journal of the visits made by Scott and Leyden to Yarrow and Ettrick in 1801, where the two were hunting up ballads for the *Minstrelsy*, an enterprise in which Laidlaw was also helpful. This journal has been edited by Mr James Sinton for the Hawick Archaeological Society. Portions of it were printed in the *Abbotsford Notanda* by Robert Carruthers, and in the two articles which he wrote on Laidlaw for *Chambers* in 1845. William Laidlaw (1780–1845), who was born at the sheep-farm of Blackhouse, Selkirkshire, never was a successful practical farmer, although proficient in theory and knowledge. When Scott had to part with him after 1825, he became a factor in Ross-shire. Scott said of him: 'He is one of my oldest and best friends in this country, a man of a singularly original and powerful mind, acquainted with science, well skilled in literature, and an excellent agriculturist.' Lockhart relates how Laidlaw made the suggestion which led to Scott's *St Ronan's Well*; and the turning-point in the Ettrick Shepherd's life was his residence with the Laidlaws at Blackhouse.

As there is some difference between the duties of the English estate-agent and the Scottish factor, we set down those of a land-agent in England, furnished by Mr Thomas Stirton, F.S.I., late of the War Department Estate Office, Figheldean, Salisbury, now agent to Lord Rendlesham, who defines them as follows: The letting of land, buildings, shootings, waters, and quarries. The management of home farm, woods, plantations, waters, shootings, roads, fencing, drainage, and water-supplies. The supervision of

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all estate buildings and improvements, with the surveying, valuing, and reporting upon sites for building or other purposes. The making of plans and estimates in connection with all works on the estate. The preparing of agreements and leases, overlooking the staff, and the supervision and keeping of all estate accounts and moneys. The collection of tithes, manorial, quit, and other rents; also royalties. The holding of manorial courts, and work preparatory to enfranchisement. The protection of estate from trespass. Such an estate-agent must be a gentleman of culture and have a thorough training for the position, which may be worth from two hundred to fifteen hundred pounds a year, according to size of estate, and exclusive of house.

Evander Maciver was all this, after a Scottish fashion, on the estates of the Duke of Sutherland, and something more where, as has been said, the Duke was Providence and the factor was his prophet. The position has thus been described: 'The landlord was wealthy, kind-hearted, and generous. The factor was intelligent and capable; knew every man, woman, and child in his many miles of territory; was himself of chieftain's stock, a hereditary and acknowledged leader; and, besides, had those gifts of character and intellect which raised him above those born his equals, securing for him the respect of dukes and crofters.' Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower thought Maciver the finest specimen of a Highland gentleman he had known. Maciver stood over six feet, was strong in proportion, and had a commanding presence and a fine musical voice. Dr Donald Masson, who knew him, says: 'Maciver has left his mark for good in every township in Assynt; he was great as a road-maker (like Sir John Sinclair), a promoter of education, and the faithful servant of a good master, who counted himself but God's steward for the weal of the people.' Maciver looked back with the greatest satisfaction on the help he had given to assist a thousand crofters to Upper Canada and Cape Breton. It cost the Duke about seven thousand pounds, but he says it was well-spent money; yet apparently more needs to be done in this direction.

General Booth offered some time ago to settle one thousand five hundred families on land in the colonies if the Government would provide, say, three hundred thousand pounds for that purpose. Mr Joseph Fels also made an offer. Provided the Government assisted with a sum of three hundred thousand pounds, he would make one of twenty to guarantee the settling of one thousand five hundred families in this country. Mr Herring in 1905 gave the Salvation Army control of one hundred thousand pounds in trust for home colonisation. Lady Strathcona contributed ten thousand guineas to the Queen's fund for the unemployed, nine thousand guineas of which was to be used in enabling deserving work-people and their families to emigrate to Canada.

In reading the report of the Local Government Board on the sanitary condition of the Lews, one realises to what depths our crofters and squatters

may sometimes sink when left to themselves. It recalls the saying of Lord Cockburn that where God had planted a garden, man had planted a hog-sty. In the townships of Back and Tong, in the parish of Stornoway, houses exist with walls of two rows of loose stones with earth between, and five or six feet thick. The roof is a wooden framework, on which turf is laid and covered with straw thatching, which allows of about two feet between the thatch and outside walls for moisture to trickle in. The inside walls of the living and sleeping rooms are in most cases covered with a thin layer of clay, which is whitewashed. The houses are entered through a door leading into the byre, and from it you either enter the living-room directly or through a door in the wooden partition. The floor of the house is the surface-soil covered with a thin layer of clay. From the living-room, in the centre of the clay floor, the smoke curls up from a peat-fire and finds its way through a hole in the roof. Sitting round the floor in their stockings are old women and young bare-footed children; sheep, lambs, and other animals are sometimes there also. In the byre, separated only by a wooden partition from the living-room, the cows may be standing up to their knees in manure, with a percolation of fluid into the sleeping-room.

It is good to know that strong efforts are being made by the people themselves and by the sanitary authorities to improve matters. Provost Anderson of Stornoway, in noting what has been done, said lately that nine hundred new houses had been built since the passing of the Crofters Act. Many of these houses had been built with the help of servant-girls and young men who had left the island to seek their livelihood in the south. The Congested Districts Board is also doing its best towards improvement. Mr Maciver and the Duke of Sutherland did all they could to ameliorate the condition of the crofters. When the Sutherland family acquired the Reay estates in 1829 a road was made, sixty-one miles in length, at a cost of forty thousand pounds, which proved of immense benefit to the crofters. On the deer-forest there was an annual outlay of four thousand five hundred pounds.

The importance of the factor or estate-agent is great when large land reclamation schemes are afoot. The first Duke of Sutherland would have been well advised if he had taken the advice of his factors as to land reclamation near Lairg. The Duke, acting as his own commissioner, spent over one hundred thousand pounds on the Shiness land-reclamations, much of the deep mosses costing over forty pounds an acre. His efforts ended in failure, and much of the land has reverted to its original worthlessness. Maciver's advice to take in fifty or sixty acres at a time by way of experiment was thrown away.

Evander Maciver was born at Stornoway, 9th September 1811. His mother, Catherine Robertson, was a daughter of the Collector of Customs, Stornoway; his father was a general merchant, who sent his son to Edinburgh in order that he might receive

a good education. He attended Edinburgh Academy and University, and gained, besides other accomplishments, a knowledge of Latin and Greek, while town life smartened up the country-bred boy. Scott once visited the Academy, and young Maciver read a part of his lesson in the novelist's hearing. He remembered the heavy, dull-looking, red-faced, gray-haired gentleman, who kept his head and face down without the smallest appearance of animation. After an apprenticeship at farming, young Maciver helped his father in business, and from 1834 to 1845 acted as factor to Mr Davidson of Tulloch, a well-known Highland gentleman. At the same time he acted as bank-agent in Dingwall, and greatly increased the business, before his appointment as factor to the Duke of Sutherland at Scourie in 1845, at a salary of four hundred pounds a year, with a free house and a small farm. He lived to the patriarchal age of ninety-two, and having retired in 1895, at the age of eighty-five, from his factorship to the Duke of Sutherland, became occupant of Scourie House and offices, with an annuity of three hundred pounds a year, retaining also his post as agent for the deer-forests of the Duke of Westminster. He was an elder in the Church of Scotland, and factor in succession for three Dukes of Sutherland, in Assynt, Durness, and Eddrachillis.

Casting his eye backward over a long life, Maciver notices how greatly the working-classes have improved their position, with higher wages and cheaper food, including tea and sugar. He had paid a shilling a pound for sugar which can now be got for twopence halfpenny, and five shillings and six shillings per pound for tea which can now be had for one shilling and sixpence or two shillings. Clothing and shoes, he thinks, are dearer than they were fifty years ago; but the condition of the working-classes has been greatly ameliorated. One indication is that they get butcher meat, then a luxury only indulged in upon great occasions. The income of proprietors from arable land is one-half what it was half a century ago. Some of the sheep-farms on Highland estates have fallen 50 per cent., chiefly owing to the decline in value of home-grown wool. The imports from Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape are partly responsible for this. The large imports of stock have also kept down the price of cattle and sheep. More than once in his narrative Maciver states that were it not for the rents paid for shootings and fishings on Highland estates, especially those upon which crofters are numerous, they would produce little or nothing for the landlord. The burden of rates and assessment for the poor, lunacy, and police, in addition to expense of management, swallows up a large portion of the rents, leaving little over. The Australian sheep-farmers, apart from droughts, can make money; but it would appear that some people make money in this country also, for Maciver mentions a certain William Gunn who came to Sutherland in 1832 with five hundred pounds, and died worth twenty-five thousand.

Mr Maciver lived to see the times change as chronicled by the poet:

Thus, where the shrouded hills for ages past  
Had known no voices save the storms and streams,  
Scandal and gossip now profane the blast,  
And daily posts disturb the poet's dreams.

Where the lone eagle swept the vacant air,  
Fashion's gay creatures now distract the sight;  
Wild birds of paradise flit here and there,  
And owls of politics infest the night.

'Parritch' scarce lingers on the breakfast scene,  
'Toddy' still dribbles, but the claret flows,  
And the rich incense of the French cuisine  
Smothers the haggis and the hardy brose.

Mr Maciver, although he did not admire Mr Gladstone as a politician, liked him as a man. He met the great statesman between 1850 and 1860, once at Dunrobin and next at Loch Inver, and travelled in his company from Loch Inver to Scourie, and thence to Lochmore Lodge. The factor found Mr Gladstone simple in his manners, pleasing and agreeable in society, with an insatiable curiosity regarding Highland subjects, especially as to the superstitions of the common people. Mr Maciver was able to introduce Mr Gladstone to certain people who believed that there were persons who had the power of injuring the milk of cows belonging to any one they disliked. On one occasion the cows of Mr Macdonald of Loch Inver ceased to give milk for a day or two. A sailor on board one of his vessels was credited with the power of restoring it. He was sent for, and said he would require an hour or two in the milk-house for that purpose. After he came out and returned to his ship, it was found that he had drunk the cream off every dish in the dairy. The cows are said to have recovered in a day or two. Mr Gladstone at dinner asked Mr Maciver if he had ever seen an eagle at Scourie. He replied, only too often, and that they were destructive to lambs, pouncing upon them, and carrying them off to their nests to feed their young ones. Mr Maciver's wife's mother was a relative of Mr John Gladstone; his own wife was related to Flora Macdonald, and possessed some relics of Prince Charles Edward. He liked Sir John Fowler, the engineer of the Forth Bridge. Mr Maciver was the intermediary in connection with the purchase of a Highland estate, upon which Sir John built a mansion at a cost of thirty thousand pounds. He spent some time with Sir John Millais at Fowler's mansion of Braemore, and took the artist to the island of Handa, where the cliffs are very high and perpendicular, and where sea-birds nestle in thousands. They saw a man at the top of the cliffs, in seaman's dress, with a rope in his hand, catching birds with a rod and line in which there was a loop which was passed over the head of the bird. The rod was pulled up, and the birds were killed and put in a bag, and afterwards they were salted in barrels for winter use. Millais regretted he could not stay to paint the wild scenery here.

Mr Maciver's advice to discouraged emigrants is worthy of Smiles or Andrew Carnegie: 'Almost all

our troubles and misfortunes arise from the want of good, honest, steady qualities, either in ourselves or others. My advice to you is not to come back to this country, but to stay where you are.' He helped many deserving young people who showed ability and perseverance. One who knew him records: 'He had to do the best for the Duke, but he had also to do the best for the Duke's people. His was no mere policy of getting the highest possible rental from the land; he had to see that no rent was higher than the tenant could afford to pay. He had to suggest and carry out improvements in churches, schools, roads; the administration of justices' justice and public health were indeed among the minor of his cares. The improvement of flocks and herds; the provision of fresh seed-potatoes, oats, and barley; the introduction of new agricultural machinery, manure, and appliances—these were his care and duty all his life.' That he did all this so well for half a century enrolls him high in the ranks of estate-agents.

The estate-agent, proprietor, farmer, philanthropist, are all at work in their own way, and the strong light of public opinion is shed on the problem of the condition of the people. There has been published *The Principles of Landed Estate Management*, by H. H. Smith (Arnold). *The Report of the Scottish Commission on Agriculture in Denmark* (Blackwood) is of value to farmers and factors. Of general interest is *How to Build or Buy a Country Cottage* (Heinemann). Then there are *Modern Housing in Town and Country*, by James Cornes, and *The Book of the Cheap Cottages Exhibition*, held at Letch-

worth, which contains plans for cottages from one hundred and fifty pounds upwards. Thousands of visitors went to see the Garden City at Letchworth; almost every landowner in the House of Commons paid the place a visit. Lord Carrington has given his experience in cottage-building. He has provided cottages in Buckinghamshire and Lincolnshire for forty-three families at a cost of six thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven pounds, or one hundred and fifty-six pounds fourteen shillings each. The cottages are of brick, and each contains a kitchen, sitting-room, three bedrooms, wash-house, and pantry. The foolish restrictions of many rural boards do not seem to have pressed heavily with him. But there is nothing wonderful about the price mentioned above. The Congested Districts Board of Scotland has built well-planned and comfortable cottages in the island of Lewis at a much lower figure than those at Letchworth. The Duke of Bedford, in his story of *A Great Agricultural Estate* (Murray), in which he relates the origin of Woburn and Thorney, and reviews its history for eighty years, concludes that while the circumstances of the labourers had improved, taxation, both local and imperial, had increased; that rent had disappeared not only from Thorney but from his Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire estates; and that the possession of these properties now entailed upon the owner a heavy annual loss. Men such as Evander Maciver, who know where the shoe pinches, are invaluable in making the most and best of such conditions.

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER XXX.

**T**HE season was drawing to a close. It would not be true to say that Betty had not rather enjoyed it on the whole. With youth and health careering through her veins, beautiful and much admired, she certainly was able to throw herself into the distractions of the hour; but there was an intolerable ache and bitter sense of injury ever present with her when she had time to think.

She had loved Harlestone very deeply, and was not a girl to love lightly or able to un-love easily. The very thought of marriage with any one else was repugnant to her, and she refused more than one good offer in the course of the season.

She enjoyed her rides in the Park with her uncle, Lord Forsyth, as much as anything.

They were pacing up the side of the Row one evening when a couple flashed past them. The Row was thinning, and a canter might be indulged in with safety.

'Why, that is Jack!' said Lord Forsyth. 'Who is the lovely lady?'

'Mrs Foggo,' said Betty uneasily. 'She is a great

friend of Jack's. It is curious, for Jack does not usually trouble himself much about ladies. Shooting is all he really cares for, and he hates London and going out. Mother has the greatest difficulty in getting him to go to a ball occasionally.'

'Humph!' said his lordship. 'I know Foggo a little. Rather a good chap. Rolling in money. He gave me seven hundred pounds for a horse called Jackdaw once, after seeing him jump the Langton brook with one of the whips. I think Master Jack had better beware of Mrs Foggo, though. Rather a *belle dame sans merci* style of lady, don't you know. So I am told; but I must not talk like this to you, child.'

Betty smiled. 'One sees and learns a good many new things during a London season, Uncle Daddy, I find.'

'I suppose so, worse luck!' he muttered. 'But I must go home, dear. I am dining early and going to a play for once.' And they turned out of the Park and went their respective ways.

As Betty had said, up to now young Fitzhugh had cared but little for ladies' society. Grouse and black-game, even the plump partridge and fat



pheasant, far outweighed its charms in his young eyes. He hated what he called 'rotting about London' and going out; but now a change had come over him. Mrs Foggo had come across him at a ball, to which he had been taken, much against his will, by his mother, and had cast an approving glance on the tall young figure and close-cropped curly head, and had bidden her slave for the time being bring him up to her to be introduced.

'You won't get much out of him,' said the slave sullenly. 'He hates ladies, and only cares for grouse and dogs.'

'Does he?' she said, smiling. 'How nice! Go and fetch him.'

Her bidding was done, and Jack spent the rest of the evening at her side. They danced together, supped together, sat out together, and she drove him home in her brougham.

Now Jack was to be seen in every ballroom and haunt where she was likely to be found, slipping into the place of the discarded slave, who gnashed his teeth with fury, and took up with a 'Gaiety girl,' a strange but coarse likeness of Mrs Foggo, on whom he lavished diamonds to such an extent as entirely deprived his parents and pretty young sisters of their customary house for the London season for years to come, when the bloom was considerably off the rye with all of them.

Mrs Foggo kept her adorers well in hand. George Foggo had no fears on the head that she would allow them to overstep the line she drew. His passion for her beautiful face had burnt itself out long ago, and he took a kind of grim pleasure in watching her games, as he called them. He had fathomed her cold, cruel nature to its depths, and knew her power of inflicting suffering but too well; but she was absolutely passionless. He had been madly in love with her, thinking, with the fatuousness of men, that such love as his must meet with a response in time; she was so young, her home had been so unhappy, and he had taken her out of it. He was pathetically patient. She had only to breathe a wish and it was gratified. He was at her feet.

At length he awoke from his dream. He saw her torture a little pet animal he had given her, and a huge disgust and revulsion arose in him, and he saw her as she was. He shook his great shoulders, breathed a heavy sigh of freedom, and went his own way. He stood by her side in the eyes of the world; but henceforth he led his own life apart.

He saw how it was with Jack, and was a little sorry for the bright boy, and would have saved him from his fate. 'He is too good for that,' he said to himself. 'But what's one to do?' he said, with a French shrug, as he lit a big cigar.

Jack was growing haggard. The fever was in his blood, and ragged. The strain was telling on him, and Betty's pillow was often wet with tears when she saw how ill and worried he looked. Mrs Foggo played with him as a cat plays with a mouse, and the boy's whole nature seemed changed, and he only

lived in her presence. All else was as nothing to him.

'Thank Heaven the season is nearly over!' thought Betty. 'He will surely come to Dunscaith for the grouse.'

The boy, tossing and groaning on his feverish bed at night, vowed over and over again that he would keep away from the woman who was poisoning his life.

'Sometimes I hate her,' he thought, 'and then she seems to understand, and looks at me with her great liquid eyes, and asks what is the matter, laying her soft hand on mine, and I feel as if I could sell my soul to crush her to death in my arms. And Foggo is so jolly to me always; he is such a good chap. What on earth shall I do? For she says she is dying to come to Dunscaith. What on earth—what on earth shall I do?' and again he turned his hot pillow.

## CHAPTER XXXI.



T was very hot. The wood pavement threw off acrid fumes which floated in at the window of her drawing-room, where Lady Fitzhugh sat, arrayed in a comfortable and flowing foulard gown, waving a huge green fan to and fro.

An odious neighbour had lately painted his house, and the oily smell also floated in on the summer breeze, which caused the sun-blinds to flap and the smuts and dirty bits of paper in the street to dance, but failed to cool the air.

Johnnie lay flat on his back on the carpet, on a spot of sunshine that had stolen in, his four paws in the air, his head on one side, his pink tongue lolling out. The door opened, and Betty came in; but he was too exhausted to do more than wag his tail in a feeble manner.

'My dear, how can you look so cool?' said Lady Fitzhugh. Betty was garbed in a white cotton frock, a big white hat on her head, a bunch of deep-red roses in her hand. 'Do look at Johnnie! Did you ever see such an impossible attitude?'

'I brought you these, mother; they are such a fine colour, and like those on the bush in the corner of the garden at Dunscaith. They made me long for Dunscaith.'

'Yes. I, too, am beginning to long for Dunscaith. Of course we must wait for the garden party at the Palace, and I think we might go home the day after. We have done the season handsomely, and no one can say we have hidden ourselves under bushels.' Lady Fitzhugh's metaphors were sometimes rather peculiar. 'Don't say anything to Joice, or she will begin packing at once, and whatever I want will be "at the bottom of the large dress-basket, m'lady. Does your ladyship wish me to unpack the dress-basket?" It makes me hot to think of her.'

'Poor old Joice!' said Betty. 'I think a move

takes years off her life. Odd, for she must have made many in the course of her career. I will just go and put these in water in your room, mother.'

It was the day of the Queen's garden party—a lovely day, still and clear for London, a pleasant air tempering the rays of the brilliant sun. It was, alas and alas! the last time on which many of her devoted subjects would gaze on the beloved and revered features of the Queen; the last time on which the exquisite silvery tones of the most beautiful voice in the world would be heard by the favoured ones to whom she spoke during her progresses through the crowd in the gardens, in her carriage with its gray horses and the scarlet-coated outriders: gentle, gracious words to the mother with sons at the front in South Africa

fighting her battles; to the wife whose husband had returned safe, if maimed for life; to the old whose life-histories she knew; to some of the young.

We shall never see her like again. She is now one of the saints of God, taking the rest she has indeed earned after the long life so full of immense, and probably at times almost intolerable, responsibility, care, and private sorrow.

The great heart so easily moved by the sorrows of others is still.

This sad earth has surely been made better by her life and example; but the loss to the Empire over which she ruled so long with such inspired wisdom and goodness must always be irreparable, and is not yet realised in its far-reaching magnitude.

(To be continued.)

## WHY RAILWAYS DO NOT PAY BETTER.

By ONE IN THE SECRET.

**T**HE total paid-up capital of British railways at the end of 1904 was approximately £1,268,500,000, and the average dividend paid thereon was only 3·42 per cent. The reader may, therefore, pertinently inquire, 'Why do not British railways pay better?' The question looks so simple that one probably expects an immediate and concise answer. An approximately correct answer would be, 'Because of the competition between the railways themselves;' but an explanation of the answer shows that the reasons are much more complex and obscure than the words at first blush denote. We shall also show later that mismanagement and extravagance are other factors that contribute to the low dividends paid by British railways.

In the first place, we would point out that our railways do not pay quite so badly as the figures already quoted would lead the reader to assume. There is included in the total capital the not inconsiderable sum of £193,500,000, representing over 15 per cent. of the paid-up capital, vulgarly known as 'water,' but euphoniously described in the official returns as 'nominal additions on the consolidation, conversion, and division of stocks.' Excluding this sum, the average rate of dividend is 4·03 per cent., which by no means can be considered a fair return upon the capital invested.

The first item of loss caused by the acute competition between the railways results from the construction of competing lines, or the building of railways through districts the traffic from which it is known from the first can never produce a profit. Railway directors and experts describe such lines as 'strategic railways,' and defend their construction by asserting that if they (the A Railway) do not occupy the district, the competing company (the B Railway) will do so. The inferred logic of this

method of reasoning is that it pays the A Railway to build a line and *work it at a loss* to prevent the B Railway from doing so! The ordinary businessman would soon be in the bankruptcy court if he conducted his affairs on this philanthropic basis.

With regard to lines that actually compete, the method of procedure is somewhat as follows: The C Railway has a lucrative traffic from Z to X; so in course of years the D Railway, by devious means, manages to get a route between the same places. The same volume of traffic must now be divided between the two railways; but though the traffic was sufficient to support the original line, a half of the revenue falls far short of paying it an adequate dividend, whilst the new line, which has doubtless cost 50 per cent. more to construct, fares far worse. The figures would probably work out like this: Original dividend earned by the C Railway, with the whole of the traffic, 5 per cent. The additional facilities and services provided in consequence of the competition have probably reduced the profit to 4 per cent., of which C's portion is half—2 per cent. As the new line cost more to construct, its share of the profit would not pay more than 1½ per cent.; but it must of necessity work the traffic at a greater percentage of the gross receipts than the original line, hence the actual working may result in a loss or a profit up to ½ per cent. or so on the capital outlay.

Readers may probably wonder why railways are so willing to undertake the construction of these competing and 'strategic' lines. Each company has a large staff of officers, such as solicitors, surveyors, valuers, and engineers, who must be kept employed, or otherwise the railways would dispense with their services; then outside assistance in all the professions mentioned above has to be invoked in connection with the projection and construction of the new lines, and most men are willing to do

their friends a 'good turn' when some one else bears the cost. 'Good turns' (at the shareholders' expense) amongst railway officers are all too common. The Z Railway promotes a Bill, and calls as witnesses on its behalf the general manager of the Y Company, the goods manager of the X Company, the traffic superintendent of the W Company, and the engineer of the V Company. The D Railway, which opposes the Bill, calls a similar set of witnesses from the E, F, G, and H Railways. All these officers are paid extravagant fees, and are away from their real work for many weeks during each parliamentary session; and, strange as it may seem, the railways manage to be worked as efficiently by the subordinate officials as if all the highly paid officers were each directing their respective departments.

The whole system of promoting Bills and opposing rival parliamentary schemes is extravagant and wasteful. Not only are all the chief officers away from their real duties during the time Parliament is sitting; but, in addition, during the autumn the legal, engineering, and surveying staff are fully employed in preparing the campaign for the next session. The several thousand pounds that figure in the half-yearly accounts as 'Parliamentary Expenses' do not take into account the great length of time that all the chief officers, with huge salaries and a whole host of attendants, devote to the parliamentary fight. There are also the railway contractors, and builders of locomotives and rolling-stock, who are naturally always anxious for new lines to be built; these gentlemen, as may be expected, make it their business to be on the best of terms with the railway magnates. Indeed, when the companies cannot be persuaded to embark on extensions, the contractors promote new lines on their own initiative. It is not, therefore, surprising that of the total capital, some £86,000,000 receive no dividend, whilst about £28,000,000 receive 1 per cent. or less, and only £869,172 received during 1904 between 9 and 10 per cent., a rate of interest which railways as commercial undertakings might reasonably be expected to return to their stockholders.

The direct competition between the railways is acute and mostly unnecessary, although the public get some advantage from it, but nothing commensurate with the energy expended by the railways. Four railways (London and North-Western, Midland, Great Northern, and Great Central) compete for the London-Manchester traffic, and each runs a full service of trains daily at about the same hours. This is ruinous competition; half the trains run by one of the lines—the London and North-Western Railway, for instance—could convey the whole of the traffic. Leicester, Nottingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Birmingham, Exeter, Plymouth, and other towns are served on somewhat the same, but quite unnecessarily liberal, scale.

The services between London and Scotland are

another example of this form of wasteful competition; and now the Midland has introduced acute competition into the English-Irish services by inaugurating the Heysham-Belfast service at a capital outlay of some millions, the amount of which is hidden from the shareholders unless they take the half-yearly reports for the many years during which the Heysham Harbour was under construction, and add together the sums therein mentioned as expended on the work each half-year. Usually such figures are shown in the half-yearly reports; but the Midland only states the sum expended during the past half-year, and does not show the amount previously expended, thus withholding from the shareholders useful information. The Midland Railway, for years before it projected the Heysham route, had a third-share in the Barrow-Belfast steamers, and upon the opening of the new route it purchased another share; whilst recently it has acquired from the Furness Railway the remainder of the interest in the Barrow steamers, so that at the present time the Midland Railway is running two services of its own to and from Belfast that compete with each other! No one suggests that the former service was not adequate for the traffic, and certainly nobody alleges that the new route has induced more passengers to travel to or from Ireland, or resulted in additional goods being forwarded, beyond the normal increase in the traffic.

Readers are beginning to learn why railways do not pay better.

Another form of competition that is conducted at a ruinous expense is the recently developed through service between the north and Midlands and the south of England. A few years ago the Great Central Railway introduced the service, and apparently they were successful enough to encourage other railways to follow suit; at any rate, the services were a good advertisement. The London and North-Western Railway was soon running through trains to the London, Brighton, and South Coast line. Last summer the Midland and Great Northern introduced through services to the London and South-Western, and South-Eastern and Chatham, Railways, and the Great Western Railway also increased its through service. We should not like to set out in cold print the loss these through services inflict upon the companies. Three or four passengers for the through coaches are a good load; but frequently they travel with but one, whilst sometimes no passengers are carried by the Great Northern and Midland through coaches. The average actual cost of running trains is 39'83d. per train-mile, so that forty third-class passengers would be required for each of the through trains to pay working expenses. The loss to the railways from these services must amount to a large sum in the twelve months.

Competition between railways has given to travellers the numerous advantages they now enjoy; but, as passengers pay no more for these benefits, obviously their cost comes out of the profits that belong to the shareholders. When it is borne in mind that



for a penny a mile, or less, one can travel in a dining-car, reclining in an arm-chair stuffed and padded, the coach being steam-heated and electrically lighted, and having lavatory accommodation—magazines with which to while away the time are even provided in some instances—it is evident we are getting good value for our money.

The speed of the trains has greatly increased, and consequently more powerful engines, heavier rolling-stock, and stronger permanent way are necessary; all these mean additional expense both in first cost and maintenance to the railways. Such advantages being available for the 'penny-a-miler,' it is not surprising that second-class and first-class travellers form a negligible quantity of the total.

When the parliamentary fare was fixed at a penny a mile, the percentage of working expenses to gross receipts was nearer 40 per cent. than 50 per cent.; to-day the cost of working is 62 per cent. of the gross receipts. Parliamentary passengers were then carried at a speed of twelve miles an hour by one train per day; the railway obtaining the bulk of the passenger receipts from third-class passengers at about 1½d. a mile, second-class about 2d., and first-class nearly 3d. a mile by ordinary trains. Additional fares were charged by the express trains; but we have pointed out that the railways have renounced all their rights in these directions, and so lessened the receipt per passenger, whilst the concessions granted have raised the cost of conveyance.

The working expenses have increased in other directions; but these cannot be charged against the companies, although the additional expenses reduce the profit. The most flagrant increase is in rates and taxes. These ten years ago were just over £3,000,000; now they amount to £5,000,000, being an increase of nearly 60 per cent. in ten years. For the past five years the increase has been at the rate of about £250,000 a year. Again, the shorter hours now worked by the employes, the higher wages paid, the elaborate precautions insisted upon by the Board of Trade, and the appreciation of all materials have materially assisted in increasing the cost of working, which at the present time amounts to 5s. 2d. out of every 8s. 4d. received by the railways.

In most trades, when the cost of production increases, the price of the commodity is raised; but competition between the railways prevents even a suggestion of raising the fares. Third-class passengers would doubtless vigorously protest if the fare was three-halfpence a mile; but taking into account the increase in the cost of working the lines, three-halfpence a mile third-class bears about the same proportion to the working expenses as a penny a mile did sixty years ago.

Further sources of loss to railways are the many 'side-shows' run by the companies—such as colossal hotels costing fabulous sums to erect and work, steamboat and omnibus services, dining-cars, docks, harbours, and various other devices for losing money that will occur to the reader.

The reasons we have already given for railways not paying better, although disastrous to the shareholders, are mostly of some benefit to the railway traveller; but there are other reasons why railways do not pay better, and from these the public gain no advantage.

The general expenses of British railways are on a lavish scale. Commencing with gigantic offices and an army of officials and clerks, we find that money is expended in a reckless manner on every hand. Everything is of the best, no expense is spared, and every officer upwards from the hundred and one chiefs of the many sub-departments can practically spend money in 'expenses' of some kind or another. Were these men conducting businesses of their own, it is safe to say that the expenses would not amount to half the sums now disbursed.

It is difficult to point out the exact items, and they are not distinguishable in the published accounts; but one need spend but a day in any of the departmental offices of a railway to learn how money is wasted. Here are some of the items taken from the 'Abstracts' relative to the expenses that accompany the half-yearly accounts:

#### LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

*Half-year to June 1905.*

<i>Maintenance of Way.</i> —Salaries, office expenses, and general superintendence.....	£38,126
<i>Locomotive Power.</i> —Salaries, office expenses, and general superintendence.....	38,633
Special expenditure.....	11,043
<i>Traffic Expenses.</i> —Salaries, wages, &c.....	1,136,597
<i>General Charges.</i> —Salaries of secretary, general manager, accountants, and clerks.....	53,825
Office expenses, sundries.....	8,777
Travelling expenses: directors, managers, &c.*	1,212
Sundry expenses not classed.....	24,824
Total for six months.....	£1,313,537

How is it possible for any shareholder to discover how many hundred thousand pounds of the £1,313,537 might not have been saved had due economy been exercised? Two items, however, are significant—namely, nearly £25,000 in the 'General Charges' entered as 'Sundry Expenses not classed,' and over £11,000 in the 'Locomotive Power,' which is ambiguously described as 'Special Expenditure.' Seeing that the heading 'Special Expenditure' regularly appears each half-year, we fail to see why it should be so described.

Although we have given figures from the London and North-Western Railway accounts, much the same course is adopted by the other companies. The Midland has an item of £7430 for 'Miscellaneous Expenses' in Traffic Expenses 'Abstract.' On the Great Central the 'Travelling Expenses' amount to £1789. Miscellaneous, office, travelling, and incidental expenses cost the North-Eastern Railway £10,700 for the six months; the North British spends £11,000 for the same items, but in

\* They travel free by railway, so that the items are probably hotel expenses.

respect of many items of expenditure this company compares favourably with others, especially the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, which charges £14,634 for 'Miscellaneous Expenses,' £7415 for 'Office and Incidental Expenses,' and £5035 for advertising.

It is obvious that a careful manager could save many thousands of pounds each half-year. The reason they do not do so is probably that, in the case of successful companies, the saving would make no appreciable difference to the dividend (£428,856 a year is required to pay 1 per cent. on the ordinary capital of the London and North-Western Railway); whilst most of the unsuccessful companies are so far off the dividend-point that the saving of a few thousands a year is apparently not worth worrying about.

Readers will say, 'But how about new brooms?' These do not 'sweep clean' for long in railway administration. If a junior be energetic in suggesting reforms he is snubbed; his superior officers look upon his proposals as a species of censure upon themselves, and the reformer and economist is given distinctly to understand that such energy does not tend to promotion. So the wise man who wants a better position tries to please his chief rather than to work for the benefit of the shareholders. By the time one of these 'reformers' has reached an independent position in the administration the need for energy no longer exists; he has reached his goal, and so as a chief-officer he reasons, 'Why worry about things? Personally, I gain nothing by so doing, so I may as well take life easily and let things go on in the old groove.'

Railways suffer from a superfluity of officers. A man obtains a leading position in the administration, and when vacancies occur, his sons, nephews, and other relatives fill them. A chief retires, and a new one takes his place and introduces *his* relatives; and so things go on from generation to generation. The 'vested interests' at such centres as Euston, for example, would appal an outsider were he to examine the salaries-list and see how frequently the same favoured surnames occur.

The directors who appoint the staff frequently have to provide places for their protégés, so that a good number of people are appointed not because they possess aptitude for the position, but because they happen to have influence among the directors, whom, of course, the shareholders pay. A chief officer on a line running to the north was recently retired on full pay so that his position might be given to a protégé of an athletic friend of an athletic son of the chairman!

The London County Council has been running steamers (at the ratepayers' expense) and losing about £1700 weekly over them during the present winter. As the London County Council is a public body, the discussions at the meetings are reported in the press, and the public learn something of its shortcomings; but the Board meetings of railways are private, so the public hear nothing of the money

expended on non-paying services or lost through errors of policy and mistakes made by the chief officers. Every care is taken to keep the knowledge of the latter from the Board, and the executive officers support each other in their efforts to prevent their mistakes from being made public.

Here are a few examples of how the shareholders' money is thrown away. About eight years ago the London and North-Western Railway had some half a million of money sunk in gasworks for carriage-lighting. It was then decided to abandon gas and use electricity. The Great Northern Railway obtained powers to widen their line at Finsbury Park on the west side, and several properties were purchased. There were two rather large properties about which terms could not be arranged; but instead of referring the case to arbitration, the company abandoned the idea of widening on that side of the line and incurred the expense of a fresh Act of Parliament to allow of the widening taking place on the east side. Here a triangular block of shop property had to be acquired, including a post-office and bank. The property was purchased, the leaseholders were compensated, and the shopkeepers bought out, all at inflated prices, as might be expected. Then when the bank and post-office had erected new premises elsewhere, and the other property was unoccupied—the tradesmen had taken shops somewhere else—the company decided not to proceed with the widening at all! Some of the shops have been relet at nominal rents, and others are empty. Probably the income received from the properties does not pay  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. on the capital sunk in them. A policy such as the above helps one to understand why it is railways do not pay better.

The electric locomotives of the Central London Railway (the Twopenny Tube) are another example of this class of waste. For some reason or another, only heavy engines were provided for working the line instead of motors affixed to some of the coaches. Soon after the line was opened there was an outcry consequent upon vibration set up by these heavy locomotives; their use was thereupon abandoned, and the more economical plan of having the motors attached to certain of the passenger-coaches substituted. The original locomotives are now discarded; but they have cost the shareholders some £69,000, and interest has to be paid on this sum for ever.

In the same manner the electrification of the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Railways has resulted in the steam locomotive and usual type of passenger-coaches being discarded. They are being disposed of at almost scrap-iron prices as opportunity offers; but as they figure in the balance-sheets of the companies as having cost £1,014,728, the result is that, although the assets have disappeared, interest still has to be paid on the sum they cost the shareholders.

A few years back the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway caused general surprise by locating its

London district locomotive-sheds at Slades Green, near Dartford, some sixteen miles from Charing Cross. We will not stop to inquire (a) the reason that caused the directors to adopt this course, (b) who were the owners of the land that was acquired for the purpose of erecting the depôt at this part, (c) the price given for the land, (d) nor the cost of erecting the engine-sheds, repair-shops, and accessories. The result is, however, that every engine located at Slades Green has to run daily about thirty-two miles 'light.' Assuming that an average of one hundred engines perform the journey to London from Slades Green and back three hundred times a year, we have  $32 \times 100 \times 300 = 960,000$  miles of 'light' engine-running a year. The Board of Trade returns show that the cost of locomotive power per train-mile on the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway for 1904 was 11.79d. There is nothing to indicate whether the cost of 'light' engine-mileage has been added to the locomotive expenses before dividing the expenditure by the number of train-miles run for the purpose of arriving at the average cost of locomotive-power per train-mile. If it has, however, there are other expenses incurred consequent upon the 'light' engine-running that have not been so charged, such as the wear of the permanent way, signals, signalling apparatus, telegraphs, &c. It is evident, therefore, that if the cost of the 'light' engine-mileage be not included in the figures upon which the Board of Trade calculations are based, the total expense (actual and consequential) is about 13d. per 'light' engine-mile; but if the cost be included in the published figures, 10d. per mile would probably cover the actual and consequential expense. Basing our calculations upon the lower estimate, we find that consequent upon the London district running-sheds being located at Slades Green, instead of in the neighbourhood of Rotherhithe, four miles from Charing Cross, the company is year in and year out needlessly spending £30,000 on this 'light' engine-running,  $100 \text{ engines} \times 300 \text{ days} \times 24 \text{ miles}$  (difference being Slades Green and Charing Cross as against Rotherhithe and Charing Cross)  $\times 10\text{d.}$ , a sum sufficient to pay 3 per cent. interest on a capital of one million pounds!

The locomotive department of nearly all railways is a particularly wasteful one, and at the present time the waste is especially noticeable. There is a mania for mammoth locomotives, and most of the railways are constructing monster engines capable of hauling the heavy trains at the highest speeds; but they have in normal times no trains that need such powerful locomotives; consequently these giants constructed to haul four hundred tons at sixty miles an hour are put to work trains weighing one hundred or one hundred and fifty tons travelling forty to fifty miles an hour—work that can be performed quite as efficiently and much more economically by the smaller engines formerly in use. This is not the whole of the trouble. Each locomotive engineer has his own ideas, and as soon as a new chief is

appointed he commences to put his pet theories into operation and to undo (at great expense) all that his predecessor did that does not correspond with the views of the new locomotive superintendent. This expensive change of policy is in full operation on the London and North-Western Railway at the present time. The late chief mechanical engineer was a firm believer in compound locomotives, and during recent years built many hundred engines on the compound principle. His successor is a firm adherent to the 'simple' system, and is scrapping or converting the compounds as quickly as possible, at the same time building new simple engines of his own design in place of the compounds—of course at the shareholders' expense.

The following extract from a lecture by an American railroad officer shows that the locomotive faddist is not unknown in the United States:

'A certain railroad company bought about twenty locomotives of the consolidation class, having the main rod connected to the second pair of drivers. Another company in similar territory ordered the same number built from the same specifications, except that the main pin was placed on the third pair of wheels. After some months of service each company decided to change this particular feature, the one having the long main rod shortened, and the other having the short rod lengthened, with the result that each one (by their figures) proved a gain of 10 to 12 per cent. in efficiency. Only a few years later two prominent trunk-lines in similar territory bought some heavy modern engines; the drivers of one line were fifty-one inch centres, and the other forty-six inch. The first-mentioned line decided to increase the hauling capacity of their engines by reducing the size of the wheel, and purchased and applied forty-six-inch wheel-centres. The other line about this time decided to make their engines more efficient by changing to a larger wheel; so they bought the wheel-centres thrown aside by the first-mentioned company, and put them on their engines, scrapping theirs; and it was claimed by each company that their engines were 10 to 15 per cent. more efficient. The question may arise in the minds of some as to how many changes of the kind mentioned above would have to be made to produce an engine of just twice the capacity of the original machine. Others may say that it was the result of a "fad" in each case. Some may suggest poor design. I shall leave you to draw your own conclusions, and I will not intrude my views further than to suggest that neither of the changes, in my opinion, added much to the shareholders' dividends or reduced the cost of maintenance of equipment.'

Much the same wasteful practice obtains in all departments of our railways, but it is more pronounced and especially noticeable in the locomotive department.

There are other reasons why railways do not pay better; but we have probably said sufficient to enable readers to form an opinion as to certain



things that should be done, and—what is quite as important—things that should not be done, so that our railways may be able to pay a fair dividend upon the capital invested in them.

One thing the shareholders should strenuously insist upon—namely, the restriction of capital expenditure as much as possible. Were the capital account closed altogether, numerous items now charged to capital would have to be borne by

revenue, and if such were the case the directors and officers would act in a more economical manner, as they would be certain that the shareholders would not agree to many items of expenditure if they were charged to revenue. Under present circumstances these outlays are charged to capital; and as this is easily obtainable, the shareholders do not criticise the expenditure as they would if the money were diverted from dividends.

## 'AUGUSTA SAYS.'

### CHAPTER III.



EXT day, as I sauntered into the club dining-room about luncheon-time, the first man I espied was my nephew Tom M'Nab. He had his back turned to me, and was sitting at a small table with one other man.

I ordered my modest chop and sherry, and sat down alone, and studied, complacently enough, the back of Tom's head, fair and curly and close-cropped, and well set on the lad's broad shoulders. Then I caught sight of the face of Tom's guest, who sat opposite to Tom and so faced me. It was a dark, well-moulded face, with a powerful jaw, and there was a resolute look both about the square chin, clean-shaved and ink-blue, and about the keen, deep-set eyes. He was a young man, perhaps half-a-dozen years Tom's senior, which would bring him out at half my own age. I wondered who this friend of Tom's might be, for his face gave evidence of character, and most of Tom's friends have very little character—by which I mean nothing uncharitable.

Presently my nephew turned, saw me, sprang up, and, with a word to his guest, left him and strode over to me. I really do think the lad likes me. He is a good sort, Tom.

'Hullo!' he said. He generally addresses me as though I were a telephone.

'Glad to see you, Tom. Who is your clever-looking friend with the square, cleft chin?'

'Garrod. He's no end of a chap.'

'In what line—the ring?'

'Oh, come, I say, Uncle Ben! He is the only son of old Garrod, you know.'

'No, I do not know, my dear Tom. Ought I to know? Is it a case of *Burke*, or?—'

'*Burke*? No! Garrod is the big chemical and explosives man. Birmingham, isn't it?'

'Oh! The one that gave thirty thousand to found'—'

'Yes, probably. He often does that.'

'Really! And what kind of things does the son do? His face interests me.'

Tom sat down astride a chair by my side and spoke confidentially in a lowered voice. 'He is a bit of a genius, Uncle Ben,' he began, with boyish enthusiasm, 'and as mad as a hatter! He is on the

loose end now, poor chap! Father given him a fortnight to think it over.'

'Ah! I was just wondering what brought him the honour of your friendship.'

Tom looked blank. 'I've advised him to give it up,' he observed.

'He does not look acquiescent,' I objected, 'but he does look decidedly decisive. To think it over, did you say? He won't take long, with that head! But I should fancy he prefers doing to thinking.'

Tom nodded. 'You've about hit it, Uncle Ben! The things he does!' Tom chuckled.

I thought it dignified to look a little vague and aloof.

'He takes after his father, but the father won't see that.'

I shook my head gravely. 'Often the way,' I said. 'And, in cases of that sort, it is generally the father who, forgetting his own erring youth, is his son's sternest judge.'

Tom seemed puzzled.

'Science; that's Percy Garrod's line,' he remarked. 'Evidently inherited.'

'Eh? Oh! quite so. Inherited traits are always interesting.'

'But it ain't practical with Percy—that is what riles old Garrod. He gives his father the worst sort of fits. You see, it's this way. Percy is always going off on mad scientific ploys. Went to New Zealand to chum up with a lizard with three eyes that lives there, got lost with the lizard in the bush, and the old man was in a perfect frenzy. Then he wanted to go to India and pal with the plague bacillus, and old Garrod cut up awfully rough, and refused to hand over the needful. Do you know what Percy did? Sent in a thesis, or whatever they call it, and won the research scholarship that his father had founded, and off he went. Real sporting of him, I call it!'

I glanced at where young Garrod sat smoking imperturbably.

'I could quite believe it of him, with that chin,' I observed. 'Aren't you leaving him rather long alone, Tom?'

Tom glanced carelessly over his shoulder at him. 'Oh, he is all right,' he said; 'he's thinking. He

has got only a fortnight to think it over. It's kind to leave him.'

'I see. Is it allowable to ask *what* he is thinking over?'

'Well, he is mad now to go off and hunt for those foreign Johnnies who started last year to find the North Pole, and have never been heard of since. And old Garrod is trying diplomacy this time; offers to equip the whole expedition for Percy and endow him liberally for evermore if he will marry before he starts.'

'Is he engaged?'

'Percy? Not he! Percy is a confirmed woman-hater—it's one of his cranks. But the father thinks if he had a wife she would keep him at home. He has allowed Percy a fortnight.'

'In which to find the wife?'

'Well, I think the father has some one in view, though he leaves Percy a free hand. Percy is mad about it—wants to know how his governor can expect him to explain to a girl that he asks her on compulsion, and that he is off on a voyage, and that she will probably be a widow before'—

'Jupiter!' I sprang to my feet.

'Hullo, Uncle Ben! Twinge of gout?'

'Gout? You scapegrace! what M'Nab ever had the gout? Hist, Tom! Can you keep a woman's secret? Because I cannot.'

'Are you going to be married, Uncle Ben?'

'Certainly not, boy! I have two of them already.'

'Great Scot, sir!'

'I refer to my niece and her friend.'

'Oh! beg pardon, uncle.'

'Tom, do you ever study the agony column of your morning paper?'

'Never!' he replied with emphasis. 'It takes me all my time to read the cricket-matches.'

'Then,' I told him impressively, 'you have perhaps overlooked an advertisement running somewhat thus: "*Lady, desirous of becoming a wealthy widow, wishes to hear of some one with large fortune about to start on Arctic, Antarctic, or otherwise dangerous expedition. Lady would undertake to write his memoir.*"'

Tom's jaw fell. He said something distinctly profane. Then his eye met mine, and a flash of intelligence passed into it. We both looked at the unconscious Garrod, and then again at one another.

'Do you know who she is?' Tom asked eagerly.

'Perfectly. I left her at Ardstronach.'

Tom's expression changed.

'I say—it is not my cousin, is it?'

'Most certainly it is not. Winnie could not write any one's memoir to save her life.'

'I'm glad of that!' said Tom. 'I merely mean because she is a M'Nab on the mother's side. Then—who is the would-be widow?'

'Augusta says'—

'Augusta?'

'Augusta Arkwright, Winnie's friend.'

'But she must be a perfect *beast*,' the boy objected; 'and Percy is a bit of a hero! No, uncle, I'm not in it, please.'

'She is a perfect *beauty*,' I corrected him, 'whose only fault, in a husband's eyes, would be her keen desire for widowhood.'

'Oh, he wouldn't mind *that*, nor her looks either, so long as she would marry him and fix the father, and let him be off to the North Pole in peace. Why, Uncle Ben, they were made for one another!' And, without another word, Tom hurried away, and returned with his friend Percy Garrod in tow.

I liked young Percy Garrod. When I asked him to come up next week with Tom to Ardstronach, and bring his gun with him, I had no ulterior motive—I swear it. 'We shall be just by ourselves,' I said.

'That's good!' he replied heartily. 'A bachelor party?'

'Ah, well—I have my niece living with me, and she has a friend staying with her at present,' I confessed, avoiding Tom's boot under the table. I don't think Tom has any idea how hard he kicks.

'Oh, don't mention it! It's of no consequence,' young Garrod hastened to assure me.

I returned to Ardstronach next day with some of that tone about me. Winnie, hearing my voice, came downstairs in a little swirl of white flounces and excitement.

'Oh, you dear, darling old uncle!' she gasped, clinging to me. 'I *have* missed you so! And Augusta says it was all my fault!'

'Well, I dare say it was,' I replied, glad at the turn affairs had taken. 'But if you had no faults I would not love you.'

She reached up and gave my necktie a little pull into place. 'Funny big bow!' she muttered. Then she stood on her tiptoes, which raised her flower-like face a few inches above the level of my head—I am not exceedingly tall for a man—and she rubbed her little pointed chin over the top of my cranium. 'Nice stubby hair!' she murmured. 'Glad to be home again?' she asked.

'Very!' I assured her.

'Silly to go away,' she nodded in reply.

As I followed her into the drawing-room I braced myself, and took a long, deep inhalation. I felt as if I were about to strike a trusting animal.

'I saw Tom M'Nab in town. He is coming to us next week,' I informed her, quickly and in one breath.

Instantly the danger-signal went up. She flushed and turned away, and pretended to look out of the window.

'Augusta warned me!' she breathed.

I followed her to the window. 'Winnie,' I said gravely, 'you must not think of yourself. I rely on your help. He is bringing a friend with him.'

Winnie's eyes filled with wonder; but I could

see, from their change of expression, that the bait had caught. Some women rise to the hint of self-sacrifice as a trout rises to a fly.

'What is the matter with the friend?' she asked softly and pitifully, ready, I could see, to supply lint and bandages or moral tonic, just as the occasion required.

I felt that my moment had arrived.

'He is a wealthy young man about to start on an Arctic voyage, and his father wishes him to marry before he goes out, *if* the lady has no objection to becoming a widow.'

Winnie's blue eyes became rounder and rounder as I spoke. Then she suddenly grew radiant.

'Oh, you clever Uncle Ben!' she cried. 'How did you manage it? Oh, I do wish I had asked you to match my Irish lace too! What will Augusta say?—Augusta! *Augusta!*' And she was gone.

My triumph, however, was short-lived. We M'Nabs are simple natures, and can be reckoned on. It was the stranger element that complicated the situation.

Winnie came down again in about an hour, and drew me mysteriously into the smoking-room.

'Uncle Ben, did you tell Cousin Tom's friend about Augusta?'

'Not a word.'

'Uncle Ben, did you tell Cousin Tom?'

'I—oh—I—possibly I may have let fall incidentally'—

'Ah! Well, then, Augusta says he will have told the friend. Augusta says men have no notion of honour, and always repeat things. Uncle Ben, did you—tell—Cousin Tom—your—plan—about—me?'

'On my honour, I—well—I really forget.'

'Ah, well, Augusta says we are shamed through all our beings, and that if we have any sense of dignity left we must keep in our own rooms as long as my cousin and his friend remain at Ardstronach.'

'Please yourselves, my dear. For you it will mean meals on trays, no exercise, and a precious dull time of it. We sha'n't mind—we shall be on the moors all day, and shall play dummy whist all night. I doat on dummy whist.'

Winnie looked crestfallen. 'Augusta says there is an alternative,' she volunteered presently, in a disconcerted voice.

I at once saw that the alternative was the thing Augusta meant to be accepted. 'Well?' I asked carelessly, selecting a cigar.

'That she should be me and I be her,' said my niece, with complete disregard for grammar.

'How?' I asked with some interest, holding my match ready to light.

'Why, her be me and me she, of course!'

'Yes, that is very simple. You mean'— I suggested encouragingly.

The match went out, and I took another.

'That they should not know—Tom think Augusta his cousin and me his cousin's friend.'

I struck the second match. 'And the motive?' I inquired, lighting my cigar.

She dropped her eyes. 'It would save our dignities,' she said in tones in which I recognised a reflection of Augusta. 'And besides, uncle, we could inspect them from behind a screen of anonymity.'

A woman's real reason always comes last, and is generally preceded by the two words 'and besides.'

And so then and there I fell. I, a respectable old bachelor, very near sixty (on one side or the other), in a moment yielded myself body and soul to their nefarious practices. There is a vein in the M'Nab nature, a Celtic vein, which has occasionally— But enough of that! I lay the blame at the sepulchre-door of no ancestor. I do not even cast aspersions on the lovely Augusta Arkwright. I own that I looked into the beseeching eyes of my niece, and—'Gad,' I cried, 'it will be no end of a joke!'

(To be continued.)

## OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

By GEORGE M'CRAE, M.P.



WE have approached a stage in our national history when many questions affecting the social condition of the great mass of the people call for immediate consideration.

In these days of unemployment and resultant distress one cannot help asking again and again the question: Is the condition in which millions of our fellows in our large industrial centres find themselves an inevitable consequence of what is called progress? Is it the terrible toll which a nation must pay for the evolution of civilisation? We cannot think so. That were indeed a creed so hopeless, so paralysing, as to shake the very

foundations of belief. Surely an economic system is discoverable which will at least ensure to the thrifty and industrious worker some better prospect for old age than that the shelter of his declining years should be the poorhouse and a pauper's grave its close.

'Clearly a difficult point for Government that of dealing with these masses; if indeed it be not rather the sole point and problem of Government, and all other points mere accidental crotchets, superficialities, and beatings of the wind.' So said Carlyle in his survey of the time preceding the French Revolution; and so, lest a worse thing befall us, we cannot do better than consider in time this



great economic question which vitally affects the life and happiness of many thousands of our fellow-citizens.

If the question of old-age pensions is to be solved satisfactorily, it must be approached not as a vote-catcher, but as a serious economic problem demanding the attention of all thinking men and the best thought of our statesmen.

Both political parties in the State take their stand on the same foundation. At the starting-point there is no dispute; all are agreed that the present state of things is unsatisfactory. Royal commissions, committees select and departmental, have reported; and one sad, conclusive fact stands out in all its dark and depressing reality: 'that of the two millions and more who reach the age of sixty-five, more than half are in want through no fault of their own.'

Callous minds hug the belief that this state of matters is fully met by the Poor Law, regardless of the unspeakable torture to the man whose spirit of independence has been like his native air, in having to submit to what he bitterly considers the indignity of parochial relief. Our present Poor Law system is not equal to the necessities of the case.

The last Government had just resolved on another commission to consider our Poor Law administration. But the public mind is irresistibly attracted to some form of old-age pension as providing relief to honest poverty without the brand of pauperism.

Lord Goschen, in the Report on Local Taxation, when President of the Local Government Board in 1870, recommended that franchise disqualification as a consequence of non-payment of poor-rate should be abolished. This was embodied in the Bill of 1871, which did not pass into law; and its abolition, together with the proposed division of local rates between owner and occupier, recommended in the report by Goschen's Select Committee on Local Taxation, have been pressed aside by parliamentary necessity and more or less urgent claims for legislation.

Various attempts have been made by private members on both sides of the House of Commons to formulate schemes of old-age pensions, but it is evident that the question can only be solved by a Government measure. It is, therefore, important to ascertain the views of our leading statesmen on the question. This is more difficult than at first sight appears, for they are careful not to commit themselves unless they see an early prospect of putting thought into action. One statesman, more hasty than his compeers, declared he had a plan 'so simple that any one could understand it.' That is not the general view, and it must be borne in mind that even statesmen cannot legislate too far in advance of public opinion. It is, therefore, to public opinion we must look to supply the motive-power necessary to carry this reform.

The views of the workers have been ascertained through their recognised associations. Trade-unions, co-operative societies, friendly societies, have ex-

pressed approval of an old-age pension scheme; while trade opinion has been crystallised by the pronouncement of the national committee of organised labour. The position of the middle classes has been one of sympathetic approval if a workable scheme not too costly in its operation could be devised. We may, therefore, take for granted that public sentiment, as well as parliamentary opinion, is in favour of the principle of an old-age pension scheme. That is the first step towards legislation. The next step is to ascertain: Is the proposal feasible?

Before attempting to answer, let us first glance at what is being done on the continent of Europe. After all, it does seem passing strange that this country of all others, the centre of the world's commerce, should lag behind in providing for the old age of the workers who are maintaining our great commercial supremacy.

In Denmark the law provides that the expenses of provision for old age should be met by the commune or local authority, one-half of the amount expended being refunded by the State. No direct contribution is asked from the recipients, who must, however, be necessitous persons of good character. Receipt of relief does not impose any electoral disabilities.

In Germany there obtains a general system of compulsory insurance against old age and invalidity. An old-age pension is payable on the recipient attaining seventy years of age. It is composed of two parts: a contribution from the State of two pounds ten shillings per annum; the balance is made up of contributions from the employers and employed in equal shares. The amount of the pension depends on the wage-class, of which there are five, which also determines the amount of the weekly contribution. The minimum invalidity-pension for first wage-class is three pounds, plus Government contribution of two pounds ten shillings—total, five pounds ten shillings per annum; ranging up to a minimum of seven pounds ten shillings for Class 5. These amounts are increased according to the number of weeks' contribution to the fund. The old-age pension amounts to five pounds ten shillings per annum, including Government contribution of two pounds ten shillings for Class 1, ranging up to eleven pounds ten shillings per annum for Class 5. The rate of weekly contribution is twelve pfennings (three-halfpence) for Class 1, increasing in proportion to thirty-six pfennings (fourpence halfpenny) for Class 5.

Not only do Belgium and Italy also give a lead to Great Britain; our own colonies are far in advance of the mother-country. In New Zealand persons reaching the age of sixty-five whose income does not exceed one pound per week receive a pension of eighteen pounds per annum, roughly seven shillings per week. The Act of Parliament which gives this power has a clause which is worth repetition: 'Whereas, it is equitable that deserving colonists, who during the prime of life have helped to bear the public burdens of the colony by the

payment of taxes, and to open up its resources by their labour and skill, should look to the colony for a pension in their old age.' This strikes one as sound doctrine, the justice of which is as applicable to the old country as to the new.

A not uninteresting sign of the times comes from France. A leading plank in M. Rouvier's platform is old-age pensions. The Government of France at present subsidises the pension-funds of trade and friendly societies, but no general scheme of old-age pensions has yet been adopted.

It may, therefore, be said that there are two possible systems for an old-age pension scheme for this country. If we wish to be guided by the experience of others, we find the one system working in Denmark, where there is no contribution from the recipient, who must be a deserving person of good character; the other system is in operation in Germany, where you have contribution from the recipients augmented by the employer and the State. Where contribution is made a stipulation, you have necessarily limited operation unless a compulsory scheme is enforced.

When there is no contribution asked for, you are face to face with the problem: Is the pension to be limited to persons of good character, who are proved to be necessitous, as in Denmark? A decision must be made as between compulsory insurance and voluntary contribution, or else between compulsory insurance and State aid.

If a system of voluntary contribution is approved, what test are you going to apply? Is it to be 'ability to contribute'? Mr Charles Booth tells us that in the city of London there are half a million of workmen whose average earnings do not exceed ten or fifteen shillings per week. Can these contribute? And yet these form a class for whom an old-age pension is perhaps the most necessary.

Many objections can be urged against a universal pension-scheme. It must be admitted that it seems an intolerable hardship that the wasteful and the thriftless should be a burden on the industrious taxpayer; and yet many who have given much thought to the question realise that a universal scheme is the only satisfactory solution for this country. In that event, more repressive measures on the lines indicated by Sir Robert Anderson would require to be applied to the loafer class.

In any scheme which can be suggested there are administrative difficulties to face. These are not insuperable. Local administration, with perhaps local contributions to ensure care and economy, may be necessary. Administrative difficulties can be overcome. The crux of the whole matter is the question of cost. Mr Chamberlain in June 1903, at the Constitutional Club, speaking of old-age pensions, said: 'I believe that such a system would be of immense advantage to the people. I have earnestly desired to make it successful. Up to the present time I have failed, because it was impossible to see any source from which the money that would be requisite could fairly and justly come.'

Proposals have been made to minimise the burden on the State by subsidising the friendly societies or taking these existing organisations and making them a nucleus of a larger scheme. The attempt was made in France, and has only proved a stopgap; and, as we have seen, legislation on the question is proposed. The provision of old-age pensions is essentially a matter for the State. It means a large additional burden to be borne. In these days of extravagant expenditure and the clamant necessity for retrenchment, it seems hopeless to consider proposals for new expenditure. The departmental committee of 1900 reported that the cost of an old-age pension scheme would, for the first year, be ten and a half millions; fifteen millions a year has been estimated as a reasonable amount. The Royal Commission of 1895 estimated that to provide for a pension of five shillings per week to persons of sixty-five years and over would cost twenty-four millions per annum. They calculated that two millions a year would be saved on the poor-rate, and that one million a year could be obtained from existing endowments devoted to the relief of the aged. This is a large sum.

Do not let us, however, lose our sense of financial perspective. In 1901 the ordinary expenditure of the country increased in one year by nine millions. In the three years 1901 to 1904 the increase amounted to twenty-seven millions.

Our present system of taxation has been put to a severe test in providing for an increase of fifty millions in our ordinary expenditure in ten years. This may help to show that, even with our existing sources of revenue, the provision for old-age pensions is not beyond the dreams of probability. In the first place, we should be justified in calculating on a great reduction in our Poor Law expenditure. In 1903 we expended some fifteen millions in poor relief. Some part of this would be saved and go as a credit to the pension fund.

But it is self-evident that a charge of the magnitude indicated, if put on the State, would necessitate a recasting of the financial arrangements of the nation. That is imperative in any case. The necessity for a readjustment of local taxation is admitted by all who have given the question serious consideration. The present system of subventions from the State to local authorities is wasteful, and an encouragement to local extravagance. Nine and three-quarter millions per annum is raised imperially and paid over to local authorities. The State pays in addition four and a half millions, representing charges transferred from local to Imperial funds. There is thus fourteen million five hundred thousand pounds raised by the State for local purposes, exclusive of the charge for education. In the interests of sound finance, money required for local purposes should, so far as possible, be raised locally.

In dealing effectively with local taxation we will find the funds for old-age pensions. It is now clearly recognised that any well-considered scheme for the reform of local taxation must embrace

proposals for bringing some part of the land under contribution. That some scheme for the taxation of land-values is certain in the near future is pretty well accepted by the two great parties in the State.

A fair and reasonable adjustment as between the Imperial Parliament and the local authorities would be the withdrawal from the local authorities of grants-in-aid other than for educational purposes, the local authorities, in lieu of grants withdrawn, to be given powers to rate land-values for local purposes.

The money now granted to the local authorities would be available for Imperial purposes, and could be applied to meet so far the new pension charges, which would be supplemented by the other funds available for this purpose indicated by the Royal Commission. If thought advisable, the new land-tax could be raised imperially and the proceeds handed over to the local authorities to replace present subventions.

Let us consider how this would work out in Edinburgh, which receives from the Imperial Exchequer fifty-five thousand eight hundred pounds per annum, as follows: Town Council equivalent and residue grant, nineteen thousand six hundred and fifty pounds; Parish Council, fourteen thousand nine hundred and twenty pounds; and to the Town Council in aid of police pay and clothing, twenty-one thousand two hundred and forty pounds—a sum equal to fivepence per pound in rates.

Under the new scheme proposed the whole of the land-value of the city of Edinburgh would be available for taxation. The capital value of land in Edinburgh is approximately thirty million pounds. A rate of a penny per pound on this capital value, or its equivalent on the rental value, would produce one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds per annum. It is calculated that a new rate on the unbuilt-on land alone within the city boundary would produce not less than thirty thousand pounds per annum, which would go far to compensate for the withdrawal of the forty thousand pounds a year received annually by the Town Council from the Imperial Parliament.

In 1904 Edinburgh spent in poor-relief through the Parish Council the large sum of eighty-nine thousand pounds. The number of poor relieved was six thousand five hundred, or, exclusive of dependants, four thousand five hundred. Of the latter number, nine hundred and fifty were sixty-five years of age or over. To give an old-age pension of five shillings per week to those of sixty-five and over would cost twelve thousand three hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which would be less than their present charge on the community; this cannot be much less than fifteen thousand pounds a year. It is rather a curious coincidence that the Government grant-in-aid given to the Parish Council is, as above stated, fourteen thousand nine hundred and twenty pounds.

Whether by some such plan as we have here foreshadowed or by other methods, some attempt

will require to be made by Parliament to grapple with the problem. An endeavour must be made to remove the cruel necessity for the aged poor having to knock at the door of the workhouse; an effort likewise to help many thousands on the verge who strenuously, though despondently, struggle on without the aid of poor-relief, not given as a dole but as forming part of an economic system which takes care of the worker to prevent economic waste.

We proceed but slowly on the path of economic evolution. In the old days the conditions of employment showed an utter disregard for the health of the worker. That is now a thing of the past. The change has been economically productive. Provision has been made, although not wholly, against the risk of accident. It is surely not less needful that the old age of the worker should be one of honour, and that he should be rescued from the unutterable misery of a grinding poverty. Its accomplishment would bring about a peaceful revolution in our social life. Instead of sapping independence it would foster thrift. It would act as a stimulus to increased industry. The worker would bend to his daily toil secure in the knowledge that old age had lost to him its greatest terror.

What an opportunity for a statesman! Sir Robert Peel, buffeted and scorned by his party over the repeal of the Corn Laws, consoled himself with the thought that his name would be pronounced with expressions of goodwill by those whose lot it was to labour by the sweat of their brow. Thus will it be for the statesman who, with high courage and true wisdom, places on the statute book this great measure of social reform. It will come as a message of hope to toiling millions of his countrymen, from whom and from their children's children in many a humble home shall arise a glad cry of thankfulness. His name shall be writ large on the page of a nation's history.

#### THE GENIUS.

By one keen soul alone discerned,  
Gleamed in the certitudes afar  
A joy for which the ages yearned,  
Remote and radiant as a star.

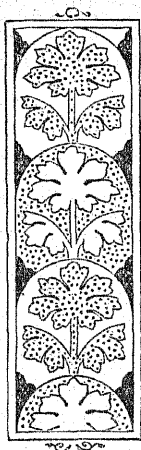
This giant lover of his kind,  
Who fronted with calm brow the night  
In lone and bitter life, designed  
To clothe the ages with its might.

Cold in his meagre tenement,  
Invincible to doubts and fears,  
A captive to his great intent  
He struggled up the steep of years

To chilling heights of bleak renown,  
Beyond the challenge of defeat,  
And tossed the healing rapture down  
To passers in the heedless street.

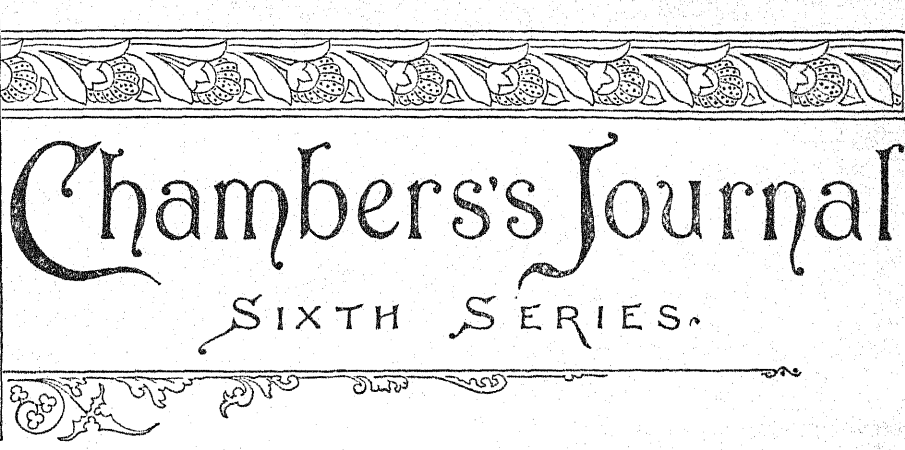
GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### THE HANDY-MAN AND THE EMPEROR.

#### A TRUE STORY OF THE NAPOLEONIC WAR.

By Commander the Hon. HENRY N. SHORE, R.N., Author of *Smuggling Days and Smuggling Ways*.

**G**IVET! What a mine of sad memories lies buried and forgotten in that old-world spot! And what a train of painful associations does the name conjure up! In truth, there was a time when the very mention of it in the villages along our southern shore would have provoked a passionate outburst. And what wonder, for was not the name associated with the sufferings—ay, and too often the loss—of fathers, sons, and brothers; of those who were nearest and dearest to the dwellers in these storm-swept havens? And was not this sufficient to excite feelings of fierce and unreasoning animosity against the author of so much misery: the tyrant of Europe and his helpless tools, the French people? It was to the fortress of Givet that hundreds of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen were consigned by Napoleon during the war, to drag out a long and wretched confinement, from which death itself was welcomed as a relief. And it was the remembrance of the cruel wrongs suffered by our prisoners in France that kept alive in British hearts a detestation of Napoleon long after the close of the war and its moving spirit had been safely caged in St Helena.

These reflections were suggested by an interesting link with the past which the present writer chanced on some years ago, while holding a coastguard appointment on the Cornish coast, in the shape of a small book which its owner, an aged resident in Mevagissey, had carefully treasured for a great number of years, and which bore on its flyleaf, in copy-book hand, the following pathetic legend:

JAMES BLAMEY

his Book, August 2, 1810. In Givet Prison, France.

List of Persons who died in Givet Prison between Jan. 1, 1804, and Jan. 7, 1812.

The death-roll, containing no fewer than two hundred and fifty names, comprises two midshipmen who, while attempting to escape, met their

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death under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. There is also a tabular statement of moneys received by each individual within the period above named. And, although the author makes no mention of the source whence these welcome contributions were derived, there can be no doubt that they represent a portion of the subscriptions collected at home for the relief of prisoners in France, and transmitted, with the sanction of the French authorities, to the several depôts wherein these unfortunates were interned. As time went on the French Government, finding that the amelioration thus wrought in the prisoners' lot had the effect of checking desertions to the French service, forbade any further transmission of funds.

Of the author we are told nothing beyond a notation to the effect that he was captured in H.M.S. *Pickle's* boat, 3rd September 1803, and sent to Givet Prison, in France.

From the 'ancients' of Mevagissey, who in years long gone by were wont to listen to the tale of their townsmen's sufferings, the following additional facts have been elicited, however. James Blamey was a Mevagissey fisherman; he was impressed out of his boat, off the Deadman Head, by H.M.S. *Pickle*, which instantly sailed for the French coast. One night, when cruising near Brest, he was ordered into one of the boats, which proceeded to the shore, their object being evidently to act as spies in that locality. The lieutenant and two of the crew having landed, Blamey and another were left with orders to lie off the beach. Presently, being hailed in English by one of their own countrymen as they supposed, they landed, and were at once made prisoners. For over two years they lay in prison at Brest, under the most wretched conditions, till their clothes had rotted from off them. Finally, Blamey was removed to Givet, where the accommodation was better; and on regaining his freedom—whether at the end of the war or sooner

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MARCH 17, 1906.

is uncertain—he took up his balance of pay, which the Government handed to him in full. Of the fate of his companions, however, Blamey could discover nothing; he supposed they were shot as spies.

One cannot help regretting that Blamey never deigned to lift the veil from his prison experiences, for that he was a man of some education is evident from his suggestive little book; and that he communicated with his friends at home may be assumed from the carefully cherished letters of other prisoners still extant, which throw an interesting side-light on the conditions of life at the dépôts. But although the present writer has been privileged to peruse several of these 'human documents,' he has failed to discover any of Blamey's literary remains beyond the book afore mentioned.

What intensifies our regret at the omission is the circumstance that our author must have witnessed, even if he did not take part in, one of the most remarkable events in the history of the English prisoners in France—an event which not only enhanced the reputation but greatly redounded to the honour of British seamen.

The circumstances attending this unique episode are so entirely unknown, even to well-informed students of the war, that a somewhat detailed account of the affair will, it is believed, be welcomed. But first let us locate Givet, for the town is not what can be fairly described as a tourist-haunted spot. This once-famed fortress is on the river Meuse, in the north-east corner of France, near the scene of one of the most dramatic incidents of the Franco-German war: the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon III. with his army to the king of Prussia at Sedan.

Givet was one of the first fortresses assigned for the internment of British prisoners in 1803, and became one of the chief dépôts throughout the war. It was to Givet that, as readers of *Peter Simple* will remember, the hero of the story was conducted with his friend O'Brien, after parting with the 'spalpeen' of the *Snapper*; and from whence, after many exciting adventures, they both succeeded in making their escape.

Once only does the searchlight of history turn its rays on to this gloomy abode, and throw into relief the figures of its occupants. And the occasion was a memorable one, for it was the first and only occasion on which the Emperor Napoleon, while still in the heyday of his career, found himself *vis à vis* with a body of British seamen, representatives of that phantom fleet—ever present, yet never seen—which stood between him and universal dominion.

It happened in this wise. Early in 1811 Givet was thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the announcement that the Emperor, who was returning from a tour in Holland, had announced his intention of visiting the place. All the authorities, civil and military, of the department were ordered to assemble to receive the great man on his arrival;

and after they had been kept waiting for several days, notice of his approach was at last brought by a courier. The day had been miserable, the rain incessant, and the black mud was ankle-deep. Yet had the procession of notables to wade through it all in full dress for nearly a mile with no better protection for their feet than silk stockings and dress-shoes; 'the Mayor,' says an eye-witness, 'repeating to himself a speech which he had prepared for the occasion of presenting the keys of the town to the Emperor.'

At length, late in the evening, the cortège drew near. There was just sufficient light to distinguish the august company, and the Mayor announced who they were and what was their purpose. But the Emperor passed on without even deigning to notice them, and some hours later sent word from the house where he had taken up his abode that he would see no one except the director of fortifications, and that it was his intention to leave at seven the following morning.

'*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.*' Napoleon might issue his commands, but he could not control the elements; and during the night his plans were upset by an unforeseen occurrence.

The Meuse cuts the town of Givet in two. The Greater and Lesser Givet were then connected by means of a temporary bridge of boats, which could easily be removed. Owing to continuous and heavy rain, apprehensions had been felt as to the safety of the bridge; and as a new one was in course of construction, the engineer superintending the work was summoned. On being asked by Caulaincourt if there was any fear of the bridge being interrupted during the night, he replied, 'No.' 'Will you answer for it?' 'I will,' was the further reply. The river continued to rise with alarming rapidity, and the inspector, fearing the consequences, repaired to the hotel where Caulaincourt lodged. The great man had gone to bed, and the inspector was referred to his valet. This officer, being of good family, replied indignantly, '*Je ne vois pas les valets,*' and returned to the river-side. The water was raging, and at three o'clock in the morning the bridge went down. Caulaincourt, on being informed, flew into so violent a rage that he struck the inspector. A consultation was immediately held, but no means could be devised for reinstating the bridge. Moreover, all the people accustomed to its management had gone to bed, utterly worn out with their exertions, and sleeping none the less soundly for having been engaged the previous evening in celebrating the Emperor's arrival in the cabarets. In this dilemma the director of fortifications was sent for. 'You will do nothing,' said he, 'unless you send to the barracks for some of the English prisoners.' Caulaincourt was astonished. 'Will you swear for them?' 'With my head,' replied the director. 'And our honest fellows fully answered to his confidence,' says an eye-witness. Thirty of the most reliable seamen were immediately selected and set to work,

and, in the sequel, accomplished what the French experts had pronounced impossible.

This unique episode, so gratifying to the *amour propre* of the British interned at Givet, was witnessed by an English clergyman, who, fortunately for posterity, committed his impressions of the affair to writing; and from his narrative I shall quote the most interesting passages.

'The windows of my lodging,' says our author, 'commanded a view of the bridge, and on my first looking out in the morning I was extremely surprised to see a number of our men at work upon the river. They really had the appearance of amphibious animals in shape, and with an extraordinary share of the intelligence of men; some working up to their necks in water, others skimming in little light boats against the rapid current as if they were going with the stream; at one time swimming to a place which they could not otherwise reach, at another diving to a vast depth to carry on their work. I immediately sent out my servant with some brandy, and gave each of them a little to prevent them from taking cold; and, as I thought it very probable that they might obtain their liberty, I allowed him to go and help. Many men who had permission to live out in the town did the same.'

The sketch of the Emperor that follows is so interesting that I give it verbatim: 'In the morning, when he found his departure prevented, he was absolutely furious; but he soon began to cool, and returned to bed. After breakfast he sent for all the authorities, and was affable and familiar in the extreme. Finding it impossible to get near the door of the house for the crowd, we placed ourselves before the window. Here a great number of persons were collected to get a sight of Napoleon, who came from time to time to the window, looking with astonishment at the activity and exertions of the sailors, and sometimes turning his glass down upon the persons under the window, where some of the first noblemen in that neighbourhood were waiting, humbly seeking to catch a look from him that they might present to him their different petitions, and of whom he took no more notice than if they had been dogs. As I saw him in the window, and narrowly observed his actions and his countenance, I could not help thinking that I saw something like apprehension. He showed, however, an astonishing presence of mind, and every one who approached him was in admiration and delight. I never in my life saw a man capable, in an instant, of such a change of countenance. At one moment he would seem to look through a person with knit brows and a fierceness so terrible as scarcely to appear human. The next moment his countenance would light up and exhibit an appearance of sprightliness and good humour which is rarely seen in man.

'On leaving the Palais,' continues our eye-witness, 'Napoleon went down to the river, and here a very interesting scene was offered to our view, and one which exhibited in a strong and gratifying point

of view the character of the British sailor. The English were still working at the bridge, which they had nearly finished. He began to talk with one of them, through Mortier, who was standing with him; and they all came round him. And now, any one of these men, who would have gone up to a cannon's mouth to destroy this enemy in battle, might with one push have sent him to the bottom of the Meuse, to rise no more. With good reason they might have said of him that he "made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof, and opened not the house of his prisoners." Yet, far from having any evil thoughts towards him, when he confided in their good faith they were a sort of *garde d'honneur* to him as he passed the river. And so great was the confidence he had in them that he would have no one else about him; and there was not a single Frenchman allowed to be upon the flying bridge which they had constructed to bring him over.'

The course of the war scarcely afforded a more striking episode than the one thus briefly outlined. Here was the tyrant of Europe escorted across the bridge by a guard composed of men whom he had deeply wronged by refusing to ratify the customary exchange of prisoners, and for whose cruel treatment he was responsible. And yet, keenly as his conscience must have smote him, so strong was his trust in these simple fellows that he crossed the river unattended by any, even the most exalted, member of his staff. Many incidents of less dramatic effect have formed the subject of a great historical picture. Is there no British artist equal to the task of immortalising this event on canvas?

The episode seems to have left an indelible impression on the Emperor. Many years after, when a prisoner on the rock of St Helena, he described the incident to his British physician. 'When I was returning from Holland,' he said, 'along with the Empress Marie Louise, we stopped to rest at Givet. During the night a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which swelled the Meuse so much that the bridge of boats over it was carried away. I was very anxious to depart, and ordered all the boatmen of the place to be assembled that I might be enabled to cross. They said the waters were too high; that it would be impossible to pass for two or three days. I questioned some of them, and soon discovered that they were fresh-water seamen. I then recollected that there were some English prisoners in the place, and ordered that some of the oldest and best seamen among them should be brought before me to the banks of the river. The water was very high, and the current rapid and dangerous. I asked them if they could join a number of boats so that I might pass over. They answered that it was possible, but hazardous. I desired them to set about it instantly. In the course of a few hours they succeeded in effecting what the other imbeciles had pronounced impossible, and I crossed before the evening was over. I ordered those who had worked at it to receive a



sum of money each, a suit of clothes, and their liberty.'

With characteristic egotism, Napoleon in his own version of the affair took all the credit to himself of having hit on the idea of employing English prisoners. We may, however, safely accept the Rev. R. Wolfe's statement, seeing that he was on terms of the closest intimacy with Baron Flayelle, the director of fortifications, whose friendly feelings towards the prisoners of war was manifested on many occasions. In view, however, of Napoleon's notorious trick of falsifying reports, it is pleasant to be able to record at least one instance of approximation to truth.

The rest is soon told. Napoleon, pleased with the efforts of the men, showed a good spirit. 'He was most liberal in his kindness,' says Mr Wolfe, and, before leaving, gave orders that all who had worked at the bridge should have their liberty. The task of making out the list of men entitled to this privilege was entrusted to the chronicler of these events, who tells us that every one wanted to be included, many giving in their names who had little or nothing to do with the exploit. The Duke of Treviso, who had been entrusted by the Emperor with the execution of his commands, was most considerate, however; and notwithstanding that the list already exceeded fifty names, 'he even per-

mitted another to be added after the list had been handed in.'

The sequel was creditable neither to the Emperor nor to those who were responsible for carrying out his orders. For when the passports arrived, only twelve of the men had their liberty! 'My passport, also,' says Mr Wolfe, 'was only for a parole of three months instead of my liberty, which had been promised me,' a breach of faith the more inexcusable in view of Mr Wolfe's vocation—a clergyman of the Church of England—and his unfortunate situation as a *détenu*, one of those numerous non-combatants whom Napoleon, in contravention of the laws of nations and all the rules of civilised warfare, had caused to be arrested on the resumption of hostilities in 1803.

The men were rigged out handsomely in sailors' clothes, money was given them for the journey, and the fortunate fellows were soon on the road. Two more subsequently obtained their release through the efforts of the kind Duke of Treviso, bringing up the total to fourteen. What afterwards became of these favoured ones history recordeth not; it has not even deigned to preserve their names.

Was James Blamey amongst the lucky ones? Who knows? One circumstance seems to favour the conjecture—the abrupt ending of 'his book' shortly after the events above described.

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

**I**T was a beautiful sight: the great trees, the velvet lawns; the placid lake with the boats and the quaintly garbed royal watermen, their scarlet coats making rich colour among the greenery and reflecting in the shadows of the lake; the brilliantly dressed, kaleidoscopic crowd; and there was over it all the atmosphere that always pervades the entertainments at Buckingham Palace. Let the discontented yelp and snarl ever so loudly, the fact remains that there is something of dignity and distinction and quiet restraint that makes itself felt.

Lady Fitzhugh and Betty strolled about, meeting many friends and enjoying the scene. They wandered down to the lake as a lady and gentleman stepped out of one of the boats: Jack Fitzhugh and Mrs Foggo.

Lady Fitzhugh made a movement as though to escape; but it was too late. She had carefully avoided the introduction all through the season, and Betty felt something like a shiver of dislike and fear come over her as she stood face to face with the beautiful woman who was working her brother such cruel harm. Perfect innocence seemed to have found its home in the rather wide-set liquid eyes and on the round child's mouth, and, as Mr Silvertop had remarked of her, she was looking as

though the picking of daisies must be her favourite pursuit.

'Mother, may I introduce Mrs Foggo?' said the boy, a note of haughty irritation in his voice. He had seen the intention to escape, and feared Mrs Foggo also might have seen it.

The usual insincerities passed. Lady Fitzhugh was a lover of beauty, and was almost mollified; but Betty, with the keen, uncompromising judgment of youth, read the other woman like a book; and Mrs Foggo saw at a glance that Miss Fitzhugh was her enemy, and not to be hoodwinked by any of the arts of which she was past-mistress. She did not care for young Fitzhugh. It was not in her to care for any one; but she enjoyed the admiration of men, and led them on, rousing their passions, tempting them beyond endurance by her marvellous beauty, and then she turned on them. The excitement of such episodes was as the breath of her nostrils. Young Fitzhugh had given her some trouble; but she calculated that a visit to Dunseath would bring about one of the climaxes that she enjoyed, and to Dunseath she meant to go.

She was really infinitely worse and worked more deadly harm than the poor painted women who sold themselves nightly for gold, and from contact with whom in the lobby of theatre or fashionable music-hall she would withdraw her skirts. They,

poor creatures, often reaped where she and such as she had sown, and if they killed the body, she assuredly killed the soul, which is the greater evil.

She secretly scorned Betty's obvious dislike and any influence that she might have over her brother.

'Bah! I know all about sisters. They soon go to the wall,' she said to herself.

Betty stopped to speak to some girls she knew, and went in to tea with their brother; Jack, his mother, and Mrs Foggo strolling slowly to some chairs under the trees close by.

'Well, that is settled,' said Jack as he rose from his seat when Betty rejoined them; Mrs Foggo rising also.

'So kind,' she murmured as she took Lady Fitzhugh's limp hand. 'My husband so enjoys the west coast, and I have never seen it. I must go and tell him of your kind invitation.'

With a little nod to Betty, she and young Fitzhugh moved off together, and soon were lost in the crowd.

'What invitation?' said Betty, aghast. 'What does she mean?'


'My dear, I could not help it. They got me in a corner; and, after all, your brother is at liberty to ask whom he likes to Dunscaith. Remember how nearly he is of age. I shall arrange that they don't stay long: a date to a date. We must make up some parties for the autumn. It is useless to kick against these things; it does more harm than good. Don't look so black, Betty. The woman is all right, or she would not be here. Her husband goes everywhere with her.'

'How ill Jack looks!' said Betty irrelevantly.

'Yes, I do not think he looks well,' said Lady Fitzhugh. 'We must try and get him out of London if we can. Oh, how powerless one is! Let us go home. There is Mr Silvertop bearing down upon us, and I am not in the mood for his *chroniques scandaleuses*. I only hope he may not add to his repertoire out of the doings of our family,' she muttered to herself.—'How do you do, Mr Silvertop? I am so tired; so many balls lately, you know. I am going home. Charming sight, isn't it?'

'Yes, ain't it a rippin' show?' said Mr Silvertop. 'Can't I get you anything? No? Well, good-bye, then, or rather *au revoir*. I must go and ask the Duchess after poor Babby, wounded, but not seriously. Oh, this war!' and he raised his tightly gloved, fat hands in the attitude adopted by Johnnie when he was made to beg.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

 noticed among the smart crowd taking their places in the "Flying Scotsman," to join in the campaign against grouse and red-deer, the charming American heiress Miss Contango, whose debut in London society this season has caused such a sensation. Her fairy-like carriage, drawn by four perfect zebras, will be well known to all. With her were the

lovely Mrs Foggo and her husband, who is a noted shot. The interesting and historical seat of Lord Fitzhugh on the west coast of Scotland, which descended to his family by an alliance in the Middle Ages with the ancient family of MacDiarmid, was their destination. Mrs Foggo and Miss Contango had both adopted the latest mode, &c.

'Questioned the lady's-maid, I suppose,' said Mr Silvertop, flinging the paper aside. 'How can we read such impertinent trash? "The lovely Mrs Foggo" indeed! So all my warnings to her ladyship have been disregarded, and *la belle* Foggo is to be allowed to finish her game. I should rather like to go up there and see it out; but, heigh-ho! Toppy, my boy, we are not as young as we were, and we don't admire dogging after grouse as we did once upon a time. We think a little Marienbad and the comfortable pheasant and hot lunches in nice warm lodges more to our taste now than sandwiches and whisky on a hillside, with the gentle gale blowing in our teeth, and a nose-grinder up the hill to follow. There is a time for all things, dear boy.'

He dabbed a little powder on his nose, which was not at its best in the morning, divested his rather portly form of its silken dressing-gown, attiring himself in tender grays, and made his way down the shady side of the street to his club.

He met a good many acquaintances. 'H'm!' he said, 'not quite the shootin'-coat and pot-hat season yet, it seems. London sticks on a longer bit at each end every year. I wonder if they will ever meet. Happy day that will be; but I fear, Toppy, you won't see it. Now for something light and airy for lunch. A mayonnaise, I think, and hock or cider-cup. Marienbad is in the offing, so hang consequences!' And he turned into his luxurious club.

The Foggos had arrived at Dunscaith in due course. The Frasers had been asked for the same week, at Betty's instance; and Miss Contango, whom she very much liked, and who 'just loved Betty,' she said; also some men of the genus 'gun,' who reckoned up the amount of enjoyment they had extracted from the year, or rather the shooting year (nothing else counted, excepting as 'rotting'), by the number of cartridges shot away.

Mrs Foggo was distinctly bored. She hated Scotland in her heart of hearts. She only went there because there men do congregate—'the best men,' she called them. She loved large, dim English country-houses, gardens and shady trees, hammocks and long chairs, where the evening paper came in with the tea; retired backwaters, moon-light, and heavy-scented flowers.

She fully concurred in the opinion of Prosper Mérimée's Frenchman, who was dragged up a hill on a Sunday afternoon by an athletic hostess to have a view: '*Aimez vous les beautés de la nature, madame?*' mopping his streaming brow. '*Pour moi, je les abhorre!*' ('Do you admire the beauties of nature, madam? For me, I abhor them!')

She also abhorred scenery, walking, and fresh-

air. To crown her disgust, for once in her misspent life she had reckoned without her host. She had never counted on young Fitzlugh's rigid sense of the laws of hospitality, which would deter him from making love to his neighbour's wife while she and her husband were under his roof. She had tried every lure, stooped to every trick of a wanton, but in vain. The boy stood firm; but the strain was telling on his whole nature. He had begun to long for the day of her departure.

One lovely day they were all seated by a little noisy burn hurrying down to the sea close by, eating their lunch with much gusto. Betty, Mrs Foggo, and Miss Contango had driven out to meet the men and bring them their luncheon.

'I am dead-beat,' said Jack, tossing his cap on the ground, and declining food, but drinking deeply of icy water-and-whisky. 'It has been so blazing hot, and that last was a stiff bit of ground.—Wasn't it, Fraser?'

'It was; but it should not mean anything to your long shanks, old chap.—Have you ever seen a grouse shot, Miss Contango?'

'Not I, and don't want to, poor, pretty, brown things!—Will you give me a wing for my hat, Lord Fitzlugh? I will have a hat made on purpose to suit it,' said the young lady.

'Certainly,' said Jack. 'It is rather refreshing to find a lady who does not like seeing things killed, though.'

'But I am sure Miss Fitzlugh shoots, she seems to know such a lot about it,' said Mrs Foggo.

'Yes, she shoots, and uncommon well, too; but at a mark.—Let us see you knock the cork out of that bottle, Betty. Here is the rifle; I brought it in case of roe.'

The girl took it up listlessly. She hated exhibitions. She looked down the barrel and put up the sight.

Jack threw the bottle far into the sea, where it bobbed up and down inanely. A sharp crack of the rifle, and off flew the neck with the cork. She laid the weapon aside.

'I, on the contrary, love shooting live things,' said Mrs Foggo. 'Give me the rifle and I will pick that old gull off the rock.'

She fired, missing clean. The gull sat still on his rock in the sunshine.

A not very distant but loud guffaw was heard proceeding from Foggo's valet and loader, who hated her, promptly suppressed by the horrified and well-bred Highland keepers.

A pink spot came into each of Mrs Foggo's cheeks, and there was an ugly glitter in her eye. She laughed affectedly, and fell to teasing Johnnie.

Johnnie was the most amiable of little dogs, and bore it without a murmur for a long time. Bones were offered him and snatched away, and he only licked his lips and looked surprised, sitting very tight, with cocked ears and his head on one side.

At length Mrs Foggo caught hold of his tail and gave it a cruel twist. The little dog cried, and

poked his nose against her hand, which she withdrew suddenly.

'Oh, the nasty little beast has bitten me!'

Jack started to his feet. 'He shall be shot if he has,' he said savagely.

'Jack!' said Betty, her eyes blazing.

There was a sort of growl from all the men.

Colonel Fraser suddenly seized Mrs Foggo's wrist.

'Let me look,' he said. 'I am a nailer at wounds, and my little woman always sends me out with a kind of housewife full of aids to the wounded.'

'Yes, Fraser, patch it up,' said George Foggo, removing his pipe, with a sardonic grin. 'It may require stitching.'

Colonel Fraser drew off the thick deerskin glove. His grasp on her wrist was firm, and there was something in his look that told he meant to have his way. The soft, white, velvet hand with the rosy palm was thoroughly examined, and no flaw or scratch could be discovered to mar its perfect beauty.

'More frightened than hurt, I fancy,' he said dryly. 'Johnnie is certainly a most alarming dog;' and he tossed her hand into her lap rather contemptuously. She bit her lips savagely. For once she felt that all were against her, even the men, and that her beauty counted for naught.

'I am sure dear little Johnnie is always a gentleman,' said Miss Contango in her high, clear voice. 'He was tried pretty high, too. I was just wondering how much more teasing he would stand, sweet darling;' and she turned her back on the fair lady.

'If you will excuse me, Mrs Foggo,' said Betty coldly, 'I will walk home with my dangerous dog.'

'And I will come with you,' said Miss Contango.

'Will you come with us, Mrs Foggo,' said Fitzlugh, 'and take a little turn? The cart will wait at the cross-roads; we can see it all the time. It is too far for you to walk home,' apologetically.

She agreed with alacrity.

'What a bore!' said Colonel Fraser to his beard. 'There will be an end of the day's sport, and the best of the afternoon. We shall only be allowed to range on the flat. I hate that woman. I think she is a real bad un, and she is playing old Harry with that nice, dear boy.'

That evening two little scenes were enacted in old Dunscaith. Betty had gone to her room, shaking off Miss Contango with difficulty. She felt she must have one hour's quiet in order to pull herself together and treat Mrs Foggo with civility. She drew her chair to the window, and Johnnie flew on to her lap.

The sky was all gold and rose, the rooks circled and cawed, and a blackbird chattered in the laurels. It was a scene of perfect peace and beauty.

Slow tears welled up in her eyes and rolled unheeded down her cheeks, splashing on Johnnie's head.

The door opened and her brother came in.

'I was a brute, Betty,' he said; 'forgive me! I don't know what has come over me, I feel so irri-



table and seedy. Don't cry, old girl. You know I would not have touched Johnnie.'

'I don't know, indeed,' she said, a sob in her throat. 'My poor, gentle little doggie; but you should have shot me first;' and the tears flowed on.

Jack looked miserably out of the window, and his lips quivered.

'Perhaps you had better not bring him out to lunch again,' he said in a low voice.

'Certainly not, while she is here, hateful creature!' said the girl. 'You had better go, dear. I must bathe my eyes.'

He stooped and kissed her bent head and left the room.

The fair Mrs Foggo was seated at her dressing-table. Her maid was trying a new mode of coiffure. A rap at the door, and a look of haughty surprise as her husband entered.

'You can go,' he said to the maid. 'I wish to speak to your mistress.'

Mrs Foggo drew her brows together, tapping the dressing-table irritably with her paper-knife, and playing with the leaves of the French novel she was reading.

'I find that the air of Dunseath does not suit me,' said George Foggo. 'I have consequently found a telegram awaiting me on my return from shooting which will necessitate our leaving here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, so as to catch the Perth train.'

Mrs Foggo demurred.

'We shall leave to-morrow morning precisely at

ten o'clock,' he repeated, as though he had not heard her note of dissent.

Mrs Foggo knew that any objection on her part would be waved aside when her husband had decided on any step. Her maid and luggage had been obliged to follow her ere now when Abigail's packing powers were under the mark.

'I am sure I don't care,' she said. 'I am bored to death here. I hate the place and the people, particularly that detestable girl.'

'Ah!' said Foggo. 'Miss Fitzhugh? I dare say. She is remarkably handsome, and so charming and clever. So young, too. Only her second season, I fancy;' and he smiled.

'If you have finished giving me your orders, perhaps you will relieve me of your presence and allow me to dress for dinner,' she said acidly.

'Delighted as always to obey your commands,' he said, and left the room.

The scene with the little dog had filled him with anger and infinite disgust. He had conceived a great admiration and regard for Betty, and had an honest liking for young Fitzhugh. He did not usually interfere with his wife's diversions, finding a cynical amusement in watching her inflict the pain on others of which his own cup had been so full; but this was different, somehow, and he determined to end it. So, to the intense relief of his hosts, that evening the oft-told tale of the telegram was told, and the Foggos departed precisely at ten next morning.

(To be continued.)

## ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN BOAT.

By Captain PETER JOHANSEN.

### PART I.

**W**HEN I determined to cross the Atlantic in a small open boat it was not because there was a wager to be won, not that I sought notoriety, and not that I desired to die sensationally.

A great many landmen, who should know rather less about navigation than I ought to know, have argued at considerable length that the thing was a great gamble, with enormous odds against me. But I felt confident. I knew the route well, I had been at sea forty-five years, and I had reason to expect favourable weather and currents. I took all possible precautions to ensure my arrival at Punta Gorda; and no sailor, naval or mercantile, has told me the performance was carelessly undertaken. Many people have been most emphatic in declaring that I have no logical claim to be alive. But the important fact is that I am alive in spite of arm-chair logic. The most pessimistic critic of the trip was a Gibraltar doctor, who diagnosed the circumstances as though he were dealing with a fever. To use the familiar term, he 'gave me up' before I started. No doubt I lacerated his pro-

fessional pride by failing to drown, and I have rudely omitted to send him an apology.

If proof is wanted that my trip was not performed for notoriety's sake, may I say that although invitations to write my narrative have come nearer swamping me than the waves of the Atlantic ever did, this is the first time I have myself written a word for publication. Many American papers printed yarns which astonished me more than the rest of the world when I heard of their florid embroidery. The more enterprising published photographs of me and my boat, though the photographers had seen neither.

My boat was named the *Lotta*. She took me and my son from Gibraltar to Charlotte Harbour, Florida, in fifty-nine days. She was built in Japan, to be sailed in a harbour in Florida. She was cutter-rigged, twenty-nine and a half feet long, seven and a half broad, and four and a half deep.

I had arrived at Yokohama, commanding the British ship *Senator*, which had been knocked about severely by a cyclone. In connection with her repair I inspected the yard of the Yokohama Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, and was

attracted by the deftness of the boatbuilders—all Japanese. I knew I should need a boat when I went to live in Florida—I had planned a rest from sea-going—and I so much liked the neat, light, and strong work these men did that I designed a boat and gave the firm the order.

She was hoisted aboard the *Senator*, we sailed for and arrived at Royal Roads, B.C., and with a cargo of salmon from the Fraser River left for Liverpool. Three hundred miles south of the Azores we fell in with a Norwegian derelict ship, the *Superb*. While the *Senator* resumed her passage to Liverpool, my mate and five of the crew were sailing the salvaged *Superb* to Gibraltar.

I was in Liverpool when her arrival was reported. As I had found that to ship the *Lotta* to Florida as cargo would be expensive and troublesome, and I had to go to Gibraltar about the salvage of the *Superb*, I decided to take the *Lotta* with me on a Mediterranean steamer and attempt to cross the Atlantic in her.

At Gibraltar I tried to keep my plan quiet. I dislike demonstrations and personal advertising. But, somehow, it became known. As a sailor, I hate leaks, whether they are of private schemes or ships' hulls; and I was annoyed, because to me it seemed desirable that I should slip away undisturbed by criticism, to which I am as sensitive as most men. The very thing happened that I dreaded. Prophets of evil swooped down upon me and thrust dismal predictions into my ears. I had not asked for their theories, and it was hard luck to be the target of remarks fired with the extra emphasis that often accompanies ignorance. In theory, I should not have heeded them. The prophets settled in such a cocksure way that I should surely die, that in reality I was almost irritated and almost depressed by their croaking.

Happily, there were others, bright women and frank men, who did not try to teach me all about navigation, and who were content with offering me kind wishes. Among them were a lady and a gentleman plainly eager for my success; and the brotherly deeds and demeanour of the latter—Captain Barnes Lawrence, R.N., the captain of the port—went straight to my heart, and gave me inspiration and encouragement just when I needed them. I was very grateful, and have never forgotten or undervalued their unaffected interest in my preparations.

From Liverpool we brought provisions for two persons for seventy days, chiefly tinned meat, fruit, and cocoa, as well as all the needed outfit and personal effects. When I had finished with the rescued derelict, we rigged and ballasted the *Lotta*, and had a trial spin in the harbour. I found her 'crank'; that is, she had not enough stability to ensure her safety under a pressure of sail in a seaway. At Yokohama she was fitted with a movable fin, ten feet long and twelve inches deep, fastened to her keel with bolts and nuts. Now we had to take off this fin and bolt to the keel a leaden keel weighing six hundred and seventy-five pounds. The fin was

placed beneath the leaden keel, and fastened through and through with brass bolts and nuts. After adding fruit, wine, medical necessities, and ninety gallons of fresh water to our stores, we had a last stability-trial in the harbour, which was satisfactory. We obtained our clean bill of health from the American consul, and a clearance certificate from the authorities, and quietly left Gibraltar at 10 A.M. on 20th August 1900. Captain Barnes Lawrence, in his steam-launch, led the way to the harbour boundary, and gave us three hearty cheers as a send-off.

Now the *Lotta*, an open boat, twenty-nine and a half feet long, had started on her adventure. There were five thousand miles to be sailed, Captain Peter Johansen being in command, with a crew of one boy, his son, twelve years old. The skipper was confident, but none the less cautious. For the first nine days and nights I did not lie down once to sleep or to rest. But I must not get ahead of the *Lotta*. She is, so far in my narrative, only just out of Gibraltar. Outside the harbour a huge shark forced his ugly company upon us. Thus, though we had left our friends, there was still some one immediately interested in our fortune. We did not like the fellow. He hung about the boat all day, a few yards off, now and again showing impatience at the delay in the meal he had promised himself. We heartily hated the ominous monster. I thought his eagerness in very bad taste.

Leaving Gibraltar, we had fine weather, with a fresh easterly wind blowing at times in strong gusts from the hills, necessitating a second reef in the mainsail. Getting fairly into the Strait, we plunged into a choppy sea, with frequent swirls of tide-rips which looked like seething cauldrons, caused by the current running in a direction opposite to the wind. Already we had to steer with some ingenuity to save our little boat from swamping. Hard labour began at once. We shipped large quantities of water, and had to bail smartly and for long spells. It was heavy work, not more cheerful because, whenever we looked up to unbend our stiffened necks, there was that confounded hungry shark following us at an equable pace, looking at us sardonically, it seemed, and wagging his tail with greater impatience as the day went on. We increasingly resented the sinister antics of the voracious blackguard, and had no comfort from his alertness. The passage of the Strait of Gibraltar was a somewhat rough introduction to an ocean voyage for a non-decked boat. It had the effect of thoroughly arousing our energies, and put me on my mettle for any emergency.

At the beginning my son was very sea-sick, and naturally could help little in the management of the boat. I therefore did the steering myself. But the water that was pouring continuously into the boat had to be shifted promptly if we were to float right side up, and my son managed to bail despite his sickness.

If on all the fifty-nine days which the voyage occupied we had eaten as little as on that first day, the crew of the *Lotta* would have stepped on

the American shore with only their bones left to tell the tale. We had neither dinner, tea, nor supper. The sharp ocean wind may have given us appetites. If it did, we did not trouble them. We had enough to think about in managing the boat, and could only snap an occasional grape. We cleared the Strait, and I let the *Lotta* go under easy sail on a general south-west course, while my son made himself as comfortable as possible, and lay down to sleep. I stayed at the wheel still.

Towards morning the wind fell and we had fog for a change. About 4 A.M. a large, full-rigged ship passed close to us, bound north. I had to call my son to hang out the side-light and to keep it visible until we passed her, our usual method of averting a collision during the trip. Then for the first time the skipper and the crew tried their hands at cooking. We possessed a spirit-lamp and two gallons of methylated spirits. We had cocoa and biscuits—a plain breakfast; but the cocoa was the most delicious drink we had ever tasted, and the breakfast made us feel more like kings than kings could ever feel.

And what marvellous beauty of sea and sky that sunrise revealed! The fog swept back like a curtain. It was not the world we dwelt in yesterday. No land, no chop on the waters, and genial warmth after nipping cold; and no shark impertinently glaring at us as a meal which an obliging sea might tip into his jaws at any moment. This was a good omen. We forgot our troubles, and became as sunny as the sky and as happy as the waves that danced with golden spangles all about them.

We kept on our general south-west course. By observations at noon I found we had sailed one hundred miles since leaving Gibraltar. We each had for dinner two ounces of preserved meat, half a pint of hot cocoa, biscuits *ad lib.*, and a little fruit. My son had not quite recovered from sea-sickness. He lay in the bottom of the boat, on the starboard side of which a berth had been improvised under the first thwart from the stern, protected by a canvas screen. The berth was arranged on a novel plan. The occupant's feet were close to the feet of the man at the helm. When it was necessary to wake the sleeper, one kicked. The pressure of the kick varied with the urgency of the occasion. Again, the sleeper would be aroused by the rude intrusion of the crest of a wave; over the gunwale it would leap and drench him. The effect was exactly that of a powerful electrical shock.

With the huge inverted bowl of sky and the eternally restless ocean stretching immensely about our modest craft, we had constant and vivid reminders that vigilance and coolness were indispensable to our success. The comparatively frail *Lotta* had not the resisting power of the barques and full-rigged ships to which I had been accustomed. If our Japanese-built boat was to carry us across, we should require to help her. At no moment in the long trip must we fail in mind, in nerve, or in strength. At 5 P.M. on that second day we had tea,

which was supper as well. Also, it was a duplication of our dinner. One cannot hope for meals of surprising variety in an open boat on the Atlantic, and ours were much the same week in, week out.

The binnacle-lamp was lighted, and the side-light, being made ready too, was hidden in the bottom of the boat, to be brought out when needed. A double reef was taken in the mainsail, and a small jib substituted for a large one. These precautions taken, my son retired to bed. I continued steering till midnight. Then I gave the signal-kick—a gentle one—and the boy arose and made cocoa. We enjoyed it, with the inevitable biscuits. Again I steered, and my son slept until daybreak, when the reveille-kick was administered. Another cup of cocoa, reefs out, and the large jib was set and every sail trimmed to make the *Lotta* spin along. Next, a wash and brush each, one relieving the other at the wheel. Breakfast at eight, which was a copy of yesterday's dinner and tea. The chronometer was wound, the barometer noted, and the *Lotta* bailed. Day after day, night after night, this routine was strictly followed. We took no liberties. It was our stern duty to eliminate the elements of risk as far as we could. We were running for the north-east trade-wind. We anticipated that when we fell in with it there would be less reefing, less danger, and a larger distance made good at the end of each twenty-four hours.

On the ninth day after leaving Gibraltar we sighted the Canary Islands and passed through the group, leaving the island of Lanzarote on our left. The weather was fine, with a moderate favouring breeze from the northward, which enabled us to clear the islands. At sunrise next morning we observed the summit of the Grand Canary, bearing north-north-east, distance about sixty miles, and here we fell in with the north-east 'trades,' an event always looked forward to by seamen. It gives them a respite from the fickle winds blowing in the neighbourhood of the northern boundaries of the trade-winds, and enables them to judge the probable duration of the voyage.

The brisk trade-breeze freshened to a moderate gale, which compelled us to take a second reef in the mainsail. By noon we lost sight of the Grand Canary Island. As it dropped in our wake we saw a steamer racing up astern, plunging the ocean at a rate that soon brought her abreast of us. She was on a parallel course, and came close in. The passengers crowded to the side and waved handkerchiefs at us. It was like a hand-shake on the sea. She was one of the Messageries Maritimes Transatlantiques Company's liners.

Strangely enough, I met one of her quartermasters some time after we had crossed, and he told me of a discussion among the passengers which became quite heated. They knew what we were attempting, for, though I had not desired it, a bald account of our intention was published in newspapers all over the world. The general opinion of the passengers was that we should 'never arrive.' Some of them—



one finds experts in navigation in unexpected places—proved me utterly lacking in the rudiments of my profession. They said I was not steering for Florida at all. When the debate reached boiling-point the captain was appealed to. He, worthy man, said he believed we should arrive, *because* we were not steering for Florida. He thought my route, though not as direct as the one some of my critics could have traced with a knowing forefinger on the chart, indicated that I had some ambition to see land again.

The wind strengthened and the sea heaved the *Lotta* about roughly. Water poured into her. We had to bail often and long. Astern, black and angry clouds with torn edges splashed the sky. Their haste increased to velocity, and we looked for a windy night. We were drenched, and very cold and very tired. I decided to heave-to until morning. After tea, therefore, we made fast the forward sails and lowered the mainsail, while the boat's head was brought to the wind on the starboard tack. The after leach of the mainsail, at a pot's distance from the peak of the sail, was then lashed securely to the boom, and at the throat of the sail the gaff and boom were lashed together, and the peak halyards steadied tight. Thus a piece of canvas was exposed which looked like an elongated triangle with its

acute angle at the mast, the base of it a foot wide and the sides eleven feet long. The helm was firmly lashed, slightly a-lee.

And now, for the first time since leaving Gibraltar, I found myself liberated from the wheel for more than a few moments. More bailing had to be done. Then we changed our clothes, and, taking the brandy bottle from the medicine-chest, had one ounce each. Our half-frozen limbs were warmed, and the blood which had seemed to be congealed throughout our bodies circulated more freely.

How would the boat behave under the new conditions? This was my next anxiety. I was glad, very glad, to see that she headed up nearly in the wind's eye and bravely mounted the waves. Except for a spray now and again, she kept herself dry. However, one cannot have all the luxuries. Like a cork in a great spread of boiling water, our frail craft was tossed about the giant ocean. It was almost impossible to stand; we were pitched and tumbled in all directions. Nevertheless, we were too fatigued to be kept awake even by continual jarring and bumping. This was the first rest or sleep I had taken since leaving Gibraltar nine days before. It is not imperative that I should say I enjoyed it!

(To be continued.)

## 'AUGUSTA SAYS.'

### CHAPTER IV.

**I**T was early on a hot August afternoon when I drove down to meet Tom and his friend, feeling in the best of spirits. It was on the way to the station that I began to wonder if the thing would work out as I wished—whether Tom might not think Augusta a very beautiful and bewitching cousin, and young Garrod take a fancy to my entrancing little Winnie, and both round on me when the truth came out. Hitherto I had been absorbed in the practical and technical difficulties that had met us at the outset—for example, the instruction of the servants, who had so far to be taken into our plans. My man is an old soldier, and merely saluted; but the housekeeper is Calvinistic, and spoke of deviation from the Blessed Ter-uth; so we gave her a fortnight's holiday to go and bury a relative. Really, Winifred and Miss Arkwright had kept so constantly by me that it was not till I was bowling along the solitary and familiar road between the birches that I had any time for private reflection. However, it was too late now. I had given my word—the word of a M'Nab. Besides, it promised rare sport.

I left the groom to bring on the luggage, and Tom took the reins, and young Garrod got up behind us. Tom seemed a bit off colour, I thought.

'I say, sir,' were almost his first words, 'I

suppose neither of them knows anything about us?'

'Neither of them?'

'My cousin and that friend of hers.'

'Oh! Well, Tom, a man's chances usually rest on the woman's ignorance of his real character, if that's what you mean.'

'That is not what I mean, however, Uncle Ben, and your turning it off in this way shows me that our suspicions of you are about true. You have gone and blabbed to them.'

'Tom, you are disrespectful!'

Tom chuckled; I do not know at what. Then he grew grave again.

'But it is a bit too bad, you know, if you have. It makes Garrod and me in a blue funk about meeting them.'

Garrod twisted round in the back seat, and brought his head close to my shoulder and to Tom's elbow.

'Really, sir,' he put in, 'in spite of your hospitality—I must say I—if she knows I answer to the description, and guesses I—you must see it is deuced awkward! I can face a good deal; but I could not face'—

'Young men,' I said judiciously, 'there are two alternatives.' They both listened. 'Either you can each go straight to his own room, and, by remaining there during your entire visit to Ardstronach, avoid ever meeting the ladies of my household'—

'Oh, hold on, Uncle Ben! What about the birds? No woman is worth'—

'And the other alternative?' asked Garrod.

'You can be he, and he him!' I said quickly.

'You mean'—

'Why, he be him and him he, of course. It is quite simple.'

Tom looked down at me anxiously. 'Poor old chap!' he muttered; '*dear* old chap! Touch of sun, eh?'

But Garrod, with his superior force of intellect, caught on. I am not sure to this day if I quite meant them to understand. Anyhow, in two moments I felt like the boy who in idle mischief strikes a match in a hay-loft, and suddenly finds the whole place ablaze.

'It's no end of a notion that, Sir Benjamin! Miss Murray has never seen her cousin? Then I personate him, while M'Nab here is introduced to the blood-thirsty beauty—I beg your pardon, but *my* chilly fate—as a young man just off on a dangerous Arctic voyage. My word, what a good idea! It will give us a breathing space, and—provide a—bulwark of anonymity, whence we either advance or retreat. My word, sir! your nephew did not overrate you. You *are* a sportsman!'

I tried to think, but I felt a little dizzy. Possibly, after all, I had acted all for the best. Young people are so contrary, perhaps now that each one of the four had his or her head turned on to the wrong track each would take the bit between his own teeth and go right, and in the end I should see two well-broken-in pairs in double harness after all. Anyway, I washed my hands of it now—the thing was beyond my control.

As we drove round to the front of Ardstronach I glanced up and saw that both girls were in the turret window-seat of the drawing-room, craning forward between the curtains to peep and inspect us; but when we walked into the drawing-room they were seated together at quite the other end of the room, having tea at a small table. It was Augusta who was pouring out the tea and who rose and came to greet us.

I took young Garrod by the arm and shoved him forward.

'Your cousin Tom M'Nab!' I cried glibly.

We were none of us prepared for what happened. Young Garrod, without a second's hesitation, gave Augusta a cousinly kiss. This agitating instinct was probably due to his having a father in the explosives business. I saw at once, however, that it was the right thing to do, so I kissed her also. Then I considered I had done my part; but I became aware that they were all waiting for the rest of the introductions. I looked round, and encountered eight eyes fixed expectantly on me, and I entirely lost my equilibrium. Shutting my own eyes, I waved my hands like a windmill in a cyclone and said the four names, leaving their owners—or their professed owners—to fit themselves as they pleased. And then I opened my eyes and fled. At

the door of my own room I paused and listened, but could hear no unwonted sounds from below. I went in, sat down in an arm-chair by the open window, looked at the quiet and peaceful view, and fanned myself. Presently I got up with the firm determination to go down and manfully play my part. When I got to the door I locked it, and returned to the arm-chair. In about a couple of hours the dressing-gong sounded, and, as by habit, I divested myself of my coat. Three minutes later my man knocked at the door. I knew his step, and admitted him.

'Sir!' he exclaimed, petrified, staring at me.

I glanced down, and was amazed to discover I was clothed in my pyjamas. I am ready to swear it must have been pure absence of mind that had led me to undress for the night instead of dressing for dinner; but, as it seemed a pity to waste a direct hint from the gods, I acted on it.

'I feel—indisposed,' I explained. 'You can excuse me to the ladies and gentlemen downstairs, and bring me up food and some of the white port.'

But in five minutes Winnie was with me—Winnie radiantly lovely in a white dinner-frock like a film of mist in moonlight—Winnie with sparkling eyes and geranium-pink cheeks.

'Are you ill, Uncle Ben?' she cried breathlessly.

I leant back on the pillows that propped me, adjusted the tasselled point of my nightcap, and folded my hands deliberately on the coverlet.

'No, my dear,' I answered her. 'I rejoice to say that I am in the best of health; but, having no one handy with whom to exchange identity, I have resolved to avoid the situation by adopting the other and less popular alternative, and to remain in bed.'

She hardly seemed to hear me.

'I'm so glad you are not really ill. Oh, Uncle Ben, it *is* such fun downstairs!'

'I am glad,' I replied laconically.

'But Augusta says she doesn't like him, though.'

'Which?'

'Why, the other one.'

'Let me see, which is the other one?'

The dinner-gong began to sound, and she was gone.

I tried to think who would take down whom, but, what with the puzzle and the port, my head reeled. No one came near me. I lay hour after hour till the room grew quite dark in the summer dusk; but at intervals I heard voices and music and laughter in the distance. I had fallen into a doze, when a quick step on the stair roused me, and, with a passing rap on the panel of the door, Tom bounded in.

'You aren't really seedy, sir?'

'I don't feel quite myself, Tom.'

'Whom do you feel?' he asked with keen interest.

'Whom do I feel?' I repeated.

'We're none of us feeling quite ourselves—it is a sort of epidemic.'

'Well, the fact is, Tom, that as there is nobody

else for me to feel, I have resolved to remain in my own room.'

Tom paid me very little attention. 'There's great doings downstairs, uncle,' he told me.

'Really!'

'I say, sir, she is stunning!'

'Which?'

'Why, the other one, of course.'

I pulled my nightcap over my ears. 'No doubt I shall learn particulars to-morrow, Tom,' I said faintly.

When I opened my eyes he too was gone.

Next morning I woke early, with the birds. I am naturally, though close on sixty—to lee or to windward—an active man. I tossed and fumed till my tea came.

'I shall not need shaving-water,' I observed testily. 'I am still very indisposed—to get up.'

'Very good, sir.'

With my breakfast-tray my pent-up curiosity got the better of me.

'My young guests—down yet?' I asked, cracking an egg.

'Mr Garrod, as calls 'isself Mr M'Nab, rose early and went out with Miss Harkwright, as calls 'erself Miss Murray.'

'Oh! And Miss Murray—the real Miss Murray?'

'Is sittin' by 'erself on the lawn.'

'Oh! And Mr M'Nab—the real Mr M'Nab?'

'Is sittin' by 'isself on the lawn—opposite end.'

'Oh!'

After a time there was a soft knock at my door.

'Come in,' I shouted.

Winnie entered—a rather subdued Winnie.

'Good-morning, my dear.'

'Good-morning, Uncle Ben.'

She sat down beside my bed and began pleating the frills of her morning muslin gown.

'Augusta says'—she began; and then she stopped.

'Well, my dear, what does Augusta say?'

'Augusta says that Cousin Tom is remarkably well informed—for a man, and that she would never have taken him for your nephew, and that he has a remarkably good headpiece.'

'In-deed!'

'Ye-es,' Winnie went on slowly. 'And she says he would be quite wasted on a vegetating existence at home, and that he ought to be encouraged to make his mark in the world.'

'Ah!'

'And that with a clever woman at his side he might be and do anything!'

'Even go on an Arctic voyage?'

Winnie looked at me pensively. 'That is Mr Garrod—Cousin Tom never thought of accompanying him,' she reminded me. 'Uncle dear, does it not appear—a pity—young Mr Garrod should go away and risk his life?'

'Great pity.'

'He does not seem to want to.'

'No?'

'No. He spoke last night—to Augusta—about the delights of country life.'

'And what did he talk to you about?'

'He—he hasn't spoken to me.'

'Eh? How's that?'

'I think, Uncle Ben, he—detests me.'

'You don't say so! Why?'

Winnie's lips trembled. 'You see, Uncle Ben, he thinks—I want—to be—his widow. It is not—endearing—now *is* it? Oh! I *wish* we hadn't taken your advice—and—that I'd been me and her she.'

At that moment there was a loud knock at the door. Winnie started up like a fawn at bay and glanced about for shelter.

'You need not go, child.'

'But—you forget—I'm *she*!' And she darted into my wardrobe just as Tom walked into the room.

He looked round curiously.

'Thought I heard voices,' he remarked.

'I frequently recite poetry to myself when I am alone,' I answered.

'Oh! that all? I was afraid it might be that beetle-browed niece of yours.'

'Young man!'

'Beg pardon, sir, but she stifles me. She and Percy hit it off, though. You should hear them talk! But that little girl, sir—his voice suddenly grew tender, and his eyes stern and miserable—I can't make her out.'

'No?'

'She never thought of that widow dodge herself, I'll be bound. It was that friend of hers that put her up to it.'

'Yes, you are right there.'

'I guessed as much. She's not that sort. A tender little thing like that—why, a man would be ready to lay down his life for her as soon as he saw her!'

'Just what she asks.'

'Pshaw! I say, do you think she would mind being poor? We'd have to sell Ardstronach.'

'Sell Ardstronach!' I yelled, sitting upright. 'Tom M'Nab, are you *mad*!'

Winnie stepped lightly out of the wardrobe and confronted us.

'Hullo!' said Tom. He stood up rather stiffly and handed her his chair. 'Won't you sit down, Miss Arkwright?' he asked coldly.

Winnie took not the least notice either of him or the chair.

'Why did you call him Tom M'Nab?' she asked me.

'Because he is, my dear, your cousin Tom M'Nab.'

She turned towards him then, and they both stood looking at one another across the chair. Then they both turned to me. I adjusted the tasselled point of my nightcap and leant back.

'Have you been playing a trick on us, sir?' my nephew demanded.



'Oh, uncle, did you let them do it too?' Winnie cried.

'Yes. I set a thief to catch a thief. I own it.—But are you not glad she's your cousin, Tom? Be yourself, man!'

'I think Augusta will want me,' Winnie murmured; and Tom, holding the door open for her, hesitated a moment, and then followed her.

I rang and ordered my shaving-water.

When I came downstairs the house was deserted. I sauntered out, and went down towards the loch. Arriving suddenly at the little jetty that starts out from among a group of silver birches, I discovered Augusta Arkwright and young Garrod sitting in the punt that is kept tied there to an iron ring.

'Yes, I could not believe you were a M'Nab,' Miss Augusta was saying. 'They are not *brainy* people, though attractive.'

'I like them uncommonly,' Garrod answered.

I thought I would not interrupt at that moment.

'And when do you start on your voyage, Mr Garrod?' she asked in her quiet, calm voice.

'I can't start, you know, unless my father equips the expedition. And you know the condition he laid down.'

There was a pause, and then Augusta's answer came slowly.

'But—with his help?'

'I still would not go.'

'Why not?'

There was a longer pause, and it occurred to me I ought to leave; but suddenly Percy Garrod spoke.

'You see this punt we are in, Miss Arkwright? I could not go on a voyage in it, because, don't you see, you are by my side—and we are tied by a ring.'

I hurried away.

In the rose pergola I came upon Tom and Winnie. Winnie ran forward and slipped her little hand into mine.

'Well, are you contented now, Puss?' I whispered.

'Oh! I'm always contented, Uncle Ben.'

'But,' I objected, 'you told me that Augusta says content is soul-destroying, and ruins the life of the nation and the character of the individual.'

'Yes, uncle dear, I remember Augusta *said* that; but now—Cousin Tom says'—

'Cousin Tom says?' I replied. 'Oho!'

THE END.

## THE COST OF LIVING ON THE RAND.



SO much has been said about the cost of living on the Rand, as making it so difficult for the majority of men to maintain a wife and family, that we intend to look closely into the matter. Though so doing may not solve the problem, it may throw valuable side-lights on the question for those now in England who contemplate making a home here. The matter was discussed in its manifold bearings before the British Association. Since the return of these scientists to Britain further ventilation has been given to conditions prevailing on the Rand.

To one who has since the earliest days of Johannesburg 'kept house' in season and out of season, in good days and ill, the crux of the whole matter seems to lie in the fact that new-comers are attracted by abnormally high wages, and expect the purchasing power of the same to be as great as in England, where, earning a pittance, they can, owing to cheap living, manage to exist and perhaps save. It never occurs to such that, as an economic fact, so soon as the cost of living is here reduced wages will fall proportionately.

It is computed that a man with wife and three young children must of necessity spend twenty-five pounds monthly on rent, food, and clothing, leaving no margin for pleasure, education, or the proverbial rainy day. With such an one, rent for a four-roomed cottage swallows eight pounds monthly. The prudent man, however, only marries

when he has saved, by years of single blessedness, sufficient to buy a stand and build thereon a house. It may be said *en passant* that the percentage of individual house-owners here is far greater than in England. Now, the man earning this twenty-five pounds monthly would in England rank as the lower-middle or working class. His wife perforce occupies no higher status—indeed, as often as not, has spent her spinsterhood in domestic service here or in England. Assume, as is pretty usual, both are from Britain. It is surprising how conservative and narrow are their ideas, and the maintenance thereof is somewhat costly. The Englishman is proverbially slow, even when in Rome, to do as the Roman does, and even on the Continent his predilection for 'ros-bif' and 'bif-tek' is considered a national characteristic. Hence the lower orders migrating to a country whose climate differs so vastly in its exhilarating freshness from the damp and gloom so often prevailing in the British Isles, insist on having the same food, cost what it may, as they have ever been accustomed to. Fish in their island-home is cheap enough; here, after a thousand miles' journey in refrigerating car from the coast, it is a luxury which poor folk must dispense with, unless favouring the tinned article. Meat, on the other hand, is not a fancy price, and the imported frozen meat at sixpence to tenpence per pound is good at that. Eggs, usually in great demand, may be had at various ages from one shilling and fourpence to seven shillings and sixpence per dozen. Potatoes, the Englishman's

daily vegetable, cost from threepence to sixpence per pound, according to the season. Good English and Australian butter is but one and sixpence per pound, and the same figure purchases one pound of excellent tea. For sugar, flour, and bread the retail price is threepence per pound. Cheese is dear at one shilling and threepence. Best brands of tinned milk are little more than English price, whilst sixpence to ninepence per bottle must be paid for fresh milk. Biscuits and cakes are proportionately expensive.

The white miner, especially the Cornishman, comes hither from a frugal home. The main delicacy of the man from the Duchy has been Cousin Jack's pasty, made with, and often enough without, meat. He fills in with bread, cheese, and bacon perhaps. Here he earns possibly one pound a shift—often more—and rarely less than thirty pounds per month on the Rand mines. He pays six pounds per month for board only in the mine mess-room, and thrice daily has such an extravagant menu as would have served him for a week's feasting in the old country. At dawn he is served with early coffee. His breakfast consists of porridge, chops, steak, liver and bacon, ham and eggs, jam, and bread and butter; his lunch, of soup, stews, curry, cold meats, with a liberal allowance of condiments, jam, butter, and potted meats. Afternoon tea is duly sent round; and dinner at 6 or 7 P.M. is a glorified lunch: soup, entrées, joints, several vegetables, pudding, and cheese. With each meal tea or coffee is served. This *embarras de richesses* in no way inconveniences the miner. From beginning to end he steadily works through each course. But when Mrs Miner is brought out to make the family home, her lord expects to keep up the same style of living, and perhaps indulge in four or five bottles of whisky per month (at five shillings per bottle), without greatly increased outlay. When he finds this impossible, up rises the general wail of the high cost of living and inadequate wage.

The shop-assistant and bank-clerk are paid from seventeen pounds to twenty-five pounds monthly. Both are usually imported from humble homes and simple mode of living; but when they arrive here, their bachelor days are spent in town boarding-houses, where, for board alone, six pounds to eight pounds monthly ensures them much the same food as that previously described. It may be less roughly served, and fruit is perhaps more liberally provided. It is also more pretentious: the menu bristles with fricassees and ragouts; roast-pork masquerades as sucking-pig, barn-door fowl as roast turkey, and duck is alternately known as goose, and the consumer is never a bit the wiser. Our city policemen are allowed but two shillings per diem for rations, and their mess-room lacks many of the above-mentioned luxuries. Civil and municipal servants are paid salaries commensurate with the value of money, a special allowance being granted to married men. Professional men command high fees,

and are thus enabled to live as they choose; and the same applies to traders and merchants. Hence, the so-called working-man, the shop-assistant, and the junior clerk are those who find a difficulty in making ends meet; and the writer strongly contends that the main causes are the thriftlessness of their women-folk and the rapacity of the men.

Though eight pounds or ten pounds be spent in house-rent, half of that may often be realised by subletting one or even two rooms; the wide verandas of colonial houses usually supply the need of a parlour. The climate is not tropical; therefore the artisan's wife may easily accomplish her own house and laundry work without the extravagance of a full-grown Kafir at three pounds ten shillings a month. If help she must have, an *umfaan* (Kafir lad of twelve or fourteen) will nurse the baby and do much of the work for ten shillings a month. Fires for ten months of the year are absolutely unnecessary save for cooking, and the small kitchen stoves used consume very little coal or oil, as the case may be. Close 'backyards' are here represented by tiny gardens, where, with almost no trouble, a crop of tomatoes may be grown to suffice for four months' daily use, and even then the thrifty housewife will conserve many for sauce and soy, to save purchasing imported pickles in the winter. A cheap and excellent jam can also be made from the green or ripe crop.

If eggs are a necessity, a few fowls will provide them in moderation, and be content with table scraps and a little grain if their pen is roomy and they are allowed exercise in the open. Peaches at one and sixpence per hundred, and oranges at four shillings per hundred, provide jam and marmalade at threepence per pound; rice, the imported article, is one shilling per pound; the best dried fruits may be had at from sixpence to one shilling per pound, and with home canning or bottling of fresh fruits during summer's plenty, assist the winter pudding-problem.

Vegetables, save potatoes and onions, are not unreasonably dear. If the housewife cannot make her purchases in the morning market, the patient coolie will bring his wares to her door, content with a small profit. Pumpkins realised only three pounds to four pounds per ton last season; thirty shillings invested in two or three score would provide nutritious and wholesome vegetable food for several months at a tenth the cost of potatoes. Rice also, as a vegetable, is cheap and wholesome; but the average Englishwoman cooks it indifferently, hence is prejudiced. Chops and steaks are not essential for breakfast; indeed, far too much meat is consumed. Bacon is one shilling to one and threepence per pound, and therefore its price is not prohibitive.

Cook-shops whence wives of British workmen so often supply the daily meals are non-existent here. Young Englishmen on farms often scratch along in almost helpless discomfort where the colonial makes the best of his surroundings, adapts himself to circumstances, and gets perhaps the best value

for his money. There is no doubt but that the inadequacy of South Africa to feed itself, and the consequent heavy imports, form a great factor in the high prices some commodities command. The working-man, however, is far better off here than gentlefolks who on a slender income attempt to keep up any sort of pretentious style.

Holiday expenses are rare here. As a journey to the coast costs so much, a trip home is more frequently the object of savings. Entertainments of every variety are quadruple the cost of the same thing in England. Yet the working-man here spends large sums of money on sports and betting. In short, he denies himself nothing.

## HOW AN ATLANTIC LINER PROVIDES FOR ITS CLIENTÈLE.

By MARY SPENCER WARREN.

**T**HE work of providing for a liner carrying about three thousand persons over the Atlantic is prodigious, the more especially as every one's tastes, wants, and wishes are considered, and the cuisine is brought to a level with that of a first-class hotel. There is so much competition nowadays on the sea, elsewhere, that all the companies make excellent arrangements for provisioning their boats, and to describe one is practically to describe them all, save that foreign companies cater specially for their own nationality.

The best-known and oldest British company is the Cunard, a line founded upwards of sixty years ago to displace the brigs which occupied six or seven weeks upon the voyage. The company's first steamer carried sixty-three passengers and two hundred and twenty-five tons of cargo; their present steamers carry from about two thousand to three thousand passengers, and an average of ten thousand tons of cargo! It is scarcely necessary to assert that the interiors of the boats are models of luxurious appointments, every one, in fact, being what may be termed an aristocrat of the sea.

We will suppose a would-be passenger applying to the Cunard Company for particulars of transit across the Atlantic. He is in the first place furnished with a sailing list, giving dates of departure, prices of bookings, and a declaration form which he must fill up and return. This enacts that any person who is blind, crippled, suffering from tuberculosis or contagious disease; who is a lunatic, child, or widow—or, in short, cannot support him or her self—is excluded from the United States unless he can prove that he will not become chargeable to the American authorities. Polygamists and those who have been in prison are also ineligible, and the greatest care is taken that none but persons in sound health are admitted as intending residents. Then the passenger has but to choose the class by which he will travel, and the rest is all plain sailing. In return for his deposit or full amount of passage, by which he secures a berth, he receives his ticket, number of berth and cabin, a supply of labels, and much helpful information. It may also be recorded that the company are always anxious to meet the wishes

of their passengers as far as possible, and should a desire be expressed for a cabin in any particular part of the ship, that desire is met if practicable. If the passenger is travelling from any large centre to the place of embarkation, there is a special arrangement for the supply of train tickets at a reduced price; and the same applies to destinations beyond the landing port.

On the day of departure from London or any other terminus a special train will be found in readiness for the passengers, the thirds generally travelling either the day before or by night, as they must go on board early; the firsts and seconds leaving at a convenient hour in the morning. Every saloon passenger will find a reserved seat awaiting him, with a number affixed corresponding to that which he has previously received on his papers, and all luggage is taken possession of by the agents of the company, and labelled with the ship's name under their directions. From then until he arrives at the foreign port the passenger need not trouble himself further about his effects. That labelled 'Cabin' is, on the arrival of the train, placed under or on the passenger's berth, the heavy packages labelled 'Not wanted' disappearing into the hold. The special train runs right down to the docks, and the passengers have but to cross the huge bridge, one end of which abuts on to the main-deck of the vessel. Everything is done with such perfect precision and aptitude born of long experience that there is absolutely no confusion, and within a very short time the huge vessel is steaming out towards Queenstown, where additional passengers and mails are taken on from the tenders.

The dining-saloons on the first and second decks seat about four hundred each, and if there is a full complement of passengers the company must dine in two parties. Each seat is numbered, the passenger retaining his or her number throughout the voyage. Those who are good sailors develop remarkable appetites, but the catering is most liberal, and one is scarcely conscious of a feeling of hunger before something or other is served to assuage it. Quite early in the morning, fruit, or tea, coffee, and biscuits, are brought into the cabins, and the second bugle-call at 8.30 intimates that breakfast



is being served in the saloon. This is *à la carte*, and the healthy passenger manages his three or four courses with ease; those who are suffering from the voyage having practically what they please in their cabins.

At eleven o'clock Bovril and biscuits are served on deck, and at one o'clock passengers are summoned to an excellent luncheon. At 4.30 the deck serving consists of afternoon tea, followed at 6.30 by dinner; while from nine to ten tea, coffee, cocoa, and sandwiches are served to order. The *chef* is a man of large experience, and he has an excellent staff under his direction, while the menu includes all the delicacies which would be found at a *table-d'hôte* on land. The steerage passengers have, of course, a plainer bill of fare, but it is extremely liberal, and both for quality and quantity is far superior to the usual food of the majority of third-class passengers.

The figures connected with the provisions supplied form wonderful reading. Take a few, and we find eighteen thousand pounds of beef, six thousand pounds of mutton, three thousand pounds of pork, two thousand five hundred pounds of fresh fish, two thousand fresh herrings, three thousand head of poultry, one hundred and forty barrels of flour, twenty tons of potatoes, six hundred boxes of ice-cream, two hundred gallons of fresh milk, eighteen thousand eggs, one thousand pounds of butter, three thousand pounds of ham and bacon, two thousand five hundred pounds of dried fish, and a ton and a half of fruit—all this for a single journey only! The amount cooked for any one day seems quite wonderful, the soup alone coming out at one hundred and fifty gallons, while as many as two thousand eggs are often served at a single meal. These latter are cooked in metal dippers, made in rows and having perforated bottoms; each dipper is time-marked, and at the end of the prescribed period the ringing of a bell denotes that the dippers have automatically sprung up from the water.

Much of the cooking is by electric apparatus, roasting-spits being also electrically turned, while bread and biscuits are mixed by machinery as in a modern biscuit factory. Up-to-date machinery is used for making coffee, and a supply sufficient for four hundred people can be made in ten minutes. All carving is done on hot presses, with receptacles beneath for heating plates. It may be explained that the milk is taken to sea in sealed cans, and these and the whole of the food are kept in refrigerating-rooms at a temperature of thirty degrees (sufficiently cold for storage of from five to ten days).

The utmost care is taken for the comfort, and precaution for the safety, of the passengers. There is, of course, a qualified medical man on board ready for all emergencies, and each day the captain, doctor, and chief steward go round the ship and inspect all quarters; there is also regular inspection of pumps, fire-engines, masts, &c.; and at some portion of

each day there is lifeboat and fire drill to secure thorough efficiency in case of accident. On board each ship there are from sixteen to twenty lifeboats and four collapsible boats, each one of which has its allotted crew; and in every cabin and state-room there is a liberal supply of life-belts.

The amusement and recreation of the passengers are well catered for, a piano being found in each saloon, even that of the steerage. Impromptu concerts take place nearly every evening, and it is an understood thing that a fully arranged concert—the programmes for which are printed on board—is given the night before landing; the arrangements, of course, being in the hands of a committee of passengers. The whole of the collection made is given to the Seamen's Mission, a sum of several pounds generally being realised. On deck are various English and American games for fine weather, and there are excellent writing, smoking, and sitting rooms, with a capital library provided with up-to-date literature. Wireless telegraphy is installed on every boat, and the latest news is received from invisible passing liners, while a Cunard daily paper is now a familiar item. It only remains to add that there is a large staff of experienced stewards and stewardesses, and that the service throughout is prompt and efficient, in addition to which the boats of the Cunard Company enjoy a deserved reputation for steadiness at sea.

#### SUNSET IN A WOOD.

AGAINST the crimsoned, burning west  
The bare trees outlined stand,  
Their arms stretch upwards to the sky,  
Their twigs, formed like a hand,  
Seem to point tremblingly to heaven,  
As if to show the way  
To heart-sore mortals such as I,  
Too heart-sore e'en to pray.

And flickering off the silver lights  
Glint through the maze of trees,  
Like salmon shimmering in a net  
Fresh from the wind-tossed seas.  
And compact bushes, growing near,  
Rise from the dewy grass;  
A bluish haze creeps from the soil,  
Softening the tuft-like mass.

Now for the sun the end is near,  
The air is deathly cold;  
One flash of faint, unearthly red,  
Then gray succeeds the gold.  
And I, in chilly darkness plunged,  
Shiver, and feel its loss.  
The solemn trees still upwards look,  
And each branch forms a cross.

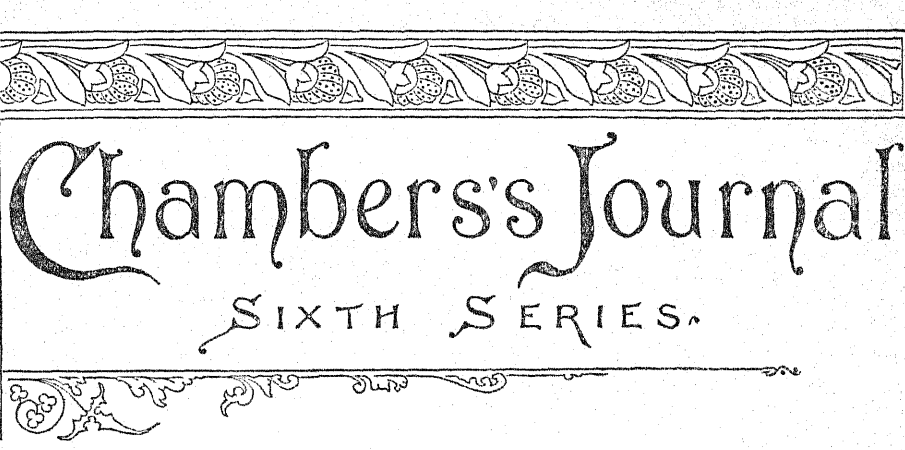
But as I slowly choose my steps  
Back down the grassy slope,  
Far through the filigree of twigs  
Glimmers the Star of Hope.

LOUISE G. FINDLAY.




# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



MR PECK-RIDGE, M.P.  
HIS FIRST NIGHT IN THE HOUSE—AND AFTER.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

NE o'clock was booming from Big Ben when Mr Peck-Ridge blithely crossed Palace Yard. He might have started an hour earlier, for the House was up at midnight. But the novelty of the scene, the seething delight of the new member, made him tarry, having 'last' cigars with newly made friends in the smoking-room. Later, he wished he had more promptly answered the cry of the doorkeeper when the Speaker left the chair.

'Who goes home?'

The shout rang through the emptying lobby, echo of a cry nightly sounded since the days of Pitt and Fox.

'Who goes home?'

'Not me,' Mr Peck-Ridge chuckled, regardless of grammar. 'At least not yet.'

And he didn't, or this true story would never have been written.

Walking briskly towards his hotel near Victoria Station, he mused over the proceedings of the day, climax to a prosperous life. He remembered the days of old when he served apprenticeship in his father's ship-chandlery, in the Lancashire fishing-village of Shrimpton. The paternal business had grown till it loomed large as Peckridge & Son. The fishing-village developed into a thriving town, which returned one member to Parliament. To-day that member is Samuel Peck-Ridge. That was not quite the way the name was, forty years ago, spelt on his father's brass plate and bill-heads. As he rose in the social scale, and in time became sole member of the firm, Peckridge junior divided the heritage of his name by a hyphen.

'Never,' he said, with that dry but occasionally irrelevant humour that made him popular in the local Town Council, 'put all your eggs in one basket.'

When, a month earlier, a vacancy in the representation of his native town followed on the death

of the sitting member, Mr Peck-Ridge was approached by his fellow-citizens and invited to contest the borough. He accepted the invitation, and after a tough struggle, won a seat for his party. Hence the rousing cheer that yesterday afternoon welcomed his approach to the table to be sworn-in. As he passed between the table and the Treasury Bench to sign the roll of Parliament, his Leader smilingly shook hands with him.

'Quite wrong,' said Sir Henry Fowler, regarding the incident from the other side of the table, and solemnly shaking his head. 'Mr G. would never do it. It was, he said, a discourtesy to the Chair. The Speaker should be the first to take a new member by the hand.'

The exceptional character of the reception pleased Mr Peck-Ridge the more.

As he stepped blithely along Victoria Street, thinking of these things, the still air of the early morning was broken by a cry of 'Stop thief!' At the moment a man coming out of a by-street crossed the road and dashed by Mr Peck-Ridge, almost brushing his elbow. Mr P.'s first impulse was to let him go his way. It was no affair of his. Then he remembered his new position, with its added public responsibility. Should he, just solemnly sworn-in at the table of the House of Commons, even tacitly connive at an attempt to defeat justice? Besides, after a long sitting of the House, supplemented by a sort of autumn session in the smoking-room, a run in the fresh morning air would do him good.

Planting his hat firmly on his head, off he set. His age was fifty, and his figure not obtrusively slight. But at school he was good for a short sprint, and he was in fairly hard condition. He steadily gained on the fugitive. Behind him came a straggling crowd of pursuers still shouting 'Stop thief!' As Mr Peck-Ridge, warming to his work, passed the end of James's Street, leading on to Victoria Street, a stalwart young man flung his arms round

him, and after a brief struggle, succeeded in pulling him up.

'Is this him?' he asked, turning to a woman who breathlessly ran up and clutched Mr Peck-Ridge by his outer garment.

'Yes, that's him,' cried the woman. 'Mean, sleek creature, robbing a poor woman of her hard-earned day's wages.'

By this time the straggling crowd in full hue-and-cry arrived, the policeman leading by a neck. Here was a pretty go, quite an embarrassment of riches. On the track of one thief, the policeman had happened upon the custody of quite another. There was no doubt about the situation. The woman, a decent person of the dressmaker class, was coming up the steps at St James's Station, homeward-bound by the last train, when, as she neared the top, she felt a tug at her pocket. Turning sharply round, she saw Mr Peck-Ridge, felt her purse was gone, and raced after him as he made his way westward.

There was no mistake about it. She knew him by his smooth face and his top-hat. The top-hat in particular impressed her, conveying deliberate attempt at committing larceny under cover of an exceptionally respectable appearance.

Mr Peck-Ridge, having partially recovered his breath, warmly protested. Unwonted exertion and indignant surprise lent something of incoherency to his remarks. Anyhow, they did not convince the crowd. 'Yah!' they cried as the member for Shrimpton was led off to the police station. 'You're a nice sort of cove to bilk a pore woman. Where did yer drop the purse?'

The new member was no more fortunate at the police station. The sergeant in charge was almost sardonically polite and altogether incredulous.

'Member of Parliament, are yer? We've heard that before. Which 'Ouse do you frequent? It's generally the Peers that are brought in here at this time of the morning.' Here a happy thought struck him. 'Where do you say you sit for?'

'Shrimpton, Lanes,' said Mr Peck-Ridge eagerly. 'Shrimpton-by-the-Sea,' he added, anxious in the critical circumstances to avoid error.

'And what's yer name?'

'Samuel Wilberforce Peck-Ridge.'

The sergeant, rummaging in his desk, brought forth a volume of *Dod* and looked up Shrimpton, Lanes.

'Very sorry, Mr Peck-Ridge, but according to *Dod*, which I believe is equal to the old saying "according to Cocker," Mr Henry James Dodworthy is member for Shrimpton.'

Mr Peck-Ridge's heart sank within him. The sergeant held in his hand the copy of *Dod* issued at the opening of the parliamentary session. The demise of Mr Dodworthy had happened six weeks ago, in the leafy month of June. In vain Mr Peck-Ridge explained the circumstances of the by-election.

'I always read in my paper,' said the sergeant, winking at the loyally amused policeman, 'that by-elections don't mean anything, leastwise when they go agin our side. However, Mr Peck-Ridge, you can tell all that in the morning to Mr Curtis-Bennett. You'll find him remarkably nice, always ready to listen to a good story.—Good-night, ma'am. I've got your name and address. Mind you're at court not later than ten in the morning.—And good-night to *you*, Mr Peck-Ridge, M.P. of Shrimpton-by-the-Sea, I think you say?'

In a half-dazed condition the new member was led off and accommodated with a cell. He had vague ideas of the desirability of being bailed out. In fact, before quitting the presence of the sergeant he had suggested the process.

'All right,' said that irrepressible joker; 'who shall we send for, Mr Peck-Ridge, M.P.? Shall it be the Speaker? He's close handy in Palace Yard. Or perhaps the Sergeant-at-Arms is more in your line?'

On reflection, Mr Peck-Ridge recognised the utter helplessness of his position. There would be nobody up at the Grosvenor Hotel except the night-porter. Even had he been sure of the address of newly made friends at the House of Commons, he could not root them up at two o'clock in the morning with a request to bail him out on a charge of picking pockets. There remained nothing but invocation of the spirit of resignation, in which he passed the long hours of the night.

When he was brought up in the morning at Westminster Police Court, Mr Peck-Ridge's time of tribulation swiftly ended. He left the court amid profuse apologies from the Magistrate, a poor consolation for a sleepless night under lock and key.

Thereafter, on the rising of the House, if he failed to find the companionship of a member walking as far as Victoria Station, Mr Peck-Ridge took a cab.





## A STORMY MORNING.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.



HAT, then, is "the lot," as Reynolds would say,' said young Fitzhugh as he stood with his sister bareheaded on the doorsteps of Dunseath, watching the last break-load of autumn visitors roll away.

'Yes, that is the lot,' said Betty; 'and it will be rather nice to have the place to ourselves for a bit,' hooking her arm through her brother's. 'The woodcock will be coming in soon now. The poor, dear heliotrope in the garden was black this morning; there must have been a sharp frost.'

The boy moved uneasily.

'I am afraid I cannot stay here for the woodcock,' he said. 'I have several shooting engagements, and I promised to join a fellow's yacht in the Mediterranean some time. You will be going to hunt at Uncle Forsyth's, Betty, and mother will want to go up to London to see plays and things,' he added, with a touch of compunction.

A heavy feeling of care and anxiety crept over the sister, who loved him so dearly, to say nothing of the bitter disappointment, as up to now the merest chance of woodcock would have kept Jack glued to Dunseath. She was too wise, however, to worry the boy with complaints or questions, and they went silently into the house. The autumn had been full of stir, come and go, at Dunseath, where for some time past quietest monotony had reigned.

Lady Fitzhugh had spared no effort to render the house a pleasant one, filling it with suitable friends for her young daughter and son as far as she could. She had taken the breaking-off of Betty's engagement to Harlestone very much to heart; all her pride was in arms to prevent any supposition that her beautiful daughter was wearing the willow for the lover who had apparently fled to the uttermost ends of the earth.

She reproached herself bitterly that such a man as Erle should have spent so much time under their roof, and determined, with many secret groans, to take up a strong position in the face of the world and society. Her parties, with the exception of that which had been adorned by the presence of Mrs Foggo, had all been pleasant and well assorted; but she saw clearly that Betty had set her face dead against marriage, and that it would be useless to press her; so she trusted to time, like a wise woman; for what may not lie in the womb of time, and what may not time bring forth?

The one week that Betty had really enjoyed was that which had brought Lord Forsyth, also a batch of lanky, young, distant cousins, to whom Dunseath meant paradise, and whose joyous voices rang through the dim old rooms, rousing the startled echoes. They bathed, they fished, they tore about,

they sailed, they shot at rabbits, and rode ponies from morn till eve, when they could hardly keep their round eyes open as they sat decorously round the dinner-table, waking up to prance round the hall in a reel, to the music of the pipes before bed claimed their tired young bodies.

Now Betty and her mother were alone, and the days went galloping by as they do at such times, when one is so like the other.

Lady Fitzhugh's patience-table took up a prominent position once more, and Betty had many calls upon her time, her poor people having seen but little of her during the busy autumn weeks. To the mother it was a time full of peace. Not so to the daughter, whose sorrow waked and cried during the quiet days in which she had time to dwell on the cruel quarrel and sudden dashing of the cup of happiness from her lips, and it was in vain that she tried to hate the man she had loved so well for his doubt of her. To see love in another man's eyes, to feel it in the lingering clasp of his hand or his touch, filled her with loathing unspeakable and impossible to describe.

## CHAPTER XXXV.



OWEVER the belief in the truth of forebodings and the occasional appearance of visitants from beyond the veil may be scoffed at, both have been proved beyond all doubt over and over again. The Christian Scientist, of course, would tell us that all matter is non-existent, and that all is belief; but were the usages of an irksome civilisation to permit of my hammering the head of the Christian Scientist against my garden-wall, it might change his opinion on the non-existence of matter, and such a course might tend to the clearing of his vision, modifying the opinions he is so anxious to spread to the detriment of some beliefs that are at least as solid as that same wall.

But we have to do with Betty at present, and not with the Christian Scientist, and the above is doubtless irrelevant.

From early morning one day, and all through the day, she had been oppressed by a heavy feeling of foreboding and impending ill, for which there was no apparent reason, and the very demon of restlessness seemed to possess her—so much so that her mother remonstrated more than once.

'I simply cannot sit still, mother,' the girl said. 'If you don't mind, I will go out for a good walk, and take those things I have made to the far crofts. Mrs Angus will be glad of them for the children this cold weather.'

She started off with Johnnie. It was a still, gloomy evening; curlews wailed, and the grouse crowed on the hill, sitting about on stones, betokening storm, thought Betty, who knew every sign of fair weather and foul in the land of her birth.

She dragged herself homewards wearily, tired and dull in body and mind.

After dinner she read aloud to her mother until the old clock groaned and wheezed its ten strokes.

'How late the post is to-night!' said Lady Fitzhugh a little later; and Betty could hardly contain her nervous fidgets.

At length the door opened and Reynolds appeared with the great salver of letters.

Nothing for Betty but a long school-girl letter from one of the young consins to her beloved Betty, through which the latter plodded conscientiously.

There was a startled exclamation from Lady Fitzhugh.

'What is it, mother?' asked the girl anxiously.

'Jack is ill. We must go to London to-morrow. Read Dr Moncrieff's letter; but he always makes the worst of things. I am going to give Joice her orders.'

A hand of ice seemed to close round Betty's heart as she read:

'DEAR LADY FITZHUGH,—I regret to inform you that your son lies ill with fever in your town-house. He has hitherto begged me not to write to you; but I now feel it to be my duty to do so.

'He is not very ill; but he does not improve, and there is a strange want of fight—I might almost say wish to recover—which I cannot understand in one so young. I do not like this symptom.

'He is a splendid lad; but, as you know of old, there is something to be desired in the way of stamina. You see this want sometimes in members of an old race. I do not wish to alarm; but I should be glad if you and Miss Fitzhugh would come up immediately. Perhaps Miss Betty's presence might rouse her brother and do him good.—Yours faithfully,  
JOHN MONCRIEFF.'

The journey to London left its mark on Betty's life: the rattling of the wheels of the railway carriage, to which she kept fitting words: 'Jack is ill! Jack is ill! Jack, Jack, Jack is ill!' until they ceased to have any meaning, and her brain began to spin.

Fortunately Lady Fitzhugh was able to sleep. Differently constituted from her daughter, she had not the same power of suffering; neither had she the vivid imagination—such an instrument of extreme torture at moments. Of course she loved her son, better indeed than she had ever loved any being on earth; but she would not allow herself to fear or recognise the possibility of danger.

'After all,' she said, 'how many people have fever and shake it off! And Jack is so young and strong. But as she thought of him the salt, painful tears of the old started to her eyes. She ate her dinner, however, and slept most of the way to London.

The hideous atmosphere of fog and the frightful yellow advertisements broke on Betty's sleepless eyes. She never could recall how she had got through the night. It was a long-drawn-out horror, strange and unreal. The crowd of running porters and railway officials made her giddy, and she staggered as the footman appeared at the window and helped them to descend from the stuffy carriage into the deadly cold, wet air. They drove through the dreary, sloppy streets.

'I am sorry to say I do not think very well of Lord Fitzhugh's case,' said the old doctor to the two ladies on their arrival. 'As I wrote to you, Lady Fitzhugh, there is a strange want of fight and wish for life, not to be accounted for wholly by this fever that he has brought home from foreign parts. Indeed, dear Lady Fitzhugh, I fear that I think very badly of him; though there is always hope while life lasts, I must prepare you to face the worst. There was a sudden and most unexpected change for the worse last night, and an alarming flagging of the powers.'

Lady Fitzhugh wrung her hands. Betty stood like a figure of ice.

'He would like to see his sister; he knows you are here. I told him he must only see one at a time, and that Lady Fitzhugh must rest; and, indeed, Lady Fitzhugh, I must entreat you to lie down at once and take this draught. You may just look in and see your son on your way upstairs; but you must not distress him. After your long journey rest is imperative.—It will possibly carry her over the time, poor woman! which, with her weak heart, is best,' thought the doctor as he led her upstairs.

He returned after a time for the girl.

'Come, Miss Betty.'

She followed him to her brother's room.

Such a changed Jack lay there, a very shadow of the bright boy who had followed the deer and the grouse over the hills he had loved so well, so fleet of foot, so strong of wind and limb! One white hand lay picking at the bedclothes, and his eyes were closed wearily.

The professional nurse, with eyes that had looked so often on death, and hands trained to touch with gentleness, moved softly about the room.

Betty knelt by the bed. The boy opened his eyes.

'Betsy,' he whispered, trying to smile with his parched lips, 'dear old girl!'

'May we not be alone?' said Betty to the old doctor, who had known them from infancy and tended them through all the ailments of their short careers.

He nodded, and the nurse followed him out of the room.

'I fear the end is at hand sir,' she said, her professional acumen for the moment mastering her tact and better feelings.

Dr Moncrieff turned to her. An unprofessional lump was in his throat. 'Call me when I am wanted,' he said curtly, walking into an adjoining room.

Betty and her boy were alone.

'I am dying, Betty,' he said. 'I know it, and I don't think I am very sorry, old girl. I should probably have made a mess of everything.'

A tight cord seemed to be wound round the girl's throat. She could only kiss his hand.

'I am so tired,' he whispered, and closed his eyes. There was a dead silence. Only the ticking of the clock and the soft falling of a cinder from the grate.

The nurse came in, moistened his lips, and left the room.

'Betty, where are you?'

'Here, my own darling,' she answered.

'Betty, will you promise me something?' His voice was very faint.

'Yes, dear.'

'Promise me you won't let the shooting go down, ever, at Dunscaith; it is the best thing after all. It will be yours now.' He spoke with difficulty. 'We have got a real good lot of men now'—The rest of the sentence was inaudible. 'Promise,' he whispered.

'I promise,' said she.

A look of peace came over his young face.

She stooped and kissed him.

'I am tired,' he murmured. He sank into unconsciousness, holding Betty's hand.

Hours passed thus; but the great change drawing ever nearer was now at hand. The breathing grew fainter and fainter, and yet more faint, until there came one soft sigh and the young spirit fled. The tale of a bright, harmless young life was told. John MacDiarmid, twenty-third Lord Fitzhugh, was dead.

(To be continued.)

## ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN BOAT.

### PART II.



HE sun was smiling upon us when we opened our eyes, and light and fleecy trade-clouds dawdled across a beautiful sky. The wind had moderated, and the sea was in a less perturbed mood. We turned the *Lotta's* head,

made sail, and continued the voyage in a direction slightly more westerly than before, south-west by west. Breakfast over, we made out a daily programme of management suitable to the north-east trade-wind we were in.

Variety may be the spice of life on land. At sea in a small boat, monotony, if of the right kind, is the spice of life. I am pleased to say that for the next few weeks we were comfortably able to follow the official programme. True, the equability of the wind and weather makes the narrative less harrowing at this point than it might be. I cannot pretend to regret that; and, in any case, there was quite enough excitement and strain in store for us. We slept, steered, bailed, and washed in turn, ate tinned meat and biscuits, and drank cocoa, while at noon every day I took observations, afterwards marking the boat's position on the chart and writing up the log. We were making an average of one hundred and twenty miles a day in the 'trades.'

Curiously, we did not notice for some time that the sun, which blazed upon us from a sky that ached with heat, had burnt our hands severely. The pain suddenly became intense. My son's left hand and my own suffered particularly from grasping the tiller while the sun grilled them. In fact, our

hands were swollen to a great size, cracked all over, and excruciatingly sore. We rigged an awning to the awning-stanchions with which I had fitted the *Lotta*. It was put up at one side of the stern, without interfering with the mainsail. We could not wholly escape from the searching heat, but the awning was a blessed shelter. After the incident of the roasted hands, the following rule was added to the official list: 'Take care of your hands and complexion.'

Since leaving the Grand Canary Island we had been aiming to reach the longitude of sixty degrees west, in about the latitude of twenty degrees north, from which point it would be easy to make the island of San Domingo on a general westerly course. From our present position to the nearest land bordering our route (the Virgin Islands) there was a great expanse of brilliantly gleaming ocean. Flying-fish swarmed in it. When our boat disturbed them, up they would fly in schools. Sometimes a few would fall slap into the boat. And as tinned food and biscuits had formed our solid fare since we left Gibraltar, the next move of the flying-fish was from the boat into the frying-pan. We liked the meal, and desired to make it as much a certainty as though there were fishmongers' shops on the road. The fish were drawn by the glare of the binnacle-light. But as they did not know enough to allow for the forging ahead of the boat, they invariably flopped into the mainsail with a thud, only to sprawl in the bottom of the boat, when the yell, 'There's another!' preceded a dive for the victim by skipper or son.



Through this sport of turning flying-fish into frying fish an accident befell us which might have ended disastrously for the venture of the *Lotta*. As a relief from sitting, my son stood up one night to steer close to the binnacle-lamp, which shone strongly on his face. A large flying-fish came for him and gave him a smashing blow on the cheek. He saw a bewildering constellation, and, in pugilistic vernacular, was knocked clean out of time. It was a terrific blow, and gave the poor lad much pain. What was worse, the blow had missed his eye by little more than a hair's-breadth. I do not doubt that if he had been struck in the eye he would have been unable to steer or to do much other work in the boat for the rest of the passage. That would have been a grave handicap upon us, to say nothing of the probable permanent damage to his eyesight. As it was, he could not relieve me from steering for some days. The pressure on the eyes in following the points of the compass was too heavy for him. When he had nearly recovered, another addition was made to the rules: 'While standing to steer, please "mind your eye"!'

On 16th September, the boat being in longitude forty-five degrees west, latitude twenty-three degrees north, and twenty-eight days out from Gibraltar, I roughly figured that we were about half-way to our destination. It was Sunday; the weather was very fine, and we celebrated the reckoning with the best dinner our larder afforded, washed down with a full glass of sherry each out of the little we had brought from Gibraltar. We even had music, the boy mysteriously producing—a mouth-organ! I thought his rendering of the 'Death of Nelson' hardly appropriate to the joyous occasion, but he clung to it, and encored himself several times.

There were now only nine hundred miles separating us from the Virgin Islands—a fair distance in itself, perhaps, for such a craft as the *Lotta*, but small compared with that behind us. Once we traversed it we should have land contiguous to our route for the rest of the way, an appreciable advantage if any misfortune short of fatality to both of us should occur. I lay down that night with thankfulness in my heart. But shortly before midnight, what was my amazement, on being startled from sleep by an unusual motion of the boat, to see the sails aback and the *Lotta's* head to the south-east. The mainsail was quickly lowered, and the boat regained her course; then the mainsail was reset, and the voyage resumed. My son declared that 'the wind had got on the wrong side of the mainsail,' and that, in spite of his attempts with the helm, the boat had run entirely away with him, and defied his efforts to bring her round again. I hinted that he had probably been dozing at the helm. This new and—I impressed upon my young shipmate—stringent regulation was added: 'When papa is resting, you are the sole responsible representative of the adventurous crew; therefore, do not be caught napping!'

## PART III.



OW we entered upon a dismal experience. The wind had begun to fall light, especially during the day. The peculiar clouds with the tattered edges, which had flown before the trade-wind, disappeared. The sky was a melancholy dome of lead. The atmosphere was murky, and morbidly depressed the senses. The sun looked sick, with a bluish halo that was reflected by the boat and everything in her, and by the distressed ocean. Lately we had been swung and rocked with a rhythm almost mechanical. Now the rhythm was broken. The waves were wild, and tossed us madly. A heavy swell arose from every point of the compass, and merged into and overlapped the sea around us. The change was dreadful. We were lifted and thrown about by terrific waves, always with that crazing metallic blue in them. I watched the barometer constantly. There was no extraordinary fluctuation. I suspected that there was an atmospherical disturbance somewhere ahead, and seriously thought of heaving the boat to and awaiting developments. Our progress dropped to sixty or seventy miles a day at this eerie part of the voyage, and I never had my eye off the barometer. Afterwards I learned that the cyclone which devastated Galveston on 8th September 1900 was the cause of the peculiar conduct of the elements. For fourteen days we were to sail under these alarming conditions. As we approached the Virgin Islands the wind hauled to the eastward, thereby preventing our jibs from drawing and accelerating the speed. So we took them in and rigged them out on the weather bow with the help of an oar.

The wind continued tantalisingly light, and committed the final aggravation of hauling dead astern. We trimmed the sails to the altered conditions. But the main-boom would do nothing more useful than try to level the waves to leeward, while the oar was harpooning for flying-fish at every alternate roll. My patience was exhausted. In a spirit of disgust at the *Lotta's* present luck I altered the course two points to the northward, and retrimmed the sails. We sailed under less trying conditions. But it became necessary to 'jibe ship' every twenty-four hours to maintain the course. This means the altering of a course towards the point to which the wind is blowing, and sufficiently beyond it to get the wind on the other side of the sails. During the whole of the fourteen days (at the end of which we were past the Virgin Islands) the boat was hurled and slung about on an insane sea. Our dot of a craft, designed for service in a smooth harbour, was a mere toy in that ocean rough-and-tumble. We suffered more than I can relate. Our bodies were tortured and our minds tormented with the frightful tossing day after day. There was not a moment's rest; it gnawed at and numbed our senses.

Even while I bewailed our lot and longed for a

change, a dark bank blotted out the firmament astern. It was as black as a funeral pall. As we gazed at it our eyes were blinded by a lurid lightning-flash. The thunder rolled and clapped, nearly deafening us. With a rapidity that emulated the lightning, we had the mainsail down and secured, the jib taken in, and the stay-foresail half-lowered. With a shred of canvas up, we waited for the outburst of the tempest.

It was like a battle of the gods. The lightning flared and the thunder roared. The gale sprang upon us shrieking and howling, the boat lurching forward crazily. We steered her almost directly before the wind, keeping it a little on the starboard quarter to fill the foresail. It was a fight for life. Waves lifted to dizzy heights all about us. It seemed as if our grave had been scooped out of the vast Atlantic, and in a moment the heaving sides would collapse and make an end to us and our shell. We gambled with death a hundred times in those dread hours. At every dive the *Lotta* was gulping the water over her bows. She would duck, and recover, trembling like a live thing. Then with a leap she would climb the banks of water as tenaciously and intelligently as a mountaineer fighting his way through blinding sleet.

To complete the elemental riot, rain began to tumble upon us in sheets. We were drenched by waves and soaked by rain. And now we had to bail our boat with substantial buckets. Two lives were at stake; and in the sickening gloom and amid the ravings of the storm, which seemed bound to defeat our nerve and strength at last, we bailed, bailed, bailed, the one staggering to the wheel when he was utterly fagged, to take the helm and give the other a turn. From helm to bailing, and bailing to helm! It seemed to us as though we had been changing from one to the other for weary days. The storm seemed to mock at us, the water swilled brutally in the boat, and all about us there was the threat of disaster. But the two mites in the puny shell were not destined to be food for the fishes.

The rain slackened; a bright segment of blue appeared on the horizon astern, like the smile of a woman. It was a signal of hope. We bailed and bailed, until at length we got the better of the water. The wind abated, the rain stopped, and the sea was moderately peaceful. For many days we had not seen a bright patch on the sky. We changed our sodden clothes and drank an ounce of brandy each. My boy dropped into a deep sleep, while I stayed at the helm all night.

When the *Lotta* was free of that ocean hell, she flew towards Florida at a merry pace. The morning

was calm and beautiful, and the sea nearly level. The change made us very happy. And as the rest of the voyage was comparatively smooth, and the stories of rough seas make the best reading, I will finish my account briefly.

We sighted the island of San Domingo on 1st October, being then forty-three days out from Gibraltar. Two days later we crossed the Windward Passage separating San Domingo from Cuba. Here we were joined by a friendly whale about the length of the *Lotta*, who frisked around her, diving at one side and coming up at the other without a splash. Occasionally he came quite close in to study us with lustrous, jet-black eyes, as good-natured and sensible as a collie's. He stayed with us three days, acting as a scout to the entrance of the Old Bahama Channel, where he, to our regret, left us. We were now among schooners and steamers toiling on a by-path of commerce. We crossed the Gulf Stream under easy sail, and entered the Gulf of Mexico through the Rebecca and Isaac Channel. It was necessary to haul the boat on the wind to make the Florida coast. Then the wind swerved to the northward, and we had to tack at intervals. By day we approached the land, tacked every evening, and stood out at night. On the morning of 17th October I sighted and recognised the lighthouse at the entrance to Charlotte Harbour. A few short tacks brought us to the entrance. With joy we saw that we were recognised. In response to the British ensign at our peak, the American flags were flying at the pilot station and quarantine station.

At 10 A.M. on our fifty-ninth day after leaving Gibraltar we entered the harbour. The formalities over, we came in for kindly greetings. And Dr Blunt, of the United States quarantine station, took us home to dinner—a real shore-dinner, after our everlasting cocoa, tinned meat, and biscuits! And what luxuries bathing and shaving were! The tan was deep under our skins; our grilled hands were still sore. But we were strong and in perfect health, and press messages were despatched which would inform the dismal prophets of the *Lotta's* success. The weight of responsibility was lifted from my shoulders, and we were in a heaven of content and an environment of generous hospitality. We learned that Galveston had been swept away by a cyclone, and that we should certainly have been lost had we started a week earlier, for then we should have been in the thick of the tempest, from the tail of which we had miraculously escaped. After two pleasant days with Dr Blunt's family we sailed to Punta Gorda (Fat Point), a town at the head of Charlotte Harbour.

And so ended our trip.



## BLACK JOSÉ.

## A TALE OF THE ARGENTINE.

**I**T was away back in the eighties, when railway construction was in full swing in the Argentine, that I was employed by an English company to go to one of the northern provinces, where they meant to extend their system. The district had already been surveyed, and the route for the new line of railway fixed on and marked out with pegs; while through the *monte*, or jungle, narrow pathways had been cut indicating the proposed route. The work assigned to me was to arrange by contract with responsible individuals, or directly engage *peons*, to cut and clear away the trees and scrub to a specified distance on each side of the indicated track, so as to allow facilities for forming the *terraplen*. To reach the terminus of the company's system from where I was stationed was only a matter of twelve hours' run by train. Here I was provided with a large, high-wheeled bullock-cart, in which were put the stores and appurtenances considered necessary for the expedition. I also engaged three *peons*—an Italian and two natives. The former was to act in the capacity of cook, while as to the latter, one was to officiate as bullock-driver, and the other was held responsible for the safety of my horses, of which I had four.

My journey of six days over a flat and treeless country was virtually void of interest, and was fast becoming monotonous, when we began to come upon scrub and clumps of trees, which indicated a near termination of our journey. Deviating somewhat from our line of route, and skirting the shore of a small lake, we came upon a camp-village, or *pueblito*, about which I had been previously advised. This *pueblito* appeared to me to be one of the most wretched I had seen in the Argentine, the houses, or *ranchos*, being constructed in the usual primitive north Argentine fashion, and consisting of four forked trees from eight to nine feet long stuck into the ground, one at each corner, with the forks upward; on these rested the horizontal logs which supported the roof, composed of branches and grass, and topped off with earth. The side-walls were constructed of twigs and rushes from the edge of the *laguna*, and plastered over with mud. On reaching this *pueblito* we were assailed by an army of starved dogs, literally consisting of

Mongrel puppy, whelp and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

But the latter fearfully predominated. It is the same all over the northern provinces, for the native Argentine seems to delight in keeping hordes of dogs of the most varied and uncertain ancestry.

Keeping this yelping fraternity at bay with my riding-whip, I made my way to the house of the *comisario*, who, it seems, had been disturbed during his siesta by the commotion caused through our arrival. In spite of the fact that an Argentine dislikes nothing so much as being disturbed during his siesta, he received me kindly; and a glance seemed to satisfy him that I had something to do with the construction of the proposed railway. He saluted me as *Señor Ingeniero*. Now, although I am not an engineer, yet, in accordance with the prevailing ideas in vogue in this quarter, I wore the insignia of one, consisting of a pith helmet, a heavy steel watch-chain, thick-soled boots, and strong white canvas riding-pants; while, added to this, my not over-refined general appearance was, according to his basis of reasoning, enough to designate me *un ingeniero ingles*. Politely asking me to be seated, he handed me a chair, which I afterwards discovered to be the only one in the village. Going outside, he ordered *mate*, which was duly brought and served by one of his *vigilantes*. The physical proportions of this whity-brown limb of the law were not of a kind calculated to inspire respect in an Irish community; nor did his mental capacities seem of a high order. His wardrobe indicated little of the uniform, with the exception of his cap; while his nether garments, which bespoke antiquity, had their fundamental parts profusely done up on the principle of Joseph's coat. This individual, I afterwards learned, was compelled to do duty as a policeman on account of a foul murder he had committed. I describe this *vigilante*, as he was typical of the camp *vigilante* at the time I write of; and although things are now somewhat improved in this way in the Argentine, still the police force of the country continues to be largely recruited from the criminal classes.

After a lengthened talk with the *comisario* and a consultation of my map, I came to the conclusion that this village would prove an admirable basis for beginning my operations of woodcutting. When it came to be known that I wanted woodcutters, I had numerous candidates for the work; but all wanted such exorbitant wages that I had to decline their offers. However, on my tickling the hand of my friend the *comisario* with something substantial, and leaving the matter very much in his hands, he speedily reduced their demands by at least 50 per cent. Having acquiesced in these now more reasonable terms, I speedily had three gangs of woodcutters at work.

As the work proceeded apace I saw I had to face a difficulty—namely, that of supplying the woodcutters with provisions and water. Heretofore the workmen had found their own provisions; but as their



work gradually led them farther from their homes, this system ceased to be practicable. I had, therefore, to arrange a new system of food-supply. In the district where I was stationed, water and provisions were to be had in abundance; but farther north water was scarce, and in consequence the country was sparsely inhabited, which foreboded a difficulty in finding provisions, the staple of which was goats' flesh. It therefore became necessary for me to find a competent man whom I could trust to attend to this important department: to find provisions, and put the various gangs of woodcutters on a system of rations, arranging to have these forwarded regularly, with a sufficiency of water.

I again consulted my friend the *comisario*, and he recommended an individual for the appointment named José Rodriguez, but familiarly known by the name of Negro José (Black José), from his very dark complexion.

On my acquiescing in the *comisario's* proposal, a vigilante was sent to intimate to Black José that I requested an interview with him at the house of the *comisario*. As José lived somewhere about three leagues distant, some little time had necessarily to elapse before he could possibly appear. During part of this interval the *comisario* narrated to me some of José's peculiarities of character, the most remarkable of which was that he was singularly honest. Although I doubted the fact at the time, I afterwards found this statement to be true—at least so long as he remained in my employment; and this was undoubtedly a rare trait in the class of Argentines to which he belonged. But the dark side of José's character was his quarrelsome and revengeful disposition; and the *comisario* hinted that he had been the death of more than one of his countrymen; but added, with a shrug of his shoulders, that José was a smart fellow, and if I treated him liberally he thought we should get on well together.

Our conversation was abruptly brought to a close by the entrance of José himself, the vigilante having found him in the outskirts of the village, at a *boliche*, or drinking-shop. José came forward and bowed with the ease and grace of a well-bred Spaniard, and not with the whining, cringing manner so common with many north Argentines of the lower class. In stature José was rather under than above the average size, while, although not apparently muscular, he had a well-knit frame, and his cat-like movements denoted great agility. His features were regular and well cut, but his dark, flashing eyes proclaimed his fiery temper, while his very dark skin and long, glossy black hair indicated his Indian origin, and in no way belied the name by which he was best known—namely, Negro José. He wore the dress of a well-to-do *gaucho*, but with an excessive profusion of silver ornaments adorning his broad belt, in which was stuck a handsome, long-bladed, silver-trilled knife. His feet were encased in a pair of patent-leather top-boots, the

high heels of which were adorned by a pair of large silver spurs which clanked as he walked. A silver-mounted *rebenque* (riding-whip) completed his riding equipment, and proclaimed him a camp dandy of the first order. Giving José an outline of his duties, I made him a liberal offer in the shape of wages, which he accepted. On the following day he entered on his duties, and by the energy he displayed and his powers of organisation, I soon saw he was fully qualified for the duties he had undertaken. As time went on José gradually rose in my estimation, and was fast becoming, as it were, my right-hand man. He bought pack-mules and horses for forwarding provisions to the woodcutters at a cheaper rate than I could, and when buying goats and sheep for food, could beat down the vendors in price in a way which showed he was an expert at the business.

With the workmen in general I could see José was more feared than liked; but with the female portion of the community he appeared to be highly popular—dangerously so, I sometimes thought; and this ultimately proved to be the case.

As José passed through the village at an ambling trot on his gorgeously equipped steed, which he rode with an air of dignity and reserve, many a kindly glance was cast at him by the dark-eyed, dusky damsels and matrons; and when saluted by them, he smilingly returned their salutations in a manner which conveyed condescension and in no way compromised his dignity.

Although I found José was given to gambling and an occasional over-indulgence in *cana*, he continued to attend to his duties. As for myself, time passed pleasantly, and the troubles I had to meet, being of a minor sort, were encountered, as it were, to-day and forgotten to-morrow. But a crisis was at hand. One evening, as the *comisario* and I sat chatting and smoking our cigarettes and sipping our *cana*, word was brought to us that José had killed one of the mule-drivers with his knife. The *comisario* and I immediately went to the scene of the tragedy, which was at the *boliche* outside the village to which I have already referred. We found the mule-driver not dead, as was reported, but dangerously wounded. Sending at once for the old woman who officiated as village doctor, we had his wounds attended to. She eventually intimated that she had grave doubts as to his recovery unless he got over the night. I may here remark that it is customary amongst men of the medical profession in the Argentine to laugh at these female camp-doctors; but the skill I have seen these poor women display in surgery, and the success achieved by their simple remedies—often in cases of serious ailments—have sometimes made me think they could teach many an Argentine doctor things that would be of service to him.

José was taken to the *comisaria*, and it transpired on investigation that the mule-driver in question possessed an attractive young wife. He accused José of being on too intimate terms with her, and

it appeared from the evidence that this accusation was based on more than suspicion. A knife-fight ensued, and the poor mule-driver, being no match for José, came near being killed, while José, by his marvellous agility and skill, came out of the fight scatheless. José was detained that night at the *comisaria*, and put in the stocks. As the mule-driver was alive in the morning, and hopes were now entertained of his recovery, José was allowed to return to his duties, I going bail for his appearance again if wanted. It was also arranged that José should pay 50 per cent. of his wages towards the mule-driver's support until he was able to resume work. José appeared to be in no way sorry for what had occurred; indeed, he seemed to think it a good joke. But he complained loudly of having to pay the 50 per cent. I told him he had got off lightly for such a grave offence, and sternly let him know that if anything of a similar nature occurred again I would discharge him.

Matters soon resumed their normal condition, for a knife-fight was only a nine hours' wonder, and in less than a week the matter was all but forgotten. In the meantime the mule-driver was fast progressing towards recovery.

I now found I should have to shift my encampment farther north so as to be nearer the woodcutters and there arrange a new basis for a food-supply; but I considered it expedient to defer the matter until after Carnival, that time being at hand.

Carnival duly came, with its usual accompaniments of debauchery, brutality, and foolishness. At every *boliche* there was a *baile* (ball), as also at many private *ranchos*, and day as well as night was made hideous by the eternal *boom, boom, boom* of the primitive camp-drum, for at every *baile* this musical instrument (if I may term it such) is considered indispensable. During the whole of Carnival week this hubbub was kept up almost without intermission.

José, in his best equestrian outfit, had visited many of the *bailes*, and as usual seemed to be the hero of the hour with the fair sex. I also learned he had been indulging more freely in intoxicants than was his wont; and knowing his quarrelsome disposition when in that way, I feared trouble, and my fears were speedily justified. I think it was about mid-afternoon on the second day of Carnival when word was brought to me that José had killed one of the woodcutters named Juan Vicente at one of the *bailes*. It was the old story: both men being intoxicated, they quarrelled about a girl. Knives were drawn, and it seems that before Juan had time to deliver a thrust José killed him, his knife literally passing through the woodcutter's body. All passed so quickly that the bystanders were scarcely aware of what occurred. José, taking advantage of the confusion, slipped out, mounted his horse, and fled; and before either the *comisario* or I was informed of the occurrence, José, being well mounted, must have

been at least two leagues away. In consequence, pursuit was virtually useless.

That night we interred the remains of poor Juan in the *monte*, a rough wooden cross marking his place of interment.

I now thoroughly repented of ever having taken José into my employment. The man's cold-blooded nature now appeared before me in such a hideous form that I considered no other good quality he might possess could possibly counterbalance such brutality. However, I felt some consolation in thinking that I had seen the last of him. Unfortunately, in this I was mistaken, as the sequel will show.

Carnival being past, I arranged to have my encampment shifted farther north, and on leaving I went and said good-bye to my friend the *comisario*. I call him my friend from the fact that he was one of the few *comisarios* I met in the Argentine who earned my respect. His name was Santiago Diaz, and he was a descendant of an old Spanish family that had kept its descent pure and had never intermarried with families of Indian descent, a fact of which Don Santiago was justly proud, and of which he never failed to remind one. He had inherited much of the pride and pomposity of the Spanish race, but he had a higher sense of honour and justice than any other Argentine I ever met. Poor Don Santiago Diaz! I often thought nature intended him to occupy a higher sphere in life than doing the duties of chief police-officer to a semi-barbarous community that could never appreciate his worth.

After two days' journey with my bullock-cart, the site I had selected for my new encampment was reached. It was in the vicinity of three fresh-water wells. Indeed, the place derived its name from those wells—namely, Pozos Dulces (Fresh Wells), all other wells in this district being more or less salt.

I discovered an unoccupied *ranchito* that came within the ground owned by the railway company. This I took possession of, while my cook pitched his tent under the shade of an *algarrobo*-tree about one hundred yards distant. Although there was no village in the vicinity, the place was nevertheless the centre of a considerable population, and could boast of both a *comisario* and a *juez de paz* (district judge).

I soon saw my new encampment was admirably suited for a basis of food-supply. Goats' flesh could be had in abundance, also beef and mutton—all at a reasonable rate. The man who was in charge of my horses, and who had also acted as my factotum, I transferred to the appointment previously held by José. Although not endowed with the mental capacity of the latter, he eventually gave tolerable satisfaction.

After I had been about a week settled in my new encampment I had a visit from the *comisario* of the district. He rode up to my *ranchito* one day, and so as to impress me, no doubt, with a sense of his

importance, he had riding at a respectful distance behind him a villainous-looking, ragged vigilante. I was by no means favourably impressed by the *comisario's* appearance, yet as an act of courtesy I asked him to alight from his horse. To this he complied, came forward, and sat down in the veranda. After chatting on various topics for some minutes I could see he had something of importance to communicate; but, native-like, he deferred the matter to the last. Then, finally, just as he was about to take his leave, he broached the subject of José killing the woodcutter.

'Ah,' I said, 'you seemingly know all about this matter?'

'Como, no, señor,' he replied. 'José told me all about it himself; he is at present staying with me, and he would be very grateful if you would reinstate him in the appointment he previously held from you.'

'What!' I replied in astonishment, 'José living with you?'

'Como, no, señor,' he again replied.

'Well,' I returned with warmth, 'José is little better than a brute, and ought to be severely punished for what he has done; while as to reinstating him in his former appointment, that I certainly never will do.'

'Ah, *bueno, bueno*, señor,' he replied. 'Just as you like, you know; but José is a good fellow all the same, and I am very sorry for him. And,' he continued, 'punishing him would do no good; you know that will not bring back to life the man he has killed.'

Now, this is the basis of nearly all Argentine reasoning, even of the more advanced and enlightened, when asked why murderers are not punished. Indeed, when an individual commits a murder in the Argentine, even although premeditated and cowardly, the murderer seems to receive the sympathy of the whole community; and they will move heaven and earth to save him from capital punishment, however richly he may deserve it. Although the Argentine law prescribes death for premeditated murder, yet the community will never allow it to be carried into effect; the farce is generally ended by the criminal getting off with a few months' imprisonment.

The *comisario*, after talking with me on various topics, and seeing there was no chance of persuading me to reinstate his friend José, finally took his leave.

It will now be necessary for me to explain certain matters hitherto omitted, but which I always thought had a very significant bearing on this strange tale. They are as follows:

At my previous encampment the money to pay the woodcutters was sent from the terminus of the railway once a month; but as the construction of the railway advanced, and the termination or point of rails came nearer, the money came to me once a fortnight, and this system was adhered to until the completion of the work.

The money was invariably brought me every second Friday by two men, and on the day following I paid the woodcutters. This system made it necessary that I should keep the money one night in my possession, which, when I think of it now, decidedly showed great imprudence on my part.

Well, on a certain Friday the money was brought to me as usual, and I put it away in my cash-box, which I locked up in a strong wooden chest inside my *ranch*o.

This same day I had a visit from the *comisario*. I mention this fact as his visit, I always think, had much to do with what followed. He said he was passing, and thought he would call and tell me José had left.

'Indeed?' I replied, with indifference. 'Where has he gone to?'

'Who knows, señor?' he answered. 'He left my house three days ago, and I have not seen him since.'

'Ah, I am glad to hear it,' I returned. 'I do not like the way he has been prowling around lately. Indeed,' I continued, 'he has been seen twice around here in my absence.'

'Oh,' laughed the *comisario*, 'you need have no fear of José. He is a hot-tempered fool, but he is no plotter of mischief;' and with a wave of his hand he passed on his way, never having alighted from his horse.

Now, what the *comisario* said of José was, I think, true; he was no plotter of evil, and in truth I never dreaded evil from him.

At the season of the year of which I write, the weather being exceedingly warm, I usually slept in the veranda, and well I remember this particular night. After I had dined, the cook had cleared away the dinner-things and taken out my camp-bed and arranged it as usual on the veranda, and after bidding me good-night, had retired to his tent. As I sat smoking a sense of loneliness crept over me, such as I had never felt before. But I got up, shook it off, and went to make my final arrangements before turning in. Before explaining what these final arrangements were, it will be necessary to glance at the plan of my *ranch*o, which was a simple, square, one-roomed building with a veranda in front. The right side was flanked by a very primitive open-air kitchen of sun-dried bricks, extending at a right angle from the end of the house to a distance of about thirty feet. On the left was a rough wooden fence, through the bars of which were twisted branches of thorny scrub; and so strong and adroitly made was the fence as to be practically impenetrable by man or beast. In this way both ends of the veranda were closed, and in consequence the house was only accessible directly in front. Now, the final arrangement I made every night before going to bed was to place on my kitchen hearth an empty kerosene-tin, to which I attached a piece of light, strong twine, which I stretched across the roadway leading up to the *ranch*o, fastening it to the branch fence to which I



have referred. The twine was placed about twenty feet from the front of the veranda, and as it was only four inches or so from the ground, any person approaching the *ranchito* and unaware of its existence would in all probability touch the string and bring down the kerosene-tin, which would awaken me if asleep. This precaution I only adopted when I slept in the veranda. After fixing the kerosene-tin as described, I invariably placed my revolver (which was a heavy Smith & Wesson) below my pillow. But on this night I had no sooner lain down than the same feeling of loneliness again overtook me. I tried hard to shake it off, but could not. It is said that there is exhibited in certain individuals a subtle sixth sense which is so mysterious in character that its existence is often denied; it is a sense, a presentiment, of impending evil. Personally, I favour the idea of its existence; and scientists may one day be able to unmask the mystery. Until then, may I not call it what our fathers would have called it—namely, the mysterious warning of a kind Providence? Anyway, that night I clearly and distinctly felt a presentiment of evil, although I was unable to locate it; but I certainly never thought of its emanating from the source whence it eventually came.

The night being oppressively warm, of a kind which foreboded a storm, I lay in bed without any covering but my pyjamas; but sleep refused to visit me until towards midnight, when I dropped off into a troubled kind of slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was suddenly awakened by the falling of the kerosene-tin. I jumped up in bed and instinctively seized my revolver. I saw the figure of a man gliding away in the moonlight. I immediately levelled my revolver and fired. The figure dropped. Getting hastily out of bed and putting on my slippers, I approached the prostrate figure, revolver in hand. I found it lying face downwards. I called. No response. Approaching nearer, I touched it, but with the same result. Then, being a little alarmed, I seized the figure by the shoulder and turned it over. I had no sooner done so than I gave an involuntary start, for, good heavens! it was Black José. And lying beside him was the terrible knife I knew so well, its silver handle and burnished blade glittering in the moonlight. He was apparently stone-dead, and I found on examination that the bullet from my revolver had entered the back of his head and had come out over his left eye. I can hardly describe my feelings as I stood beside José's remains; for I looked on myself as something akin to a murderer. As yet I had not, somehow, realised the danger I myself had escaped. My first fears were: had any one heard the report of my revolver? I was inclined to think not, as a strong wind was now blowing, which heralded the near approach of the storm I had expected. Moreover, the revolver had been discharged within the veranda, which would in a great measure stifle the report. However, I listened for a minute,

but heard no sound save the moaning of the wind in the *monte*.

I now began to realise the awkwardness of the position in which I was placed. I knew the Argentine too well to report the matter to the authorities. Well I knew if I did everything would go against me. But in the midst of numerous and confused plans, something seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Bury José, and keep your own secret.' This plan had no sooner suggested itself than I immediately acted on it. I went off at once and got a spade; then half-dragging, half-carrying José's body into the *monte*, I hurriedly selected a place of interment under the shade of a large *algarrobo*-tree. There, between two of its large protruding roots, where the ground was soft, I set to work to dig a grave. I had not been long at my task when the storm burst on me in all its fury. The flashes of lightning were incessant and vivid, and the rolling of the thunder was continuous, while the wind, with torrents of rain, howled through the *monte* like a thousand demons. This burying-scene was a sight so weird that it will never be effaced from my memory. There lay José's body, with its pallid, upturned face, to which the flashes of lightning added ghastliness. The sight was more than I could bear. I tore off the jacket of my pyjamas, threw it over the face, and resumed my work with renewed energy. I had soon dug a grave amply sufficient for the reception of the remains, which I am afraid I tumbled in without much ceremony. Hurriedly shovelling in the earth, which I carefully trampled down, I completed the work by throwing some loose earth over the grave.

I had no sooner returned to the *ranchito* than I felt somewhat dizzy, and my legs seemed to bend under me. The excitement and exertion of the last hour had been too much for me. Going to the cupboard, I poured out and drank off a large glass of *cana*, which soon had the effect of soothing me. I then lit a pipe, sat down in the veranda, and looked out at the storm, which still continued.

As I sat there and smoked I pondered over what had occurred, and gradually the whole diabolical plot disclosed itself. Evidently it was intended to murder me in bed and then rifle my chest of the money that was to pay the workmen on the morrow. And how near the plot was to succeeding the reader must know. I also entertained grave suspicions of the *comisario's* having incited José to commit the crime. No doubt he had arranged for a lion's share of the plunder, and his pretended friendly visit to tell me José had left had been planned to throw me off my guard in case I suspected any treachery on the part of José.

In the morning the cook brought me my coffee, and remarked about the storm of the preceding night, as it had been one of unusual severity. I was satisfied to know that nothing else had disturbed him.

After taking coffee, I strolled round by the *algarrobo*-tree. Thanks to the storm, no one but myself could possibly know that the ground had been recently disturbed.

I was told that the *comisario* and other friends of José long after wondered at his mysterious disappearance. But only the narrator knows José's place of rest in the shade of the *algarrobo*-tree.

## THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL AND ESTATES.

By W. M. J. WILLIAMS.



IN the accession of King Edward VII. in 1901, it was at once necessary to pass a new Civil List Act. That Act provides for the King and Queen's households a sum of £470,000 a year; but it does more: it provides for their children also. Chief of these, of course, is the Prince of Wales, for whom £20,000, and for the Princess of Wales £10,000, a year are set apart, and further provision is made for certain contingencies. Why that sum, and how did the authorities arrive at it? The Act of 1863 provided £40,000 for the Prince and £10,000 for the Princess of Wales of that day, now King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It is probable that the figures which follow determined the amount fixed as the parliamentary vote towards the comfort and happiness of Prince George and Princess Mary, the Prince and Princess of Wales of to-day.

The eldest son of the British Sovereign is born Duke of Cornwall, but has to be created Prince of Wales, as was seen last year. As Duke of Cornwall, he is seised, as the lawyers say, with the Duchy of Cornwall and all its honours, privileges, and estates. The last-published account of these estates, which are managed with great ceremony, gives the figures up to 31st December 1901, and shows that £21,989 was paid to His Majesty (as Prince of Wales) and £52,000 to the Prince of Wales, or a total of £73,989 for 1901. This is a net payment after management, &c., have been provided for, and so this figure may be taken now as the net income of the Duchy of Cornwall. During King Edward's occupancy of the duchy the average income was regarded as £60,000. The £40,000 annuity voted to him made his income about £100,000; and it may be presumed that the present rental, together with £20,000 from Parliament, makes the Prince of Wales's income about the same figure. At present, however, he seems to enjoy about £10,000 a year less than his father; but his prospects are bright, inasmuch as the income is growing very fast. Within ten years it is probable that he will enjoy an income larger than any his father had.

To exhibit this prospect, and to suggest other problems of the day, it may be added that when Queen Victoria ascended the throne the income of the Duchy of Cornwall was about £12,000, and was payable to her, as Sovereign, until the birth of King Edward on 9th November 1841, when the income was about £14,000. At the King's marriage in 1863, when his annuity of £40,000 was fixed, the

duchy's income had increased to from £45,000 to £50,000 on an average, and, probably, the parliamentary annuity was fixed with an eye to the prospective increase of the duchy's rental. Since the King's marriage the net income of the duchy has gone forward steadily; but the net sum paid over to the Prince has varied considerably from year to year, from £50,000 in 1864 to £70,375 in 1876; and in 1899, just a year before his accession, it was about £67,000. This last figure is no criterion of its annual value, for it depends so much on the special works in hand on such a well-managed estate. Suffice it to say that the income may be regarded now as about £75,000 a year, with an excellent prospect of large additions in the near future.

No one will be surprised at the prospect who considers the nature of this splendid property—a property which the Prince of Wales enjoys in his capacity as heir to the British Crown. Exact delimitations of the estate cannot be given, for prudential reasons chiefly; but, as will be surmised by the title, the Prince has a large estate in Cornwall. The Return of Landlords of 1873 gives the acreage in Cornwall at 12,516, and the annual value at £9464; in Devon, at 48,457 acres, worth only £4726; and in Somerset, 5323 acres, of £9144 annual value. Besides the land, there are various dues payable to the Duke of Cornwall, such as tithes, royalties on coal-mines, estates left by intestates, and foreshore rights. As to this last, it may be noted that the minerals between high-water and low-water in Cornwall belong to the Duke, while those under the sea belong to the King; but the King must pay the Duke for passage through his foreshore to minerals beyond. Also, when Queen Victoria came to the throne it was decided to discontinue the coinage of tin in Cornwall and Devon, and give compensation to the duchy, in the circumstances recited in the following preamble to the Act 1 & 2 Vict. c. 120:

'Whereas, by the laws, usages, and customs of the counties of Cornwall and Devon, all tin dug, raised, and taken therein respectively is required to be coined, and certain duties are payable for the coinage thereof: And whereas by charter made and passed in the eleventh year of the reign of His Majesty King Edward the Third, and duly confirmed by Parliament, the said coinage duties, together with certain other possessions, were thereby granted to the then Duke of Cornwall and to the first-begotten son of him and his heirs, Kings of

England, being Dukes of Cornwall, and heirs-apparent to the kingdom of England, and the same were thereby annexed and united to the Duchy of Cornwall for ever to remain, so that from the said duchy they should at no time be in anywise severed, so that when the Duke of Cornwall for the time being should depart this life, and a son to whom the said duchy was thereby appointed should not appear, the said duchy should revert to and be retained in the hands of the King of England for the time being, until such son, being heir-apparent, should appear: And whereas such duty on the coinage of tin in the said counties of Cornwall and Devon are now payable to Her Majesty in right of her Duchy of Cornwall: And whereas it is expedient and for the benefit of trade that it should not be necessary that any tin so dug, raised, or taken should hereafter be coined, and that all duties so as aforesaid payable on the coinage thereof should cease, and that compensation in lieu thereof should be given to Her Majesty or other personage for the time being entitled to the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That from and after the tenth day of October next ensuing the passing of this Act it shall not be necessary to coin any tin dug, raised, or taken in the said counties of Cornwall and Devon, or in either of them, and that the duties which would but for this Act be payable on the coinage of tin after that time shall cease and determine.'

Accordingly the Treasury was directed to, and did, determine the compensation to be paid to the Duchy of Cornwall for the tin-dues, and an item is found every year in the finance accounts of the United Kingdom called 'An Annuity in lieu of Tin Coinage Duties, Post Groats, and White Rents, £16,216, 15s.,' which is carried to the credit of the Prince of Wales.

But this account of the estate would be as *Hamlet* without the Prince were it to close without mentioning the London portion of that estate, by far the most valuable portion of the whole. The statutes at large contain a great many Acts relating to this portion; and from them and other data it may be said that the Lambeth Marsh in great part belongs to the duchy, and especially that part of South London known as Kennington. The tin-mines of Cornwall are nearly exhausted, and the value of agricultural property has fallen; but the house-property and sites of London are mines of gold which any prudent man would choose rather than anything found on South African Rands. From this property chiefly will come the income on which the advisers of His Royal Highness count to make the Prince's income equal to, and out-shine, that of his father as Prince. The property now built upon a great portion of the London estate is not very desirable; but not many years hence

opportunity to improve it, and to improve the rental, will be afforded; and, in short, it is a very fine property to hold. It may be added that, as in the case of each of the appanages of the Crown, the Duchy of Cornwall possesses a certain amount of capital also, which is invested in local loans and India  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and 3 per cent. stocks. It is provided, for instance, in all these cases, that one-half the revenue from mines shall be carried to capital account, and leases of land may not now be for lives, but for thirty-one years, and on houses for terms not exceeding ninety-nine years.

The present position of the estate pertaining to the Duchy of Cornwall is evidently prosperous. How did it come to be? What is its history? It is a long and very interesting story, and only a sketch of it can be given here; but the story is full of instruction on some of the fundamental questions in the politics of our day, and closely related to some of the most delicate questions of our constitution. For all practical purposes, the history of the Duchy of Cornwall begins with Edward III. There are stories of older earls and other nobles of Cornwall, reaching back to days practically unhistorical; but the Duchy of Cornwall as known to us was part of Edward III.'s scheme to provide for his family, as Bishop Stubbs says, and that in this country and not in France. It was in 1377, when Edward III. was busy with wars in France, that he created and granted the duchy to Edward the Black Prince. The grant was by charter, which was confirmed by Act of Parliament in the next year. The charter was constructed on the lines of those of the earls newly made. His dukedom was in fact only a superior kind of earldom; but it was the first dukedom created since the Conquest, and the title of duke was foreign to England. The duke was girt with a sword in the same manner as the earls. He had the shrievalty of Cornwall granted to him in such a manner that he could constitute a sheriff of Cornwall at his pleasure. Vast possessions were assigned to him, but only as Duke of Cornwall; and they were annexed and united to the dukedom for ever, and made inseparable from it. The grant of them was only to the Black Prince and the first-born sons and his heirs being Kings of England, and to the Dukes of Cornwall by succession of inheritance. There could be no Duke of Cornwall without the lands assigned to the dukedom, and the lands assigned to the dukedom must always be in the hands of the duke when not in the hands of the Sovereign.—*Pike on the Lords.*

Earls of Cornwall were well known prior to this, and it is of interest to note that the grant of the Cornwall estate to the newly created duke was not a high-handed proceeding of King Edward III., for by a Roll of the Exchequer of the thirtieth year of Henry VIII. it is shown that Edward was descended from Edmund, a former Earl of Cornwall, and that Edward I. and Edward II. were seised in fee of the duchy, so that Edward III. was in that position also, and entitled legally to make this grant of the



estate. The dignity was, however, conferred, like most earldoms of the period, with the common consent and advice of the prelates, earls, barons, and others of the King's Council in Parliament, and without any reference to the Commons (*Pike on the Lords*, p. 76). The Duke of Cornwall is, therefore, the premier duke, and the dukedom is endowed with an estate whose history is clear and legally strong, from days now receding into the far distance of the past.

The powers of the Duke of Cornwall may be judged by a recital of a clause of the charter. He was to 'have and to hold to the said duke and to him and his heirs, the kings of England, their first-begotten sons and dukes of the said place, that were hereditarily to succeed in the kingdom of England, together with the knight's fees and the advowsons of churches, and all other things, to the castles, boroughs, towns, manors, and honours aforesaid in what manner soever belonging of the said late king and his heirs for ever, as in the patent of the said late king to the foresaid then duke thereof made is more fully contained.'—*Rot. 15 of Exchequer*.

There were seventeen of the 'assessional' manors to which reference is made, six of which have been sold, but the mines and minerals reserved. Subject to local rights, the mines and minerals of these manors, sold and unsold, are vested in the Duke of Cornwall, as also all minerals of the foreshore. The Duchy of Cornwall from early times to 1897 exercised special jurisdiction by means of the Stannary Courts. The jurisdiction is now exercised by the County Court, and possesses a common law and equity side. In personal actions, mostly concerned with mines in Cornwall and Devon, the jurisdiction of the Stannary Courts is exclusive, and as regards general equity it appears to be so. The power to rectify the register of a company summarily may be exercised by the High Court or the Stannary Court at the option of the applicant. A winding-up petition within the Stannaries must usually be presented to the Stannaries Court.

The Stannaries were originally districts paying royalty on tin to the Earls of Cornwall, and the powers of their courts were confirmed by Edward I. The charters made working tinners exempt from the Crown Courts, except with regard to 'land, life, and limb.' They were sued only in the Stannary Courts presided over by the Lord Warden or his subordinates, whose court of record had full jurisdiction, as has already been told. There was even a Cornish Parliament, which was confirmed by Henry VII., and appears to have had the duty of considering and formulating the customs of the Stannaries, and these Parliaments were held up to the end of the eighteenth century. The Lord Warden had among his privileges the right to a corps of miners raised in Cornwall and Devon for the Militia, and seems to enjoy them now by an Act of 1882; and the Warden is for all purposes the lieutenant of the county. But so far as courts are concerned, all

the special powers were transferred in 1897 to such County Courts as the Lord Chancellor may choose.

For much information regarding the history and antiquities of the duchy reference should be made to the Survey of the Duchy made at its creation (11 Edward III.), published in *Parliamentary Records* of 1800; to the *Abstract of Public Records* published in Edinburgh in 1824; and to the Report on the Affairs of the Duchy made to Parliament in 1862-63, when King Edward VII. attained his majority.

In studying these old records of the Crown and the revenue it is a great pleasure to find the account simplified and made more clear and distinct as time rolls on. This is so as regards the Duchy of Cornwall. Up to the time of William III., and for a few years afterwards (1697), the revenue of Cornwall appeared in the Civil List granted to the King among the 'hereditary revenues.' It was also recited in Queen Anne's Civil List. During these reigns these revenues were a part of the general public revenue; but since that time the Cornwall revenues have not been paid into the Exchequer, for they were specially exempted from the 'hereditary revenues' by the Act supplying the Civil List of George I. Since that day the Cornwall revenue has never appeared among the 'hereditary revenues.' From the days of Queen Anne down to the birth of Edward VII. the revenues of Cornwall were paid to the Sovereign. George IV. and William IV. thus received them because they had no son, and Queen Victoria received them from 1838 to 1841, a total of £66,500 altogether, but they then passed to King Edward VII. as Duke of Cornwall. He was a minor, of course, until 1861-62, and during his minority the surplus revenue of the duchy accumulated to the sum of £386,500, which enabled the trustees to purchase £572,075 of 3 per cent. stock, and leave in the banker's hands a cash balance of £29,646. Such an accumulation accounts in great part for the strong position of the estate to-day.

Reverting to the past history of the duchy's affairs, we come upon some of those old abuses which make us wonder that our State weathered the storm in trying days. It has just been said that for many years the revenues of Cornwall were paid to the Sovereign failing a Duke of Cornwall; but for a long season also the net revenue was very small. During the three years of the reign of James II., up to 1688, £14,226 only was paid into the Exchequer from this source. At the close of the reign of William III. the revenue was £9000 per annum; but this, it was said, brought nothing to the Exchequer, 'because it is so charged with pensions and other annual sums payable by the Receiver-General thereof that very little, if any, has been paid into the Exchequer in aid of the expenses of the Civil Government for several years past.' There were £3000 to the Earl of Bath, £2000 to the Lord Auverquerque, £300 to Sir Peter Killigrew, and salaries to the auditor, supervisors, and several other officers, amounting to £1700 more,

so that only £2000 went into the Exchequer in Queen Anne's days. When the duchy's revenues were separated from the hereditary revenues at the accession of George I. in 1714, these pensions granted by King William of Orange were no longer charged to the duchy; but they continue as a public charge, in one form or another, to this day.

All this time, so far as the public was concerned, the affairs of the duchy were a mystery; all that was known was from local gossip, or was confined to the officers of the duchy or the Treasury at Whitehall. There were great transactions, however, as, from 1704 to 1718, it is known that the 'Tyn Affaire,' as it was called, involved immense sums. The Duke of Cornwall had the right of the pre-emption of all tin, because it was used for coins, and between the years named tin amounting to £1,523,002 was sold, for which £1,422,756 was paid, thus showing a profit to the duchy of £100,245. The coinage dues were abolished, as has been shown, in 1838, and an annuity of £16,216, 15s. made payable, and is now paid, to the revenues of the duchy. There was also the prisage and butlerage of wines in the duchy, a due of 2s. per tun in later years, which brought in a revenue, and it is interesting as a specimen of the power of taxing which the Duke of Cornwall possessed. That was done away with in 1803, and a capital sum of £27,000 paid for it from the Consolidated Fund. When Queen Victoria became Sovereign in 1837, the discussions which ensued in the House of Commons caused the Chancellor of the Exchequer to pass a rule that annual accounts of the income and expenditure of the duchy should be rendered to Parliament, which is now done regularly.

This summary of the position, value, and history of the Duchy of Cornwall and its estates has sufficed, perhaps, to make the reader know how fine a power and valuable a property is involved. In days when the public accounts were far inferior in point of clearness to those of to-day, there was, and justifiably so, much dissatisfaction regarding the affairs and position of the duchy. But the chief point which emerged in discussion was, whether the property was a private or a public one. Burke, Brougham, Harvey, Romilly, and Trelawney are some of the names prominently connected with these discussions. The position to-day is clear. The estates are an appanage of the Crown, of which an annual account has to be rendered to Parliament. On this important question of the nature of the duchy and property it will be interesting to quote Burke:

'What partiality, what objects of the politics of the House of Lancaster or of Cromwell has his present Majesty, or his Majesty's family? What power have they within any of these principalities which they have not within their kingdom? In what manner is the dignity of the nobility concerned in these principalities? What rights have the subject there which they have not at least equally in every other part of the nation? These

distinctions exist for no good end to the King, to the nobility, to the people. They ought not to exist at all. If the Crown (contrary to its nature, but most conformably to the whole tenor of the advice that has been lately given) should so far forget its dignity as to contend that these jurisdictions and revenues are estates of private property, I am rather for acting as if that groundless claim were of some weight than for giving up that essential part of the reform. I would value the clear income, and give a clear annuity to the Crown, taken on the medium produce for twenty years.' —*Burke on Economical Reform.*

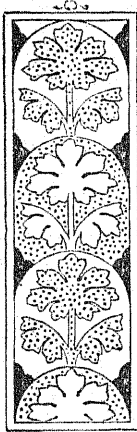
That was an opinion delivered and a proposal made in the House of Commons on 11th February 1780. On 25th March 1853 Mr Trelawney moved for the third time his motion for an inquiry into the management of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall. Romilly objected, as that would be to interfere in the management of private property. Mr Bouverie denied that. Sir Robert Peel said he must be an unwise man who denied the absolute right of the House of Commons to do anything it thought proper. He thought the House should not interfere unless there were clear and signal proof of a necessity for such interference, and expressed an opinion that no property, public or private, speaking of late years, had been better administered. This reference to 'late years' was a well-deserved compliment to the labours of the Prince-Consort to bring order out of chaos in these things. But it cannot escape the observation of those who read this account of the duchy and its affairs that all modern legislation has proceeded so as to acknowledge Burke's principles to be right, while the trend of modern thought and practice is to hold all public property as a national asset, and not to sell any of the land and estate. Need it be added that those who study the questions of housing and land will derive much instruction from the details of management of such an estate as this, details which cannot be given in such a sketch as is offered here?

#### THE DAY.

A FILM of drops chasing each other down the pane,  
The melancholy sound  
Of fretful wind hurling the harassed rain  
Upon the sodden ground,  
Splashing it on the road, blurring it o'er the lawn:  
Thus, gazing out on the tempest, I saw the Dawn.

Throughout the hours, as listening to a whispered spell,  
I heard the weird tattoo  
Of Nature's orchestra. At times it fell  
To sighs, and then anew  
Dinned loudly in its interwoven, constant beat  
Of myriad patterings, like rushing spirits' feet.

Twilight's dull tinge spread on the gray and ghostly sky,  
And then a Silence came.  
Far in the limpid west the sun's dim eye  
Shone as a cave of flame;  
The clouds furled like great canopies with stars bedight:  
Clear purple heaven shone between. So came the Night.  
WARD MUIR.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### HOW JONES COLLECTED AN ACCOUNT.

By ALGERNON WARREN, Author of *Commercial Travelling*.

**S**END Jones in,' said the merchant H—— to his head-clerk.  
Jones entered, zealous but nervous.  
'Go and call on Messrs Lynkins for the amount of our account rendered. They ought to have paid before this. Harrison has been twice already.'

Harrison was the town traveller of the firm, and was laid up temporarily with influenza; hence this summoning of Jones, who ordinarily acted as invoice-clerk. Many young fellows in his position would have been pleased to vary the monotony of their occupation by any outdoor work; but Jones was rather of a retiring disposition, and, moreover, what he had heard of Messrs Lynkins did not predispose him in favour of the commission. However, needs must, so he went off, charged with instructions. Just as he was going out at the door he was recalled to be warned 'on no account' to allow the extra one and a quarter per cent. discount to which Messrs Lynkins would have been entitled if payment had been made six weeks earlier, and to be told what to reply in the event of its being asked for.

At the door of Messrs Lynkins's office he met a traveller of his acquaintance just coming out.

'Hallo, young fellow! what do you want here?'

'Oh, Harrison is ill, so I've got to collect an account for him.'

'Wish you joy of the job! Lynkins is like a bear with a sore head this morning. Kept me waiting no end of a time, and then quibbled about eighteen-pence as if it would cost him three sleepless nights if he didn't get it allowed. He's a beauty, he is! But you'd better nip in quick, or there'll be others after him. He never pays first call if he can possibly get out of it, and Tom Jenkins of K——'s house told me he'd been here yesterday and was coming again to-day about this time. So if you don't look sharp he'll be on to you. Ta-ta!'

Jones passed in and presented himself at the inquiry desk. But the lad deputed to receive callers was busy setting his drawer to rights for the

better accommodation of a kitten inside it, so he had to wait till the completion of a rearrangement of contents to the other's satisfaction, for an accumulation of dry crusts, dirty dusters, and *Comic Cuts* was taking up too much room. Then this budding youth looked Jones up and down superciliously, and, not deigning to ask what he wanted, ultimately condescended to listen to what he had to say, without manifesting the slightest interest. Fortunately, however, there was a book-keeper near, who, when he heard the name of the firm for whom Jones had come to collect, was apprehensive that if the latter was delayed it might necessitate some ledger inspection which would prevent his own getting off to dinner punctually. Thus he so expedited matters that Jones was straightway shown into the inner office, where he found himself face to face with a tall, black-bearded individual who wore a countenance as if there was nothing on earth calculated to please him. He snapped an impatient 'Well?' at Jones, who had bowed respectfully on entering.

'If you please, sir, I have called on behalf of Messrs H—— for a settlement of account.'

'Why haven't they sent their regular man?' was the decidedly offensive answer.

'Our Mr Harrison is unwell, sir; and as you made an appointment with him for this time to-day, Messrs H—— told me to come, so that you can pay me instead.'

'What do you mean by talking in that insulting way, sir?' snarled Mr Lynkins, who was evidently seeking for any excuse to pour vials of wrath on Jones's head, for he hated being asked for payment. 'Can pay me instead!' Why, of course I can if I choose, and could if it were fifty times as much. But I'm not going to hand over money to any Tom, Dick, or Harry who comes to my office and asks for it. I don't know you from the Pope, and, as a matter of business, if you haven't a copy of the account with you, you'd better call with one this day week. If your people are so keen on being paid all of a hop, they ought to have sent me a written advice that their regular collector wasn't coming.'



But Jones's experienced employer had not dealt for years with 'putters-off' for nothing, and having foreseen an excuse of this kind, had provided accordingly.

'I have a copy of the account rendered with me, sir, and some of the firm's cards, and their price-current altered up to date also. Messrs H—— did not advise you because Mr Harrison was expected to be back at work this morning; but he sent a note instead, saying that the doctor said that it would be safer for him to stay in two days longer.'

'Oh, then, if he's going to be out and about in a couple of days, he'd better come then, and I'll settle with him.'

'Very well, sir; but Messrs H—— told me to state that, in accordance with their terms specified, no discount can be allowed if the account stands over unpaid after to-day.'

Mr Lynkins glared wrathfully. He hated paying a moment before he could help; but discounts were dear to his rapacious nature, and when he found that quiet Jones—your quiet fellows are often the firmest—was conscientious enough in his employers' interests not to lend himself to a shuffle, he sulkily turned to a file and took from it the original copy of the account, added some figures to it, and, tossing it across to Jones, said surlily, 'Now then, receipt that for payment by cash, and look sharp!'

'Excuse me, sir; you've made two wrong deductions. The discount due is only one and a quarter per cent., not two and a half. That would have been allowable only if the account, in accordance with the terms specified on it, had been paid not later than the 14th of last month.'

'Oh, nonsense! I've had it before. Tell you what, young fellow, I shall have to complain of you to your people, and you'll get a rap over the knuckles. Not two and a half, indeed! What's that, then?' While speaking he had been fumbling at a bundle of accounts, and drawing one out, he now threw it at Jones. But the latter had been forewarned. Three years earlier, when Harrison had first taken on duty as town traveller, he had foolishly made, under pressure, a wrongful concession of discount to Mr Lynkins, to which the latter was totally unentitled. For this he had received a severe reprimand, and a letter had been forwarded to the effect that such concession was irregular, and could not be made again under similar circumstances. But Mr Lynkins made the most of this advantage that he had taken of a novice. He kept the receipt at hand, and when representatives of firms competing in the same class of goods came to quote him prices, he would say, 'I get better terms from Messrs H—— than you offer. They give me two and a half per cent., not one and a quarter,' at such and such a term. If the others responded, 'But, sir, Messrs H—— quote only one and a quarter per cent. discount for that time of payment,' his answer was, 'Oh, I know they quote it so on their price-currents, but quoting's one thing and giving's another. Look here!' Then out would

come this receipt for the erroneous settlement made by Harrison. By this means he not infrequently got more than he ought to have out of other firms whose representatives were ready enough to exceed instructions and allow more discount than they were empowered to do, on the score that they knew for a fact that Messrs H—— did it, because they had seen their statements of account—a single instance gets pluralised readily in cases like this—with the deduction made at settlement.

'If you please, sir, Messrs H—— told me about this particular instance, and showed me the copy of their letter to you in the letter-book, stating that it was an error on Mr Harrison's part to have allowed the two and a half per cent. discount, and that under no circumstances could more than one and a quarter per cent. be allowed in future unless payment were made before the middle of the month following that in which the goods were had.'

'Oh, well, well! I should have settled this before, only it slipped my memory. Messrs H—— know that I generally pay for one month's goods before the middle of the next, so in fact you must allow the two and a half this time. I never heard of such a thing—trying to treat an old customer in this way! Take it off, and write a receipt for payment "by cash" and tell your people it sha'n't occur again.'

'I can only go by my instructions received this morning, sir.'

'What! You won't?'

'I can only do as I am told, sir.'

'Then just pack off, and tell Messrs H—— I'll remit. I won't waste my time talking to young "Jacks-in-office."'

'Very well, sir, if you wish me to go, I will; but Messrs H—— particularly told me to draw your attention to the fact that the amount of the account would be strictly net if you left it over, as this is the last day that entitles you to the one and a quarter per cent.'

Mr Lynkins spluttered. Then he grabbed at his cash-box, and jerked out a sum of money with a savage 'Now then! are you going to be all day writing that receipt?'

'I was going to say before, sir, that you had deducted too much off the seed-bags. Our terms specify one-third allowed on unreturned packages. You have taken off one-half of the price of the bags kept.'

'Of course I have! One-half's the regular thing. All the other houses that I do with allow it. Your firm will have to get into line. Ten pounds seven and six is the right amount. Take it, and hurry up with that receipt, and be off. You've kept me about a sight too long already. Do you think that I've nothing to do except to wait on Messrs H——'s and your convenience?'

'I cannot receipt this account in full unless you pay me ten pounds twelve shillings and twopence, sir. Those are my instructions, as I said before.'

'Said! Yes, you haven't kept your chattering

tongue quiet a moment.' *N.B.*—Jones had not once opened his mouth except to give necessary replies. 'If Messrs H—— should give you the sack, don't let me find you coming here applying for a situation. You'll be shown the door pretty quick, I can tell you! I don't know what business is coming to with these parcels of conceited young cubs, who ought to be back in the nursery to learn their manners.' As he concluded this ill-conditioned speech, Mr Lynkins pushed across the balance due, and then came round and looked over Jones's shoulder while he wrote the receipt, and, even before he had time to blot it, rudely snatched it out of the young man's hand, and dashing at his office door, banged it open, and shouted, 'Now then, next!' totally ignoring the young clerk's civil 'Thank you, sir; good-morning to you.' He held himself prepared, in case Jones put on his hat, which he had removed on entering, to sweeten his departure with, 'In my young days we were taught how to behave ourselves better than to stand with our hats on in a gentleman's private room.' But Jones did not cover again until he had stepped into the outer office, and so balked him from letting off a last jet of spleen. His instinct had warned him that this ungracious being would wish to send some parting shot after him if he could find any possible pretext for doing so. So Jones took his leave circumspectly, and made his way back as quickly as possible. On ascertaining that his employer was disengaged for the moment,

he straightway went and reported himself, saying, 'I have got the amount of the account, sir. I am sorry that I could not get back quicker, but Mr Lynkins kept me some little time.'

'Ah!' said the merchant, after inspecting the memorandum of particulars of payment. 'That is all right. So he didn't settle straight off, then?'

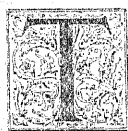
'No, sir; he made some difficulties.'

'Oh, did he? Well, you can go back and get on with your regular work now.'

'That's a sensible young fellow, worth keeping one's eye on,' soliloquised Mr H—— after Jones had betaken himself to his desk. 'Of course I know he must have had a fight to get Lynkins to settle that account without making some deduction or other. 'Pon my word, a youngster who does just what he is told, even if he is a bit shy and retiring, is more serviceable, after all, than a thick-skinned chap who likes to assert himself, and who, when he does do a thing, comes back and brags about it. If Harrison had gone, I don't suppose that he would have given in to Lynkins this time, because I pitched into him for doing so before; but he wouldn't have come back with the money without trying to take up my time by telling me what a tremendous job he had to get it, and doing his best to impress upon me what a fine fellow he was, and how lucky I was to have such an able collector in my employ. I do like modesty in young fellows. Yes, decidedly I'll keep my eye on Jones.'

## A STORMY MORNING.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.



HERE is enough of real sorrow in the world, in all conscience, without saddening the readers of a book written for the passing of a leisure hour, suggesting a thought here and there, we will hope not entirely vain and profitless. We will not, therefore, dwell on poor Lady Fitzhugh's heart-broken grief—grief that had withal in it an element of resentment and sense of injury.

We will not dwell, either, on Betty's dumb agony on the return to the home now her own property—once more falling into the female line, realising a weird old prophecy in the annals of the MacDiarmid-Fitzhugh family—where at every turn she was met by some reminder of him whom she had lost; where each day, month, season, brought fresh and poignant pain; where even the notes of the wild birds, the crow of the grouse among the heather, were torture almost unendurable.

A year passed over the sorrow-stricken heads of mother and daughter; a heavy year indeed.

Betty was brave and Betty was true—true to any trust; true always almost to a fault. She determined to carry out the fulfilment of the strange

promise made to her brother on his deathbed to the very letter. She knew almost as much about shooting as had her brother. They two had shared every interest in the home they loved; and as he had said they had good men on all the ground, so the task would be lightened. Betty was beloved by all, and there was not a shepherd or a crofter on the estate who would not cherish every grouse's nest he came across and report it with pleasure to the young 'ledly.'

The greatest care was shown in the selection of shooting tenants. No 'banging bounder' from the Stock Exchange, as Lord Forsyth called them; no German Jew or sharp-faced lawyer determined to get his money's worth at all events, and a little over if he could, was allowed to 'skin the ground.' Every keeper was to be trusted, and those sportsmen who took Betty's shootings were picked and chosen according to their credentials.

It was strange work for a girl, but not without interest, though at times full of care. There are black sheep in every flock, and in some of the distant townships there were rough seafaring characters who had learned many a trick of poaching and illicit trading during their visits south and east, and a firm hand was needed. Betty hated their being

punished. The wives would come to her, and it was cruelly hard. Had it not been for her promise to her dead brother, the culprits would have gone scot-free; but as it was, she set her fair face and went through with the difficult task with determined will and purpose.

'Oh that there were neither deer nor grouse!' she groaned one day in the early part of the year, as she stood on the shore and looked out across the sea. There had been a strong gale the day before; but the sea was now like glass, with a heavy swell breaking with a roar on the rocks at her feet. Johnnie was burrowing cautiously, and with many sneezes and snorts, in a great heap of seaweed piled up by the tide. A crab had once pinched his nose, and Johnnie never forgot things, so proceeded delicately. The heavy purple clouds hung in dense masses upon the hills on the opposite shore, with intense purple shadows beneath them, and there was a line of faintest gold beyond the headland on the horizon. The sea was almost white, the seaweed richest bronze, and the rocks black. It was a wondrous scheme of colour. The air was full of the strong, sweet smell of the sea. The cry of a great northern diver floated across the waste of waters, sorrowful and unearthly; it was as though the remorseful sadness of the scene and the deathless sorrow at the girl's heart had found a voice.

She gazed out with mournful eyes, and thought of all she had loved and lost, and of the sorrow that never seemed far from her house.

'I thought he would have written to me,' she said to herself, thinking of Harlestone; and she had said so often before. 'He knew what my boy was to me.' And there was a sadness too deep for tears in the fair young face.

Johnnie suddenly raised his head, giving an ecstatic bark, and wagging his tail violently.

Betty turned her head. Harlestone stood there, brown, gaunt, and thin.

'Can you forgive me, Betty?' he said. 'I have come home because I could not live without a sight of your face any longer.'

Betty stood staring at him as though he had risen from the grave.

'Forgive me, forgive me, child! Oh, my poor darling, how you must have suffered!' he burst out. 'I only saw it in some old papers a short time ago. I have been far beyond reach of letters and papers.'

'Oh,' she said, wringing her hands, 'it could never be the same again now—never—never!'

'Yes, it could. I was a mad fool—mad and blind with pain and rage; but think—think what you would have said had you been in my place. And I was always so doubtful and fearful as to the possibility of my being loved by such a young creature as you.'

'You need not,' she said simply. 'But indeed it was Jack! It was Jack! It was his dear old coat, with the cheeks and stags-horn buttons. I spun and dyed the wool, and Morag wove it for him;

and he was so proud of it and fond of it that he would hardly wear any other;' and she burst into a passion of heart-broken sobbing.

The painful tears of a man came into Harlestone's eyes.

'Oh, darling! forgive me, and do not cry so dreadfully,' he said, and drew her into his arms.

The terrible sobbing ceased after a time, and she became quieter and returned to the subject of the photograph.

'Mrs Fletcher changed the heads. I remembered afterwards how anxious she was to have both heads in the same position. It was Jack's joke to pretend we were lovers. I will show you the coat when we go in. I shall always keep it;' and she broke down again into bitter sobbing.

'I was a hound,' said Harlestone. 'Had you said that black was white I ought never to have doubted you. I see it all now, and I can never forgive myself.'

So there was peace between them, and the love that had never died in either heart bloomed and blossomed like the rose, and Harlestone's remorseful tenderness sheltered his darling as far as man could from all the storms of life, and smoothed her path when the ways were rough.

And I like to think that they will still be together when they have passed beyond the dark hills of time, when the yoke of flesh, which must gall us all more or less sadly as years roll on, is put off for ever, the spirit is freed, wider horizons open, other conditions obtain.

There will be no chill fear of parting; pain will not be there, nor death, for Love is immortal.

#### POSTSCRIPT.



WOULD any one like to know how retribution dogged her steps and eventually fell on Mrs Foggo?

I confess that when I think of Jack in his long coffin, sleeping in the old burying-ground of Gillechriod, it is not an unpleasing fact to me.

Mrs Foggo went on her way rejoicing. 'The mills of God grind slowly,' we know. She received the news of young Fitzhugh's death with the greatest callousness. Whether she had succeeded in bringing about one of her 'climaxes' with him history does not say. I am inclined to think that she did, and that she was the indirect cause of his early death. Anyhow, she went her ways and wiped her mouth, like the woman in the Bible; whether or not she had done wickedly did not enter into her calculations or concern her in any way.

Wintering on the Riviera one year, she became acquainted with a young French marquis (and his poodle), for whom she promptly spread her nets. She admired the dark beauty of M. le Marquis, and he succumbed at once, and gave her his poodle, also many other *gages d'amour*.

At the end of the season he and the Foggos and a large, gay party made their way to Paris together.



Coming out of the theatre one night leaning on his arm, she paused under one of the brilliant gas-lamps and looked up in his face.

There was the usual crowd on the pavement. Suddenly a woman darted forth, a furious woman, whose status in society was writ large all over her. She rushed up the steps to Mrs Foggo.

'*Pour toi, sale Anglaise!*' she shrieked, and there was a stinging smart like a whip of flame across the fair face.

Scream after scream rent the air as the vitriol ate its way into the white flesh, devouring the God-given beauty that had been turned to such base and cruel uses, and leaving a hideous and disfigured mask in its place.

The woman, a discarded mistress of M. le Marquis, whom he had deserted under cruel circumstances, disappeared in the sheltering and sympathetic crowd.

The Foggos lived abroad completely after that terrible night. Mrs Foggo's one frantic wish was not to be seen, even by the crew of her husband's yacht, which he sold.

'Neither beauty nor friends,' moaned the wretched woman as she shrouded her face from view before joining the faithful, patient husband waiting to take her for her painful daily walk.

George Foggo never left her. Poor George Foggo! His love for her had vanished long ago, and though we may not like him and his ways, the good that was in him came nobly forth. The shadows were gathering round his wife; and a latent disease, encouraged by the shock to the system, was making sure way with her; so perhaps the day may not be distant when he will be relieved of the woman who had been such a curse to him and to others, and find a home and rest for his soul.

THE END.

## MORE ABOUT AN IDEAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

### THRIFT: TRUE AND FALSE.

By E. FURNIVAL JONES.

[The article entitled 'An Ideal Friendly Society,' which appeared in the January issue of *Chambers's Journal*, contrasting in a general way the principles and the operation of the Holloway Benefit Society and the older friendly societies, has aroused considerable interest. We have received a very large number of letters from readers in all parts of the country asking for further particulars. These correspondents we have referred to the secretaries of the parent society and of the society established upon the Holloway rules in Birmingham. We have also received a reply on behalf of the older societies, which is published below. We submitted this to the writer of the article entitled 'An Ideal Friendly Society,' whose criticisms are appended, so that both sides upon a very interesting controversy may now be considered as being fairly represented. The author of the January article also replies to some of the correspondents whose letters were forwarded to him.]



ASK any one if he would like to be a better man,' says a modern philosopher, 'and he will immediately reply "Yes" most piously. Ask him if he would like to possess a million pounds, and he will reply "Yes" most sincerely; and yet, as the same writer somewhat cynically points out, the majority of men go on in spite of their pious aspiration without any serious attempt to alter their general mode of living, while the tramp who sighs for a million will not exert himself to earn ten shillings. It is indeed a truism that the measure of a man's sincerity must be the extent of his efforts in striving after his desire. Tested by this standard, it would appear that the desire among the working-classes of the country to provide against 'a rainy day,' the desire to avoid the ignominy of the workhouse and the dread of a pauper funeral, are both earnest and widespread.

A recent writer in this *Journal* quoted figures relating to five only of the great societies which have sprung up in our midst with the object of providing against misfortune in the form of sickness, and these five among them possessed over two hundred and fifty million pounds of funds and three millions of members. The returns of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies show that in friendly societies and trade-unions—which latter, it should not be forgotten, devote the greater part of their funds and energies to provision against sickness and distress—there were, on 31st December 1903, the savings and contributions of fifteen million men, women, and children, amounting to fifty-three million pounds, while the number of friendly societies and trade-unions in existence is very little short of the aggregate number of registered companies.

This is obviously, therefore, a matter of some moment. And when a writer (as in *Chambers's Journal* for January) questions whether the efforts of which the above figures embody the accumulated result can justly be described as Thrift, the question, as he himself suggests, clamours for an answer, and an answer somewhat more complete than it was his immediate purpose to supply.

What is Thrift? And what are its just limits? For we may fairly assume that, like all other virtues, an excess of it may be vicious. Thrift really means the practice of those habits which conduce to thriving or prosperity whether in plants, animals, or business affairs, and it is well defined by the old-fashioned phrase 'good husbandry.'

Mr Frome Wilkinson, in his useful book on *Mutual Thrift*, truly says: 'Thrift does not mean,

as some people would have it, a cheap and parsimonious mode of living in order to hoard or save. It concerns the whole man, and as such is more even than a piece of economic conduct, it stretches out into the domain of conscience and of morals. In other words, thrift is a virtue.'

'A thrifty man,' the same writer adds, 'does not stint or starve himself at the cost of his health—the working-man's stock-in-trade.' On the contrary, he should aim at maintaining that stock-in-trade as completely as he can, in order that his earning-power may continue undiminished for as long a period as possible. To do this, in fact, is a duty he owes to his dependants and to society.

We have thus discovered the answers to the first questions proposed by the writer above referred to. Thrift is not necessarily *saving* in the narrow sense; but if, on the other hand, adequate provision against loss of wages or increased expenses through illness is necessary in order to keep a man efficient as a bread-winner and a citizen, then the great 'orthodox' friendly societies do most certainly promote the practice of thrift in the truest sense of the word, and their methods render the thrift of their members the very reverse of wasteful.

It is surely not necessary to repeat or labour the arguments as to the need for provision against sickness. The previous article contained figures sufficiently convincing, which show that every man may expect to suffer a certain amount of disability through illness, increasing as his age advances. This certainty of sickness is well known among friendly society managers and actuaries; it is the basis upon which all tables of contributions are framed, and it explains the need for the large reserve funds of the ordinary friendly society. Sickness increasing with age has been proved over and over again to be practically as certain as death, and the same principle that governs ordinary life assurance must obviously also rule sickness assurance—in other words, friendly societies assurance.

Any actuary can tell us what amount must be paid annually or otherwise into a common fund to provide a fixed sum at death. In the same way he can tell us what yearly or weekly payment is required to insure the return of an allowance whenever we may fall ill. The annual or other contributions are accumulated and invested, and are so calculated that they will provide exactly the sum required to fulfil their obligations, and no more. Although, as was suggested in the first article, the average member of a friendly society, like the average insurer in a life assurance company, may be ignorant of the elements of insurance finance, at the same time those who have given any serious study to the principles of insurance know that the method described above is the only safe and economical method which can possibly provide the safeguards which it is designed to create. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to consider that the man who prefers this sort of provision against loss of means

when stricken down by sickness to putting his money into a savings-bank or deposit-society, and relying solely on himself, is certainly doing 'what is best for himself, for his family, and for society' by taking advantage of the mutual principle underlying all scientific insurance.

This was not the view expressed in the first article, which rather endeavoured to show that the methods described above were wasteful and out of date, and to point out what might be regarded as a better and less wasteful system.

Obviously, sickness assurance is not the only form of *thrift*; and in so far as the methods of the society advocated in the former article open up new fields for the exercise of that virtue, nothing but praise should be accorded them. But in the interests of the older societies, it is only fair to point out in what respects the Holloway Society differs from them, and that their advantages should be illustrated from their point of view. When this is done we think it will be found that the Holloway society only offers, and can only offer, old wares in a new dress, and that the older societies fully deserve all the popularity which they have attained.

In one of his inimitable dialogues with his friend Hinnissey, the famous Mr Dooley observed: 'If a man comes to me and offers me somethin' fr nawthin', I don't argue wid 'im. I simply yell for th' police,' or words to that effect. And he was right. Every man who goes about offering or pretending to offer more than twenty shillings' worth of goods for a sovereign is to be regarded with suspicion. Apart from philanthropy or folly, the thing simply cannot be done. Now, it has already been stated that the great friendly societies offer, and in the vast majority of cases succeed in supplying, twenty shillings' worth—no more and no less—for every pound paid to them. From a vast quantity of experience, actuaries have been able to calculate the number of members who may be expected to leave a society each year by death and secession, and the amount of sickness which the whole society will suffer. Taking both these factors into account, and providing that the members who secede shall leave all their contributions in the fund, it has been possible to fix a periodical contribution which shall exactly provide for the amount of sick-pay agreed upon. Obviously it is impossible for any society composed of average human beings to do more than this; if they attempt it they are foredoomed to failure and bankruptcy. Obviously, also, if the seceding members are to be permitted to draw out any of the funds, the contributions must be proportionately increased to make up the deficiency so caused; and it is also clear that if the sickness-benefits are to cease at a given age (say sixty-five), in an equitable scheme the contributions should be so fixed—and, in fact, are so fixed in the great societies—that by the time they reach that age members will on the average have drawn out in sick-pay an amount exactly equal to the value of their contributions. It therefore follows that

although some members of the ordinary friendly societies may find at the maximum age that their contributions have amounted to more than their drawings, the surplus so arising will, in fact, have been exhausted by those who have drawn more than they have paid, thus adjusting the average. The society, moreover, will have fulfilled its obligations to a penny, and those fortunate enough to have escaped sickness have no legitimate grievance.

From the foregoing it must also be seen at once—on the principle that one cannot get more than a pint out of a pint-pot—that if there is to remain any fund after age sixty-five wherewith to provide an annuity for the members reaching that age, the contributions must be further increased to provide this fund; and, further, if the contributors who secede are to be allowed to withdraw their contributions or any of them, the contributions of all must in this case also be proportionately increased to make up the deficiency.

Let us leave these general principles for a moment, and see how they are applied in actual practice. In the Oddfellows' (Manchester Unity) tables of contributions and benefits, we find that to provide ten shillings per week in sickness for the first six months, five shillings per week in sickness after that period, ten pounds at death, and five pounds at wife's death, a young man of eighteen must pay one shilling and fourpence per month. This contribution remains the same all through his membership.

In a Gloucester society (which is conducted on the 'Holloway' principles), for the same benefits, a young man aged eighteen must pay two shillings and fourpence per month at first, *gradually increasing until at sixty-five he is paying three shillings and ninepence halfpenny per month*. But the admirers of the 'Holloway' system tell us that, in addition to the benefits enumerated above, the member also enjoys the privilege of drawing out part of his surplus contributions whenever he may secede, and the whole of them at death or on attaining the age of sixty-five. He certainly does enjoy these privileges; but it is also fair to mention that he *pays* for them, and pays for them just what they are worth, no more and no less. It has been said that the extra payment is very small. It certainly is not a large sum at first, but it increases until the contributions become more than half as much again as the original rate, at a time of life when a working-man is past his prime and every penny counts. Twopence is not a large sum in itself, but it is a great deal to the man who has only got three-halfpence. The extra contribution may not be large, but the point is that it is extra, and it is *this extra payment* which provides for the boasted privileges. Among the Oddfellows' (Manchester Unity) tables will be found some which provide for the payment of annuities on reaching age sixty-five, with and without return of contributions in the event of withdrawal; but this benefit is not one which has been very largely

sought after. It would be interesting to know what proportion of 'Holloway' members actually draw annuities from their society, and how many of them withdraw their money before attaining pension-age.

It has always been considered by friendly society managers a very questionable privilege for the members to be able to draw out their money at will, since there must always be a temptation to do so whenever a member is hard-up, and the laboriously provided fund for relief in sickness may then have disappeared when the dark days of sickness and distress arrive. It may also be not unreasonably argued that it is just as true thrift for a working-man to devote a larger portion of his savings to the provision of a sickness-benefit somewhat nearly approximating to his wages when in health, as it is to provide for a small and totally inadequate sickness allowance, devoting the difference to the provision of an old-age annuity. It has been the policy of the older societies to keep the two things quite distinct, and the greatest of the centralised societies (the Hearts of Oak) devotes practically the whole of its energies to the provision of sick-pay, leaving the question of old-age pensions to the other institutions, such as the Post-Office, which make the latter their special business.

In the first article it was truly said that business, and not merely sentimental, considerations *must* govern friendly societies of all kinds if they are to be successful; but it should here be pointed out that in the great friendly societies the young are not, as stated therein, called upon to provide for the old. This only happens in dividing societies, where the contributions are not based on the expectation of sickness during the whole of life, but only on one year. The truth is best expressed in the language of the great statesman who remarked that men 'go into these societies to seek their own good through the good of others.'

Enough has been said to show that the only real difference between the new benefit societies and the old is that in the former the members pay more and get more, and they get exactly as much more as they pay for; and, from the standpoint of their older rivals, there is, furthermore, some ground for the view that, to adapt a well-known epigram, 'What is good in them is not new, and what is new is questionably good.'

The word rivals is used, but surely there is no real ground for hostility. There is such a thing as friendly rivalry, which should be all the more friendly so long as the single aim of promoting the thrift and well-being of the working-class is the common object of all friendly societies. Criticism is natural and wholesome so long as it is fair, and such criticism can do nothing but good to any institution which is striving to carry out a great and humane work in a fraternal spirit instructed by sound knowledge, equity, and justice.



## A REPLY AND SOME CRITICISMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ENTITLED 'AN IDEAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.'



THE Editor of *Chambers's Journal* has been kind enough to send me several letters that have been received from readers of my article in the January number, and a copy of Mr Furnival Jones's reply, with a request that I would append a brief answer. I do so with pleasure. Most of the correspondents express surprise at the existence of the Holloway Society, and are anxious to know more about it. Others are incredulous. One, who possibly is typical of others, suggests that the Holloway Society is based upon 'fallacies.' Others, as Mr Jones, imply that the principles of the old societies were not explained in sufficient detail.

It was not my object to explain the principles either of the Holloway or the old societies in exhaustive detail. Had it been so, I must have pointed out other benefits secured by one simple monthly payment under the Holloway scheme. That the old societies have done and are doing for their members splendid service in providing sick benefits, and doing it as generously as the contributions they receive, and the system upon which they are received, will allow, nobody admits more readily than I do. My contention is that the system fails just when its support may be most sorely needed—that is to say, when a man has reached old age, and would naturally desire to enjoy whatever 'thrill' he had practised throughout his working days. Up to fifty, or possibly sixty, years of age, the demands made by members are in general met completely, as far as the claims for sickness and funeral allowances are concerned. Beyond that age they are not so certainly met, unless to the detriment, present or prospective, of the younger members. The High Court of Foresters, held in Newcastle last August, had to deal with a large number of applications for relief made by insolvent lodges, the insolvency being 'chiefly owing to insufficient contributions and excessive sick payments.' The High Chief Ranger admitted that the Order had only 'an average degree of solvency of eighteen shillings and fourpence halfpenny in the pound.' I quote from the *Times* report of 8th August 1905. The Grand Master of the Oddfellows at last year's A.M.C. had to discuss a similarly unsatisfactory state of things, and he said—I quote again from the *Times* report—that 'not a single brother could be satisfied until success had attended their efforts to secure absolute solvency in every branch of the society.' As a means to this end it was proposed that in the case of insolvent lodges there should be 'an increase of contributions or a decrease of benefits.' But absolute solvency, I maintain, can be secured only—as is suggested below—by making a new valua-

tion of the old societies, and reorganising them on the safe and equitable basis of the Holloway Society. No more important question than this could engage the attention of the old societies at their annual conferences this year. In some of these old societies, I am aware, members may subscribe for old-age annuities if they like; but, as Mr Jones admits, they do not do so to any appreciable extent. It is optional, and therefore is neglected. Men, even young men, will readily enough provide against sickness, but they will not so readily 'lay up' for the rainy days of old age. In the Holloway Society they cannot help doing so.

Let us take it reasonably that to be thrifty means 'to thrive, to prosper'—synonym, 'good husbandry.' And I would ask Mr Jones: is it possible more accurately, or more happily, to describe the frugal economy that goes on in a Holloway Society? The Holloway member is the only member of a friendly society who, in Mr Jones's sense, is prosperous. His neighbours, the Oddfellows and the Foresters, are not prosperous: *ergo*, they are not thrifty. Mr Jones says there are many other societies established on the orthodox lines. Unfortunately, that is so. The larger you make the unthrifty accumulation of money the greater the evil, because the greater the ultimate loss to the men who subscribe it unthriftily.

Mr Jones says that the certainty of increasing liability to sickness 'explains the need for the large reserve funds of the ordinary friendly society,' and he adds that these reserve funds are so calculated 'that they will provide exactly the sum required to fulfil their obligations, and no more.' Here we step outside the bounds of controversy. The indisputable fact is that very many lodges in the orthodox societies have become insolvent and unable to meet their obligations to the older members. Insolvency of a Holloway Society is impossible, because the liability to increasing sickness, with its attendant increasing drain upon the funds of the society on the part of the older members, is provided for upon an equitable basis which the old societies lack.

As to the proposition that the old societies have adopted 'the only safe economical method,' I am obliged to say, in the words of a well-known statesman, 'I am a child in these matters;' and it is for that reason that I trust implicitly the eminent actuaries whose testimony to the safety of the Holloway Society is quoted below. 'Old wares in a new dress,' says Mr Jones. Yes; but the Holloway Society provides for every member a pocket in that dress, and what he puts into the pocket is his own.

Mr Jones does not, I am sure, write heartlessly; but he remarks that the members of a friendly

society who, after paying for forty years or more into its funds, are 'fortunate enough to have escaped sickness have no legitimate grievance.' No legitimate grievance? Possibly not against the society that has done its utmost to help them; but have they no grievance against a system of so-called 'thriving' and 'prosperity' which leaves them in their old age dependent upon charity or the work-house? Anything more pitiable than the position of a man who for forty or fifty years has been paying into a friendly society, and at the end finds that his thrift yields him so little or nothing in his old age, I cannot conceive; especially when he also finds that a man in the next street, having for a number of years been in a Holloway Society, has accumulated a nice little annuity for his declining days.

Mr Jones does not accurately quote the figures given in my article, or the Holloway rules and tables. But allowing, as is the fact, that the rate of contribution is slightly higher than in the old societies—though not anything like so high as Mr Jones puts it—is it not more than compensated for by the fact that whatever the member subscribes is invested for him, and ultimately returned to him with compound interest, notwithstanding the fact that throughout all the years of his membership he enjoys all the ordinary advantages of belonging to a friendly society?

It is pointed out by one correspondent that in the Oddfellows' Society 'benefits' do not cease at sixty-five. I am aware of it. I mentioned sixty-five as the age at which contributions usually cease; it is the age proposed in a recent Bill before Parliament concerning old-age pensions. Obviously, the higher the age at which 'benefits' are inequitably paid the worse is the financial position of the society that pays them.

One correspondent suggests that the whole subject should be put into the hands of 'an authority on these matters,' because, as he alleges, the statements concerning the soundness and the success of the Holloway Society are based on 'fallacies.' Such a proposal could be made only by one who is unacquainted with the history of the Holloway Society. Still, the proposal is in itself a sound one. The answer to it is that the Holloway rules and contribution-tables have again and again been submitted to actuarial analysis, and in every instance—without a single authoritative exception—pronounced absolutely safe and sound. For thirty years these rules and contribution-tables have been open to the criticism of the entire world of actuaries, and to the critical—sometimes the querulous—opposition of the old societies. All such criticism and opposition the Holloway Society has withstood, and still invites and welcomes.

The most recent and the earliest of these tributes to its soundness by competent 'authorities' may be mentioned. Mr Thomas Fatkin is an actuary of acknowledged eminence. For thirty years he was secretary and actuary to the Leeds Permanent

Building Society, one of the largest, if not the largest, institution of the kind in the kingdom. He has repeatedly been called before Royal Commissions on matters concerning thrift. His scheme for establishing a national system of old-age pensions is one of three embodied in Mr Booth's well-known work on *Pauperism and the Endowment of Old Age*. Two years ago I submitted the Holloway Benefit Society scheme to him. Shortly afterwards, at a public meeting in Leeds, presided over by the Lord Mayor of the city, Mr Fatkin explained its operation. Whilst admitting that the Foresters' Society, 'for the benefits it gives in return for the amount of contributions it receives from its members,' will bear comparison with any society in existence, he concluded with this frank and honourable (and disinterested) statement: 'I have studied the schemes of old-age pensions proposed by great men such as Baron Massares and others of a century ago, and all modern proposals for the provision of old-age pensions; but not a single propounder of any scheme, ancient or modern, appears to have had, or to have, the conception of Mr George Holloway as to the requirements of the working-classes. . . . I have myself submitted schemes for the provision of deferred annuities, and read a great many schemes submitted by other people; but not one of them is deserving of a place beside the scheme established by Mr Holloway. The Imperial Government, railway companies, corporations, friendly societies, and other public bodies will do well to consider the plan—the eminently successful plan—adopted by the Gloucestershire society.'

That, as stated, is the latest eminent tribute to the soundness of the Holloway Society. The earliest is the fact that in the preparation of the rules and contribution-tables Mr Holloway was guided by his friend and neighbour, the late Mr H. F. A. Davis, one of the greatest 'authorities' on friendly society matters—the author of *The Law and Practice of Friendly Societies and Trade-Unions* and *The Law and Practice of Building and Land Societies*, which are well known as standard handbooks on these subjects.

From this high ground let us descend to some criticisms which appear in *The Foresters' Miscellany* for February. It is not the place in which one would look for wholly unprejudiced comment; but nothing would gratify me more than that every reader of my article should procure a copy of the *Miscellany* and carefully study it for himself. It is published at 34 Trippett Lane, Sheffield, and the price is one penny. The writer of its criticisms can evolve nothing stronger against the Holloway Society than that it reminds him of the South Sea Bubble or the Nelson Tea Pension Company, which does not strike one as being either brilliant or weighty.

It is more interesting to turn to facts. Here is a table compiled from the latest published balance sheets of Holloway societies established in the following towns:

District.	Established in	Total Members.	Surplus Appropriations.
Stroud.....	1875	5,136	£102,209
Gloucester.....	1880	8,480	106,458
".....	1887	4,500	50,164
Tunbridge Wells.....	1881	15,000	70,000
Trowbridge.....	1887	2,630	23,318
Bristol.....	1888	740	7,307
Cirencester.....	1891	4,768	74,000
Louth.....	1891	530	6,000
Dudley.....	1894	1,938	14,034
Birmingham.....	1893	8,525	53,024

The 'surplus appropriations' are the total amount of the funds entered to the credit of individual members after sick-pay and all other claims have been met, each year's assets and liabilities being balanced at the end of the year. It would be interesting to make some inquiry in each of these districts as to the success and the popularity of the society. Take any one of the towns mentioned, and select five hundred members of the Holloway Society and five hundred members of the old societies, and put them all into a public room together. Then separate them into ages twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty, and ask them individually these questions: 'How much have you paid into your friendly society? How much is standing to your credit? How much will you receive on reaching your sixty-fifth birthday?' Every Holloway member would be able to reply in plain figures. What sort of reply would be made by the members of the old societies? Mr Furnival Jones's suggestion that those who luckily have escaped sickness have no legitimate grievance is cold comfort at sixty-five years of age.

It may be interesting to quote from a letter dated January 27, 1906, which I received from a gentleman who is a past-grandmaster of a Holloway Society in the Midlands, and who thoroughly understands friendly society subjects. He says: 'It is the recurrent or permanent sickness of members over sixty-five which absorbs all the contributions of younger members, and in the case of many benefit societies, including lodges of Oddfellows and

Foresters, finally reduces them to bankruptcy. There is a great error in the assertion that the Oddfellows, &c., possess such immense pecuniary resources. They have nothing of the kind. The sum stated is the aggregate of the funds of the vast number of separate lodges, and in respect of which the society, as a whole, has no financial liability whatever. When a lodge becomes insolvent, I believe, a benevolent grant is made to assist the older members and the hard cases from the central fund. But this does not cover the loss. In 1896 or 1897 I gave evidence on the subject before a Select Committee on Old-Age Pensions. The greatest possible improvement would be for the great societies to convert themselves into the Holloway form by valuing themselves out, and attributing to each present member his share of the assets according to the period of his membership. All lodges would then become financially sound, though not equally wealthy.'

One error in my article has been pointed out by a representative of the Oddfellows. It was stated that the prize won by Mr Holloway in the Forster Essay Competition was awarded by Mr Tom Hughes, Q.C., and the Actuaries of the Oddfellows' and the Foresters' Societies. The prize was awarded by Mr Hughes; Mr C. Hardwick, editor of the *Oddfellows' Quarterly Magazine*; and Mr Samuel Shawcross, permanent secretary of the Foresters' Society. The point is of no importance, but it is as well to be accurate.

It only remains to be added that inquiries about the Holloway Society should be addressed to Mr Charles Bennett, Benefit Society Offices, Russell Street, Stroud, Gloucestershire; or to Mr F. W. Daniels, Coleridge Chambers, Corporation Street, Birmingham. Sixpence should be enclosed for a copy of the rules. There is no difficulty in starting a Holloway Society in any district. All that is at the outset required is the formation of a small committee to study the rules and make a beginning among themselves. The Holloway plant soon grows and flourishes.

## TACKLING A THIEF: A TRUE STORY.

By DAVID KER.



'LL tell you what, Printall: you really ought to be more careful. If you keep on going out alone after dark in a lonely place like this, you'll be robbed some fine night, as sure as you stand there.'

'Hardly, I think; for I have the same security against it as the Gascon poet in the story, who, when his wife awoke him with a tremulous whisper of there being a robber in the house, said quietly, "Well, my dear, let us wait till he finds anything worth stealing, and then we'll get up and take it away from him."

'That's all very fine; but how are these rascals

(and there are plenty of them about just now, I can tell you) to know that you haven't any money upon you? Why, they may crack your skull or twist your neck before they find out that you're not worth robbing. If you *will* walk out after dark, you really ought to have some one with you.'

'Meaning yourself—eh, Dashwood? Well, you would certainly be a most effective champion; but if I were destined to be robbed, I think it would have been done by this time. I have no doubt my good neighbours in the town here would be glad to see me "get a lesson," as they would say; but I don't think they'll enjoy that satisfaction just at present.'

'What! *has* some one had a try at robbing you,



then? Well, to be sure, you could hardly have travelled so much without'—

'Just so; I've met a good many "taking and killing young men" in my time. A fellow tried to pick my pocket in St Petersburg; but as there was nothing in it, it didn't much matter. Then, in a crowd in London, another light-fingered gentleman attempted to do me the same kindness; but he found nothing in my pocket except a fish-hook, which caught his finger nicely, and I said to him, "My friend, I should have advised you to *hook it*, but you seem to have done so already."

'Too bad to aggravate his suffering by forcing him to listen to such a joke as that. But what more?'

'Well, when I was in Syria I happened on a gang of robbers in a mountain pass. But before they could do anything I had shaken their chief by the hand; and when you've taken an Arab's hand, you know, he mustn't touch you, even if you had killed his father. So they were sold too.'

'Well done! So, now you can say that you've taken a hand in a gang of robbers.'

'How about poor jokes now? Well, after that, two fellows "laid for me" one night in New York as I was taking a short-cut through a rather queer part of the town; but I tripped one and knocked down the other, and then ran for it.'

His hearer listened wonderingly; for the traveller-author's pale, quiet face and small, slight frame (which looked smaller still beside his six-foot friend) suggested being knocked down rather than knocking down any one else. But, as an Irish critic had justly said of Romer Printall, 'he always told the *truth*, even when writing *fiction*.'

He had certainly told it in saying that his good neighbours of the little town of Nutlake would not be sorry to see him get a lesson. Rochefoucauld has truly said that 'there is in the misfortunes of our friends something which does not displease us,' and it was not as a friend that the Nutlakers regarded their author-neighbour.

For one thing, he could not be made to see that just because he had written a few books and visited a few out-of-the-way places, it was his duty to let himself be stared at like a wild beast, or dragged away from his work to meet the same dull people day after day at dinners, garden-parties, or 'At Homes,' his avoidance of which gave mortal offence to the whole district. Moreover, as nothing was known of him but that he *was* an author and traveller, the local gossips (acting on their traditional principle of 'Hope for the best and believe the worst') credited him with every possible crime; for it is surprising what powers of imagination the stupidest folks can display when it is a question of thinking ill of others.

His sole local acquaintance was the young clergyman, Herbert Dashwood, an old college friend, and a model associate for the recluse, as he never asked him any questions himself, and never answered any asked about him by others. He it was who was now trying to persuade him not to risk adding one

more to the many cases of assault and robbery that had lately occurred in that neighbourhood.

But Printall was not to be moved; and though his little cottage stood all by itself at some distance from the town on the edge of a wild moor frequented by all sorts of doubtful characters, on he went after nightfall the very next evening—alone as usual—in the direction of Nutlake. He was about half-way to it, and at the very loneliest part of the road, when he suddenly heard, or thought he heard, a stealthy tread behind him, seemingly dogging his steps!

He stopped short, and the pursuing foot-tramp stopped too so instantly that it might well have seemed the mere echo of his own tread, had not his keen eye noted at the same moment a tall, shadowy form hastily concealing itself in the shade of one of the hedges that flanked the lane. The author mended his pace, but his unknown follower did the same, as if, finding himself detected, he had abandoned all pretence, and set himself in earnest to overtake his intended victim.

This he speedily did; and there was still light enough to see that he was a big, burly, tattered, ruffianly-looking fellow, whose appearance—sinister enough in any case—was made doubly so by the heavy stick brandished in his right hand and the open clasp-knife that glittered in his left.

'Got any money with yer, gov'nor?' asked he, in a hoarse, bearish growl.

'No,' said Printall sternly; 'and if I had, I would not give a penny to a fellow like you.'

At this open defiance from a man so much smaller than himself, and seemingly quite unarmed, the worthy robber was so taken aback that he remained silent for a moment from sheer amazement. Then he rallied, and said fiercely:

'Come, none o' yer chaff; fork out sharp, will yer, if yer wants to keep a whole skin!'

He raised his stick threateningly; but, quick as thought, Printall seized the uplifted arm, and called out in a tone of stern command:

'Drop that stick at once or you're a dead man.'

And the swaggering ruffian saw the shining muzzle of a revolver within an inch of his flat nose. Then the brute's real nature came out. He was ready to kill or maim a defenceless man; but at the first sign of danger to his own worthless carcass the bully collapsed.

'Don't fire, gov'nor,' he whined; 'don't fire. I gives in.'

'Throw away that stick, then,' said the other, 'and that knife too.'

The crestfallen robber obeyed without a word.

'Now, my friend,' went on Printall, seizing his assailant's collar with one hand and pressing the pistol to his neck with the other, 'be so good as to walk on before me, and, whatever you do, don't turn round; for, if you did, you might make this pistol go off, and it would be apt to hurt you.'

In this singular fashion they tramped on till they met a policeman, to whom our hero handed over

his prisoner, who, seemingly cowed by this sudden turning of the tables, made no resistance whatever.

Early next morning the baffled robber was brought up before the local magistrate, and Mr Printall appeared against him. It was a clear case, even the criminal attempting no denial; and he was committed for trial accordingly.

But Mr Strictlaw had a high sense of his own magisterial dignity, and bore, moreover, no good-will to Printall, who had actually presumed to decline, twice over, an invitation from *him*. So, as soon as the case was disposed of, the pillar of the law said to our hero, with a look of piercing severity:

'Have you a license, pray, to carry firearms?'

'No,' said the author, as composedly as ever.

'I am afraid, then, that I must fine you for transgressing the Act.'

There was an audible chuckle from the convicted thief, who naturally enjoyed seeing the author of his own mishap in trouble; but Printall himself was not a whit discomfited.

'May I be permitted to ask,' said he, with a great show of humility, 'whether I should be equally

liable to a fine if the weapon I carried were incapable of being used?'

'Why, of course not!' cried the magistrate, indignant at the thought of being made fun of. 'But what do you mean?'

The traveller's sole reply was to hold up his pistol, which was instantly seen to have no trigger.

'I was just taking it to the town to be repaired when I met this honest gentleman,' he explained, amid a dead hush of amazement, 'and'—

Here he was interrupted by a groan from the listening robber, which seemed to rend the latter's very heart.

'Well, I *am* blowed!' cried he bitterly. 'To think o' bein' cothed with a hempty pistol! If I'd only known!'

Here the worthy malefactor became too unprintably emphatic for quotation.

'Don't let that vex you, my good fellow,' said the author quietly; 'to take an empty *barrel* for a full one'—and he cast a meaning look at the corpulent magistrate—'is a thing done in this good country of ours every day.'

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### CHECKING CONSUMPTION.



PRACTICAL step has been taken by the Borough Council of St Pancras, London, with a view to checking the spread of pulmonary tuberculosis, which is so often unwittingly propagated by sufferers who are ignorant of even the simplest precautions. The Council have inaugurated a system of voluntary notifications, and have provided the doctors of the district with the necessary forms. They have pointed out that the consent of the patients should always be obtained before the forms are filled in, and they undertake that the information so obtained will be treated perfectly confidentially, and will in no wise be used to the detriment of the invalid. That is to say, nothing will be done to prejudice his or her chances of obtaining further employment. On receipt of the notification by the Council, the sufferer will be supplied with instruction as to the best way of preventing the complaint from spreading to others, and those interested will learn from the same source how to disinfect the apartment recently occupied by a consumptive. Those who desire it will be given information regarding the societies and institutions through which segregation may be obtained, but no action will be taken to secure segregation except on the written request of the patient. The Borough Council intend to render sufferers all the assistance they can, while, at the same time, not in any way interfering with the patient's prospects of employment or acting against his wishes. In other words, they do not con-

template interfering in any way with the liberty of the subject, whether or not that liberty is prejudicial to the interests of the rest of the community, but where they can they will do good by ensuring that the patient shall not do harm through ignorance.

### A SMALL REFRIGERATOR.

Those of our readers who are domiciled in countries where the warmth of the atmosphere menaces the keeping qualities of their food will be glad to hear of a refrigerating plant which may be run at small expense in an ordinary household. There are two principal ways of producing the cold necessary to maintain food for a reasonable time in a state of good preservation; one is by the direct application of ice or of freezing mixtures, and the other by the production of cold, or, more properly, the absorption of heat by evaporation. The latter is the cleaner and more practicable method. It will be remembered that when a gaseous substance is reduced to the liquid state, or a liquid to a solid, a great deal of heat is liberated, and that when the reverse process takes place the corresponding amount of heat is absorbed, or, in more popular language, a corresponding amount of cold is produced. In a refrigerating plant some easily vaporised liquid, such as ammonia, carbonic acid, or sulphurous acid, is passed through a system of copper pipes and made to assume the gaseous state by suction of a pump. In doing so the warmth of the surrounding air is absorbed and intense cold is produced in the refrigerating chamber. The refrigerating plant under review consists of a small double-acting pump directly operated by an electro-

motor situated on a base which itself contains the condenser where the vapour is reconverted into a liquid to be used again in the refrigerator. This liquid never requires renewal, for it passes round and round the apparatus continuously, and the heat which is evolved in the condenser—the equivalent of the cold produced in the refrigerating chamber—is absorbed by a cooling system of circulating water.

#### A PORTABLE BATH-HEATER.

By way of contrast mention may be made of a new portable heater of water which has recently been patented in America. It consists of a metal bowl having an inverted gas-ring on the inside, so arranged that the jets of flame are directed downwards and impinge on the sides and bottom of the bowl. The ingenious contrivance is designed to float upon the water to be heated, and as it requires no further connection to existing fittings than that afforded by a flexible rubber tube, it is obvious that it can be carried from place to place and used whenever required, provided there is a gas-supply. Theoretically this is not the best way to heat water, for there is nothing to induce circulation, and consequently the warmed liquid would remain at the top, while the water at the bottom of the bath would remain cold. It would, indeed, be possible to have the water actually boiling at the surface and quite cold below. However, when that stage was reached a stir round would equalise matters, and the resultant temperature would probably be about right for a hot bath. The convenience of the device should compensate for the trifling disadvantage.

#### TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER.

The growth of a town, manufacturing or otherwise, is generally a very hap-hazard matter. Somebody sinks a mine, say, in a certain locality because the material he seeks is to be found there. Workmen's cottages spring up around as a natural consequence, and then shops are opened to supply the workmen with necessaries. Later on other industries are started because the men to work them are already on the spot, and by the time the town has grown to unalterable shape it is discovered to be quite inconvenient in arrangement. Trafford Park, on the borders of Manchester, is now anything but the beauty spot which its name might imply to the uninitiated, but it is a deliberate attempt to lay out a manufacturing town on systematic lines. Here land is for sale in plots of any size, and already there are scores of flourishing industries working under highly favourable conditions. The Manchester Ship-Canal runs along one side of the estate, and gives access to all the ports of the world. Ships from all parts bring raw material direct to the factories, and other ships convey the manufactured product to the markets over-seas. Private railroads connect all parts of the estate with the great railways of the north, without the usual sidings restrictions, and rapid electric trams run through the principal streets and from all the densely populated suburbs of Manchester,

while a big central station supplies the whole place with electric current for light and motive-power. Even the systematically laid-out towns of America may learn something from Trafford Park.

#### RADIUM CLOCKS.

There does not appear to be any sufficient reason why radium 'clocks' should be so called except that they are calculated to 'go' for a long time without attention. This, in fact, is their most popular feature, and it is calculated that these interesting scientific toys contain in themselves sufficient energy to keep them in motion for about two thousand years. From a tiny glass tube containing a small quantity of radium two thin aluminium leaves depend. The negatively-charged rays continually emitted by the precious mineral cause a like charge of electricity to collect upon the metallic leaves, with the result that they repel one another until one of them touches the side of the containing vessel and loses its charge. Then the leaves fly together, and begin again. With a period of about forty seconds, this process goes on continuously, and will do so, it is believed, for a score or so of centuries unless the thin metal leaves wear out in the meantime. The little instrument, which, it may be remembered, is the invention of the Hon. R. J. Strutt, is made by Martindale of London in convenient form for demonstration in the lantern, for which it makes an exceedingly interesting subject.

#### THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

The relations between Frenchmen and Englishmen are now of such a cordial nature that it seems an opportune moment to revive the ancient scheme for connecting the two countries by a tunnel under the Strait of Dover. Despite the new turbine steamers and the reduction of the sea passage to less than an hour (in favourable circumstances), the fear of *mal de mer* still exerts a powerful deterrent influence on would-be travellers. It would be a very different thing if it were possible to take train straight from Charing Cross to the Gare du Nord without so much as a change of carriages. The old objection to the project that it makes our island more vulnerable to Continental enemies in time of war is really of little account in these days of submarine mines, for the tunnel could be blown to atoms at an hour's notice should the exigencies of warfare demand it. The scheme has been modified lately in the light of modern conditions, and it is now proposed to construct a twin-tube like the 'Twopenny Tube' in London, the trains being run by electricity. The route has been altered so as to make use of a stratum of gray chalk which runs all the way under the Channel, and offers good facilities for boring and tunnel construction. It is proposed that the tunnel should rise from the sea at both ends, and enter the cliffs at a considerable height above the beach. This alone would appear to settle the military objection at once, for a couple of well-directed shots from a battleship would destroy the



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#### THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

LIFE is but School—with wider walls than ours,  
With harder tasks, and longer working hours.

Life is but School—we're learning all the time,  
New work unfolding as we upward climb.

Life is but School extended—day by day  
The lessons deeper and less time for play.

Life is but School—with teachers more severe,  
Its training rougher, and its books less clear.

Life is but School—its term seems oftentimes long,  
And all too brief its intervals for song.

Life is but School—and, with the term complete,  
We lay its trophies at the Master's feet.

Life is but School—but when in Home we stand  
We'll take the prizes at our Father's hand.

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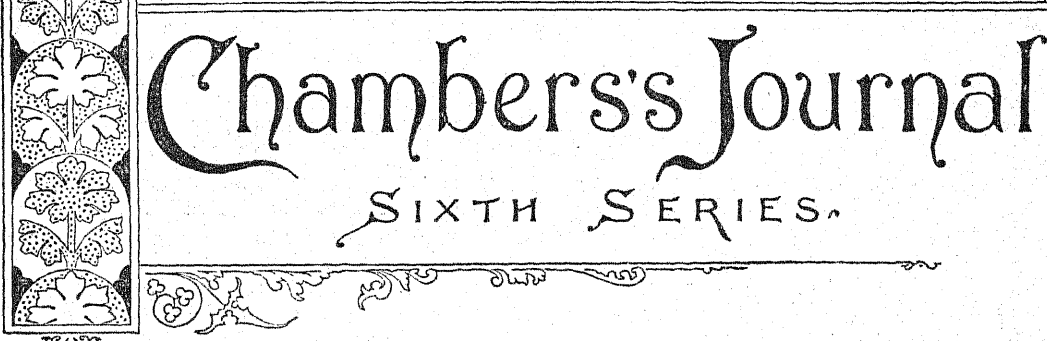

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# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

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#### CHAPTER I.

**N**OVEMBER is a depressing month. I am not thinking of fogs. Personally, being an idle man, I love fogs. Not only do their subtle and constantly changing colours appeal to the æsthetic side of my nature, but the contemplation of innumerable fussy beings hurrying in directions diametrically opposed to their volition throws me into a mild ecstasy of philosophic amusement.

No, with fogs I have no quarrel; but I admit that the damp, dull day, that is neither hot nor cold, foggy nor clear, but cheerless, colourless, and unrefreshingly devoid of air, drives my thoughts inwards till I become a prey to a morbid and unnatural introspection.

That is why, on a certain unprepossessing November morning some three years ago, I was sitting down to an excellent breakfast of scrambled eggs and fried bacon, under the conviction that life, so far as I was concerned, was a failure unredeemed and irredeemable. But then I was nearly twenty-eight years of age; and, though my health was good in its way, there were things—pastry and pale ale, for instance—which I could no longer take with the impunity of my early youth.

Perhaps I was suffering from an excess of what scripturally minded people call 'earthly blessings.' Money, the great vulgar root of evil which most of us cherish and water so assiduously in our back-gardens, had blossomed for me, unplanted, uncultivated, and presumably undeserved.

My father—who, starting from a humble, not to say obscure, origin, had ended by owning the third largest milliner's shop in Oxford Street—had died leaving me a quarter of a million of his hard-earned gold. A similar sum would come to me on the decease of my mother. My present depression, therefore, could hardly be due to a harassing difficulty in making both ends meet.

The gray-haired little lady who faced me from

the other side of the coffee-things noted my dejection.

'You don't seem very lively this morning, Robert,' she remarked.

'Do I often seem very lively in the morning, mother?'

'No,' she retorted dryly, 'I can't say you're a very cheerful breakfast companion. Still, you seem a shade duller than usual this morning.'

'I am rather tired of life,' I said as undramatically as I could.

My mother thought fit to laugh. 'Why don't you marry?' she asked.

'Because I don't believe in violent remedies,' I replied. 'Besides, you know that nothing would induce me to leave you.'

'I know nothing of the sort,' was the sharp response. 'You'd leave me to-morrow if you fell in love. Any man would, and small blame to him either.'

'I have no intention of falling in love.'

Again my mother laughed. 'Has any one ever any intention of falling into anything?' she asked.

'I mean,' I said, 'that I am no longer a raw youth. I have seen something of the world, and am weary of the persecutions of London life. I am rich, and Society matrons try and marry their daughters to rich men. I have the further attractions of being still under middle-age and not dropping my h's.'

'And of being a draper's son,' added my beloved parent.

'That does not matter,' I retorted. 'Birth goes for little nowadays, and rightly so. Still, even on that score, I can claim a good descent on the maternal side.'

'You can claim it,' said my mother, with her scornful smile; 'but your claim will in all probability be disallowed. When I married your father I ceased to be a Dumorion and became a Saunders.'

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Now, "Saunders" suggests silk petticoats and remnant-days.

I did not ask her how it was she had married a man so far her inferior socially. I had done so on a previous occasion, and the answer had been, 'Because he was a man.' The union, by the way, had been a love-match, and a very happy one.

'You are depressed,' went on my mother in her incisive fashion; 'you are tired of life, as you call it, and generally an insufferable companion, because you are afflicted acutely with that prevalent and distressing complaint—conceit. Because you are wealthy, you fancy that every mother you meet has some snub-nosed offspring in the background whom she will endeavour to palm off on you on the first opportunity. Because you played in the Eton Eleven, and subsequently made fifty-six not out for Cambridge against Oxford, you fancy that your name is a household word with the sporting public; whereas they have long forgotten the little they ever knew about you. You fancy, because your father was a man of exceptional energy, that you inherit his vigour, together with the brains and beauty of your mother—which is a delusion.'

'You are very refreshing, dearest,' I replied. 'It is quite possible that you are right, and that I have not inherited the virtues of my forebears, but merely their conceit. And yet, when I say that I am tired of life I do not mean that I am tired of contemplating my own perfections; merely that dances bore me, men bore me, women—well, women who, according to books, should be angels or the reverse are neither, but just women, and the greatest bore of all.'

'But business'—

'Business I respect—from a distance. My subordinates are so thoroughly conscientious, so unflaggingly energetic, so infinitely superior to myself in all the qualities which make for commercial success, that I feel it would be detrimental to British trade in general, and to the firm of James Saunders & Son in particular, to make my nominal position as head of the business a real one.'

My mother sighed, rose from the table, and approached the sideboard where the daily papers and the morning's correspondence were reposing in dignified proximity to an uncut ham.

'It's a pity you're a failure, Robert,' she said, 'for I rather like you. At times you talk just like your mother. There,' she added, as I interrupted her remarks with a kiss, 'take your letters, foolish boy, and try and find something in them to cheer your downcast spirit.'

The first few envelopes I opened contained little of a cheering nature. A big bill for cigars, a couple of dance-invitations, several epistles of a begging nature, and—most deadly of all—an invitation to a bridge-tea. The most interesting-looking communication I kept till last. It bore a foreign stamp, the envelope was enormous, and the address written in a neat but ridiculously minute hand.

On the back was a gorgeous coat of arms; and, forgetful of the stamp, I began to have horrible visions of a half-past six dinner at a City company.

'Well,' said my mother, as an exclamation of surprise forced itself to my lips, 'what is it?'

'An invitation from a king,' I replied.

'From a king! From what king?'

'His Majesty King Karl XXII. of Grimland.'

'That's the man you were introduced to after the tennis tournament at Weidenbruck last year, isn't it?'

'It is,' I answered. 'I thought he had taken a fancy to me. As a winner, I was invited to dine at the palace, and his manner at the conclusion of that festive meal was most gracious. I put it down to royal affability tinged with Pommery and Greno; but it appears it was something more. He has asked me to stay a month or six weeks at Weissheim.'

'At Weissheim?'

'Yes, at Weissheim, a small town some thirty miles south-east of Weidenbruck, where His Majesty has a winter palace.'

'And you will accept the invitation?'

'Naturally,' I replied.

'Your scruples about leaving your dear mother notwithstanding?'

'Six weeks is not a lifetime,' I retorted; 'and, if you wish it, you can come too. The Pariserhof is, I am told, an excellent hotel.'

'Thank you,' replied my mother coolly; 'I prefer South Kensington.'

'As you will,' I said. 'Personally, I shall be delighted to leave London for a space.'

For several minutes there was silence, during which I re-read the royal epistle which had so transformed the dreary outlook of my thoughts.

'DEAR MR SAUNDERS,' it ran, 'it would give us much pleasure if you could come and stay with us at the Brun-varad this winter. Weissheim is no longer merely a summer resort; for the winter season, which lasts from the beginning of November to the end of February, is a very festive and busy time. Weissheim, as you probably know, is some six thousand odd feet above sea-level, but the cold is of such a dry character, and the sunshine so continuous and brilliant, that to my mind the winter is the time *par excellence* to enjoy its charms. I myself prefer it at all times to Weidenbruck, which, like most capitals, suffers from the noise and disquietude inevitably engendered by an excess of trams and politicians. I should suggest your coming about the 1st of January, and staying at least a month—six weeks if you can manage it. I fear I shall not be able to take my revenge on you at lawn tennis, but we have a great variety of winter sports which are most fascinating. KARL R.'

Decidedly and on all grounds the invitation was one worthy of acceptance. Winter sports! Dry, cold, and a brilliant sun! The guest of royalty in

a royal palace! Assuredly life was not the appallingly dull affair it had seemed a quarter of an hour before. My mother interrupted my rapturous meditations.

'Robert dear,' she said, 'I am surprised at your being so eager to leave London just now. I fancied you had taken a liking to that Blackwood girl. You danced twice with her the other night at Lady Fitz-Archibald's.'

It was my turn to laugh now. 'To dance two dances,' I remarked, 'out of a possible twenty-three, with the same female does not constitute an engagement in this country. It does not even argue a strong natural affinity. Agatha Blackwood is a pretty girl, with the soul of a butterfly. The type is one that pleases the eye, and the eye alone. When—oh, when!—will mother and match-maker cease to be convertible terms?'

'When mothers cease to have sons and daughters,' was the swift reply. Doubtless, also, it was a truthful one.

## CHAPTER II.

**E**VERY Board-school pupil knows where Grimland is. For those who have not had the advantage of a State-aided education, I may as well say that it lies in a triangle between Germany, Austria, and Russia, and that it takes forty-eight solid and continuous hours of travelling to get there. Personally, I am fond of travelling, and enjoy sufficient immunity from seasickness and train-weariness to claim with justice the designation of 'a good traveller.'

And yet, when a consultation with my watch disclosed the fact that I had but one little hour more to spend in my overheated compartment, a feeling of vast relief spread over me; I stretched my lethargic limbs to their full extent, and gave vent to a prolonged and highly musical yawn. Then I looked out of the window. It was pitch-dark, and had been so for over an hour; and yet I knew that I was travelling through some of the loveliest scenery and over one of the most wonderfully engineered lines in Europe. I yawned again, and this time my ears seemed to crack, for we had been coming uphill steadily for some little time and the reduced pressure was playing pranks with my tympana. Then, as our funny little mountain-engine ceased its tugging labours, and stopped at Riefinsdorf, the terminus, I collected my *Handgepäck* and a couple of Tauchnitz volumes and descended to the platform. It was amazingly cold after the stuffy atmosphere of the train, and I felt grateful for my thick ulster, which I had abused so unsparingly at various points of my journey.

My train disgorged a goodly number of fellow-travellers, and the little Riefinsdorf platform was crowded with well-wrapped mortals searching for

luggage and chartering vehicles to convey them to Weissheim. I was wondering just what to do, when a man in a beautiful fur coat and a gold-laced cap came up and saluted me.

'Mr Saunders?' he inquired.

I replied in the affirmative.

'Kindly give me your luggage-ticket.'

I complied, and my imposing friend passed on the piece of yellow paper to a subordinate.

'Follow me, sir.'

Again I did as I was bid, and a moment later the emblazoned door of a carriage-and-pair was thrown open for me. I entered, a rug was placed over my knees, a whip cracked, and I had started for the Brun-varad, the winter palace of the King of Grimland.

So ignorant was I of winter travelling in cold countries that it was several minutes before I realised that my conveyance was progressing on runners and not on wheels. Onward we swung and lurched into the darkness, for all I knew at the edge of some appalling precipice, and apparently at a great rate of speed. There was something extremely fascinating in this drive through an unknown country, with its outlook of utter blackness and its hazily imagined termination at the fabled Brun-varad.

Why, I wondered, had King Karl invited me? Was it for the sake of my *beaux yeux*, or did he know I was wealthy and want to borrow money of me? I had heard of kings doing such things; but as the remembrance of my big, good-natured, sport-loving host came back to me, the theory of the *beaux yeux* seemed the most plausible. 'The "eyes" have it,' I murmured modestly to myself; 'and, after all, a monarch might easily have a less interesting and presentable guest than my humble self.'

A blaze of light shining suddenly through my carriage window interrupted my meditations. It proceeded from a vast building with many rows of illuminated windows. Then, as my eyes caught the gilded inscription, 'Pariserhof,' I realised that the objective of my journey had not yet been reached. We passed now through a fairly wide street lined with shops and hostelries, and lighted with electric arc-lamps. The shops, indeed, were all shut, and but a few muffled forms were visible in the snow-carpeted thoroughfare; but the place, nevertheless, wore an air of comfortable and up-to-date prosperity. Unquestionably this was Weissheim, and the size of the town was greater than I had supposed. We passed a handsome Catholic church with a snow-encrusted dome; a big, square building with a couple of old mortars set before the arched doorway, and a general impress of military occupation; we skirted a large open space, with what looked like a town-hall on one side of it and a theatre on the other. With its setting of snow, its absence of visible life, its intense silence, the place seemed vaguely unreal, a scene-painting rather than a habitable town, a dream-city rather than a

man-created bulwark against the still, intense cold of that superlatively frigid region.

Then we plunged into the darkness again, and it was fully ten minutes before we halted at what I made no doubt was the Brun-varad, the ancestral home of Grimland monarchy.

I had a vision of a great, sentinelled gateway, of which the posts bore huge, fantastic balls of snow; then, as we drove up the white sweep of the approach, of a high-roofed tower with a great Gothic archway at its base. Beyond, a huge flank of window-pierced wall, a precipice of rough-hewn stones corniced with great, dependent icicles, and crowned with a tiled roof of so steep a pitch that the snow found little or no lodgment on it, save where the dormer windows broke its steep incline. The building was grim, indefinite, medieval, and my first impression of it, seen in the warm half-light of its own illuminated windows, and with its setting of deep, immaculate snow, was of a fairy castle fresh from the pages of Hans Andersen.

We did not pull up at the great archway, but drove round to a smaller entrance at the side. As we stopped, my fur-coated friend with the gold-rimmed cap appeared once more, presumably from the box-seat of my conveyance, and rang a bell. The doors of the palace were thrown open, and, stepping out of the royal sleigh with a delightful and totally unaccustomed feeling of nervousness, I entered the habitation of my exalted host. An individual in a black morning-coat approached—bald, dignified, amply whiskered, gently supercilious. Behind, around, flunkies in green-and-golden coats, red plush knickerbockers, white stockings, and powdered hair. Like most of my countrymen when feeling slightly overwhelmed, I smiled.

The black-coated gentleman bowed.

'I trust you have had a pleasant journey, Mr Saunders,' he said in faultless English.

'Quite, thank you,' I replied.

'His Majesty is in the billiard-room,' pursued my stately welcomer. 'He will be pleased to see you at once, if you will divest yourself of your overcoat.'

A couple of stalwart flunkies succeeded in removing my superfluous attire, and I followed the benevolent *chef de réception* down a long corridor. Everywhere groined ceilings, panelled walls, and electric lights in the most modern fittings!

The whiskered dignity opened the billiard-room door. His Majesty King Karl XXII. of Grimland was in the middle of his stroke; he was trying to pot his adversary. We waited breathlessly and in silence. At the consummation—an unsuccessful one, for the white ball, after wobbling uncertainly in the jaws of the pocket, remained provokingly in view—His Majesty looked up and saw us.

'Hallo, Saunders!' he cried, leaning his cue against the table, whence it slithered noisily to the floor. 'My dear fellow, I'm delighted to see you,'

and, smiling all over his swarthy, good-natured face, he shook me warmly by the hand.

'I trust your Majesty is in the enjoyment of good health,' I remarked formally.

'I always enjoy good health, thank you,' he answered, 'and never better than here, in the dear old Brun-varad. But permit me to present you to the company. This young lady, my opponent at billiards and invariable vanquisher, is a fellow-countrywoman of yours, Miss Anchester. Miss Anchester—Mr Saunders.' Here I received a bow from a slim, fair-haired young woman with a singularly fresh complexion and a pair of cool, gray, unemotional eyes. 'The other young lady,' went on the King, indicating a dark and distinctly pretty girl who was sitting on a high leather seat between a small boy in a sailor suit and a somewhat smaller girl in white, 'the young lady who is trying, fairly successfully, to keep my unruly progeny in order, is the Prinzessinn Mathilde von Schattenberg, daughter of my cousin, the Grand Duke Fritz. The gentleman who is so kindly acting as scorer is my commander-in-chief, General Meyer.—General Meyer—Mr Saunders.'

A tall, stooping-shouldered individual bowed humorously—if a bow can be humorous—towards me. He was rather past middle-age, of unmistakably Jewish origin, and his features displayed a mixture of cleverness, lazy good humour, and cynicism.

'Now you know everybody,' concluded the King.

'With the exception of the unruly progeny,' I corrected.

'Ah, permit me. This is His Royal Highness the Duke of Weissheim, heir-apparent to the throne, and prospective twenty-third Karl of Grimland.' Here I received a small and sticky palm, which I shook gravely. 'And this is Her Royal Highness the Princess Wilhelmina;' and at these words, and much to my astonishment, a pair of tiny arms were thrown round my neck and I received a warm and somewhat embarrassing salutation. Every one laughed, and I was just beginning to feel comfortable again, when of a sudden silence fell upon the company. Looking up, I saw the reason. Her Majesty the Queen had entered. She was a little woman, stately, imperious, almost beautiful, but with bad temper written in every line of her hard, unfeeling countenance. Her thin, red lips were pressed tightly together; her big, dark eyes flashed angrily from her pale face; and it was obvious that she had seen the embrace and thoroughly disapproved of it.

'Miss Anchester,' she said coldly, 'will you please conduct the children to the nursery? It is quite time they went to bed.'

Then turning her gaze to me, whom she had met before, she stretched out her hand without a word. Taking it in the tips of my fingers, I bent low over it and touched it ceremoniously with my lips.

'Karl,' continued Her Majesty, in her unpleasant tones, 'it is quite time you went and dressed for



dinner;' and with that she followed Miss Anchester, who was conveying the children from the room, and left us. The sense of relief was palpable and immediate. King Karl turned to us with a comical shrug of his big shoulders, and the humorous lines on General Meyer's face deepened to a positive grin. The Princess Mathilde tittered audibly, and then, as I turned to her, involuntarily smiling in turn, she burst into a peal of laughter, free, musical, and refreshingly unrestrained.

'We all have a fly in our ointment,' said the

King, with a gesture. 'My ointment is the Brun-varad.'

'His Majesty does not specify his fly,' commented the General dryly.

'It's scarcely necessary,' retorted the monarch. — 'Come, Saunders, it is time to dress for dinner. *La reine le veut*. Our major-domo, Herr Bomecke, will show you to your room. And, remember, at the Brun-varad we reduce ceremony to as near the vanishing-point as possible.'

(*To be continued.*)

## HOW CRIMINALS ARE CAUGHT.

By EDWARD JOHN PRIOR.



HERE is a periodical blue-covered volume which grows mightily with the years, and forms a merciless, shaft-like comment on one aspect of modern civilisation: it is the *Report of the Prison Commissioners*.

A glance at its tabulated pages shows what an immense business is the State punishment of crime, and a little reflection convinces you that the art of criminal-catching must play a big part in this increasing business. Undoubtedly it does play a big part, and the most recent prison blue-book, with its heavier totals, reflects not only the magnitude but the importance of the work.

The machinery for catching criminals is finely devised, and after many years it has become fairly comprehensive in its methods. The various parts consist of astute, bold men, who, if they do the thing which is expected of them, must be as clever as the most unscrupulous rogues and as far-seeing as the most successful conspiring villains. Splendid organisation, discipline, and great resources do the rest.

The machinery is principally controlled from New Scotland Yard in London, but from other centres as well. 'The Yard,' as it is familiarly called, is the biggest place, and does nearly all the important detective work.

'The Yard' of reality is a sky-scraper, reddish building within a stone's-throw of the gray, silent Thames. The iron voice of Big Ben penetrates its rooms every quarter of an hour. Properly described, it is like a big mercantile house, with wide staircases, long lobbies, lifts, and waiting-rooms. A most scrupulous cleanliness and a man-o'-war tidiness and smartness give distinction.

What romance there is comes of the knowledge that the prosaic structure is a hive of mysteries, a place where more is known about the happenings of the everyday world than some people in the everyday world would like to be known. It is the official headquarters of the variously constituted men whose peculiar duty it is to track down crime in its many forms and disguises.

These men are interesting. The majority of

them do not look like policemen, though nearly all of them were once ordinary constables. It is a common notion that famous detectives look like sleuth-hounds. I know many who more resemble easy-going men of fashion or jolly farmers.

Work comes from everywhere. At all hours of the day and night there comes by telegraph and telephone news from the remotest places in the kingdom as well as from the big centres. It may be an appeal for help in solving some village murder problem; sometimes it is a message from a high personage asking for protection or for advice on some critical occasion, then a great banker's request for an inquiry arising out of a suspicion of fraud. In all these cases the various specialists play their part. The man who might be sent to see a Cabinet Minister or royal personage in consequence of some anarchist threat would perhaps only have a limited knowledge of forgers and swindlers, and the man who has closely studied the ways of coiners and cheque-forgers might know little more of the anarchist fraternity than the man in the street.

Anarchists and malcontents of the criminal type give a great deal of trouble, and the catching, or rather watching, of them is a serious matter. They are mostly caught or their plans are frustrated through the traitorous conduct of associates. But a detective must be in close touch with them in order to meet this associate. The average conspirator has not the courage to lay a clear statement before the official police. Detectives worm their way into the anarchist quarters not only in this country, but in various Continental cities as well. They have to adopt various disguises for this work, and false noses, wigs, and sometimes the skirts of a woman come in handy. On these occasions the officers carry their lives in their hands. A false move on their part may mean a murderous assault.

One well-known detective, whose principal duty it was to accompany Royalty on the Continent, once obtained all the details of a dastardly plot against the life of a distinguished person by attending a private dance given by the members of a secret society in Rome. He was introduced as a French

Count by a member of the society who had allowed himself to come under police influence.

Many similar stories could be told in connection with this particular branch of a dangerous profession. It is the duty of the detectives to have a complete knowledge of the ways of anarchists both at home and abroad. This knowledge is pigeon-holed at 'The Yard.' It often leads to the capture of desperate criminals; more often it prevents crimes from being committed by giving a checkmate move to the police. On one occasion it was learned that a diabolical attempt was to be made to blow up the Royal Exchange in London. The time and the details were all well known to the police, and an officer from Scotland Yard actually travelled to the City in the same omnibus as the anarchist.

The detectives who acquire this useful knowledge are those chosen to accompany Royalty on any foreign tour, to guard distinguished visitors from abroad when they come to this country, and to keep a watchful eye on the guests who assemble when our own Sovereign entertains. The officers become personally known to foreign rulers, and many of them have from time to time been made the recipients of tokens of Royal favour. They mingle freely with the guests at a State ball, they occupy a convenient place at any State function, and they arrange that any suspicious characters who may have come from Paris or Berlin on the occasion of a great public festival here shall be carefully 'shadowed.'

The capture of criminals is in all respects a complex business, and certain types of wrong-doer require special study. Expert jewel-thieves are a class by themselves. They form a highly educated, clever, desperate class, with great resources and baffling aliases. The tracking and capturing of them is an elaborate and difficult business; sometimes it is dangerous. The scene of operations is usually the West End of London or the various big mansions or hotels throughout the country. The robberies, however, sometimes take place at railway stations and on steamboats when the victims are travelling.

Ladies who are the happy possessors of jewels of great value are proverbially careless of the way in which they look after them. The thieves, whose hope is to make a big haul, are well aware of this characteristic. Very often they contrive to profit by it. Jewel-cases containing gems representing in value many thousands of pounds are often left about in railway carriages and in steamboat cabins like ordinary luggage. The watchful thief is ever on the lookout for chances like these, and a friendly chat with the servants may pave the way for the carrying out of his evil design. Often the loss is not discovered until many hours afterwards. Then the affair is reported to the official police, and the expert detectives have to set to work on a task which to the lay mind would seem hopeless.

But official crime-investigators have ways and

means undreamt of by the man in the street. In a case where the clues as to the actual robbery are very slight, they have to proceed on other lines. They begin by privately suspecting somebody. All the well-known jewel-thieves are known to them, and they endeavour by various inquiries to find out where the gentlemen of evil repute were at the approximate time of the theft. In these inquiries the English police are largely aided by the American and Continental detectives. The question is asked as to what expert gangs are 'at home,' and what their movements were at a particular time. It often happens that the information thus obtained convinces the police of the implication of certain known 'characters.' An arrest does not always follow, however, because, although a fairly good *prima facie* case may be made out in this way, the evidence is not sufficient to satisfy a court of law. On the other hand, careful watching of the suspects may—and often does—reveal circumstances which leave no doubt about the guilt of those accused.

The quick and accurate interchange of police news regarding those 'on the market'—that is, suspected of some criminal conduct—between the various Continental capitals and London often prevents crime from being committed where it does not bring about an actual arrest.

For instance, certain well-known thieves may suddenly leave Paris for London. The French police have their suspicions aroused instantly, and they at once flash news of the departure to this country. On the platform at Charing Cross or Victoria the visitors are met by disguised detectives, whose duty it is to follow them and to ascertain what their ultimate destination may be.

When a big home-party or ball is being given at a well-known country house, special precautions are often taken by the police. Well-known gangs of burglars are watched, and should one of the gang leave the usual haunt, a detective manages to accompany him. In cases like these the local police are also warned. These big country gatherings, where there is a great amount of jewellery, often serve a useful purpose to the police, inasmuch as they attract from a hiding-place men who have been 'wanted' for some time.

A common method of finding a man who is 'wanted' is to institute a 'round-up' search. Some forty or fifty plain-clothes officers descend suddenly upon an area in which the suspect is supposed to be, and using the 'open sesame' of a warrant, thoroughly overhaul doubtful premises. These 'round ups,' which are usually resorted to in low-class, thickly populated neighbourhoods, have often been the means of bringing a number of criminals to justice.

Ruses of one kind and another are not infrequently adopted when it is desired to effect an arrest as quietly as possible. I know of an instance not many months ago when several detectives arrested a number of jewel-thieves in the early

hours of the morning by disguising themselves as milkmen, and making an early call. They wore the usual smocks and carried the familiar cans. Whether they succeeded in striking the proper note with their cries I do not know.

It is ordinary routine business for detectives fashionably attired and with a lavish display of jewellery to walk the busy thoroughfares of our big cities on the lookout for pickpockets. They also attend race-meetings similarly disguised, and it must be mentioned as a tribute to the sharpness of the rogues that the pockets of detectives have been picked on several occasions.

The systematic photographing of convicts and

the taking of finger-prints have done much in recent years to assist in the catching of criminals. There is a unique collection of photographs at Scotland Yard, known as 'the Gallery,' and persons who have obtained a glimpse of some scurrying burglar have been able to identify him by one of these photographs. The finger-print method has also worked well. Last year some hundreds of criminals were arrested through this tell-tale system. Inasmuch, however, as the up-to-date burglar has taken to wearing thick gloves, and thus leaving a false impression of his fingers on dusty cupboards and varnished walls, the police are often deceived. It is a case of diamond cut diamond.

## TWO LETTERS.

By F. C. ARMSTRONG, Author of *Between Two*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



PRETTY Lettice Rivers stood before her looking-glass, smiling at her reflection with the pleasure which a pretty woman feels in her own beauty. Not that Lettice was a beauty in the strict sense of the term; she was only a sweet young girl in the fresh bloom of twenty-two, with soft, gray eyes under dark, finely pencilled brows, a rosy, smiling mouth, a dainty chin, a very pretty throat supporting her shapely head, and a trim figure that showed to perfection the fresh little frock which she had made for this special occasion at the cost of many hours of her hard-earned leisure. She was a diligent worker, this pretty maid, a daily governess with half-a-dozen pupils, all of them very small indeed; and it was exceedingly hard for the young teacher to keep her head above water, even granting the success she had achieved.

But now, with a little sigh of satisfaction, she remembered that these days of hard and not over-satisfactory work were drawing to a close. To-day she was to meet the nearest relations of a man who had come to her almost out of the unknown, and who would take care of her for the rest of her life. She sighed a little, and the gray eyes were clouded just for a pulse-beat. After all, although she was not quarrelling with her good fortune, Willie did not quite belong to the class in which she had been born; neither was the marriage one which could have been possible in the dear old days when her father was rector of Woolwrych, and she—his only child, a mere girl, with her frocks to her knees and her hair cataracting down her back—treated as an equal by the Earl's daughters up at the Hall. With the ruin and sudden death of her father while she was at Girton, all that came to an end. Lady Woolwrych had been most kind; so had Mrs Clare; but all they could do was to enable her to finish her education and start here, with

six little pupils and the prospect of an arduous life before her.

Willie's coming had changed all that. They met by accident one wet night at the door of her lodgings in a quiet street in Kensington. She had dined with Mrs Clare, the only one of those earlier friends who had taken any notice of her since she had started this new career. Now, it so happened that William Stott, manager of the boot department in Faker's great emporium in an adjacent great thoroughfare, occupied the first-floor rooms in the same respectable abode. The girl had taken out by mistake the key of her bed-sitting-room instead of her latchkey; and but for the accident of 'the first-floor' returning home at the same moment as 'the second-floor back,' the two would never have encountered each other. Lettice was struggling with her key, growing rather tearful at the idea of having to rouse the house in order to avoid spending the night—a somewhat cold and showery one—in the street.

She was startled, also, by the sound of approaching feet and seeing a man halt at her side. She knew that a manager at Faker's resided under the roof with herself; but up to this moment, when he stood beside her in the flickering gaslight, she had never seen him. The swift and possibly frightened glance she cast at the man's figure which stood at her side revealed nothing more terrifying than a smartly built, small man, with a very trim moustache and eyes which at the moment looked kind.

'I beg your pardon, can I do anything for you, madam?' the stranger asked in a voice nicely modulated for ladies' ears.

'I—I have taken the wrong key,' she stammered, quick to recognise a friend. 'It is very provoking!'

'Allow me,' the gentleman said in the same suave tone; and then the door flew open at a touch.



She was so grateful to him that, through the uncertain light of the street lamp, the man saw a smile flash upon him such as not even his fairest lady-customer ever bestowed upon his most strenuous efforts to please; a smile, and a swift, sweet glance from beautiful eyes, while a charming voice said, 'Oh, thank you! thank you!' in a tone that was like music.

The manager slept but little that night. He was a serious man, somewhat over thirty, not given to enthusiasms; but this face, with its sweet eyes, and that melodious voice haunted him. From the very first he acted like a gentleman. He never met Lettice in the house, although he heard every sound of the light feet, and felt a throb go through him as her skirts swished past his door. He met her out of doors, and sometimes the little girl was surprised to find how often his hours of departure and return from his business synchronised with her own.

On Sundays he became a regular attendant at the parish church, although their mutual landlady had informed her that 'Mr Stott was chapel.' Sometimes they walked home together, and he talked to her with the style and manner of a well-informed man. Then she had a bad cold. During her solitary days, while she was obliged to remain in her room, he sent her books and papers. Afterwards they became something more than acquaintances—perhaps friends—and Willie Stott had found out all there was to know about her: how she was quite alone in the world, with no other prospect before her save a life of arduous work. Well, it was all very simple. A walk or two, a day when he followed her to Kew Gardens. Ah well! it was not just the love's young dream of a girl's errand fancy; but perhaps it was something better. It was such a relief to know that from henceforth she would have some one to stand between her and the rough world, some one to take care of her, protect her. She may have had moments of dejection; but then she put such thoughts aside. An assured future meant so much to the lonely girl. Mrs Clare's opinion had been adverse; but then Mrs Clare was old, as she said herself: 'a useless old thing, with nothing in her power.' But, as Letty remembered, Willie's wooing had always been what might be termed 'sensible.' Even in the first flush of their engagement, ways and means had been in his mind. Not until the other day had he mentioned the desirability of making her known to his mother. 'I hope you will please her,' he said. 'Being partial to her only son, she will be a—ahem—particular.'

Partial! That was but a lame way of putting the great fact of the most true and tender affection upon earth! But Willie did usually put things very lamely. Possibly he felt more than he expressed. She remembered a mother's passionate love for her only little one, the tender care which met her at every turn—it seemed only yesterday!

Ah, but life had changed since then! Little Letty had faced a world of strangers, and known

its coldness. She was grateful for small mercies now; and if Willie had not just come up to her ideals, if recently he had talked too much about ways and means and future prospects, if he had seemed—that a little chill had fallen upon him—folly and nonsense!—he had a great deal on his mind. Who could blame him if he did appear to be too much absorbed in his business? It was only natural; and if his outlook on life seemed a little limited, he was good and kind, and cared about her; that should be enough to satisfy her. But even as she stood looking at her pleasing reflection—how neatly she had made that little bodice, and how trimly it sat round her pretty waist!—she remembered Mrs Clare. 'Matrimony is a serious matter, little Lettice,' she had said. 'This may be a good thing for you in some respects; but—I'm not sure—not at all sure.' This lack of enthusiasm on the part of her father's friend chilled her. She was the only link between the happy past and the doubtful present, and Letty had hoped— Well, well! she pinned her pretty little tulle hat on her bright hair, reflecting how it was holiday-time, and she must do her best to be happy, despite Mrs Clare's dash of cold water on her joy.

#### CHAPTER II.



HOPE you have an umbrella, Letty.' William Stott looked gravely at the pretty figure walking airily at his side—at the little hat, the tulle ruffle, the bright face, the spray of lily of the valley (the perfume of it floated towards him as they walked), at the pretty, fresh frock with its ruffings and puffings—all so pretty, so perishable, yet so adapted to a summer day.

'Oh, it won't rain on us,' Letty returned gaily. 'It will be sunshine through and through to-day, Willie.'

He smiled upon her in a superior fashion. 'Do you think the rain will keep off because you look so gay?' he said indulgently, as one would address a petted child. 'Do you know, I think that would be one reason for its coming down.' And his voice became more grave. 'If you had asked me, Letty, I think I would have advised you to wear your working dress, as we are going to see Mrs Hargraves.'

'But, Willie, I wanted to do you credit, to look as nice as I possibly could,' she cried, a little hurt. 'I am sick of my working dress. It is such a joy to feel gay and bright once more. I do love pretty things!'

His smile was but cold as he replied, 'My dear Letty, you are coming out in an entirely new character.' He was silent for a little as they walked on. 'I think I like the old and familiar one best,' he added.

'But, Willie, don't you understand that there are quite a dozen "me's" in this little body? I feel as

if the old "me" of Woolwrych Rectory was coming back to life. Oh, it made me so glad! You are helping me back.' She laughed a merry, girlish laugh as she looked up at him through dark, silken lashes: a bright, bonny lass, fit to gladden the heart of any man alive.

'Here is the omnibus,' he said briefly. 'We will change at the Circus.'

Mrs Hargraves, Willie Stott's mother, lived at Brixton. Her home was one of substance, for her second husband had been a retired dealer in leather, who died leaving her amply dowered and with a flourishing business. A daughter, Willie's only sister, and a step-daughter, who admired Willie with a passionate admiration, lived with her; the three women keeping house in an ample fashion, blending discreetly gentility and good living—of a suburban kind—and leading lives empty of all imagination or romance, dull, eminently commonplace, but highly respectable.

It was Suburbia in its fullest flavour. Mrs Hargraves was an invalid, or rather, as her step-daughter said, 'enjoyed bad health.' Her daughter, older than Willie by some years, enjoyed nothing except, perhaps, a prolonged gossip with her great crony Maud Bayne, who was in her eyes the very pink of perfection in every respect. Maud Bayne moved in Society. Maud Bayne had a fortune—many thousands of pounds. Maud Bayne got her dresses from a big shop in St Paul's Churchyard. She had even gone as far westward as Oxford Street for her bonnets and toques. She read all the Society papers, knew the movements of every Court in Europe, had once actually travelled through Switzerland. A very great lady indeed was Maud Bayne, and Ada Stott adored her.

Now the lady had reached a very reasonable age. Perhaps she had landed upon the shady side of thirty; but her complexion held out bravely, and her hair was done to perfection. Her adorer had always cherished a hope that Willie would see the great lady with her eyes, if after a decent lapse of years she still remained unwon. But now her darling brother had shown terrible weakness in one respect; and, for her part, she would reserve judgment on his choice.

Dark clouds had come slowly from the west, and there was no more sunshine as William Stott and his fiancée walked up the little path through the front garden of his mother's house.

Letty was conscious of peeping eyes between the very white curtains that hung at the windows. She saw at a rapid glance that the steps were white as snow, that there was not a speck of dust or grit

visible on door or window. The little garden was trim and tidy. The maid who opened the door wore a cap and apron that absolutely made you wink, so white they were. There was a smell of roasting meat in the hail which almost made Letty cough, and then she was in a room which looked as if no one ever inhabited it: a dreadful room, fitted up in the crudest Early Victorian fashion, decorated with the decorations of the seventies—fans, little useless tables, big pots of withered grasses—a horrible anachronism of a room, chill as a vault. Also, she was aware of a tall, gaunt woman approaching to meet her.

'Willie has told me about you a dozen times. He is so devoted to his mother,' she said, with a vivid smile as she held up a sweet, soft cheek to be kissed.

Willie uttered a loud 'Ahem!' The tall woman recoiled. Letty stood unknissed.

'But I am his sister,' the woman said in a freezing voice.

Letty excused herself. The light was in her eyes; she faltered.

'This is Mrs Hargraves,' said the wintry voice severely; and Letty felt that she had made an enemy.

Mrs Hargraves' pet complaint was asthma, and now it came in opportunely. She was seized with a sudden spasm of coughing; it was quite a minute before she could respond to Letty's greeting. A rather drooping person, whom the girl had scarcely observed, came forward and shook hands with her limply. She was the only friendly member of the group. Miss Stott stiffened, and talked about the weather in a frigid tone, while Mrs Hargraves coughed at intervals. Dinner was an ordeal. The white-aproned waiting-maid blundered through her duties, with an undertone of directions from Miss Stott. Mrs Hargraves and her son conversed in whispers. Only Miss Hargraves was attentive to the guest; she looked after her almost stealthily, in a meek, apologetic fashion, as if afraid of taking too much upon her.

Fragments of the subject absorbing the interest of mother and son reached Letty. 'A few hundreds would do it,' in Willie's voice. 'Such an opportunity! It may never occur again,' wheezed the mother. 'It's the chance of a life,' Miss Stott overheard, and paused in her duty of ladling out some stewed fruit to look meaningly at mother and brother. It was an ordeal to the little girl, who had expected— She could not exactly define what she had expected; but, at any rate, it had not been anything like this.

(To be continued.)



## THE BULWARK OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

By R. T. HALLIDAY, M.B.,

Author of *Guerilla Warfare on the Indian Frontier*, *The Empire's Work in Makran*, &c.

The true fulcrum of Asiatic dominion seems to me to lie in the empire of Hindustan.—LORD CURZON.



HAT the problem of the British army is the problem of the defence of India is a premise which has been laid down by those who have the guidance of the destinies of the Empire. At the present time, therefore, when so much discussion has arisen in connection with the state of that army, and when other questions involving the safety of our Indian possessions have been under consideration, both as regards Afghanistan and Tibet, a summarised review of the frontier-line which forms the Indian bulwark, and the military considerations involved therein, may be of service to that important personage who is colloquially known as 'the man in the street.' As a prelude to a complete understanding of strategical points of the whole region it is essential to study the map of Central Asia; and in this connection we may repeat the advice of the late Lord Salisbury, and counsel the use of a large one.

The north-west frontier of India, which abuts on Afghanistan—the only part of the frontier-line which requires defence by man—has been the scene of many vicissitudes of fortune. For this its geographical position is in great measure accountable. It is the only open gateway to that ever-envied fertile granary of the Punjab and Northern India watered by the innumerable tributaries of the Indus, the Jumna, and the Ganges. Hence by it the conquering armies of aliens have invariably advanced. In the earliest times of which we have knowledge, invading hordes of Assyrians and Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians, Greeks, and Saracens, traversed its mountain passes. Later, Afghan and Tartar rulers sent their legions thither, and established sovereign centres among the fertile plains of Hindustan. Even in our own day the mutual jealousy of rival nations has rendered it of the first importance in the politics of the world, and has resulted in an expenditure of blood and treasure therein which is well-nigh incalculable.

The problem of any defence requires as a preliminary the hypothesis of attack. Such attack can only come from one source; one power only in this year of grace can threaten the British Empire in that region. That power is Russia, the ruler of half of Asia. The Muscovite advance in Central Asia began in 1859, on the northern border of Turkestan. Several steps led to the occupation of Chimkend in 1864, and Tashkend was seized the following year, despite an 'assurance' given by Gortschakoff that no further dependencies

would be acquired in Central Asia. While Britain, lulled by such 'assurances,' pursued an unsettled policy with regard to Afghanistan, the Russians steadily absorbed large slices of the intervening territories. Samarcand fell in 1868, Bokhara was absorbed, and the province of Turkestan formed. Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian Sea, was occupied in 1869, with an assurance that it was to be used solely for factories. The Tekkes were subdued and Khiva capitulated in 1873, the Khojend district was annexed in 1874, and Khokand added in 1876. Geok Tepe was acquired after a wholesale massacre in 1881, the Tejend Oasis in 1883, and the great strategic move which added Merv and Sarakhs to the Muscovite dominions was accomplished without difficulty in 1884, when Britain was engaged in the Soudan; this, too, after another assurance from M. de Giers that 'not only did Russia not want to go there, but there was nothing requiring her to go there.' Despite assurances in 1869 and 1873 that Afghanistan would not be tampered with, a Russian mission was sent to Kabul in 1878, which involved us in a costly Afghan war. The 'Panjdeh affair' in 1885 brought matters to a crisis. But on the principle of *J'y suis, j'y reste*, Russia not only remained installed at this advanced post, but secured a rectification of the boundary which gave her the line from Zulficar to Kushk Post, and thence by Muruchak to the Oxus. In 1891 the Pamir territory was incorporated, and Russian officers and arms were discovered in the Hunza-Nagar valley troubles during the succeeding years. Since that time the Far East has absorbed Muscovite energies; but the check sustained there will in due course be felt on the Afghan border.

Through this Central Asian territory Russia, at a vast expenditure of treasure, has constructed the Transcaspian Railway, every step showing her fixed purpose in view. From the shore of the Caspian Sea this line runs along the Persian border to Merv, and thence to Samarcand and Tashkand. A branch from Merv runs due south towards Herat, that 'key to India' which is the great objective. The outlay for the construction of the line can never be recouped by the territories which it at present supplies—with the exception of a few oases, Central Asia is mainly barren steppes; but its strategic value is enormous. It enables Russia to pour troops in a short time to any desired point, and its present terminus on the Afghan border is within eighty miles of the town of Herat. This railway, then, represents the point from which the only attack can come, and which India has raised bulwarks to stay. Let us review the possible lines of such attack and the defences which it will meet.



For many years the river Indus formed the natural boundary-line of our Indian Empire, and the 'close border' system of 'masterly inactivity' was in vogue. By this system the turbulent border tribes, with a population of over a million souls, were left alone, in the belief that these tribesmen in their mountain wilds would prove a barrier to an enemy's advance. Even to-day a section of our politicians still regard this as our safest frontier system; but, for good or ill, the Empire has long been committed to that 'forward policy' inseparably connected with the life and work of Sir Robert Sandeman, who may be regarded as its founder and very embodiment. Under this system we absorbed Baluchistan and the territory of the border tribes, and brought our frontier to the Persian Gulf and the Pamir tableland, and our outposts within striking distance of Kabul and Kandahar.

'The forward policy,' said Lord Roberts in a speech in the House of Lords—'in other words, the policy of endeavouring to extend our influence over, and establish law and order on, that part of the border where anarchy, murder, and robbery have reigned supreme—is necessitated by the fact that a great military power is now within striking distance of our Indian possessions, and in immediate contact with a State for the integrity of which we have made ourselves responsible. Forty years ago the policy of non-interference may have been wise and prudent; but during that period circumstances have completely changed, and what was wise and prudent then is most unwise and imprudent now. At that time Russia's nearest outpost was a thousand miles away, her presence in Asia unheeded by the people of India, and we had no reason for anxiety as to whether the two hundred thousand warriors on our border would fight for or against us. To-day Russia is our near neighbour; her every movement is watched with the keenest interest from Peshawur to Cape Comorin; she is in a position to enter Afghanistan whenever it may seem convenient or desirable to her; and the chance of her being able to attack us is discussed in every bazaar in India. We are bound by a solemn promise to protect Afghanistan, and between us and that nation are these two hundred thousand fighting-men who may make the fulfilment of that promise easy or else most difficult, if not impossible. . . . The all-important question is, by what means can we ensure that this enormous military strength may be used for us and not against us? . . . The forward policy seems to me the only policy that can ensure the safety of India.'

The whole length of the frontier line inhabited by these border tribes is mountainous, forming a natural bulwark. But this mountain wall is pierced by several highways, and of these highways five are of supreme importance for the defence of India. For this defence we must control these routes; not only command them, but, in the words of the Iron Duke, 'see the other side of the hill.' For the protection of these routes, India's first line

of defence may be said to be the line on the other side of the hill—namely, that from Kabul to Kandahar.

India has been invaded times without number from Afghanistan and Baluchistan; but at no time in her history has an invading army come from any point north-east of Kabul. Although, therefore, military posts have been established and maintained beyond this limit on the north, they are but adjuncts to the main defence, which is based on the Punjab. In order to approach the northern passes of the Hindu Kush range it would be necessary for the enemy to operate from Faizabad, the capital of the Afghan province of Badakshan. The difficulties of reaching Faizabad, two hundred and sixty miles from Samarcand, would be enormous, and it would be impossible to constitute a base there. The country could not maintain any force, and it presents insuperable obstacles to the transport of supplies. From Faizabad to Peshawur is three hundred and seventy-three miles, to Chitral one hundred and twenty miles, and the route is practically impassable for a hostile force. The Dorah or Boroghil Passes must first be crossed. The former is fourteen thousand eight hundred feet high, and is only open three months in the year. The Boroghil is thirteen thousand five hundred feet, and, according to Sir Henry Rawlinson, is 'the only pass in the whole of the Hindu Kush range from Herat to the extreme limit of Tibet at all adapted to the passage of an army.' A pass of this nature is easily defended, and Boroghil is controlled by our outposts in Chitral and Gilgit. After these comes the Lowari Pass, ten thousand four hundred and fifty feet high; the Swat River, over four hundred and fifty feet wide and dominated by the Chakdara Fort; and thereafter the Malakand Pass. The outposts north of this latter are held, therefore, as strategical points more from the political than the military aspect; no army could in our day successfully approach and avoid the Kabul line. This road from Kabul to Kandahar is the most important trade-route in Afghanistan. Along this line prosperous and revenue-paying Afghanistan almost wholly lies, and on this track are four important centres and strongholds—namely, the two termini and two intermediate, Kelat-i-Ghilzai and Ghazni.

Russia, then, from her railway bases has at the present time two possible lines of attack. The northern line from Samarcand *via* Balkh and Bamian (or from Merv *via* Maimana and Balkh) leads to Kabul. The southern line from Merv *via* Herat, Farrah, and the Helmund valley leads to Kandahar. Samarcand to Balkh is two hundred and thirty miles, Balkh to Kabul three hundred and thirty miles; from Merv to Kushk Post is one hundred and ninety miles by rail, and thence eighty miles to Herat; from the latter point to Kandahar is three hundred and ninety miles. Kandahar to Kabul is three hundred and twenty-eight miles. Herat, Maimana, and Balkh can be

seized at any time by Russia by a *coup de main*, and Herat has been from time immemorial regarded as the gate of India for which Merv was the key. Girishk, indeed, on the Helmund, has been indicated as the probable battle-ground between the opposing forces from north and south. If Herat were attacked our troops would immediately occupy Kandahar and Jalalabad, if not Kabul itself; and this brings us again to the Kabul-Kandahar line and the defences of India abutting thereto.

The five important passes already referred to, which lead from this line Indiadwards, are, from north to south, the Khyber, the Kuram, the Tochi, the Gumal, and the Khojak. Each debouches on one or more strongly fortified stations and cantonments. The Khyber Pass leads from Kabul to Peshawur, the Kuram from Kabul and Ghazni to Thal and Kohat, the Tochi leads to Bannu, the Gumal from Ghazni and Kelat-i-Ghilzai to Dera Ismael Khan, and the Khojak from Kandahar to Pishin and Quetta. The Khojak Pass debouches, moreover, on a plateau from which there are but two routes to the Indus. The northern leads *viâ* Harnai and the Bori valley through the Sulaiman range to Dera Ghazi Khan, the southern through the terrible Bolan Pass to Sibi, Jacobabad, and Sukkur.

The primary base of any operations in the vicinity of these passes would be in the Punjab, the capital of which is Lahore. From Lahore a network of strategic railway lines communicates with Central India and all the important stations on the frontier. A line runs northward to Rawal Pindi, a strongly entrenched position and the largest military cantonment in India; thence to Attock on the Indus, also strongly fortified, and across the river to Peshawur, now in the North-West Frontier Province, but still 'the eye of the Punjab,' which commands the outlets from the Khyber Pass. From Peshawur to Kabul is one hundred and eighty miles, to the pass fourteen miles. From Rawal Pindi a branch line runs to Kushalgarh, also on the Indus, and the railway has been recently extended to Kohat and Thal. From Kohat to Kabul by the Kuram valley is two hundred and twelve miles. Southward from Lahore the railway runs to Multan, another formidable position, and on to Sukkur, where it crosses the Indus. From Multan branches pass to Dera Ghazi Khan, and thence northward along the left bank of the Indus to Dera Ismael Khan and beyond. These lines are linked up with the northern lines to Rawal Pindi. From Sukkur to Dera Ghazi Khan the river is broad and deep and at no point fordable. After crossing the Indus at Sukkur, the railway has two main trunks. One proceeds southward to Karachi, affording the nearest supply-line from Great Britain. The northern trunk runs by Jacobabad to Sibi, on the edge of the plateau, at which point it divides into two branches. One branch runs through the Mushkaf valley to Quetta, the old Bolan Pass route having been abandoned;

the other proceeds by easy gradients to Harnai and Pishin, with a loop-line to Quetta, and thence on through the Khojak tunnel to New Chaman, on the farther side of the Anuran range and within sixty miles of Kandahar. A supply of material is stored at Pishin sufficient to carry the line to Kandahar should occasion require. The distance from Quetta to Kandahar is one hundred and forty-four miles.

On the farther side of the Indus the railway communications are as yet limited, partly owing to the mountainous nature of the tribal territory, partly owing to financial considerations. But wherever possible roads have been constructed, and surveys for railway extensions, such as through the Zhob valley, through the Khyber Pass, &c., have been made. Strategic lines of communication have been carefully planned, and will in due course, as the pacification of the territory progresses, become perfected. A line joining Quetta with Nushki has already been opened, and at the present time work is progressing with the Shilman extension from Peshawur up the Kabul River to the north of the Khyber defile.

A brief survey of the various routes through the passes and the positions which dominate them will complete the purpose of this sketch.

The Khyber Pass, so far as its natural features are concerned, permits the passage of an army operating from Kabul, as an excellent road has been constructed along its entire length. But the defences in the pass itself would make it impracticable, and a small force composed of such hardy mountaineers as our Ghurka regiments could hold it against any great body of regular troops. Jalalabad, on the Afghan side, commands all the approaches towards Peshawur. At the Afghan inlet is Fort Dakka, and with such strong positions in the defile as Landi Kotal and Ali Masjid, an invading army could only reach Peshawur by a turning movement, to which nature presents an effective barrier. The Indian side has several possible outlets, but these are guarded by Forts Jamrud and Michni, and a number of subsidiary posts. With our forces at Kandahar, or within striking distance of Ghazni, the line of communication would be threatened; and Kabul is cut off from the north by the blocking of the two passes from Bamian (Irak, twelve thousand feet; and Shibar, eight thousand feet) during fully six months of the year. Kabul cannot in winter support its own population, much less an army, so that all supplies must in the event of invasion come from beyond the Oxus.

The alternative route, *viâ* the Kuram valley, is equally impracticable for an invading force. To enter it from the Afghan side the Shutargardan Pass, eleven thousand five hundred feet high, and blocked for more than half the year, and also the famous Peiwar Kotal, must be negotiated. These present huge obstacles even when undefended. Thereafter, a fever-stricken country must be traversed and a wide river bridged before Kohat, a

strong frontier post, is reached. The same difficulties of supply are met with. The route is dominated by Kohat, and also by the positions at Thal and Bannu.

The Tochi Pass could not be approached by any force which had not command of the northern routes, so that its possibilities for the offensive are considerably discounted. It is of value, however, for defensive tactics. It leads into the rich agricultural district of Bannu, and is dominated by the military station there.

The Gumal route is alike unapproachable unless the Kabul-Ghazni track is in the possession of the attacking force, with the northern routes above mentioned satisfactorily masked. The Gumal itself is naturally impassable for a large army owing to the narrowness of the defile and the number of rivers to be crossed. The position is dominated on the Indus side by Dera Ismael Khan, and from the Afghan side by the Zhob valley route, which leads from the Gumal River towards Quetta, and also to Dera Ghazi Khan by the Sulaiman Passes. By the absorption of the Zhob district, what was formerly a weak spot in the defence has now been rendered safe.

There remains the Khojak route from Kandahar, and this presumes Kandahar is in the possession of the enemy, a highly improbable contingency. The town of Kandahar is on the only open highway from Central Asia to Kabul, and the defensive works connected with it constitute Britain's strongest frontier position. These all hinge on Quetta, which is practically impregnable. It lies in a hollow basin of the hills, surrounded by towering mountain barriers, with entrances only from the north and from the south. The northern defences at Baleli, four miles long and incapable of being turned, are

extremely formidable, while the whole southern winding route through the hills is also strongly fortified. Outside the mountain wall on all sides is waterless desert. Between Quetta and the frontier is the Pishin tableland, with the entrenched position of Pishin; and while the road over the Kwaja Amran range, eight thousand five hundred feet high, and impassable half the year, is strongly protected, there is a tunnel four thousand yards long through the mountain, with strong defensive works at each end.

Between the Quetta and Pishin defences and the Indus there are but two available routes. That *viâ* the Bolan Pass leads through a steep, narrow defile, a deadly trap in the summer and a foaming, blizzard-swept torrent in the rains, and it debouches on an arid desert. For an army, the Bolan Pass, even undefended, is impossible. The route from Pishin by Harnai is known as the Thal Chotali route, through series of hills to Dera Ghazi Khan. This route traverses the passes of the Sulaiman range, which are also adequately protected at Fort Munro and beyond.

Beyond Quetta no force can hope to move successfully against the Indus line. The Baluchistan desert extends from the swamps of Seistan, and cannot water a company of regulars, much less a single battalion. All the routes south of Herat are, in any event, dominated by Quetta. Even an advance along the coast-line of Makran can be rendered impossible from Quetta, and this independent of the fact that such a route means having command of the sea. Quetta really controls the main gateway to India. The only other approach is *viâ* Kabul. The main route towards Kabul lies *viâ* Kandahar, and Quetta controls Kandahar.

## LIFE AS AN ENGINEER.



O profession is more truly the handmaid of civilisation than that of engineering, the advances in which have been so phenomenal during last century. The world has been greatly enriched and benefited by the skill and labour-saving machinery of the engineer, which show a wonderful adaptation of means to an end. The civil engineer, the mechanical, mining, and electrical engineer, with all the numerous subdivisions of the profession, have been pioneers of progress indispensable for opening up new countries, and in fostering, maintaining, and developing the commercial well-being and industrial energies of the old. The engineer equips us as with giant hands and feet, and every portion of the civilised world is benefited by his presence. Canals, railways, bridges, steamers, and locomotives, and the thousand and one labour-saving appliances of modern life, are co-extensive with modern civilisation. The evolution of the cycle and motor-car has created an industry

worth millions. Irrigation schemes, drainage, sewage disposal, and such a water-supply as that planned and carried through by the late Mr James Mansergh for Birmingham, at a cost of ten or twelve millions sterling, fall into the province of the civil engineer. The skilled combination of the military, naval, and mechanical engineers, along with the personal bravery of the combatants, enabled Japan to be victorious over Russia. The reply of the Spanish Council to an engineer who in 1680 proposed to deepen the channel of certain rivers and restrain their floods belongs to the dark ages. The Council decreed that 'if it had pleased God that these rivers should have been navigable He would not have needed human assistance to make them so; but as He had not done it, it is plain He does not want it done.' The demand everywhere to-day is to get things performed, and the engineer leads the way. A writer in the *Athenæum* says that the management of the world during the next generation or two is going to pass into the hands of the engineers.



Mr Francis Fox, who dedicates his engineering reminiscences, *River, Road, and Rail* (Murray), to his brother Sir Douglas Fox, with whom he has worked forty years, is enthusiastic about his profession. He writes in a most entertaining fashion of railways, bridge-building, and tunnels; of the Victoria Bridge over the Zambesi, erected by his firm; and gives the sanest advice to rising members of the profession. He has found his work, and is happy and useful in it. He was the only English engineer on the international Simplon Tunnel Commission.

There was little use in Thomas Stevenson, lighthouse engineer, sending his son to gain experience at Anstruther breakwater and Wick harbour, for his mind was set upon the study of words and phrases and the after-glory of authorship. His real work began when he sat down in a rose-scented parlour, as he tells us, on the summer evenings, and scribbled prose and poetry as if he expected death would overtake him ere his task was completed. So many moths came and committed suicide in his candles and littered his manuscripts with their remains that he would hasten off to bed with an uneasy conscience. This was not civil engineering—a way of life, however, for which he had hearty sympathy. For, as he says, 'it takes a man into the open air; it keeps him hanging about harbour-sides (which is the richest form of idling); it carries him to wild islands; it gives him a taste of the genial dangers of the sea; it applies his dexterities to exercise; it makes demand upon his ingenuity; it will go far to cure him of any taste (if ever he had one) for the miserable life of cities.' It was only natural that R. L. Stevenson should develop into an author, and not an engineer. His work at Edinburgh University for a degree in science, now so useful to the budding engineer, turned out ingenuous idling.

A premium of five hundred pounds was paid to the master of Francis Robert Grundy, who was associated with George and Robert Stephenson during the railway mania. Besides engineering experience, he learned many other things: to smoke, drink sherry, go to theatres, and keep late hours. The life was pleasant and jovial, but not, he admits, quite the best preparation for a career of hard work. Lord Armstrong, the founder of the Elswick Works, was a Newcastle solicitor with an inborn turn for science and mechanics, which found marvellous development in an enlarged sphere of practical usefulness.

The days of the rule-of-thumb engineer are gone for ever, and the more the student can take advantage of the workshop, technical school, and university laboratory, the better for his position and prospects. If he have a degree, so much the better in applying for many positions. Engineers of earlier days experienced many hardships, yet they accomplished much in civil and mechanical engineering. A glance at their lives is stimulating and inspiring. James Watt, struggling to perfect the steam-engine, nearly failed because of the bad workmanship of

the time, for his first engines leaked in all directions, and his pistons were far from being steam-tight. Dr John Roebuck, of the Carron Ironworks, was Watt's best friend before the latter went into partnership with Matthew Boulton. Watt was absorbed in the idea of perfecting the steam-engine: 'My whole thoughts are bent on this machine; I can think of nothing else.' Sir William Fairbairn, who wrote a fascinating autobiography, tells us that when he entered the profession as an apprentice in 1804 there were only about half-a-dozen persons deserving the name of engineer in Great Britain. When he came to Manchester in 1813 the only important tools then in vogue were a few common lathes, a screw-cutter, and a boring-machine for steam-engine cylinders. Fairbairn, who had a hard struggle at first, was a born engineer, with a knowledge of materials gained from observation and experience, and a wonderful eye for proportion and the mechanical fitness of things. Thomas Telford, who had once been a stone-mason, set a high value on the experienced eye and practised hand. Some of his apprentices did not, perhaps, thank him for taking them from the drawing-office and putting into their hands a mallet, chisel, and trowel wherewith to do some practical work. Sir John Fowler, of Forth Bridge fame, was early interested in engineering, and before he was nineteen could set out works and value them, and was a good engineer and surveyor. As a boy he was destructive; in later life, constructive. He revelled in hard work, and had had a thorough practical training in every branch of his profession before the great chance of his life came in that 'crowning victory of engineering science in the nineteenth century, the Forth Bridge.'

When Sir George Bruce, afterwards engineer of the Madras Railway, went as a pupil to Robert Stephenson he was told, 'It is a pity you are not older, for by the time you grow up the engineering work in England will be all over.' Sir George thinks the conditions attending engineering work are just as good to-day as they were in his youth—in many respects much better. The old-school engineer at fifteen went to office or workshop at 6 A.M. and ceased work at 6 P.M., with a break for meals. The period of study and mental improvement came at 6 P.M., after a trying day's work. While on survey for the Madras Railway, Bruce encountered some opposition from the headman in a certain village, who asked by whose authority it was being done, and who was to pay the cost. On the matter being explained, he replied in what was certainly a compliment to British rule in India: 'Because if they were not so just a people, how could they govern the whole earth?'

Mr Fox gives high-toned and sensible advice to the engineer going abroad. He says that in the execution of their great works they visit all parts of the world, and he asks them to do all in their power to uphold the truth, to maintain the national

honour, conduct themselves as gentlemen, use their influence in the suppression of drink, and to protect the honour of women and the innocence of children. He asks them also to sympathise with the missionaries in their hard and difficult tasks. Here is a hint of a very practical nature which his son had from Professor Koch as to the best method of staving off malarial fever. Koch told him to take good food but little stimulant, and instead of a daily dose of sulphate of quinine, to take fifteen grains of hydrochloride of quinine only once in the week. The results are said to be more satisfactory.

Mr J. W. C. Haldane, a consulting engineer, author of *Civil and Mechanical Engineering* and several other volumes, has recently published *Life as an Engineer: its Lights, Shades, and Prospects* (Spon). In this work the author gives his own experiences in the field of engineering over a period of fifty years, with the story of his apprenticeship, drawing-office training, and long private practice, including descriptions of special visits to various engineering firms. To him there appears to be a bright future for the engineer, more especially in the electrical branch of his profession. The repairing-shop seems to him the worst possible school, and he recommends sending the ambitious apprentice for three or more years to good marine, locomotive, railway, or electrical engineering works, and letting him have the run of the pattern and machine-shops, the fitting and erecting department, and drawing-office to finish with. Mr Haldane also recommends the Central Technical School of Liverpool, of which he was honorary treasurer for some years. In all his travels, the best-equipped school he has seen is that of McGill University, Montreal.

There are still unsolved problems for the engineer, although our railways, roads, and bridges, and installations of machinery, are so complete, and so much of the pioneer work is done. The training will vary according to the branch or subdivision chosen, whether military, mining, mechanical, electrical, or civil. Apprentices are drawn from all ranks, and are the sons of noblemen, professional men, tradesmen, and workmen. Some are industrious, others the reverse; some enterprising and persevering, others worthless. In Scotland influence is most potent in getting the apprentice into an engineering establishment; in England, both money and influence are needed. The Queen's Engineering Works of Messrs W. H. Allen, Son, & Company, Bedford, are run on the premium system for apprentices. Only youths who show a keen interest in engineering and have passed a strict medical examination are admitted. The three or four years' pupil, in age between seventeen and twenty-one, learns five branches, including drawing-office practice. At the Falcon Works of the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, Loughborough, the premium is one hundred guineas per annum. Engineers with a marine training are generally capable of undertaking any kind of work.

Mr Haldane's own training began in the North British Railway Company's works, Edinburgh, where he remained two years. The sight of the Whitworth machinery fascinated him, and encouraged him to persevere. Then he went to Messrs Denny's at Dumbarton, where he was employed for three years and gained experience in marine work. Steel had not then come into general use, and the most beautifully fitted and finished engine details were chiefly executed by means of the hammer, the chisel, and the file. The William Denny of that day is described as short of stature, mild, gentle, and unassuming. The men and boys were on the whole steady and well conducted. The workmen, however, were at times unmanageable; the riveters would strike, and the 'holder-up' boys go for a holiday—the platers, carpenters, and joiners following suit. On one occasion, however, the men outwitted themselves. Knowing that Mr Denny had secured an order for four good-sized steamers, which had to be speedily built, they struck for more pay. Mr Denny, not having commenced the work in his own yards, immediately handed over the entire contract to Caird of Greenock. Haldane had the privilege of sketching and taking dimensions of the various details of engines, and drew them to scale at home in the evening.

At this period (1855) Robert Napier, whose career was sketched in an article in this *Journal* for 1904, was making his reputation as a constructor of iron ships. The building of the Cunard paddle-steamer *Persia*, of three thousand five hundred tons, caused a great sensation on the Clyde. Haldane says of the work done at this time: 'I hardly ever see nowadays, owing to compulsory economy at every point, such exquisitely finished work as we of this period turned out, every joint being made invisible by hand labour, and on the polished parts not a scratch was allowed to remain.' After passing through the drawing-office of Messrs Neilson and Company, Glasgow, where he remained for three years, Haldane joined Messrs Tod & McGregor, who built many of the P. & O. vessels. Subsequently we find him engaged on the designing staff of Laird Brothers, Birkenhead Ironworks, and finally he started in general practice as a consulting engineer.

As a result of this varied experience, what our author has to say of training is worthy of serious attention. Youths for whom a premium is paid are often treated too indulgently; they may work or be idle. Those employed at Denny's rarely lost even a quarter of an hour, and discharged their duties with interest. Robert Napier gave a splendid training to apprentices, the founders of some of the leading Clyde firms having served under him. It is an error of judgment to think that the practical and scientific branches are easily learned. Locomotive engineering may be, but marine engineering and railway engineering need longer time. Those who aim at foreign appointments or private practice

require a thorough knowledge of many departments. The great engineers, we are told, owed their prosperity to innate energy, ability, and perseverance from first to last, combined with that very useful faculty which leads men to perform work rather as a pleasure than as a duty. Practical construction has much changed in forty years, almost every workshop detail being now executed by means of specially designed machines. There are descriptions in Mr Haldane's book of the work accomplished by these machines in the establishment of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., the Crewe works of the London and North-Western Railway, and others. Some of them may be seen to snip a locomotive axle through like whipcord, a boiler-plate one and a half inches thick is severed or punched like cardboard, a lathe may be seen dealing with a steel ingot of sixty or one hundred tons, and a thirty or forty ton armour-plate may be silently bent to fit exactly the side of a monster battleship.

In the United States the budding engineer is sent first to a technical school, and next to actual work. He is grounded in mathematics, the development of heat, electricity, strength of materials, chemistry, physics, and bacteriology. The American Society of Civil Engineers has about three thousand members, that of the Mechanical two thousand five hundred and seventy-three, Mining Engineers three thousand, and the American Institute of Electrical Engineers has two thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight. Doubtless Professor C. M. Woodward, of Washington University, St Louis, is right in holding that no students are more high-minded, unselfish, and patriotic than the engineering student, and no class of citizen is more humble, trustworthy, or better fitted to serve the State and the nation than the accomplished engineer.

The engineer has his periods of stress and strain, of depression, and of failure and disaster. Some schemes are doomed to failure from the first owing to faulty design and construction. Of such was the first Tay Bridge, which collapsed during a gale in December 1879. This ruined the reputation of the otherwise famous engineer, Sir Thomas Bouch, whose design for a suspension bridge over the Forth was afterwards set aside. On the day the news of the disaster reached London, Sir John Fowler met Nasmyth, of steam-hammer fame, at an exhibition of Holbein's paintings. The remark was passed between the two engineers that the bridge might have stood if Bouch had adopted the Holbein straddle, so well shown in the picture of King Henry VIII. The disaster no doubt stimulated Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker to avoid the faults of the Tay Bridge. The Forth Bridge was successfully built on the 'cantilever' principle, a two-hundred-year-old term for a bracket. Sir John Fowler has said the bridge would have been impossible without the use of steel of a superior and economical kind, produced by the open-hearth process; and that he did not

believe a better piece of mason-work was ever executed for any public undertaking than that for the approaches to the Forth Bridge. The contractors, also, were men of inventive genius and initiative, particularly Sir William Arrol, once a working blacksmith. Robert Stephenson was not so highly favoured by circumstances, as he had to build the Britannia Tubular Bridge of iron. Of this undertaking he said: 'Not all the triumph which has attended this great work, and the solution of the difficult problem of carrying a rigid roadway across an arm of the sea at such a height, can repay me for the anxieties I have gone through, the friendships I have compromised, and the unworthy motives which have been attributed to me. Were another work of the same magnitude offered to me, with like consequences, I would not for worlds undertake it.'

The *Times* engineering supplement is a witness to the widespread interest taken in the profession. Never were the engineering magazines and periodicals brighter or better. Local societies like the Glasgow Association of Students of the Institute of Civil Engineers do an immense amount of good. Their main objects are to bring members together for the purpose of exchanging ideas and opinions upon matters relating to the profession of civil engineering, by means of meetings, at which papers are read and discussed, and by visits to works.

Mr Gladstone, on the publication of Smiles's *Lives of the Engineers*, wrote to the author: 'It appears to me that you first have given practical expression to a weighty truth—namely, that the character of our engineers is a most signal and marked expression of British character, and their acts a great pioneer of British history.'

#### ALPINE NIGHTFALL.

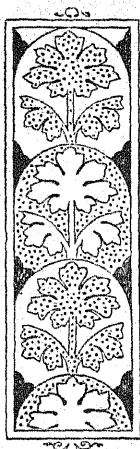
MOUNTAINS, billow on billow, breaking into a foam  
Of infinite peaks of white  
Heaving far into the distance, or dome upon dome,  
Like a city of Eastern light  
Gleaming and glittering, carved out against delicate blue,  
No floating cloud-film to tarnish their purity's hue. . .

Up through the pines the shadows come stealthily creeping,  
And leaping from rock to rock  
On the great flank of the hill, to where—calmly sleeping  
As though it could never but mock  
At the darkness—the summit lies steeped in the sun,  
Mirroring back the west's glory till both heavens are one.

Fades now the splendour. Night has dissolved over all,  
Flooding the valley below  
With blackness; spreading above a star-sprinkled pall  
Where once was day's brilliant glow. . . .  
Still, wave upon wave in a pallid mirage gliding free,  
Suspended between the two glooms, rolls the ivory sea.

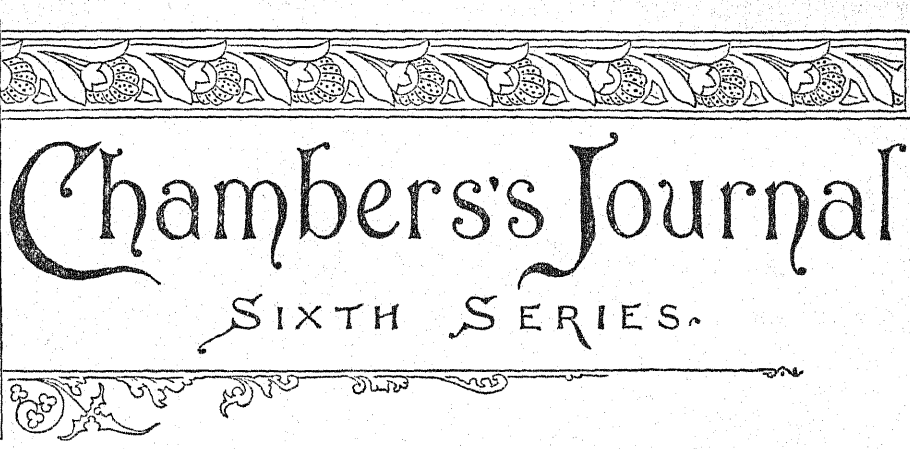
WARD MUIR.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

**A**BUNDANT are the changes and alterations in social life; they are always going on, and we may wonder how and why they come about at a particular time. But more astonishing is the imperceptible fashion in which the particular custom seems to dissolve away as we see slides do in a magic-lantern. It is incredible how many customs and practices and habits belonging to the period between 1820 and 1850—within easy living memory, as it is called—have disappeared and have become unknown or forgotten. There is no one to tell us about these changes. The historian of the nineteenth century, the philosopher who is to trace and expound the growth or permutations of Victorian days, is not yet arrived. But we are not unprovided in the meantime. Those curious in such things will find the whole set out minutely and unofficially in a most unexpected quarter—a novel—no other, indeed, than the diverting, side-splitting, and immortal *Pickwick*. The philosophical treatise, when it comes, will not accomplish the business half so effectively as does this jolly book. Let us once more wander through its hilarious chapters in search of these mutations, comparing what we recall with what is before us, and noting as we go.

Mr Pickwick started with a carpet-bag! Who starts with a carpet-bag now? Many have not seen such a thing. It was often fitted with a padlock. I myself used to travel long distances—*circa* the 'fifties'—with one. In the Pott-Slurk encounter, the hair-brush packed inside next the surface dealt one of the combatants a tremendous blow. Then Mr Pickwick with his bag got into a cab. Cabs were then—close on 1830—novelties just introduced; but the pair-horse hackney-coach, with straw for the feet, still held the field. We are apt to think cab a full word, but it is a slang abbreviation of 'cabriolet,' which word Mr Raddle uses several times. The fare sat in a sort of covered gig; the driver sat by his side, but outside the cab and separated by a partition. As to omnibuses,

an octogenarian may recall the first omnibus seen in the streets of London. It is mentioned once in *Pickwick* as a sort of curiosity, but it began to 'run' only four years before the book.

Of railways, only two short lines had been started when *Pickwick* was issued, and were mere experiments. Travel in *Pickwick*, of which there was a vast deal, was entirely carried on by chaises and coaches. The coach, indeed, was an important branch of social life. People became acquaintances or even friends; for they stayed together at the inns, and spent days upon the road. Hence came an adventurous element—accidents, overturns, snowings-up, breakings-down, highwaymen, and attacks. The guard always carried his blunderbuss. Many of us will recall these things.

And few recall as I can do the procession of glittering mails, all newly painted for Her Majesty's birthday, starting from the General Post-Office. Boz's mail-coaches in his capital ghost-story were really one Croall's, who was a noted Scotch contractor for 'horsing' the vehicles, and whose 'cast' coaches were in a field near Leith.

As to railways, there used to be a rather picturesque custom, remnant of old coaching-days, of piling the passengers' trunks overhead, covering them with a tarpaulin, and strapping them down. Ladders and slides were used to get them up or down. I remember distinctly, when a boy, taking a place at Euston, when the clerk filled in the name, amount paid, and other details on the paper ticket. This was a remnant of the 'booking' system, each passenger being booked; that is, his name was written in the book and on the way-bill.

What a change in drinks! In *Pickwickian* times (1827-37) porter, not ale or beer, was in vogue, and, more curious still, brandy-and-water. We do not hear of whisky, though punch, particularly cold punch, was in great demand. The appeals that appear in the *Times* from an eminent cognac firm would in those days have gone home. Port was quaffed in tumblers—the *Pickwickians* once had six bottles among four. The superior ser-

vants sometimes drank shrub or the cold punch. Dickens's touch always gave a sort of enchantment to drinks; witness the famed bottle of double-diamond port, which only a Trappist could think of without an unctuous enjoyment. This choice wine, by the way, is still on sale, and by the same merchants who may have supplied the Cheerybles—to wit, Morgan & Company. Champagne was but little drunk in early Victorian times. Its merit was recognised, and I think it is named in *Pickwick*, but it was caviare to the general public. It was not flowing at Manor Farm during Christmas. Instead, fancy drinking warmed elder wine as a treat at the Holy Season! So it was at Manor Farm, and the beverage was considered good. A friend rising from the book, after reading an account of the Christmas revels, ordered elder wine from a well-known maker of British wines. But this he found not at all like Mr Wardle's 'tap.' It must be made by the housewife with care and according to some antiquated recipe.

Snuff! But few indulge in snuffing now, which seems astonishing, as it is really rather a piquant luxury, perhaps more so than smoking itself. I often used to envy the palpable enjoyment and relish of the habitual snuffer as he took a long-delayed pinch. Virtually, no one snuffs now. You occasionally meet a rare indulger, and at clubs and messes the snuff-box is kept full. And, strange to say, it is still manufactured in large quantities, and therefore largely used, though so few are *seen* to use it. But in *Pickwick* it is constantly taken out and offered. Even the footmen had their 'fox's head,' and practised their nostrils on coffee. It was as a matter of course when you would be intimate with a person to offer him a pinch; so did Perker; so did every one. When I was at school every second boy kept a box, as did most of the masters. We knew all the distinctions between the 'rapee,' 'prince's mixture,' and Lundy Foot's 'genuine high-toast.' I see now, as I look back, Lundy Foot's warehouse, where he did a thriving trade with his staple.

Connected with snuffing is, of course, smoking, which fifty years ago was not a general custom, though there were plenty of smokers. You never met people smoking pipes or cigars in the streets; it was 'bad form.' In the case of the gentry it was considered *low*, and even discreditable. Within doors huge meerschaums were in great vogue. There was supposed to be an enjoyment in 'colouring' your meerschaum, and colliers and other coarse fellows were employed for the purpose.

Violence, personal chastisement, blows, 'thrashings,' &c. were common and accepted incidents in the case of any one being insulting or disagreeable. 'He was knocked down,' or 'I knocked him down,' was a common form in novels or narratives. Boz's stories are full of personal violence, as when old Chuzzlewit hit Pecksniff on the head with his heavy stick and brought him to the floor, or when Wegg was thrown out of Boffin's house into a

passing mud-cart. Pulling Mr Lenville's nose in *Nickleby*, Mr Pickwick squaring up to his friend Tupman, Dowler hunting Winkle round the Crescent, Sam's attack on the Ipswich constables, and the personal encounter at Ipswich between the two editors (a carpet-bag being one of the weapons): these things show that violence was a custom. 'He was horse-whipped,' 'I'll give you a horse-whipping,' or even 'Consider yourself horse-whipped, sir!' Who hears such things nowadays?

Arrest for debt, bailiffs, sponging-houses, debtors' prisons—wonderful and distressing things—these have all vanished; yet I remember the days when people were 'on their keeping,' and could only go out for a walk on Sundays. It is strange to think of those huge prisons, the Fleet, King's Bench, Marshalsea, the 'Rules,' &c., where the whole was a gigantic jail, and there was a regular population under treatment. *Pickwick* and *Little Dorrit* give a far fuller and more vivid account of the Fleet and Marshalsea than could laborious official historians. What a strange feeling it must have been for a gentleman to find a hand laid upon his shoulder as he walked the street, and then to be carried off to the sponging-house!

The Fleet has long since gone, no doubt owing to Boz's terrible picture. But a fragment of the Marshalsea remains, and a very effective fragment—the high wall and house behind calling up all the tragic memories.

What changes, too, in all the apparatus of writing! When I was a boy everybody wrote on letter-paper, and there was no envelope. The letter was folded in a peculiar way that was taught to children, then put in a 'cover.' There were wafers and sealing-wax; no blotting-paper, but sand. Quill-pens were in universal use. There were 'pen-knives,' a name still retained, to 'make' them with. We cannot forget how Miss Squeers shyly brought up her pen to be 'made' by Nicholas. Steel pens were not in use.

And the post! What changes there! How few remember the scarlet liveries and gold-laced hats of the postmen! And the bellman who came round for late letters! It is amazing to think now that the postage for a single letter was then tenpence. One would think that for a busy or diligent correspondent this cost would be a serious burden. But the truth was, at that time people only wrote when they had something to write, and so they wrote rarely; with penny letters they wrote for the sake of writing. There were no stamps or penny postage—though there was a twopenny one for cities. 'Franks'—how often have I heard them asked for, when some good-natured M.P. would sit down and scribble his name on several letters!

We can recall when baldness was thought a disfigurement to be hidden, and young and old wore wigs. These were rich and glossy things with handsome curls. No one minded them. But the moustache, a sound and sensible practice, set in after the Crimean war. Before that time

every one was shaved close. Fine bushy whiskers were in fashion, like those of George Osborn in *Vanity Fair*. A rare person with a moustache was taken to be a foreigner or an officer.

Night-caps have gone for ever. No one, save perhaps invalids, wears them now. But I recall when every one, old, young, and boys, wore night-caps. Mr Pickwick has two side-splitting adventures connected with night-caps.

As for hotels, there were hardly any in London. There were inns, such as the 'George and Vulture' in Cornhill, where Mr Pickwick regularly boarded—a curious oddity—and which was of the type of the old private hotels near the Charterhouse; but it is astonishing how few and how inferior were the greater caravansaries. There was the 'Clarendon,' then as fashionable as the 'Savoy' now is, with Mivart's and Long's; yet they were poor places enough, and had public coffee-rooms with 'boxes' into which any one could enter and order half a pint of wine. Here was the scene of the quarrel between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Nicholas. So lately as 1850 or 1860 the dearth of high-class hotels was extraordinary. Apart from the three mentioned, the others were shabby, uncomfortable places where, like Johnson's leg of mutton, you were ill-fed, ill-kept, ill-dressed, and treated as badly as bad could be. In those days there was a system in vogue that was highly popular: 'bed and breakfast for three and six,' mostly in Craven Street, Strand, and get your dinner where you could.

One of the most astounding changes has been in the growth of the now familiar daily paper. One or two are named in *Pickwick*, but there really were not half-a-dozen London dailies in existence. Now they are uncountable. With all this dearth, no one, we dare say, was 'one penny the worse,' for they had only abridged news and none of those floods of descriptive and rambling effusions which now encumber them. They cost some threepence or fourpence apiece—for there was the stamp-duty marked on each in red.

At parties (soirees), as I remember, trays crowded with little glass vessels filled with negus were handed round. You got a glass of negus for a lady, or it might be lemonade. We can see the drink in the picture of the Pickwick Ball at Rochester. At this period country dances were still danced, and the polka had just 'come in.' The valse, however, had arrived in Byron's time.

The mere mention of the word 'warming-pan' causes a pleasant smile, for is it not ever associated with the genial Pickwick and the amusing Buzfuz: 'Who *does* trouble about the warming-pan?' Certainly no one nowadays, except the antique visitor to Wardour Street. Hot-water bottles have driven out this 'harmless, necessary, and I will say comforting, article of domestic furniture' (*vide* Buzfuz aforesaid).

Dickens and other novelists of his day often dwell particularly on two social customs—to wit, the giving a lady your arm, and kissing.

These practices have disappeared—in public at least. When a lady and gentleman quitted a room together, or on rising from a garden-seat to go into the house, if he were a correct man he offered his arm; witness Mr Hartright in *Hard Times*, who is thus constantly distinguishing Mrs Bounderby. The amount of kissing in *Pickwick* is really enormous; indeed, it abounds all through Boz's writings. When Tupman, a perfect stranger, entered Manor Farm, his first act was to attempt to kiss the housemaid! This speaks volumes for the general prevalence of the custom.

Such a trifling thing as a game of marbles would hardly attract the inquirer now. What boy plays marbles now; or, as Buzfuz asks, where are the 'alley tors' and 'knuckling down'? These were popular things in my boyhood, and some lads could make 'strokes' as surely and skilfully as men do at billiards.

Elections! Who will forget that riotous one at Eatanswill, with the 'hoecussing' of voters, locking them up in stables, upsetting them into ponds, and other enormities? Yet Eatanswill was but a fair type of the rest. We can imagine the nuisance to the district when the poll was kept open for some twenty days, with the frightful cost entailed. Long since the ballot has arrived and abolished all such excesses.

Again, elopements to Gretna, always in chaises-and-four, were common things enough. There was the pursuit, the headlong chase, like Miss Wardle's, described so spiritedly by our author. I recall the phrase being constantly used: 'She eloped with him.' But the blacksmith-clergyman has been suppressed long since, and is not wanted now. Connected with elopements are the duels, which are on the tapis several times in *Pickwick*. Unless a man carefully guarded his speech—the youth of our day cannot so much as conceive of such a thing—he might next morning be stretched upon the sod. I myself have talked to various persons who have 'killed their man,' and was well acquainted with an old Major Fawcett, cousin of the last victim in the last duel. I recall coming home from a country ball in the small hours with some ladies who were in sore distress as to a quarrel between two gentlemen of their party, which, it was seriously discussed, might lead to 'a meeting.' I saw an uncle of my own, who had often been 'out,' hand his card to an annoying gentleman at some place of amusement.

Inns of all kinds abound in *Pickwick*; over twenty are described, but they are of a different species from those with which we are acquainted. They are not like the railway hotel of our day. There was the friendly landlord and landlady, with a generous hospitality. Where are now the Borough inns, with their two and three galleries, centuries old, to which the coaches came? The coaching or posting inns on the great northern roads were wondrous places for accommodation, with stabling for a hundred pairs, and vast chambers, as at the 'Great White Horse' at Ipswich.



Police, too: what changes there! Boz talks of watchmen and 'street-keepers,' who we may suppose were like those personages that watch over Ely Place and the Burlington Arcade. Many can recall the arrival of 'the new police,' then an ungainly-looking lot in their extraordinary costume of tall hat, tail-coat, and white trousers. They were modelled in bearing and manner on the old type, and it took about fifty years before they could be smartened into their present semi-military form or get rid of their tall hats with glazed tops. I remember asking Dickens the origin of these helmets, when he said it was simply for protection from the crashing blows they received from the roughs. It is odd that Boz, writing in 1836-37, should not have made some use of them. Jingle says, 'Get me an officer,' meaning, we may suppose, the Bow Street folk.

How much legal entertainment is furnished at breach of promise actions when the defendant enters the box! But in the early years of the century such could not be witnesses. The change in the law took place many years ago.

Men's dress about the forties was handsome and picturesque. I can recall it perfectly, and it seems to me now infinitely richer and more effective than our present sober and meagre costume. The best idea of it was gained from Irving's revival of the *Corsican Brothers*. There were velvet collars, curly-brimmed hats, coloured short waistcoats, and trousers tight at the knees and calves. The neckerchief had a 'fall' in which was stuck a handsome pin or jewel. I recall a blue waistcoat of my own, shot with silver, and worn with what was called a 'Joinville' tie, and this for evening-dress was in the height of fashion. Far-off days or nights those now!

Now, plain black is your only wear. But the most startling changes have been in ladies' fashions. When Mr Pickwick went to Bath, which was about the year 1828-29, the Bath dames appeared at the rooms in lofty turbans and hats. Ringlets of the corkscrew order were in high fashion, and for outdoor wear the 'poke' bonnet, or what was called 'cottage' bonnet, was invariable. At school, I recall a lovely vision on breaking-up day in a pale-blue satin bonnet; another I can call up in a faint-pink one with white lace veil. The present hat—universal all over the world—came in about the sixties; it was thought a sort of fancy dress, and unbecoming to appear in at church. White hats (worn generally), white trousers or 'ducks,' beaver hats, straps—all these things were universal in the 'forties,' and I have worn them all habitually. Soldiers always appeared in white ducks when the summer began. I have worn straps made of chain-work.

Chariots are now virtually extinct save on occasions of state; yet I recall the days perfectly when they were almost the only private vehicle. There was the coachman on his 'hammercloth,' and the footman behind, standing and bearing a long cane or pole held at an angle. Boz describes the footmen of the 'thirties' as he himself had seen them

and as many of us recollect them, perfectly gorgeous in their liveries or uniform. His account of those splendid and really gifted creatures 'the Bath footmen' offers a wonderful picture of a phase of social life. Only conceive it! Uniforms of rich blue velvet or plum-coloured velvet, garnished with gold epaulets like a General's, crowned by richly laced cocked hats—arrayed, in fact, like the Lord Mayor of London's menials! He describes them minutely. But the thing is almost inconceivable now, save on Court days, when the turn-outs are shabby enough. I remember when every gentleman put his servant in livery, valets included. Mr Pickwick so treated his valet Sam.

Who thinks now of that unusual and unfamiliar vehicle the sedan-chair? We shall find but little about it, and scarcely any allusions to it, save in this immortal *Pickwick*, where such fun has been associated with it that it can never be forgotten. Every one knows the Winkle escapade at Bath. No one of the present generation can ever have seen a sedan in use. *Pickwick* tells us how it was used and when. I don't know where else we could find such an account of it. But I recall these vehicles perfectly. I have seen them in rows on a stand. I have seen them brought into our hall by the invariable Irish chair-men, and, I believe, have been squeezed into one myself with our mamma. Now we find them in museums only, or in the hall of some old mansion. But, I repeat, the world knows all about it and its use from the vivid descriptions in *Pickwick*.

And now, alas! Christmas itself has gone out altogether—another immense change! As is well known, Washington Irving, and after him Boz, set the ball a-rolling. But Irving was the real 'kindly engenderer' of the Christmas feeling, and he started nearly twenty years before Boz. The latter, who was his great admirer, really adapted or even adopted many of these effusive Christmas outpourings. The genial and genuine outbursts in *Pickwick* were really the earliest of his joyous bursts, and for close on five-and-twenty years this enthusiasm was maintained. Then he himself grew cool, and perhaps tired of the subject, simply because he had said all that could be said. There was nothing left. From that fall Old Father Christmas has never recovered. We cannot now conceive it possible that any one should be moved by the spectacle of brothers long parted being reconciled, or of old, hard curmudgeons being converted, by the Holy Season, or of doting husbands who suspected their wives but had all doubts swept away by the breath of Christmas Day and the sight of holly and ivy, &c. But to listen to this for near thirty years—all over and over again—became tiresome.

It is generally agreed, and therefore not worth while repeating, that by this time nearly all the Old London has been swept away. There is scarcely anything of importance left. And yet this work of destruction has been wrought within the last

thirty years. On coming to live in London in the 'seventies,' I found all these old monuments in being; everything described in *Pickwick* was standing; and delightful it was to go and explore, as I used to do, and wonder at these interesting but decayed structures. There were all the old Borough inns, including the 'Tabard' and the 'White Hart.' There was Sion College, Doctors' Commons and its gate, a palace at Aldersgate, Christ's Hospital School, numbers of old almshouses (including Lady Dacre's at Westminster), and much more. As Boz has preserved old habits and customs in his story, so has he left a perfect picture of Old London.

What a change, too, in the format of novels! Young people of to-day could not understand how a story could come out in three distinct volumes—always the orthodox form—price thirty-one shillings and sixpence. This was a heritage of Sir Walter Scott's, when people were delighted to get a single volume on terms of sitting up half the night to finish it. Boz's own peculiar form of issue—twenty green-clad monthly numbers or parts—was a familiar thing *circa* the sixties. More astonishing, however, was the day of the quartos, in which cumbrous shape Poems, Travels, History, invariably appeared. The quarto disappeared about the forties. Many will recall the Annuals bound in 'watered silk,' the 'Books of Beauty,' 'Gems of Loveliness,' &c., full of verses by ladies and gentlemen of fashion. Boz's 'Expiring Frog' in *Pickwick* was meant to satirise these efforts.

It was always a pleasant bit of colour to meet one of the Christ's Hospital little monks, in their strapped blue gowns, 'falls,' and yellow stockings. There were other charity-schools, also with uniforms; but all have disappeared, and Christ's Hospital has been set up in the country. But we have instead all sorts of uniforms, gorgeous hotel-porters', commissionaires', messenger-boys', bank messengers', and nurses' too—who display infinite varieties. Gone for ever, we may hope, the Gamps and Betsy Prigs.

Snuffing the candle was a common form, for it *had* to be done. We children were taught to do it neatly. You gave the wick a touch to one side, and then promptly nicked off the head. Awkward folk put the candle out. We had phosphorus-boxes, sulphur matches, tinder-boxes, but not a 'strike a light.' The favourite lamp was the tall pillar one, an argand burner, and a curiously shaped dome.

Mrs Leo Hunter's salon at 'The Den' was a curious entertainment, very different from the garden-party of to-day. She had hired performers, and the company appeared in fancy dresses: brigands, gods and goddesses, and the like; yet this was in the afternoon! We almost rub our eyes as we think of the oddity of such a spectacle.

Of the smaller Inns of Court there has been wholesale destruction. Clement's Inn, Lyon's Inn, Dane's Inn, and others have been pulled down, levelled to the ground. They were picturesque

enclosures. I remember them all. It is a miracle that Clifford's Inn has been spared, though it is in a sad state of neglect. The Commissioners of Bankruptcy, who sat in Portugal Street, and 'passed' Mr Weller's coachman-friend, are also gone.

Sliding is scarcely practised now, by men at least; and at a country house we should now never see a long string of gentlemen and servants 'going down' a slide, and giving 'the cobbler's knock.'

Another curious change is that in the East End dialect, which was accepted as a note of cockneyism. This we have in Sam Weller's substitution of *v* for *w*, and the reverse. 'Put it down a *wcc*.' This was in vogue so lately as forty or fifty years ago. Now has come the curious and more melodious 'tike' for 'take,' &c. As a servant said to me, she thought the 'tiles in the *Dilly Mile*' were not so stirring as usual.

What a sensation if at some fashionable dinner-party one were now to stoop forward, bow gracefully, and say, 'The pleasure of a glass of wine with you'! Yet this was an invariable ceremonial. If you had only a couple of guests, after the fish was removed the host would courteously give his invitation, the servant would go round with the decanter, and both parties would bow to each other and quaff. Occasionally through the rest of the dinner you would hear, 'Glass of wine?' 'Pleasure!' Then there was, 'We will take you in, Jack.' All which sounds old-fashioned enough; but I recall it as a regular rite at our own table, carving by the host and others, removing the cloth and displaying the fine old mahogany. These things used to be.

The revolution in stage matters is extraordinary. About the forties and fifties there were really not half-a-dozen leading theatres. Half-price—that is inconceivable now, for every seat is occupied once the doors are opened. In Boz's early works we find no allusions to stalls. Box-seats, front row, second row, &c.: these were the choice places—in the balcony as it is now. We can recall the scene at the theatre in *Nicholas Nickleby* with Sir Mulberry and Kate. The stalls were not, I think, generally in use before the seventies at the good old Buckstonian Haymarket, which no one can think of without enjoyment, so entertaining a place was it. I recall going one night with a lady, in the year 1876, to the pit; delightfully comfortable seats with high and sloping backs, but there were then no stalls, for we sat close to the orchestra. Not yet had come the system of tunnelling and burrowing under the boxes and sitting in cimmerian darkness. So lately as Irving's time there was always one short piece to open the night and another to end it. Now no one arrives before the substantial dish, and all fly at once after it is devoured. The playbill, too! Gone the romantic, long, and fluttering tissue-paper bill, the black of which—and what an ebony black it was!—came off on our kid gloves. *À propos*, you always entered the room for a dinner-party in 'kids,' with your lady, wife, or daughter on your arm. Such is a glimpse of these old times and old manners.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

## CHAPTER III.

**M**Y first dinner at the Brun-varad was quite a small affair. To be exact, we sat down eight, and we dined in a small room in the *Waffen-thurm*, the great tower I had noticed on my arrival. The apartment was panelled from floor to ceiling in age-darkened pine, while the ceiling itself was inlaid with a fine design of variously coloured woods. Trophies of spears and ancient muskets adorned the walls. A huge boar's head grinned wickedly at us from above the high stone mantelpiece, and in each corner of the room a small stuffed bear supported an electric lamp.

The table at which we sat was circular in shape and devoid of any covering. It was of dark, slightly polished oak, showing off to advantage the fine old silver and beautiful glass which garnished our meal. In the middle was a handsome gilt centre-piece, from which there stretched to the ceiling a string of artificial wax flowers.

There were two individuals present whom I had not yet been introduced to. One was the Queen's companion and principal maid-of-honour, Fräulein von Helder, a young woman of about four-and-twenty, with a fat, pale, unprepossessing countenance, and small, pig-like eyes. The other was a short, broad-shouldered person with a tremendously thick head of hair and a bushy beard and moustache of coal-black hue. He was the Grossherzog Fritz, the Princess's father. His evening-dress fitted him abominably, and he looked like a picturesque gardener.

'I hope you will like Weissheim, Mr Saunders,' said Her Majesty, whom I was privileged to sit next to, in the most cordial tones she could command. In her evening attire and by the artificial light she looked positively handsome. Her face, indeed, was pale, but the pallor was translucent and not opaque, and her features were clear-cut and distinctly well proportioned. She had a splendid head of gleaming bronze hair, her lips were red—perhaps I should say reddened—and she wore a profusion of jewels both on her shapely neck and on her vivid green gown. She was not perhaps the most lady-like figure in the world, but in her way she was undeniably striking.

'I feel sure I shall like Weissheim, your Majesty,' I replied. 'I have quite made up my mind on that point.'

'One can persuade oneself to like most things,' she retorted; 'but I have never yet succeeded in liking Weissheim—not in winter, that is to say. In the summer it is tolerable, but at this time of year I prefer Cannes.'

'I have a weakness for clean snow,' I said. 'You see, I am a Londoner.'

'Then you can indulge your weakness to the

full,' said General Meyer; 'snow is plentiful at Weissheim.'

'It is five or six feet deep all over the fields,' said the King, 'and up on the mountains as much as twenty or thirty.'

General Meyer had sneered at the snow as if it were something to be ashamed of. King Karl, on the contrary, was evidently proud of it.

'By the way, Saunders,' continued His Majesty, 'are you any good at winter sports?'

'I don't know,' I replied; 'I have never tried my hand at them.'

'Then you are hardly likely to be good at them.'

It was Miss Anchester who made this somewhat caustic remark. I was annoyed, because if there is one thing I pride myself upon, it is my facility for games and pastimes, and I had no doubt that with a little practice I should equal, and very possibly excel, the regular habitués of the place.

Besides, Miss Anchester was a governess—I had discovered that—and governesses, even in a Royal household, are supposed to make themselves agreeable.

'Do winter sports require any special qualifications more than summer pastimes?' I inquired, with extreme politeness.

'They require a good deal of nerve.'

I opened my eyes wide at this retort, insinuating as it did that I might conceivably be lacking in courage. Miss Anchester dropped her eyes before mine and plunged into a conversation with the Grand Duke Fritz. She was certainly a very nice-looking girl in a cool English way. Her fair hair was bright, abundant, and simply done. Her features were regular, almost classic, absolutely calm, and her neck and arms had the roundness and suppleness of a more than ordinarily vigorous young womanhood. Her white evening-dress was simplicity, severity itself; and in this, as in every other way, she was as perfect a foil to the Queen as a lover of contrasts could desire.

On physical grounds I was disposed to approve of her, and it seemed a pity she should be so disagreeable. Had she been otherwise I should certainly have taken the trouble to make myself entertaining to her. I turned to the Prinzessin, who sat on my left.

'Do you like winter sports, Princess?' I asked.

'I love them,' was the enthusiastic response.

'And have you plenty of nerve?' I pursued sarcastically.

She laughed.

'Any amount,' was the whole-hearted reply. 'Unfortunately, my father won't let me go down the Kastel run.'

'The Kastel run?' I repeated.

'Yes; the great toboggan run which starts near



our home, the Mariencastel, and finishes close by the palace here.'

'You must try that some day,' put in the King. 'It's magnificent. Some of these fellows attain a maximum speed of nearly seventy miles an hour.'

'I will try to-morrow.'

'Have you ever done any tobogganing?' inquired Miss Anchester.

'A little,' I replied, recalling some experiences of my early boyhood, 'on tea-trays.' The governess's feelings were expressed by a slight but highly contemptuous smile.

'I would not advise you to go down the Kastel run to-morrow,' she remarked dryly.

'You fear my nerves would not prove equal to the occasion?'

'I fear your bones might not. It is only experienced tobogganers who go down the Kastel run. The Thal run is quite difficult enough and quite dangerous enough for beginners. Then there is the children's run behind the Pariserhof, which is quite easy. I should certainly advise you to start on the children's run.'

'It sounds rather humiliating,' I protested.

'It is far more humiliating than it sounds,' was the quick retort. 'Tobogganing may be classed as a dangerous sport. It is frequently fatal—to one's dignity.'

'And do you toboggan?' I asked, considerably piqued.

'Does Miss Anchester toboggan!' broke in the King. 'Why, she goes down the Kastel run every day of the winter season except Sundays. She won the Grimland Derby last year in record time—two minutes twenty-nine and a quarter seconds.'

I had never heard of the Grimland Derby in my life; but it was doubtless considered a very important event in these parts, and her extraordinary success accounted, no doubt, for the governess's supercilious tone towards a novice like myself. Nevertheless, as the King mentioned her achievement her eyes fixed themselves on the centre of her plate, while a rosy blush overspread her smooth and shapely cheek.

On the whole it was rather an amusing dinner. The chief talkers were the King, who had a wonderful flow of spirits, and the Prinzessinn, who seemed to regard life as a series of huge jokes. She was quite young—barely twenty, I should have said—and I was forced to admit that my original verdict of 'very pretty' had done her a considerable injustice. Her features were more than merely piquant; they were beautiful and delicately modelled. Ruddy as a berry, her complexion was clear and tremendously healthy, while her little black eyes were bright as beads, and laughed as gaily as her dainty lips. She was small, vivacious, enthusiastic, and alarmingly alive to the humorous side of things. She would have cheered up the veriest dullard on earth; and I, who have a fair capacity for badinage, contrived to tickle her sense

of humour almost beyond the bounds of social decorum.

The Queen talked little, and what she said failed to add to the gaiety of the company; while the Fräulein von Helder seemed to care more for assuaging her enormous appetite than the refined pleasures of conversation. As for the Grand Duke, he helped the flow in a spasmodic and perfunctory way, but his thoughts seemed to be elsewhere and his utterances insincere. To the student of human nature there was much food for study; but to my thinking the most interesting of the company was the commander-in-chief, General Meyer. For the most part he remained silent, listening and smiling like some humorous old sphinx, who, while despising mankind, could not help being amused by it. Occasionally he would put his eyeglass into his right eye, lean forward, and deliver himself elaborately of some epigrammatic cynicism; and then he would sip his wine and lean back again with a contented smile, apparently well satisfied with his effort.

After dessert Her Majesty and the three young ladies left us. Coffee was brought, and, the attendants having withdrawn, we four men were left to ourselves. The King, who disliked nothing so much as having everything done for him, rose and unlocked a cupboard, producing a box of cigars.

'Have a priceless Havana, Saunders?' he asked. 'Take care not to drop it,' he added as I helped myself.

'Why not, sire?' I inquired.

'Because it will go into powder if you do. The air here is so extraordinarily dry that it is absolutely impossible to keep tobacco in good condition. Or one's hair either,' he added, passing his fingers through his thick, upstanding locks.

'Yes,' remarked General Meyer, making a wry face, 'everything is extraordinarily dry here, especially the champagne.'

'And your wit,' added His Majesty.

'By the way, cousin,' asked the Grand Duke, 'have you had any more threatening letters lately?'

'No,' replied the King; 'and their unwonted absence is making me positively nervous.—It's a strange thing being a king, Saunders,' he went on to me. 'Here am I, a benevolent monarch devoted to my people, a model husband, and a slave to affairs of State, and yet there is a party, a fairly large party, who if they were strong enough, or cunning enough, would drive me headlong from my place.'

'It is incomprehensible,' muttered the Grand Duke into his bushy beard.

'Your Majesty's army is loyal to the last man,' sneered the General.

'And their chief is a man of immense energy,' said the King dryly, with a side-glance at the last speaker, who was leaning back smoking in his seat, one arm thrown over the back of a chair, and his long legs stretched out reposefully in front of him.

'A man of immense mental energy,' affirmed the commander-in-chief, blowing out a cloud of blue

smoke. 'Besides,' he added slowly, 'the ranks of loyalty have been lately strengthened by the advent of a distinguished stranger from England;' and he waved his hand airily in my direction.

'I'd sooner have Saunders beside me in a tight place than some of your marvellously loyal officers,' said the King. I had yet to learn that my royal host was the most apparently indiscreet and outspoken man in his kingdom. All the same, the strange, half-serious compliment pleased me. It even thrilled me. I felt that if ever I were called upon to stand between the King of Grimland and danger, I would remember those idle words and prove their truth.

'Your Majesty should not cast reflections upon your army,' said the Grand Duke, rising and brushing some cigar-ash off his untidy dress-clothes.

'Your Majesty might do worse,' said the General. 'The officers in your Majesty's First Regiment of Guards, of which your Majesty's cousin His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Fritz has the honour to be colonel, are as dissipated a set of young blackguards as one cares to be saluted by.'

'Dissipation and loyalty frequently go hand-in-hand,' remarked the King thoughtfully. 'It is the teetotal cobbler, the non-smoking lawyer, the vegetarian schoolmaster who are all Republicans to the core of their anæmic hearts. The dissolute young Guardsman has little but his loyalty and his dandy moustache to recommend him, and, wisely enough, he prizes them both.'

I looked to see the Grand Duke's anger rise at these uncomplimentary references to his regimental officers. He merely shrugged his shoulders.

'Boys will be boys,' he remarked.

'Yes; but it is not necessary for them to be monkeys,' retorted the General.

The Grand Duke's face grew a shade darker.

'I hope you are not thinking of my son, General,' he said.

'No,' replied General Meyer, with slow insolence. 'I never think of dear Max after dinner. It would check digestion.'

For a second the Grand Duke showed his white teeth like a dog, and I half-feared violence. With an effort he confined himself to a contemptuous gesture and a meaning nod.

'With your permission, cousin,' he said, 'I will withdraw. Her Majesty expressed a desire to talk with me after dinner concerning what guests I should invite to my Winter Ball at the Marien-castel.'

'That,' said the King as the door closed behind his burly relative, 'is the man whom the good Grimlanders would set upon the throne in the event of my being driven from my place.'

'Assuming,' I said, 'that after such an untoward event he would consent to occupy it.'

'The Grand Duke,' remarked the General dryly, 'has many faults. A lack of ambition is not one of them.—By the way, your Majesty, I have completed the scheme for dealing with a hypothetical

rising, which you commanded me to prepare. The suspected regiments are to be isolated as much as possible, and individuals of a high position who?'—General Meyer stopped.

'It's all right,' said the King; 'you need not hesitate to speak before Saunders. He is an Englishman.'

'I have not the slightest objection to speaking before Mr Saunders,' said the General. 'The details I am about to place before you are far too technical for a civilian understanding, while the places I shall mention will be mere names to him, and probably unpronounceable at that. I ceased my sweet discourse because it occurred to me that some one might be listening outside the door. It is just the gentlemanly sort of thing your devoted cousin Fritz would love to do. Shall I open the door and see?'

'Certainly not,' said the King. 'This chamber was built with a view to secrecy, and the man who can hear through that door has yet to be created.'

'Then I take it we enjoy absolute privacy?'

'Unquestionably. This is the old *Schweigen-kammer*, an apartment used by my less reputable predecessors for secret entertainments of a festive character. Not only could no one outside by any possibility overhear what was taking place within, but no servants even were allowed in the room. The difficulty of getting fresh courses served was overcome in an ingenious way. On a spring being pressed this round table here descended bodily through the floor. The dirty plates were removed and fresh viands set upon the table, which, on a lever being pulled below, mounted again into its original position.'

'And does it work still?' I asked.

'Certainly,' replied the King. 'As a matter of fact the knowledge of some of the goings on which used to take place here managed at one time to leak out, no one could imagine how. Then it was discovered that a small man from the room below could climb up into the cylinder which supports this table, and hear fairly distinctly any conversation that was taking place.'

I looked under the table and perceived that it was supported by a large circular post which looked like the section of a largish oak-trunk. This no doubt was hollow and capable of containing the body of a small human being.

'I will show you how it works if you like,' continued His Majesty. 'In fact, there is no reason why we should not make a descent into the chamber beneath. Come, my friends, mount the *Zauber-tisch*—the magic table.'

Following our host's suggestion, we scrambled on to the table, being careful to avoid upsetting the decanters and wine-glasses which littered it. When we were all three comfortably in position the King leant forward, and putting his hand inside the mouth of the grinning boar's head, which he could now easily reach, pressed a lever. Instantly a circular piece of flooring gave way beneath us in

two flaps, and I realised that we were hanging from the ceiling by the chain of artificial wax flowers which I had deemed but part of the general decoration. Slowly the chain lengthened and the table sank beneath us till the floor was level with our faces and finally above our heads.

'It's all right,' said the King, as the *Zauber-tisch* came to an abrupt stop. 'We don't go any farther. Hallo! Who was that?'

The last exclamation was caused by the slamming of the door. Some one had just left the room in which we now found ourselves, and judging from the violence of the slam, the exit had been a hurried one.

'Who was that?' repeated the King, jumping from the table. Rushing to the door, he flung it open, but all that met his gaze was a dark, silent corridor merging into absolute gloom.

The King repeated his interrogation for the third time, and this time with an oath.

The chamber in which we found ourselves was unlighted, and would have been absolutely dark but for the circular hole above our heads, which admitted a broad stream of light from the brilliantly illuminated *Schweigenkammer*. It was lofty of pitch, a room of massive beams and rough, unplastered masonry. The table, on which the General and I remained standing, was some height above the floor, for the big central shaft which had seemed to support it had in reality passed clean through the floor, doubtless with the object of steadying it; otherwise, hung as it was by a single chain in the centre, it would have swayed and wobbled at every touch. The base of the shaft now rested on the floor of the lower chamber, leaving us at least five feet from the ground. At the King's last inquiry we scrambled down and looked around. On one side was a huge stone fireplace capable of concealing half-a-dozen people, but which as a matter of fact proved to be quite empty. The only piece of furniture in the room was a plain deal chair lying on its side. The General sniffed meditatively.

'Judging from the pleasant odour,' he remarked,

'I should say it was some one who was smoking one of your Majesty's cigars.'

'Fritz!' ejaculated the King.

'He could hardly have got into that,' I said, tapping the table's supporting shaft, and thinking of the Grand Duke's enormously wide shoulders.

'He could not overhear otherwise,' said the King decisively. 'Perhaps he was helping some one else.'

At this moment I caught sight of General Meyer's face. His gaze was riveted to the floor, and his expression was that of a man who has solved a highly puzzling mystery. Following the direction of his glance, I saw what I should certainly have seen before had not my eyes taken some time to accustom themselves to the gloom of the lower chamber. There on the floor, and projecting from the bottom of the table's shaft, was a decent-sized piece of a lady's skirt. It was of a vivid green colour.

The explanation was obvious. Some one who knew the secret of the table had climbed up into the hollow cylinder with the manifest intention of hearing General Meyer's report. That some one had failed to anticipate the possibility of the mechanism being put into play, and the result had been as neat and dramatic a capture as the heart of a dramatist could have desired.

With regard to the prisoner's identity, the particular shade of the green skirt and its rich trimming of old Brussels lace left us in no doubt whatever.

The situation was intensely comic, and neither of my two companions was deficient in the capacity for appreciating the humorous. Yet there was a look on the King's face I had not expected to see, a look that took away the desire to laugh, and made me realise that, however farcical the details, I was face to face with a very real tragedy.

A hand was laid gently on my arm. It was the General's.

'Let us two go and have a game of billiards,' he said.

(To be continued.)

## PORT SOUDAN IN THE MAKING.



EAR by year upwards of four thousand vessels pass through the Red Sea, yet two small harbours are all that are to be found upon the fifteen hundred miles of its African shore.

The very centre of the world's traffic, it has hitherto added nothing to the stream but what an odd coasting-steamer now and again might carry. Not that much else could be expected; for the wildernesses of Arabia lie on one side, and the Sahara, with its narrow fringe of fertility, on the other. Were it not for that southern corner where Africa is even now offering a way into its untried depths, the Red Sea trade might be left to stagnate at its two dingy ports.

With the opening out of East Central Africa, however, new conditions arise, and an outlet will soon be required for a river of trade having its source on the watersheds of the great Nile. For, unlike the Nile, the new trade-stream will not wind its way two thousand five hundred miles through the Soudan and Egypt to Alexandria. For all practical purposes, the Mediterranean port will be useless to Central Africa so long as there is a possible outlet upon the southern reaches of the Red Sea. The competition that will arise will be between existing or possible seaports there.

At present Massowa and Suakin hold the field. Of these, the former, in the Italian colony of Eritrea, commands what commerce Abyssinia has



to offer; while the latter, in the Egyptian Soudan, gathers the meagre trade of the country farther north. The opening out of the eastern parts of Central Africa might convert one or the other of these draggle-tailed harbours into a port of outstanding dignity. A struggle for commercial supremacy is, therefore, threatening Italy in Eritrea, and Great Britain in the Soudan.

Suakin is a dirty dock-village having about one thousand inhabitants, of which three-fourths may be called 'natives,' the rest being Europeans of different nations and morals. The town is set in a rocky, desert region, which imparts a fine, destructive dust to the air, and which produces nothing but a prickly scrub. With the exception of the bank and the Government store, it possesses no building worthy the name. Everything is drab, dilapidated, and deadly dull, the only variety offered being in the matter of smells. These are many and vile.

A railway connects the port with Berber and Khartoum (since the beginning of this year), and this and the caravans divide the traffic between them. The harbour itself is large but shallow, and abounds in rocks and coral-reefs, while out beyond the two white stone columns which rise from the surf to mark the entrance, rank after rank of foam-lines stretch away into the distant sea. These mark the rocky shoals among which a vessel must needs steer its hazardous course to make the haven. Not a reef along that meandering way but has taken deadly toll, and so narrow and tortuous is the channel that none but the smaller craft care to venture, and no captain will dream of navigating the approach after nightfall. With such conditions, all hope of extending the trade that centres here is reduced almost to vanishing-point.

Knowing this, the Government has turned its attention to other places along the Soudan shore. Forty miles to the northward is a sheltered double-gulf large enough to harbour all the navies of Europe. Its sides are coral-lined, the reefs stretching out for about twenty yards from the shore at a depth of three feet, and then suddenly falling away into two hundred feet of water.

Behind this natural harbour lies a wide plain, backed by a range of mountains that extends beyond Suakin, running parallel with the coast.

The land is barren, the birds songless, the fish rainbow-hued. The sea abounds in sharks, the land in scorpions, the air in mosquitoes. But these are the prevailing conditions for many a mile, and do not count.

Such is the spot the Government has selected as the site of the new town and harbour, Port Soudan, which is to supersede Suakin. Already the plain is mapped out and buildings are springing up under the magic touch of the contractor. Already the submerged shelf of coral that surrounds the harbour is being blasted, and the foundations of quays and warehouses are rising; for the coral here is a blessing and not a curse. Now the steam of the locomotive shows white against the sombre granite of the mountain-side, and gaping Nubians can watch the fire-wolf and his train of grumbling jackals winding their way to the very water-side.

At present the conditions of life are somewhat trying. Food of a kind is plentiful. Twenty folk may dine on fish that cost a penny. Three shillings will buy a sheep, fifteen shillings a cow; but vegetables cost a little fortune, having to come a long thousand miles from Suez. Amusements are of a primitive kind. There are leopards, wolves, hyenas, and gazelles to be hunted, and fish of every colour and shape to be caught. There are natives prepared, for a half-piastre thrown among the sharks, to dive for it; or, if this be insufficiently exciting, there is always the possibility of attempting to bathe without providing sport for a shark as well.

The new Nile and Red Sea Railway between Port Soudan and Atbara was inaugurated by Lord Cromer on 27th January, so that the distance between the Soudan and the salt-water has been reduced by nine hundred miles. It joins the military railway at Atbara, and gives connection with Berber on the one hand and Khartoum on the other. The line runs across three hundred and twenty-five miles of desert country, and has cost one million four hundred thousand pounds Egyptian. Lord Cromer believes that the effect of the line will be to create a trade which did not before exist; also, that any large works undertaken in the future to benefit Egypt must be constructed not in Egypt proper, but in the upper regions of the Nile valley. Further irrigation-works for cotton and wheat will be inaugurated.

## TWO LETTERS.

### CHAPTER III.



AFTER the meal was over they went back to the drawing-room. Willie, his mother, and his sister sat together in a corner, and talked eagerly. Lettice sat apart. The May afternoon had turned excessively chilly, rain was falling on the little garden outside, but there was no sign of a fire in the highly

polished grate, with its cataract of willow-shavings and gold-tinsel; while Mrs Hargraves' asthma demanded ventilation. The muslin frock felt chilly. No, the atmosphere of the room grew more and more frigid, physically and morally, as the hours dragged on. Only Miss Hargraves sidled up to Lettice and began to talk in a slow, shy fashion.

'You go to the theatres sometimes?' she

whispered, with a half-frightened glance at the three who were absorbed in earnest conversation in a corner. 'I'm afraid I should like it very much, only I have never been.'

'I go very seldom,' Lettice said, feeling as if a slight thaw had set in. 'I have no time or'—and she laughed—'money to spend upon amusements. A friend takes me sometimes, and I do enjoy it.'

'Doesn't Willie take you?' Susan Hargraves inquired, with a little colour rising to her face. She had nice features, and a rather sweet expression; there were possibilities of good looks about her, only that her gown was of the wrong colour and her hair unbecomingly dressed; also, her whole air was one of dejection and nervousness.

Lettice felt she liked her, as she sat on the hard sofa close to her and looked admiringly into her face.

'Willie doesn't approve of overmuch theatre-going,' Letty answered. 'We went to a *matinée* some time ago, when he had tickets sent him. I must say I thoroughly enjoyed it.'

'What was the play? Did we see about it in the papers?' Susan asked.

Then Letty told her what she had seen, and spoke of the actors, who were mere names to the subdued, gentle spinster, to whom such joys were forbidden. The opera? Yes, Lettice had been at the opera; but it was long ago, when she was quite a child, before father's death.

Susan asked about Letty's parents, having, as she said with a flicker of a tear in her tired eyes, lost her own; and in the sad droop of the lips, that touch of moisture in the eyes, Lettice read a story of suppression and of a life turned awry.

They were chatting more cheerfully, Lettice enlarging upon the glories of certain pictures in the Wallace Collection, when suddenly Miss Stott remembered the stranger in their midst. But the change was not an improvement, so far as Letty's enjoyment was concerned.

'Miss Bayne says there are some pictures there that ought to be burned,' said Ada Stott decisively.

Letty made no attempt at argument. All she said was that she had not observed them.

'I heard you speaking about the opera,' the lady went on in her high-toned fashion. 'Weren't you shocked by the dancing there?'

Lettice said that the opera had been *Lohengrin*, and that she did not remember any incidental dancing.

'Miss Bayne only liked one piece in the whole of that opera,' said the lady.

'I bet that was the wedding-march,' Willie laughed, with a touch of coarseness which astonished his fiancée. 'Shouldn't wonder if she'd dearly like to march to it under other circumstances.'

'Hush, Willie!' rebuked his sister. 'She's coming to tea.'

'Is she?' Lettice thought his tone strange.

'She has done so well with her investments lately,' Ada went on. 'Made a round eighty pounds over some shares she chanced upon. She has a great head for business.'

'I suppose she has,' Willie remarked. 'Has she made any plans for the summer? Going abroad, or that?—'

'She mentioned a trip to Norway, I think—did she not, Susan?—the last time she was here. Said her eighty pounds would just pay her expenses.—She is so rich, you see,' Ada Stott went on, turning to Lettice—'twenty thousand pounds at the very least—that she can do what she likes, being quite independent.'

To the girl who had once belonged to a position in society where every one was wealthy, the recital of this young lady's thousands seemed nothing so very extraordinary. Mrs Clare, with quite as much, regarded herself as poor; but the little girl had the sense to be silent.

'She won't venture out in that rain,' Mrs Hargraves said, looking between the white curtains. 'It is pouring down.—I hope you have strong boots on, Miss Rivers; otherwise you'll get your feet wet even crossing to the tram.'

Letty was conscious of something worse than getting her feet wet. Her pretty shoes, in which she took some little pride, would be utterly spoilt, and they had cost her more than a day's earnings. But she laughed and said she hoped the rain would cease, as Willie turned to her with a smiling reminder that she had not brought an umbrella.

There was a flutter perceptible in the room, a flutter and a thrill.

'She's coming!' said Miss Stott in a sibilant whisper. 'There's a cab stopping at the door!'

Lettice could have smiled at the flutter of excitement which pervaded the room. Mrs Hargraves rearranged her skirts upon her sofa, Ada put straight the draperies of the chair on which her brother had been sitting, while Willie himself ran a swift hand over his already sleek hair, and Miss Hargraves twiddled her limp fingers nervously.

Lettice was not feeling at home amongst these people with whom she was to be so closely connected for the rest of her life; but, with a happy little flash of premonition, she felt that in the time to come she would make Willie so happy that he would not care to be much with them.

The cloaked and umbrellaed figure which rushed up the little garden-path was closely pursued by another of rougher aspect. Loud voices broke the stillness.

'That is your proper fare, man. I will not be imposed upon. I'll call a policeman,' shrilled a hard voice, distinctly audible through the window.

Mrs Hargraves took a violent fit of coughing, Miss Stott uttered a loud 'Ahem!' while Willie laughed. Only Miss Hargraves looked pained, while her face flushed slightly.

'Call yourself a lady, do you?' shouted the enraged cabby. 'Bringin' a pore chap two long miles in a pour of rain, after 'avin' 'alf a mile's jaunt to the 'ouse, an' to offer a man two shillin'!'

'It isn't half a mile from your rank to my place, and'—

The argument ran high—so high that Willie went

to the door and interfered. By whatever means he made peace none of the listening women knew; but it was with a very extensive smile that Miss Bayne sailed into the drawing-room.

'I'm all in a flurry,' she said as she shook hands effusively with Mrs Hargraves, and kissed Ada after a gushing fashion; Miss Hargraves she scarcely noticed. 'Those London cabmen are such a dreadfully rough lot—dreadfully!—How do you do, Miss Rivers? I think I met some cousins of yours at the Schwitzerhorn Hotel when I was in Switzerland.' She said it all in a breath, and, without waiting for an answer, threw herself gracefully into a big arm-chair.—'Really, it quite put me out,' she said, beginning to draw off her long gloves. 'It takes a man to deal with those wretched people;' and she threw an admiring glance at Willie.

She was a showy, handsome woman, of a coarse, high-coloured type. Her dress was solidly handsome, everything of the best, yet the general effect was far from being satisfactory. There were too many feathers on her toque, too much jewellery on her throat. Her arms were loaded with bracelets that jingled as she moved her hands. Her voice was assertive, and her accent had more than a touch of Bow Bells about it. Nevertheless, she was a handsome, prosperous-looking young woman, and one whom some men might admire.

Miss Stott sympathised with her, and gradually drew her brother into the little ring round the visitor's chair, while Mrs Hargraves for the first time addressed herself to Letty.

'My son is hoping to get a share in Faker's,' she said in a deprecatory voice. 'It will be a very great matter for him if he succeeds.'

Letty had seated herself on a low chair close to the couch upon which the semi-invalid reclined. She resolved to make herself agreeable. Her reception by the family had chilled her; but she made allowances, knowing that the ethics of the circles in which they moved were not those of her own people; and Willie was so much better than his family. Besides, Mrs Hargraves was an old lady, and she was a sufferer—that was evident; although, had Lettice noticed it, her appetite was of the best.

'I hope he will succeed,' Lettice said, with her vivid smile. 'He deserves it.'

'Indeed he does,' said his mother, with a sigh. 'But he don't always see what is best for him; he takes and stands in his own light, poor Willie!' And she sighed.

Lettice did not quite know how to reply; therefore she uttered a sympathetic murmur, and the lady went on. 'People must look to the future in this world, not to the gratification of a moment. It's a foolish thing to be led away by fancies. Don't you think so, Miss Rivers?'

Lettice replied that it altogether depended upon circumstances.

'You was country-bred, Miss Rivers?' the lady inquired. 'I understand that your father was a parson?'

Somehow or other the term jarred. Letty's colour rose as she said quietly that her father had been rector of Woolwrych, and her grandfather Bishop of Churton.

'Dear me! and you have to earn your living?' cried the old woman. 'I always thought that bishops and the like died rich.'

Lettice felt her cheeks burn. 'My grandfather's position at the head of a diocese which was far from being wealthy caused him to spend so much of his personal means as to leave his family poor,' she said, feeling that she was gratifying an impertinent curiosity which she ought to have passed over unnoticed. But this was Willie's mother, and a full knowledge of his future wife's family was due to the mother of her fiancé.

'Well, you do surprise me!' the old lady said. 'And I suppose your pa wasn't much of a business man either?'

'My father's parochial duties took up all his time,' Letty answered. 'He trusted others, and found his confidence misplaced.'

'Dear, dear! People can fool away their means in an extraordinary way,' Mrs Hargraves answered, shaking her head. 'I suppose he hadn't anything to leave you—now?'

Again Letty was obliged to remind herself that this was Willie's mother.

'There was very little—about a thousand pounds; perhaps not so much,' she said. 'I have about thirty pounds a year. One can't just live upon that, you know.'

'But a thousand pounds would be the making of Willie!' cried his mother hastily. 'It's just what would put him into the business on the new standing. Does he know you have got so much?'

The old woman was eager, excited. She bent forward and looked hungrily at the girl, who felt strangely surprised. Money was the last thing which she took into consideration, and with this old woman it appeared to be the one thing needful.

'I never told him. Indeed, he never asked,' Letty replied truthfully. 'But I don't think I can touch that money; it is only mine for life. I know so little about business matters, Mrs Hargraves.'

'That's a pity.' The old lady shook her head. 'A wife with business habits is a great help to a business man.'

Letty tried not to feel crushed; and then Miss Hargraves timidly approached.

'Do you take sugar, Miss Rivers?' she asked in her plaintive voice.

Tea was a more formal function than Letty had expected, Miss Bayne dominating the scene. Her assertive manners, her loud laughter, the rustle of her dress when she moved—everything appeared to get on the girl's nerves and jar them; but she tried her best to keep herself in hand, and Willie all at once seemed to remember her. Possibly, when he looked into the sweet, mobile little face, with its delicate tints and gracious refinement, his heart may have smote him just a little.



Then there was a great cloaking and tucking up of Miss Bayne's gorgeous gown in the hall, and a whistling for cabs, in which Willie took a very prominent part. It was a relief when the magnificent young woman departed.

'Don't you think her very handsome and very bright?' Miss Stott inquired gushingly, as she sat down beside Lettice for the first time. 'She knows so much! Has had such a brilliant education, and has travelled! How it does brighten up any one! Don't you think so?' she went on, without waiting for Letty's reply. 'Maud Bayne has been my great friend for years—years. We know all there is to be known about her.—Oh, Willie, did you hear her say she is going to help at that great bazaar which one of the Princesses is to open early next month? Every one is to wear a dress out of history, and she's to go as—as—a Court Lady of the Reformation.'

Lettice did not correct her, but she smiled slightly; and the other went on singing the praises of her idol until Willie laughingly bade her talk about something else.

Then came supper, and time to return to London town and busy life.

Miss Hargraves was sympathetic.

'Oh, Miss Rivers! you cannot possibly go out

without a waterproof. You must positively take the loan of mine,' she cried eagerly. 'It will be the very greatest pleasure to me if you accept it.'

Letty murmured something as to how she was to return it.

Miss Stott struck in.

'Leave it in the waiting-room at the station,' she said. 'The woman there knows me.'

'But it is Miss Hargraves' cloak,' Letty returned.

'Willie, why don't you take a cab?' Susan cried, her face flushing slightly.

'Nonsense,' Miss Stott protested. 'It is only a step to the station; and then Miss Rivers has your waterproof.'

'A cab would be unnecessary extravagance,' said Mrs Hargraves in her hoarse voice. 'It's only a few minutes' walk to the train, even if you can't get a tram.'

Letty said nothing; only she blamed herself for not having tried sufficiently hard to make these people understand her. She felt both depressed and dissatisfied with her day. She was rather fluttered when Susan Hargraves dropped a hasty kiss upon her cheek as she fastened the cloak round her neck. 'I think Willie a very fortunate man, dear,' she said in a trembling whisper.

*(To be continued.)*

## OUR NEGLECTED CANALS.



**W**HAT a melancholy spectacle is presented to the traveller who, in journeying about England, comes again and again, especially in the Midlands and the south, upon canals which appear to have fallen into a state of disuse! What a pity it seems that such great works, which must have taken years and the toil of thousands of men to construct, should now be so little needed!

Such neglect have our inland waterways met with during the past twenty years that they seem to be the relics of some past civilisation. No longer adapted to the uses of present-day requirements, looked upon as things which have served their purpose and are now struck off the active list of modern-day methods of transit, they appear to have been relegated to a back seat as slow and cumbersome, as altogether unsuitable, in fact, for the hustle and bustle which characterise the means of transport of to-day.

It is all the more depressing when, on the map, our canals present such a fine means of communication from one place to another. They make quite a network of waterways, joining rivers here, linking towns together there, and making it possible to journey from one end of the country to the other, and from the east coast to the west. And yet, in spite of the advantages which the general use of them would mean, many have been allowed to sink into a state bordering on stagnation and decay.

The Prime Minister said in December last that 'few things are more capable of benefiting both town and country than the development, if it can be developed, of our system of canals. It will facilitate transit; it will open markets; it will bring town and country together. We have, therefore, resolved to ask the King to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole question.' From a list prepared by Mr Lionel B. Wells, M.Inst.C.E., it appears that the English canals and inland navigations have a total length of three thousand nine hundred and fifty-four miles, of which four hundred and thirty-five miles are more or less derelict, and one thousand three hundred and ninety-nine miles are controlled by railway companies.

What twenty or thirty years ago were thriving ways of communication and transit between all the large centres of population in the country are now very little used. The bustle and life have been succeeded by the calm and quiet of death. Where the barges used to cleave the waters in an almost continuous stream, it is now on some canals almost the exception to see one. The tow-paths are often thistle-covered, the trees overhang the banks, the waters are partially or wholly covered with weeds and water-flowers, and there is nothing to stay the growth now that the barges no longer creep steadily along and keep the channel clear. On too many of our waterways all is silent save for the singing of the birds in the trees and the cries of the boys

enjoying themselves to their hearts' content in the lazy waters.

What a contrast this state of things offers to the bustle which is found on the canals of the Continent! Compared to the inland waterways of France, Belgium, Austria, Germany, and Holland, those of Great Britain are almost out of the running. Of all the countries where canals form part of the means of communication and transport, our own land shows least of all.

Where in recent years our expenditure on canals and their increase has been almost nil, France has been going ahead rapidly, expenditure under this head on works now being constructed or contemplated being no less than twenty million pounds. Austria-Hungary is also forging ahead rapidly in this direction; canal construction in that empire during the next seven years will, it is estimated, cost some ten million pounds. Belgium has expended fifteen million pounds during the last quarter of a century, and the Prussian Parliament is considering new schemes which will total to a like sum. Where the United Kingdom can show a length of nearly four thousand miles of inland waterways, France nearly doubles that number with seven thousand five hundred miles, Germany can boast of six thousand two hundred and fifty, and go-ahead Belgium nearly twelve hundred and fifty. This means that the United Kingdom has one mile of canal to every thirty-three and three-quarter miles of territory, France one in twenty-seven and a quarter, Germany one in thirty-three and a third, and Belgium one in nine. This comparison points to an unhealthy state of affairs with regard to this country. How is it that the canal-trade of the United Kingdom has lapsed while that of other countries has been progressing by leaps and bounds?

The great use made by foreign manufacturers of their canal system enables them to bring raw materials to their factories, and to send the finished product to the ports at such cheap rates, for sale abroad, that it is easy to understand why goods of foreign production are in some cases underselling the British-made article in our own markets. In Germany, also, the great importance of canals is fully realised and acted upon. In that empire, during the past thirty years, the number of canal and river boats has increased by 30 per cent., and their carrying capacity by 150 per cent. The large increase in the use of canal-boats propelled by steam has resulted in the reduction of the cost of transport by quite one-half, less than a farthing being the present carriage of one ton per mile.

Canals, compared to railways, are a much cheaper means of transport, especially for heavy goods. A canal-ship of some five hundred tons will carry as much goods as fifty railway wagons. It is cheaper by quite one-third in carriage per ton. Only one-thirtieth of the hauling-power necessary on level railways is required. Another great advantage is that the canal-boat can load and unload at any

place on the route, and the expenditure for men and materials is much lower.

Now that the motor-engine has been brought to such a state of perfection, the vista before the enterprising canal companies is decidedly brightening. Up to quite recent times the chief reason advanced against sending goods by canal was the extreme slowness and length of time taken on a long journey. This reason, now that motor-barges are rapidly coming into more common use, should soon be a thing of the past.

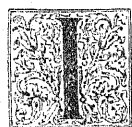
Considering the success canals have met with on the Continent, it seems a great pity that they have not been taken up in this country with the interest that they deserve. Many hold to the opinion that the railway companies are to blame for this negligence. Although partly so, this is not entirely the case. Of the four thousand miles of navigable canals in the United Kingdom, only one thousand four hundred, in round numbers, are owned by the great railway corporations, the remainder being held by the various canal companies. The railway magnates are to blame, however, for attempting to stifle an industry which threatened them with serious competition in goods traffic, and they seem to be going against their own interests in keeping their holdings in such a condition of disuse.

But now that a spirit of unrest is prevailing in the world of locomotion (new methods being tried here and new systems there of cutting down expenses and furnishing new means of transport), perhaps the railway companies will once again turn their attention to the canals as a means of transmitting goods at cheaper rates than at present, and at the same time relieve their lines of the state of congestion into which they often get. If the canal companies proper, too, could only have infused into them a little of the energy which prevails amongst the canal officials of the Continent, there is no reason why this industry should not once again be placed on a sound footing. Granted this, every one should benefit. Goods would cost less in transit; employment could be found for many a man who knows not now where to earn his daily bread; industries which at present are being hard hit by foreign competition would prosper again, for the cost of carriage would be lessened and the difference taken off the retail cost of the home-produced article, and the declining industry of barge-building would receive a fillip.

During the past few years interest in our inland waterways has revived somewhat. A Government Commission has been appointed. Chambers of Commerce have taken up the question and have advocated the transference of the canals to a national trust. This may be taken as a sign of the times. Whether it would be the better policy to nationalise the canals is doubtful; but, anyway, it shows a reawakening to the possibilities of one of our great means of transport, and, from the renewed interest, the result may be that in a few years our inland waterways may compare much more favourably with those of France, Belgium, and Germany, to mention only three canal States, than they do at present.

## TWO MASTERS OF FENCE.

By 'THORMANBY,' Author of *Kings of the Hunting-Field*; *Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun*, &c.



IN the old duelling days the pistol was always a more popular weapon in England than the sword, and there was consequently never the same inducement to cultivate a mastery of the art of swordsmanship as there has been, and still is, in France. But fencing was considered an essential part of an English gentleman's education, at any rate up to the close of George the Third's reign; and for upwards of eighty years there was no name better known in the fashionable world than that of the Angelos, father and son. Not to have taken lessons of Angelo was considered a slur upon the reputation of any man who aspired to a place in the *haut monde*. The elder Angelo, whose real name was Dominico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo, was a native of Leghorn, and from his youth was remarkable for his singularly graceful figure and handsome features, as well as his extraordinary skill in horsemanship and swordsmanship.

The incident which led to his visiting England was a romantic one.

While at Paris a distinguished nobleman invited all the best swordsmen of the city to a tournament at his hotel. Angelo was one of those who accepted the invitation; and just as he was entering the salon, Mistress Peg Woffington, the celebrated actress, then at the zenith of her fame, who had already made the acquaintance of the handsome Italian, stepped forward and presented him with a bouquet, at the same time expressing a hope that he might win. Every one was surprised at this striking mark of favour from the reigning belle, who had all the notabilities of the day at her feet; but Angelo, with a graceful bow, fastened the bouquet over his heart, and said gallantly, 'Madame, this I will protect against all comers.'

And he kept his word, for though the most expert swordsmen of the time were opposed to him, not one of them succeeded in touching a single leaf of the bouquet.

It was at the invitation of the gay and volatile Peggy that Angelo came over to England. At first Angelo was only known professionally as a riding-master, and in that capacity his success was sudden and surprising. Before he had been established eighteen months he was patronised by the first families, and was making two thousand pounds a year; and when he reached the height of his fame and prosperity his income was close upon five thousand.

Then he married, and his marriage was of a piece with the rest of his romantic life. One evening, as he and Peg Woffington were sitting together in a box at Drury Lane, Peggy called his attention to a very beautiful girl in a box opposite. Angelo looked across and saw a face which from that moment haunted him. He could not rest till he had been

introduced to the young lady, who turned out to be a Miss Masters. The gallant Italian wooed and won her. She became his wife, and wherever they went together they were pronounced the handsomest couple in the kingdom.

All this while Angelo had been known to be a splendid swordsman, but he only gave lessons in fencing as a favour. The following incident, however, gained him such a name as a master of his weapon that he found it would be profitable to take up fencing professionally. A Dr Keys, reputed to be the best fencer in Ireland, challenged Angelo to a public trial with the foils. The match came off at the Thatched House Tavern, St James's Street, in the presence of a large and fashionable company, including many ladies. The doctor, a tall, athletic man, wearing a huge wig, appeared on the scene without coat or waistcoat, his great, brawny arms bared to the shoulder. Angelo looked a mere stripling beside him. But the doctor, who had primed himself well with cognac beforehand, depended more upon sheer strength than science to win him the victory. The wily Italian let the big Irishman exhaust himself in a series of furious but futile assaults, then with singular rapidity and dexterity planted upwards of a dozen most palpable hits upon his enraged adversary, and was hailed the winner with tremendous plaudits. From that time he was besieged with aristocratic pupils, and his income was doubled.

His success procured him many professional enemies, however, and his son Harry tells the following story of an adventure of his father's in Paris: 'There was a French officer whom my father met there who boasted of being a first-rate fencer. Motives of jealousy induced him to waylay my father one night, and he was cowardly enough to insult and then draw his sword upon him. My father happened to be only armed with a *couteau de chasse*, a short, small, edged sword usually worn in undress; but he acted on the defensive for some time, when at last he made a home-thrust at the officer, who fell directly, groaning, and at the time there was every reason to think that he was mortally wounded. The officer was taken home. The next day my father waited on him, when, to his surprise, although it was thought that there was very little hope of his adversary's recovery, still, though he lay in bed gasping, there was not that alteration in his countenance which might be expected. My father instantly suspected he must have had a cuirass, and, throwing off the bed-clothes, suddenly discovered the disgraceful stratagem to which he had resorted. This anecdote I have also heard my father mention: that when fencing with Marshal Saxe, who was a scholar of Tailligori's, the Marshal, being displeased at a hit he had received, took my



father—not a little man—in his arms and walked round the room with him as if he had been a child.'

Angelo now purchased of Lord Delaval the large mansion known as Carlisle House, just off Soho Square, and erected there a spacious riding-school and fencing-saloon. It was the custom for noblemen and gentlemen to send their awkward sons to board with Angelo at one hundred and one hundred and fifty guineas a year—very high terms for those days—to be licked into shape, and there were sometimes as many as twenty or thirty of these 'unlicked cubs,' as Angelo called them, residing with him at the same time. Carlisle House became a rendezvous for all the wits and celebrities of the day, and the Italian fencing-master's dinners were renowned. The elder Angelo lived to the great age of eighty-seven, enjoying respect, prosperity, and the possession of all his faculties to the last. Indeed, so little impaired was his bodily vigour that he gave a lesson in fencing the very day before his sudden and unexpected death.

I may add that Angelo's seat on horseback was so fine and graceful that he was engaged by the American painter Benjamin West to sit for the equestrian figure of William III. in the well-known picture of the Battle of the Boyne, and was also the sculptor's model for the equestrian statue of the same monarch in Merrion Square, Dublin.

His son Harry, the younger Angelo, followed worthily in his father's footsteps. He was witty and agreeable, a perfect gentleman, educated at Eton, and well qualified to play his part creditably among the *crème de la crème* of the world of fashion and sport. The list of Harry Angelo's pupils included half the peerage, and he held a position in society which no fencing-master, with the single exception of his own father, could ever boast of before or since. The wild Lord Barrymore was very fond of Harry Angelo. In his *Reminiscences*, the famous fencer gives the following as an instance of Lord Barrymore's extravagance and eccentricity. Describing his lordship's lessons in fencing, Angelo says: 'On our third set-to he was provided with two new white kerseymere jackets, one for himself and another for me; when, after the *coup d'essai*, he rang the bell and desired Trebby, his valet, to bring him the blacking-pot. This was placed on the floor, and his lordship, dipping the end of his foil in the liquid, and inviting me to do the same, with his usual exclamation, "Fair-play's a jewel," we recommenced, and after thrusting at each other for an hour, left off spotted all over like the skin of the leopard. This extravagant folly, which cost him new jackets each lesson, continued for some time, in spite of all my remonstrances; he swearing he would never cease until he had made Angelo as black as Diavolo.'

Harry Angelo was as popular at the east as at the west of Temple Bar. His rooms at the venerable Paul's Head Tavern, Catton Street, were crowded, and he was instructor in swordsmanship to the City of London Light Horse Volunteers, a fine body of

cavalry raised by the City men at the time of the invasion panic.

Like his father, Harry lived to a ripe old age—he was eighty when he died. But for many years previously he had retired from London life, and passed the evening of his days in a snug little cottage which he had purchased, about two miles from Bath. There, with no other company than his pet poodle and his guitar—except when some old patron paid him a passing visit, when there was always a bottle of rare old port forthcoming to celebrate the occasion—Harry Angelo amused himself by jotting down his reminiscences of the various scenes in which he had played a part and the notable characters with whom he had mingled in the course of his professional career. And he had hobnobbed with the very highest: had shared in the revels of the Prince Regent and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and York, and entertained marquises, earls, and barons at his own table. Indeed, to dine or sup with Harry Angelo at his snug little crib was considered a high privilege, though the fare was nothing more sumptuous than a broiled steak and a bottle of old port. The party never consisted of more than four besides himself. One quartette Harry tells us of must have been a lively one: Theodore Hook, Lord Byron, John Jackson ('The Emperor of Pugilism'), and Jack Bannister ('The King of Comedians'). Strange contrast between these scenes and the quiet solitude of the little country cottage, where, almost forgotten by the world, the last great fencing-master in England passed peacefully away!

#### SERENATA.

ALL things on sea and shore  
Have sought their rest:  
The mew his aerie, love;  
The hawk his nest.  
For dayspring evermore  
Dark shore and sea  
All wait aweary, love—  
And I for thee.

Faint clouds on silent wing  
Fleet o'er the moon;  
'Mid their rocks wailing, love,  
The night-winds croon;  
Stands the cliff glimmering  
To the dim skies;  
The stars are falling, love—  
And my heart dies.

Hush! from the vapoury drift,  
Where sleeps the vale,  
Comes softly wending, love,  
A phantom pale:  
A white form stealing swift  
Near—near—more near.  
Ah, pain hath ending, love,  
When Love is here!

C. H. ST L. RUSSELL.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE COMING OF THE ANIMALS.

**I**N one particular direction natural history differs unaccountably from its sister sciences. The historical aspect of zoology, strangely enough, has been almost completely neglected, though reasons for this are perhaps not far to seek. Animals or birds of a new or strange species, when brought for the first time from remote regions to a European country, were frequently in those unscientific olden days confounded with somewhat similar species that were already known. In the case of particularly novel animals—as, for instance, the elephant or the giraffe—such mistakes could not be made; but with creatures closely related or with marks less distinguishing, error was the rule rather than the exception.

The uncertainty which exists as to the primary introduction of many now well-known wild animals into England should have, although apparently it has not, given an added glamour to this byway of a great science.

Many romantic incidents are attached to the story of the gorilla, and the first living specimen which is known to have been introduced into England does not lack a setting of interest. The existence of the gorilla had at the time been for some years indisputable. A skeleton of one had been sent to England in 1851, and a specimen in spirits adorned the British Museum. But the first living animal belonged to a travelling showman, who in 1860 exhibited it as a chimpanzee. Unfortunately, its proprietor's mistake was not discovered until a photograph of the animal was shown after its death. In 1876 a young one arrived in England, being on its way to Germany, and several specimens have at intervals been shown in the Gardens of the Zoological Society; but all, despite the utmost care and attention, have lived but for the shortest space of time in a climate so uncongenial to them.

The rhinoceros has now been known in England for nearly two and a quarter centuries. It has been traced with certainty as far back as 1684, for the newsletters in the summer of that year record the

arrival in London of a living specimen, the first ever seen in England. It was put up for sale by auction in the old-fashioned manner by the burning of an inch of candle. A Mr Langley, an enterprising amusement caterer of the time, purchased the animal for two thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, paying five hundred pounds as a deposit. Being, however, unable to raise the remainder of the sum, he could not complete the purchase, and forfeited the deposit and the rhinoceros. It was again offered by auction, but the owners could not find a purchaser; they therefore exhibited it, and, as the gossipy old records tell us, made fifteen pounds a day by charging visitors 'twelve pence apiece' for a sight. As much as two shillings had to be given for the privilege of a ride. This was not the earliest specimen seen in Europe, though it is probable that since the days of the ancient Romans only one other living example had been seen by untravelling Europeans—the famous animal sent from India to King Emanuel of Portugal in 1513. Dürer, from sketches sent to him from Lisbon, made his drawing of this animal which was so fantastically copied by many later artists. So savage and unmanageable was this rhinoceros that, as Mr Beddard tells us, King Emanuel considerably sent it as a present to the Pope. On the voyage, however, the beast, in an outburst of fury, sank the vessel, thus depriving his Holiness of a unique acquisition. In 1739 a rhinoceros was exhibited in various European countries; and again two years later another was shown. The one whose skeleton Cuvier examined was the fifth seen in modern Europe. It died in 1793, when about twenty-six years old, having been brought to Versailles in 1771. Three years before its death another rhinoceros arrived in England, sent from the East Indies as a present to Mr Dundas. It was sold for seven hundred pounds, to be exhibited at that eighteenth century Zoo, the Exeter 'Change. These were Asiatic species; the first African rhinoceros to arrive in England, or indeed in Europe, being that lodged at the London Zoo in 1868.

The giraffe is an importation of much more recent date, the first living specimen in England being the one sent to King George IV. by Mehemet Ali in 1827. It survived but a few months in the Royal Menagerie at Windsor, and nine years elapsed before any others reached English shores.

Presents from foreign monarchs to European Sovereigns have frequently been the means of introducing new varieties to scientists or to the public. Thus the zebra, known as Grévy's zebra, was presented in 1882 by the Emperor Menelik, then King of Shoa, to the President of the French Republic, after whom it was named.

The thirty-seven elephants which accompanied Hannibal in his passage of the Alps have passed into history, with the equally famous one which the Caliph sent as a gift to the Emperor Charles the Great. Their introduction into England is a matter of much later date; but as long ago as the times of the later Stuarts they were often to be seen as attractions at the English fairs.

The hippopotamus is a much more recent importation. The first ever seen in England since primeval times was landed in 1850. It was procured specially for the Zoological Society, which had previously made many futile efforts to obtain one. Captured as a three-days-old calf on an island in the White Nile, it was brought with great care to England, and conveyed by special train to London. Although the first hippopotamus in Europe, west of Constantinople, for fifteen centuries, it lived in the Gardens twenty-eight years. Three years after its arrival it was joined by a mate, and in the course of many years three calves were born to them.

I have been unable to trace the cassowary in England farther back than the reign of Queen Anne. It is recorded that one was then exhibited in a booth at Bartholomew Fair, and Professor Henry Morley in his *Memoirs* of that ancient institution has preserved its quaint description: 'The Noble *Casheware*, brought from the Island of

Java in the East Indies, one of 'the strangest creatures in the Universe, being half a Bird and half a Beast, reaches 16 Hands High from the Ground; his Head is like a Bird, and so is his Feet . . . his Body is like to the Body of a Deer; his fore-part is covered with Hair like an Ox . . . he Eats Iron, Steel, or Stones; he hath 2 Spears grows by his side.' A very remarkable creature that cassowary must have been.

Lions and leopards are visitors of much earlier date. The latter have been known in England at least since 1235, when the Emperor Frederick sent three to the King of England.

Probably the first yak in England was that brought from India by Warren Hastings; whilst elands were first imported by the Earl of Derby in 1840.

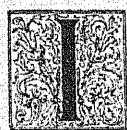
The kiwi, the bird which is in many respects the strangest in the world, was brought to England probably for the first time in the 'fifties.'

The coming of the Chinese alligator attracted considerable attention in the 'eighties,' equalled, however, by the arrival of the first specimen of the Himalayan snow-leopard several years ago—unique as perhaps the last species of the cat-tribe to become known in the British Isles.

This is necessarily but the fringe of an entertaining subject. Many are the odd and amusing stories told of the coming to various countries of strange, non-indigenous animals. Such an one is the story of the Japanese and the tigers, although its authenticity is perhaps not unimpeachable. Many years ago, when Japan was still an infant Power, the Japanese Custom-House authorities insisted that before they could pass two tigers imported for exhibition, certain dues must be paid. The showman declined, telling the officials that as they would not let him bring in the tigers without payment of dues, he would let them loose, and they could do what they liked with them. So it was very gracefully decreed that the charges were remitted.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

### CHAPTER IV.



**I** FOLLOWED General Meyer down the dark corridor, stretching out my arms to protect myself from imaginary obstacles. The General seemed to know the way well, for he never troubled to strike a light even when the darkness became absolute. Presently we came to a narrow slit in the masonry, which admitted a faint but welcome gleam from the snow-lit night without. I could just see that we were at the foot of a circular stone stairway, and this we mounted. At the top a heavy, iron-studded door gave on to a corridor, and after a long and highly intricate meandering we found ourselves outside the billiard-room door.

The sound of voices within met our ears, and I was about to enter, when the General checked me with a hand on my arm and a finger on his own lips. Evidently the policy of eavesdropping was not confined to the King's enemies. Disagreeable though it was to participate in such an odious practice, I realised that the proceeding was one in which I was rather a spectator than an actor, and that I had no more right to object to this method of procedure than an onlooker at a game of cards has a right to call attention to an irregularity in the play. After all, I reflected, the situation perhaps was sufficiently serious to justify this meeting of guile by guile; and honour, like morality, was largely an affair of latitude and longitude.



The first voice I heard was that of the Princess Mathilde. There was no laughter in her tones now, but the quavering excitement of scornful anger.

'You call yourself a priest,' she said bitterly, 'and you are ignorant of a priest's first duty—obedience.'

'Who told you a priest's first duty was obedience?' was the calm retort in a singularly deep voice.

'I know it,' was the inconsequent reply. 'Is not discipline the very backbone of the Church? Who are you to set yourself up against the Archbishop of Weidenbruck?'

'I am a man,' replied the deep voice, 'and I have a conscience.'

'A conscience that rebels against authority,' countered the Princess contemptuously, 'and you call yourself a good Catholic!'

'I would sooner be a good man than a good Catholic.'

'Bah! you talk like a pernicious heretic.'

'A daughter should obey her parents,' retorted the other; 'yet there are things which you would refuse—and rightly—to do at your father's bidding. Man is imperfect, and absolute authority is a thing to be entrusted to few. Because the Archbishop lays down an improper course of action for Her Majesty, is it necessary that I should support his erroneous policy by advice which would come from my lips, and my lips alone?'

'Miss Anchester, did you ever hear such casuistry?' cried the Princess.

'It's no good appealing to me,' came the cool, dispassionate tones of the governess; 'you see, I am only a pernicious heretic.'

'But surely your clergy obey their bishops?'

'Not invariably,' was Miss Anchester's dry but truthful answer. 'But I fail to see that you have much to grumble at. If, as you say, the Queen is a good Catholic, she will assuredly obey the Archbishop rather than a subordinate.'

'The Queen is a deeply religious woman,' said the Princess. 'She is always having conversations with me of a spiritual nature, and I know that she sets the welfare of her soul above all things. Her instinct is to do right as the Archbishop tells her; but it is hard for her to do her duty with this man always at her elbow advocating his vile theories.'

'The vile theories of conjugal fidelity and patriotism,' added the bass voice, with a touch of calm scorn.

'Oh, I hate you!' cried the Princess wrathfully.

'Listen,' continued the other sternly; 'you say it is the Queen's duty to play her husband false, to betray his plans to another who wishes to usurp his throne. Are these things in accordance with your abstract ideas of virtue, or are they justified by some great moral delinquency on the King's part?'

'He is an atheist.'

'He is a freethinker who has quarrelled with the Archbishop. His theological views may be regrettable; but on the subject of his quarrel, far too delicate a matter for your ears, I hold that His Majesty was unquestionably in the right.'

'Time-server!'

I heard the impatient stamp of a foot, and the male voice answered with the vibration of rising anger.

'Foolish girl,' it cried, 'what have you to do with politics? What do you know of the world and its wickedness at your years? Go back to the Mariencastel and pray God on your bended knees to deliver you from the faults of your race: pride, temper, and ungovernable ambition.'

But the Princess was not to be cowed, and there was a fearless reiteration of the opprobrious epithet, 'Time-server!'

I saw my companion's face wrinkle into a smile of infinite amusement. Suddenly I heard steps approaching down the corridor, and without a moment's hesitation the General thrust me into the shadow of a pilaster, and flattened himself against the wall by my side. The approaching individual was the Grand Duke Fritz. His black beard thrust viciously in front of him, his bared white teeth, his gleaming eye, and hurried, rolling gait, presented a picture of unedifying and uncontrollable passion. Without glancing to left or right he made straight for the billiard-room and flung open the door.

'Is that cursed priest here?' he demanded. 'I've searched the whole Brun-varad for his vulture face— Ah! there he is.' Obeying the pressure of General Meyer's hand, I entered the billiard-room with him. The scene that met our gaze might have been a prearranged tableau, so dramatic was its disposition, so effectively were the figures posed. On one side of the fully lighted billiard-table stood the two ladies, the Princess and the governess, the dark Grimlauder and the fair English girl. At the rough, threatening intrusion of the Grand Duke they had joined hands with an instinct of mutual support in the face of possible violence. On the other side of the table, his broad back towards us, was the Grand Duke, his whole attitude menacing and furious. Beyond, and facing us, was a tall young man of about five-and-twenty, dressed in the long black garments of a priest. His forehead was lofty, his cheek-bones prominent, his nose high and aquiline. It was a pale, proud face, with big flashing eyes and a mouth that seemed readier for scorn and rebuke than comfort or tenderness. Not one of the four noticed our quiet entry.

'*Schweinhund!*' spluttered the Grand Duke, using the deadliest insult in his verbal armoury, 'you told the King that the Queen and I were listening underneath the *Schweigenkammer*.'

'Your Royal Highness is mistaken,' replied the priest calmly. 'I gave the King no such information, for the simple reason I had no such information to give.'

'Liar! You wheedled our plans out of the Queen, and then betrayed them.'

A faint tinge of colour came into the priest's pale cheeks at this insolent reflection on his professional reticence, but he controlled himself admirably.

'You are wrong,' he answered, 'and you have only to inquire of Her Majesty to prove your error. She made no mention to me of any intention of eavesdropping beneath the *Schweigenkammer*.'

'Then how was it,' demanded the Grand Duke fiercely, 'that when, with my assistance, she had climbed up into the shaft of the *Zauber-tisch*, the mechanism of the cursed thing was put in motion and Her Majesty caught like a rat in a trap?'

There was a little gasp of astonishment from the Princess at the information conveyed in these words, and a gleam of amazement shone in the priest's eyes. He did not answer, however, but merely shrugged his shoulders.

'Was it chance, or was it treachery?' persisted the Grand Duke aggressively.

'Your Royal Highness seems to forget the existence of Providence.'

'Providence! *Geier-falken*, why should Providence help you? The Queen is as often on her knees as you.'

'The prayers of a righteous man avail much,' quoted the priest scornfully; 'the prayers of a treacherous woman are possibly less effective.'

The answer was swift and unexpected. Losing the remnant of his self-control, the Grand Duke struck the priest a heavy blow with his right fist. The stricken man reeled, but for an instant only. He was a tall man, and the blow which had been meant for his face had only reached his hard, lean chest. The light of battle kindled in his eye, and for the moment he feared we were about to witness an unedifying rough-and-tumble. Then something seemed to check the priest in his counter-attack, and I saw that in the Grand Duke's hand which would have checked any one but a madman—the gleaming barrel of a Grimland army revolver.

'Don't lose your temper, Mr Vulture-priest,' said the Grand Duke, whose calmness had returned suddenly in the face of a possible attack. 'I don't want holy blood on my soul.'

'Some things are too foul to be stained,' cried the other bitterly.

'Father, don't kill him!' cried the Princess, who evidently anticipated the worst results from this retort. But the Grand Duke remained with his revolver covering the priest's body, silent and unheeding.

'Your Royal Highness,' said General Meyer in the silence that followed the Princess's interruption. Instantly every one but the Grand Duke looked at us in open-eyed astonishment.

'Your Royal Highness,' repeated the commander-in-chief in a voice that cut like a knife. At this

second address the burly Fritz looked round, and as his eye fell on the General's sneering face the old look of fury rushed back into his fierce eyes.

'What are *you* doing here?' he asked, dropping the muzzle of his weapon.

The General gave the slightest possible shrug to his shoulders.

'At present absolutely nothing,' he replied; 'but I have every intention of having a game of billiards with Mr Saunders, if you will kindly move to the side of the room.'

The Grand Duke glared with unmistakable wrath and some measure of perplexity.

'I suppose you have been listening?' he said at length.

'One must be in the fashion.'

'Bah! a vulture for a priest, a crow for a commander-in-chief! What a household!—Come, Mathilde, we will return to the Mariencastel,' and with these uncomplimentary metaphors the King's cousin swung out of the room, followed by his daughter.

The General was the first to break the silence which followed the withdrawal of the *Schatten-bergs*.

'I should leave Weissheim if I were you, Father Bernhard,' he said. 'It is a healthy enough place for most people, but you are quite exceptional.'

'In what way, General?'

'The majority find the bracing air good for the chest;' and the commander-in-chief lightly tapped the priest where the Grand Duke had struck him.

'It is my duty to be here,' replied the other gravely, 'and I trust I am not the one to desert the post which duty has assigned me.'

'Especially if the post is a combative one, eh? You should have been a soldier, father, not a priest. I assure you the army of Grimland is badly in want of a little stiffening just at present.'

A smile of gratification lightened the priest's stern features, and, bowing formally to us, he withdrew.

'Now for billiards, Mr Saunders,' said the General. 'I am but a poor performer though a most painstaking and accurate marker. If Miss Anchester will condescend to play with you, she will give you a far better game than a poor duffer like myself.'

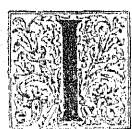
Miss Anchester shook her head. 'I am just going to retire, thank you,' she said. 'Besides, I should never have the temerity to pit myself against such a splendid player as Mr Saunders.'

'How'—I began, well pleased, and wondering how the fact that I had won the 'varsity cue had filtered up to these far regions. Then, as I caught sight of the governess's face, I checked myself. Her expression was not appreciative but sarcastic.

(To be continued.)

## ENGLISH ANTIQUITIES, GENUINE AND SPURIOUS.

By GEORGE CLINCH.



IT may safely be affirmed without fear of contradiction that antiquities were never estimated at a higher value than they are at the present day. Never before have collectors been so eager to secure specimens, especially those of peculiarly rare and precious kinds. This great and increasing demand has naturally had the effect of enhancing the prices, because the demand for genuine antiquities has far exceeded the supply. But another and more serious result has followed. The prices obtainable for the rarer and more artistic types are sufficiently high to make it worth the while of the forger and fabricator to expend a great deal of pains and skill in the production of spurious antiques, and some of them are such faithful copies of genuine objects as to deceive even the best archæological authorities of the day.

The collector of antiquities is, therefore, in a doubly unhappy case. He has to pay about 100 per cent. more than formerly, and he runs a far greater risk than ever before of being imposed upon by frauds. At the present time it is most important that he should possess intimate and precise knowledge not only of what genuine antiquities are, and what are the proofs of their genuineness; but also that he should be acquainted with the types of forgeries of various kinds and the points by which their spurious character may be detected.

In this and perhaps subsequent articles an attempt will be made to supply the collector with information and hints which will enable him to test the various objects he may come across.

The collector who devotes his attention solely or mostly to coins and medals has good cause to be vigilant if he would avoid adding to the contents of his cabinet specimens of the numerous forgeries which have been produced almost ever since the first introduction of a coinage currency in Britain. The Romans discovered, or at any rate possessed, the secret of producing counterfeit coins. They plated a core of copper with a thick coating of silver, and passed it off as a genuine silver coin. Several have been found in England buried in the soil at Silchester and other Roman sites. In the early Imperial times in Rome, false coins were held in great estimation by hunters of curiosities, and Pliny states that one spurious coin was worth several good ones.

Coins as tokens of value have, of course, always offered a particularly promising field to the forger, and for many centuries past we have had a certain proportion of base coins in our national currency; but it is to the fraudulent imitation of ancient coins that these remarks mainly apply—coins intended to deceive the numismatist, in short, rather than to pass as genuine money.

The forgeries to which we refer fall into two groups—namely (1) forgeries pure and simple of which no genuine original exists, and (2) imitations of ancient specimens. There are other methods of forgery and falsification, in which, for example, a new device has been impressed on an old coin, or sometimes, indeed, on a new coin. Thus it is known that a coin professing to be a silver piece of Richard I. was made from a fourpenny-piece of William IV., dated 1836. The image and superscription of William III., again, have been detected underlying the device on a rare crown-piece of Elizabeth.

By far the larger proportion of forged coins have, however, been cast from moulds produced by contact with a genuine original. These imitations may be detected by a slightly granulated feeling on the surface, and also by the marks of filing upon the edges, the purpose of which was to obliterate the marks of the joint of the mould. Further, it will generally be found that there is a want of sharpness in the details, and usually the weight is incorrect. Although abundant, these imitations are generally rather clumsy, and they rarely deceive the collector who knows much about coins.

A more successful method of producing spurious coins is by means of electrotypes, in which the exact shape, size, and minute details are reproduced with striking fidelity. The best tests by which the true character of these objects may be detected are by weighing and 'ringing.' Most electrotypes are made in two pieces and afterwards soldered together. Search should be made for the joint between the two halves, as there is sometimes a tendency for them to separate.

Even the cleverest forger is apt to betray his work by reason of his ignorance of history and ancient coinage. For example, a coin of Julius Cæsar has been inscribed with the legend, '*Veni, vidi, vici.*' And coins purporting to belong to the reign of Richard I. have been issued with the name of that king upon them; as a matter of fact, all the genuine coins of that monarch were struck in the name of his father, Henry II.

Perhaps the Italians and the Germans have displayed more skill than any other peoples in the making of forged antique coins. Becker, in particular, was an accomplished artificer of the very first rank. He engraved dies for some three hundred coins of Roman type, and from them he struck impressions in gold which were so excellent as to deceive a very large circle of collectors. Doubtless many of these coins have found their way from time to time into the cabinets of English collectors. Detection of this series of frauds by the ordinary methods would have been extremely difficult; but fortunately complete sets of im-



pressions in lead were obtained for the museums and collectors who had formerly been purchasers.

Amongst the well-known classes of English forged coins for which the beginner should always be on the alert, but which the experienced collector would instantly detect, are the pieces purporting to be coins of Lady Jane Grey as queen, and rare 'siege-pieces,' a large number of which are of quite modern manufacture.

In addition to the ordinary methods of producing false coins just mentioned, various other means have been found by which their whole meaning is falsified. Certain characters or features on genuine coins are removed, whilst in others new features and devices have been added. In this way types new to the numismatist have been produced by unscrupulous artificers, and so puzzling are some of them that the only method by which their true character can be determined is by submitting them to the best authorities at the British Museum or other institutions where there are opportunities of comparative study of coins on a large scale.

Medals, again, have been frequently forged in order to deceive the unwary collector. Perhaps one of the most impudent series of forgeries of medals was that which went on during several years about the middle of last century, when two ignorant men cast some hundreds of quaint, medal-like discs of lead or pewter bearing the figures of kings, armed knights, ecclesiastical personages, and a variety of other objects. These medals were always furnished with a date as evidence of their great antiquity; but unfortunately Arabic figures were employed on medals purporting to belong to the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. The forgers were evidently ignorant of the fact that Eastern characters were unknown in England at such an early date.

On comparing the fictitious dates with the costumes represented, manifest and obvious incongruities are at once apparent. Arms, armour, and costume shown on the same piece are in many cases separated by differences of form and fashion which represent intervals of two or three hundred years, or even more. Indeed, the fabrications are so clumsy that no one with an elementary knowledge of archæology could fail to see their spurious character at a glance. Such frauds were only possible at a time when scientific archæology was unknown.

Every document which in any way assists to throw light upon the early history of England is naturally held in very high estimation by English antiquaries. The more remote or obscure the period to which it relates the greater is the value placed upon it, however imperfect or feeble its evidence may be.

Antiquaries have long turned to the *Itinerary* of Antoninus Pius for information as to roads, stations, and towns in Britain in Roman times. It is true that on comparing the text of the

*Itinerary* with the actual positions of Roman remains, certain difficulties as to distances and geographical relation present themselves; but, generally speaking, the information in the Roman *Itinerary* was regarded as correct. In the year 1750, however, the antiquarian world was greatly excited over the finding of another itinerary, supplementing and correcting that of Antoninus, and professing to be a copy of a Roman original by a fourteenth-century monk named Richard of Cirencester. This discovery was communicated by Charles Bertram to the celebrated antiquary Dr William Stukeley. The latter eagerly welcomed a document which appeared to possess important information, and in 1756 he read a learned paper on the subject at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of London. In the following year the paper was published as a small quarto volume, entitled *An Account of Richard of Cirencester, Monk of Westminster, and of his Works: with his Ancient Map of Roman Britain, and the Itinerary thereof*. The world received the new volume with gratitude and appreciation, and until the middle of the nineteenth century there was scarcely a single writer of any consequence on Roman Britain who did not avail himself of the information contained in the *Itinerary*. At length, however, suspicions were aroused by certain incongruities both of the handwriting and of the literary style. On close inspection it was found that the characters employed in the manuscript were entirely unlike any known ancient writings. They were, in fact, pure inventions. The literary inconsistencies were even more glaring and irreconcilable. Bertram's Latin—for he was really the forger of the whole manuscript—was simply a literal rendering of the idiomatic English of the eighteenth century. In 1866-67 the whole thing was shown by Mr B. B. Woodward, the librarian at Windsor Castle, to be a palpable and impudent fraud.

The fact that Charles Bertram has justly been pilloried as the cleverest and most successful impostor of modern times is, we fear, small consolation to the large numbers of antiquaries into whose studies of the Roman period his fictitious *Itinerary* has imported so many mischievous errors and absurdities.

It may be added that there really was such a person as Richard of Cirencester. He was a monk who compiled a work on the history of England, and died in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Bertram's motive in fathering his bogus *Itinerary* upon the worthy monk seems to have been simply a desire to achieve by easy means a great reputation as a learned antiquary.

It seems pretty clear that the same motive actuated Thomas Chatterton in the production of his remarkable series of forgeries of manuscripts professing to be of mediæval date. From quite an early age, prompted by a combination of pride and poverty, he expended a vast amount of labour in

imitating ancient poems, romances, family histories, &c. His death in a lonely Holborn garret on 25th August 1770, while still in his 'teens,' is perhaps one of the saddest pictures of literary history in England.

Another notorious literary forger of the eighteenth century was William Henry Ireland. His impudent and clumsy attempts to pass off his productions as those of Shakespeare obtained for a brief space a hearing from some of the theatrical managers of the day; but when his *Vortigern* was put on the Drury Lane stage the fraud was manifest. At the first performance the audience was convulsed with laughter, and the piece was never played again. Ireland's frauds were too feeble to deceive critics like Malone, and his literary abilities were eventually given sufficient and congenial scope in the small pieces of hack-work which publishers entrusted to him.

Of forgeries having sordid and mercenary motives it is hardly necessary to speak here. Sham bank-notes, forged cheques, false signatures to deeds, and the like cannot by any means be reckoned amongst the more interesting classes or types of manuscripts.

But there is another class of easily forged manuscripts of a singularly interesting character. These are spurious Anglo-Saxon land-charters. As is fairly well known, these charters, in addition to the conveying clauses and signatures of witnesses, contain curiously precise definitions of boundaries of the land to which the charter relates. The earliest deeds are written almost entirely in Latin, but in later examples the proportion of English employed, particularly in the part dealing with boundaries, is much increased. Towards the end of the Anglo-Saxon period, in fact, the deeds are in English entirely. One of the great charms of

these documents consists in the evidences they contain of the vernacular of Kent and the kingdom of the West Saxons.

The purpose of those who produced imitations of Anglo-Saxon charters was not always fraudulent. Some, of course, may have been intended to deceive, deliberately designed to bolster up a claim to properties to which the claimants could show no moral right; but other fabricated charters, it is believed, hardly come under the category of forgeries, because they were obviously manufactured for the purpose of supporting a real and existing right, and possibly to supply the place of genuine charters which once existed and had become lost or destroyed. Quite a number of Anglo-Saxon charters of this kind are known to exist in the British Museum. They go to show that there is scarcely any class of ancient manuscripts of which spurious copies have not been produced with more or less success.

Autograph signatures of royal or otherwise eminent people have been very largely forged by unscrupulous penmen. The obvious test, of course, in addition to fidelity to the imitated signature, is the paper upon which the writing appears. If, for example, the signature of a Tudor monarch appears on paper bearing an eighteenth century water-mark, one naturally regards it with suspicion. But, of course, all such points as these are always carefully adjusted by adepts. Paper, ink, handwriting, and even blunders and mistakes are studied and reproduced with such exactness as to deceive most collectors. Every kind of document bearing upon ancient family history, whether in the form of deeds, grants of arms, genealogical trees, or what not, has at various times been counterfeited by clever forgers willing and anxious to take advantage of the man who is collecting material for a history of his family.

## TWO LETTERS.

### CHAPTER IV.

**T**HE few minutes' walk to the railway station proved very long minutes indeed. Tram after tram passed them, loaded with a damp freight of holiday-makers returning home.

Willie's umbrella was not large enough to cover two people and the poor little chiffon hat! Well, she set herself to make the best of it, and held her peace. Willie also was in a silent mood. He hated rain with an almost feline hatred. Moreover, when at length they reached the station the train which they had hoped to catch was just steaming away from the platform. The twenty minutes' wait that followed was not a comfortable one.

The man showed temper. 'I wish you could have walked faster, Letty,' he said. 'We might easily have caught that train.'

'But I almost ran!' Letty cried in self-defence. 'I had no idea we had so far to go.'

Willie sulked, and Letty sat silently at his side. Verily, no man or woman should say, 'This shall be a day of happiness.'

They missed the last omnibus at Victoria, and there was a hasty scurry to the underground station. 'It would be all of a piece if we lost the last train there also,' Willie said, with something like a snarl.

But they were more fortunate this time; and, almost an hour later than they intended, they arrived at the door of Letty's abode, very tired, cold, and wet. Poor little Letty! her pretty dress hung round her a limp rag, her hat was in pulp, her shoes—— Well, well! there was no use crying over what couldn't be helped.

Willie opened the door for her, bestowing a perfunctory kiss upon her wet, cold cheek as he bade her good-night, and went his way to the flat which he had taken in anticipation of future arrangements.

She cried a little as she crept into bed. The day had not been a joyous one, and she had looked forward to making a success.

She felt cold and shivery all the next day. Happily, her pupils did not demand her services, as she felt it would be impossible for her to do them justice in her present mood.

She did what she could with the ruins of her costume, and stuffed her wet shoes with soft paper, packing it hard into them in the hope of saving them from utter destruction; she heated her little gas-stove and tried to pinch the chiffon on her hat into shape. But in the midst of her endeavours her hands fell loosely into her lap. Willie was annoyed with her. How had she given him cause?

The day drew on, as the longest day will, and another and another. She was back in harness again; but there was a weight on her spirits which took all the flavour out of work and play. She had had a nice little note from Miss Hargraves, asking how she got home, and thanking her for the safe return of the cloak; but there was no mention of either her step-mother or her step-sister. And Willie did not come. He wrote a brief note telling her that he had caught cold. That was all.

Later, another note arrived. His cold was very bad indeed; but his dear sister was taking care of him. She need not disturb herself.

Had she expected it, or did it come upon her with a crushing surprise? She had spent the whole day with one of her pupils, and enjoyed it, because her employer was a truly kind and good woman, who had grown very fond indeed of her little governess.

'Such a pity that she has engaged herself to a man in Faker's,' she told her husband; 'the head of the boot department. She is far too good for him.'

Mr Bolton made answer that a manager in Faker's must be decently off, and perhaps the pretty little girl hadn't the worst of the bargain; but he added that Miss Letty did seem far above her business for all that.

Mrs Clare had written to her: 'I suppose you have seen Sir Henry Barley's death mentioned in the papers. I am quite sure you don't remember him; but at one time he was a frequent visitor at the rectory. I hope you will be able to come to me next Sunday. We can talk about the old boy. I never liked him.'

Letty had not the slightest recollection of any old boy at the rectory in the departed days; but she gladly despatched a post-card to her kind friend, and gave a little sigh of satisfaction as she thought of the quiet pleasure it would be to tell Mrs Clare all about her holiday and its failure.

'She will sympathise with me,' she muttered as she dropped the card into the pillar, and ran on to Mrs Bolton's comfortable home.

When she returned to her room two letters lay on the table. One she caught up eagerly. It was in Willie's neat handwriting. Her fingers trembled a little as she tore open the envelope, and a mist rose before her eyes; the paper shook in her hand; her head reeled. She read:

'MY DEAR LETTICE,—I have been very ill and in great pain from my head in consequence of my bad wetting on Monday night. I think the draughty railway station, where we were obliged to wait for so long, was the cause of the cold which has oppressed me. My dear Lettice, I think it only due to myself and you to lose no time in informing you of the great change which these few days of quiet thought and reflection have wrought in me. I now see, and I trust you will agree with me, that we are by no means suited to each other.'

The letter fell from her hand and rustled to the floor. Her first sensation was one of fiery indignation. Not suited to each other! How often had he told her during these last months that of all the women in the wide world she suited him best! How often had he told her she was 'the only woman in all the world for him'? He had not been a very ardent lover, and for that she respected him not a little; but he had been very much in earnest—and in her loneliness—Down fell the hot, fiery tears, down in a torrent upon her hands; and then—not 'suited'! No—her lip curled—most certainly not suited to go into a family which held her in contempt because she was honestly striving to earn her own bread. No, certainly she was not in accord with his mother and sister—or their vulgar company. Her cheeks flamed and scorched the tears that hung upon them. There was a hot young spirit in the slender frame, and a soul that scorned meannesses of every kind. She picked up the letter and read on:

'It is better for us to make this discovery now, before it is too late to make any change. Believe me, I am acting for your interests as much as my own; an unsuitable union is a thing to dread. Better a little pain now than regrets hereafter. At this crisis of my career I feel bound to act with wisdom and discretion, and for many reasons I feel compelled to take this exceedingly painful step. I deeply deplore the necessity for doing so, as you will fully understand.'

Her lip curled. No, she did not fully understand his motives, although she dimly glimpsed them.

'I have looked carefully into my heart, and see that the step I am taking is quite for the best. Will you pardon me for saying that my dear mother thought you were hardly calculated to make me happy, as she saw in you a leaven of frivolity which hurt her, and made her very troubled about my future? Dear Lettice, we have



been over rash in rushing into an engagement which would not be for our mutual happiness did we carry out our intention of becoming united for life. I know that under all your brightness and light spirits you have a vein of good sense which will at once show you that I am acting in the best interests of us both.

'You will always have my best wishes, and a friendship upon which you may ever rely.—I beg to remain your sincere well-wisher,

'WILLIAM STANLEY STOTT.'

If she cried herself to sleep over the cruel letter, was she to be blamed? Had the man touched her heart? She could scarcely tell. He had been kind to her, and she had but few who showed her kindness, and not one, except perhaps Mrs Clare, who refreshed her little soul by a display of affection. Once she had been surrounded by it; but for the last few years there was only this old friend, who at the best was not demonstrative, that had given her anything resembling home-love. Willie had been kind and tender in his own fashion—such as it was—and the girl felt it was better than nothing. Then for the last six months there had been that prospect of an assured home. That in itself had been a wonderful help and promise; now everything seemed to have suffered shipwreck, and in the dull, gray morning she wept anew. But there was the day to be faced; she must rise up and do battle with her tears. She was young. Hope is not easily slain at twenty-two; and if the morning was gloomy, still it was June, and summer was abroad in the world, even if rain fell in her dismal street.

She fussed about, prepared her breakfast, tidied her room, opened her windows to the fresher air. Dear me! she was already a little late, when there was a knock on the panel of her door. Almost involuntarily she said, 'Come in,' as she turned from her looking-glass, where she was securing her work-day hat upon her glossy head. To her intense amazement, Miss Hargraves stood upon the threshold.

'I—I beg your pardon,' faltered the gentle spinster. What a sweet, kind look there was in her face as she came timidly forward! 'I beg your pardon; but I happened to be in London early this morning on business; Ada wanted a special message sent—and I thought I would bring it—and—and see you. My dear, I'm sorry, sorry'—

Tears ran down her gentle face, and her sympathetic eyes were upon Letty's own with an expression which warmed the little girl's heart. 'Don't blame Willie,' she said. 'It wasn't altogether his fault. You know he was offered such a chance in life as comes but once to a man; and—and a thousand pounds'—

Letty took the cold, trembling hands in her own, and kissed the tearful face.

'Indeed, I don't blame any one,' she said; but her own tears were in her throat. She must not suffer them to fall. She had not time to grieve.

'I can see—almost—how unsuited we were to each other. Our ways of looking at things are so very different.'

'Perhaps,' Susan Hargraves said, with a sniff. 'But you would have made a different man of him—something higher, better. I know him so well, and I know what is in him. My dear, my dear!'

It was she who broke down and cried for the loss of the ideal she had built up, she who clung to Letty, sobbing, 'Oh! I'm sorry—sorry; never so sorry for anything since my father died.'

Letty calmed and quieted her. 'Indeed, I am greatly touched by your sympathy, Miss Hargraves,' she said.

'Call me Susan,' said the poor thing—'Susan. Father called me Sue; no one calls me a pet name now. Just think kindly of—of poor Willie; he is not altogether to blame.'

'I suppose he has got his thousand pounds; and—Miss Bayne,' Letty said. 'Miss Bayne is lending it to him?'

'Ye—ye—yes,' sobbed Susan. 'It will set him up for life.'

'He has engaged himself to her, then?' Letty asked, with a thrill of utter contempt passing through her being.

'Oh dear, no!—not—not yet,' Susan cried, drying her eyes and trying to pull herself together. 'Nothing of the kind; only—it is possible that, some time, later on—at least Ada and Mrs Hargraves hope so—— Dear Miss Rivers, promise me that you won't be hard upon Willie.'

And Letty promised. But time was passing; her pupils waited for her; she must run away. 'But if you wish to remain here until I come back,' she said, 'you are heartily welcome.'

She fought hard with herself that day, and managed to get through her work. Perhaps what had touched her most was the unexpected kindness and sympathy coming from such a quarter. Poor Susan Hargraves! could it be possible that she cherished a hopeless love for her step-mother's son?

The longest day wears itself out even if every hour or moment of it is punctuated with tears, and at length Letty was free to go back to her little home. She wondered if she should find Susan Hargraves there. Could it be possible she would wait to see her, now that the afternoon was so far advanced?

Yes, Susan was waiting for her.

'I went and did my business,' she said apologetically. 'It was so nice to think of returning here and seeing you again. You are so unlike the people I meet every day that I couldn't help coming back to—to have tea. I'—she flushed crimson, and looked so appealingly at Letty that the girl felt she could have forgiven her anything, this poor, suppressed young woman, who looked absolutely afraid of doing a kindness—'I brought back some cake, and a few flowers and strawberries,' she faltered. 'You won't mind?'

'No.' Letty kissed her with the assurance that she didn't mind a bit, but that she was quite grateful for her thoughtfulness. Whereat the poor thing's eyes filled with tears. 'They are so—so much occupied with their own affairs at home,' she said, 'that no one can spare time to take a little pleasure out of their lives, and you can't think what a pleasure this is to me.'

Letty busied herself over her gas-stove, warmed water for tea, set out her table, talking briskly all the time. Then she disposed of the flowers, with many little ejaculations at their beauty—for it was a noble bunch of bloom—and set out the fruit admirably—also a sumptuous offering; and its companion jug of cream was on the same lines.

'Willie was quite cut by your letter,' Susan said as she munched her slice of bread-and-butter. 'It was so cool and self-possessed, he said.'

'He read it for the family?' Lettice asked, with a sharp pain at her heart. It seemed an unnecessary touch of coarseness in Willie.

'Oh no!' cried the girl, who seemed younger every moment she talked out the thoughts in her mind. 'Ada took it out of his pocket and read it. He was very angry; but'—

There was a sharp, impatient tap at the door, and to Letty's cry of 'Come in,' it opened wide.

A small, exquisitely dressed figure, with white hair showing under a most fascinating toque, and a little, snub-nosed, golden-coloured dog tucked under one arm, stood upon the threshold.

'Mrs Clare—here!' Letty was on her feet in a moment. The old lady came into the room, glancing round in some surprise.

'Why haven't you come to me? I have been expecting you every moment. I thought of telegraphing to you, but decided to come to this out-of-the-way corner and see for myself what had happened to you. There! let Chang have some tea, and give me a cup, if you have one to spare. Why didn't you come to me at once, when you had that letter?'

'What letter? From—from Willie?' Lettice faltered. How in all the world could Mrs Clare have known of the catastrophe which had befallen her? Catastrophe was it, or order of release?

'Your Willie will be in a wild state of mind when he understands everything; but I didn't mean a letter from him—from Hunt & Tryars, my men of business, child—eh?'

'I believe—I mean I think—I had another letter,' Lettice faltered, as Sue Hargraves looked from one to the other in amazement. 'I—was so—so—put out by—by'— Her tears welled up. How sorry she was for the cruel pain that letter had given her! 'I'll look for it,' she said, turning away, not wishing Mrs Clare to see wet eyes.

The old lady helped herself to tea. 'I think you had better look it up. Hope you haven't lost it; although I suppose it won't make any odds. There, that's it!' she cried, as Letty produced from a drawer the unopened letter. 'Read it! read it!

that's all I have to say;' and the old lady helped herself to a slice of Susan's cake.

Lettice Rivers read. Her hands fell to her sides; the letter rustled to her feet. A strip of gray paper fell out. 'It is—what is it?' she gasped.

'Just that Sir Henry Barley has left you half his money, my dear; and my men, knowing from me that you were not in affluent circumstances, have sent you a cheque on account for a thousand pounds. There now, don't faint.' Mrs Clare regarded the girl with twinkling eyes. 'Had the old skinflint done what was right two years ago you need never have been placed in any false positions; but, as it is, of course you must return to the world you never need have left, child,' she said.

'But what was Sir Henry Barley to me? How am I entitled to this money?'

Lettice stooped down and picked up the cheque as she spoke.

'We never mentioned it at Woolwrych,' said Mrs Clare; 'but Sir Henry was your father's elder brother. My dear, your grandfather married a widow. Nobody quite knew who or what she was; but after some years of married life this big, hulking son turned up from Australia. He was nearly twenty years older than your father, his mother having really been married at sixteen—most widows with grown-up children *do* marry at sixteen; but this was a real case, and at nineteen the poor girl was a widow with this child, for whom she worked hard until she managed to make some money by her books, and the son went to Australia, where he had been born; then your grandfather married her, and I must say she made him a good wife. Your father was her only son. The Barley boy kept in the background until you were a dear little trot of five or six, when he suddenly broke upon us. He was delighted with the rectory and everything he saw, especially with your mother, who was then just as charming a woman as you could see. He promised all sorts of things, but went away and never again appeared. I wrote to him at the time of your father's death, and this'— she touched the letter with her finger—'this is his reply. It waited long, but I'm glad it has come before it is too late.' She glanced at the third person in the room. 'You can't marry your manager now, my dear,' she added.

'But he—I'— Letty looked appealingly at Susan Hargraves, who spoke up.

'Mr Stott has broken off his engagement,' she said. 'I don't know how to explain. I am his half-sister,' she added deprecatingly. 'I am very, very sorry.'

'So am not I, my dear,' cried the old lady gleefully. 'Now, give me some more of those delicious strawberries; they are most refreshing.'

Next day William Stott and his sister called at the quiet lodging once so familiar to the man, who felt with much bitterness that he had hazarded a wonderful stroke of luck. The landlady was very

curt. Miss Rivers had gone away on the previous night. No, she was not returning. She had acted the real lady, and left all her little sticks of furniture behind, besides being most generous to every one. She spoke with asperity, because Mr Stott, while being a most punctual lodger, had looked very sharply after his interests, and kept the key turned on all his effects. 'Whereby he put a reflection on me,' as she said.

Lettice was walking in the Park one day, two or three years after her happy marriage with a man in every way suited to her. A lady, leading a very small child by the hand, looked hard at her, with a deep blush overspreading her pleasant face.

'Surely I remember you,' said the perfectly clad lady, stopping in the broad walk.

The blushing one looked down shyly. 'I hoped you would remember me,' she said in a soft voice. 'It is several years since I last saw you, and many changes have occurred.'

'You are—no—you were Susan Hargraves, who was so kind to me when I needed kindness!' cried Letty as she held out her hand. 'This is your little girl? I can see you are as happily married as I am myself.' And she laughingly led her to a seat, remembering with a touch of amusement the first time they had become known to each other, and the contrast between now and then.

'Indeed, I am happy! Most happy! Far more so than I ever expected to be,' Susan said, while tears rose to her eyes. 'Willie married me after his mother's death. It was so good of him, because his sister had been very—I mean rather unfriendly to me.'

'Then the marriage with Miss Bayne did not come off?' Letty inquired, with an absolutely impersonal interest in the career of people gone out of her life for ever.

'Oh, that was because Miss Bayne heard he had gone to see you, she said, to try and make up to you when he heard the news I had to tell.'

'Did he try to see me?' Letty asked. 'That was kind.'

But he fell a dozen degrees in her estimation. The action threw a lurid light upon his character, which, for the world, she would not suffer his wife to see.

'He went back because he was very, very fond of you. I think the better of him for acknowledging it, although he is the most loving of husbands to me, and he stood my friend through a very troublesome time. There was a fuss over my father's will after Mrs Hargraves' death. It seems she had misunderstood the terms of the settlement made upon her, and—Oh, well, my uncle made things straight for me, and—and I felt a great difference. I found myself quite independent; and although I was sorry for Ada, uncle wouldn't let me share with her. I went to live with his family, and saw a little life; travelled about with them for a year, and—and then I met Willie again; and I— Well, I had been in love with him ever since

I was a little child, so we were married, and I am the happiest woman in all the world. He is now high up in the business—one of the directors.' She spoke the words with a flush of pride. 'You can't think how highly every one thinks of him. I have a little son as well as this dear wee girl, whom Willie insisted should be called after you. It was his special desire.'

Somehow or other, the thought of his having insisted that his first child should be called after her touched Letty.

'I'm glad he remembers me,' she said simply. 'Tell him I said it was very good of you to allow him to call your little girl after me.'

'Indeed I shall tell him so. He will be very pleased to think you were glad to see me—that you remembered me. Oh! I am so happy. I should dearly like you to see my pretty house, and my dear baby, Willie's son.'

'Certainly I shall come and see you at your home,' Letty said impulsively; 'and you must come and see me. Tell me,' she added in another tone, 'what has become of your sister-in-law?'

'We settled her in the old house and amongst her old associations,' Mrs Stott said. 'Willie saw I objected to having her to live with us. He didn't wish it himself; so we—we made an arrangement, and she is quite comfortable. I don't see her often. She doesn't care about the children.'

'And Miss Bayne?' asked Letty, with a slight laugh.

'Oh! poor Maud Bayne made a sad mistake. She married a handsome military man whom she met at Harrogate. The marriage didn't turn out well. He was in dreadful debt, and—and he drank, so they separated shortly afterwards. She pays him something a year to live away from her. I'm very sorry for her; indeed I am.'

'Now, will you give me your address? Mine is— But here is my card; and don't come on my At Home day, because I want to have you to myself.'

And Susan Stott regarded her friend with loving eyes. But the expression in them altered strangely. She flushed up and paled again as her eyes fell upon the scrap of cardboard which she took from Letty's hand. 'The Countess of Trebovir!' she faltered. 'My lady, I beg your pardon. I hadn't an idea.'

'My dear Susan, it can't make any difference. I am just the little Letty whom you once befriended when she wanted a friend!'

Lady Trebovir thoroughly meant every word she said; but William Stott's wife knew that she had met 'poor little Letty,' as Susan's husband called her, for the first and last time in their altered existence.

Unchanged, Letty had said. Ah, perhaps; but a barrier was placed between them which the successful manager's wife full well understood she could not overpass. Susan Stott and the Countess of Trebovir have not met again; but the fault is not on Letty's side.

THE END.



## THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF STRIKES.



As a rule, a strike is anything but a joke either for the strikers, their employers, or the general public. At the least, there is shocking loss of money and time; too often whole industries are paralysed, or, worse still—as in the great Pennsylvania coal-strike of two winters ago—the loss of human life from mob violence equals that of a small war, while starvation and epidemic disease complete the deadly work.

Yet strikes have their amusing side, and their literature provides many a hint for the comic opera librettist. Could, for instance, any situation be conceived more broadly farcical than that provided in Holland during the great Socialistic strike of April 1903, when almost every class of worker, including even the 'Christian Association of Bakers' Bread Carriers,' came out on strike? The streets of Amsterdam were patrolled by hundreds of blue-uniformed strikers, called out under military law and armed with rifles and bayonets to protect the railway lines and the public against—themselves!

Holland is cursed with a rampant Socialistic trades-unionism which infects every department of labour, with the result that when one organisation goes on strike all sorts of strangely variant associations are obliged to aid and abet it. Some little time ago the opera choristers in Amsterdam went on strike against Sunday rehearsals. They forced the cobblers' association to join them, and the strange spectacle was seen of the boot makers and menders wrecking the performance of an opera for which blackleg choristers had been at the last moment enlisted.

It was in Holland, again, that a strike of railway employes, early in 1903, was the cause of a most peculiar performance in the Opera House at Rotterdam. The Netherlands Opera Company found themselves stranded without one stick of luggage or property, and were forced to play *Fidelio* in their travelling-clothes, with a piano for orchestra. Perhaps it was the very novelty of the thing that brought them a good audience and plenty of applause.

A sudden strike of gas-stokers in Cork one winter evening had a very odd result, for not only were the streets shrouded in Cimmerian darkness, but the Cork papers, which are set by linotype, could get no news set after nine that Friday night. All sorts of devices were tried to heat the melting-pots, but to no avail, and the consequence was that the Saturday morning papers appeared for the most part without leaders or news, being made up of matter standing in the office, arranged in most promiscuous fashion.

The *Cork Herald*, however, was equal to the occasion. It gave an account of the situation in double-column headings running the full length of its principal news-sheet. They ran as follows:

'Cork in darkness. Result of gas-workers' strike. Gas gave out at ten o'clock. Result: all our linotypes stopped. Streets in darkness and a heavy fog. At 10.30 report from gasworks: "Not a foot of gas left." At 11.30: "No hope left for to-night!" At twelve (midnight): City Engineer orders all lamps shut off to prevent waste. Lord Mayor waited on gas-workers; advised them to go back in the morning and leave dispute to arbitration. Men declined. Post-office working in candle-light. To our Readers.—Large numbers of "ads." held over. We can only issue eight pages to-day. Stock Exchange and sporting news curtailed. Can't help it; did our best. Blame the gas-workers.'

The reasons for which workers will strike are sometimes absurd to the last degree. The record in this direction is claimed by a shipping paper for the firemen of the American steamer *Eastland*. The stokers ceased work in the middle of a voyage because the cook gave them boiled instead of mashed potatoes!

Again, at Pittsburgh, the Birmingham of the United States, fifty workmen engaged upon a building threw down their tools and 'came out' because their employer would not supply them with lemonade. The 'boss' was adamant. 'I gave you lemonade once,' he said, 'and you all drank so much that you made yourselves ill. Next thing you'll be wanting lady-fingers and ice-cream, and hammocks to take naps in.' It is satisfactory to learn that these over-luxurious workmen got no sympathy from their union, and were forced to come back on their employer's terms. He was generous, and subsequently supplied ice-water *ad lib*.

Four hundred miners once struck for the sake of a mule. This amiable animal, by name Jim, had been employed for many years in a coal-mine at Daleston, Ohio, and the men were much attached to him. One day the mine boss decided to transfer Jim to another pit. Promptly every one of the four hundred struck work, and not until the decision was reversed would one of them handle pick or shovel.

The Chinese are so stolid a race that it is hard to fancy them in the rôle of strikers. Yet a very peculiar strike once occurred in Canton: the executioners who do the beheading ceased work, complaining that unless prices were raised they should all starve. Their pay was only five hundred *cash* (one shilling) per head, and their request was for double that amount as a minimum living wage. They brought their grievances before a mandarin, but his only reply was that he could not give them a rise in wages, but that if they did not return to work at once he was convinced that business would soon become brisk. This veiled but ominous threat had a prompt effect.

There was humour and pathos too in the strike of the blind broom-makers in Philadelphia a year

or two ago. The men, to the number of one hundred and fifty, struck for an increase of wages, and day by day for more than a week paraded the streets of the Quaker City. They needed no police protection, as for once the usually selfish public constituted itself their constant and capable guardian. Everything and everybody gave way to them, and eventually the city authorities intervened and the matter was settled by arbitration.

It was in Philadelphia, again, that a strike occurred which the local papers described as 'one of the most charming social events of the season.' The strikers were the fifteen hundred skilled workmen of the Brill car-works. As none of the men made less than four pounds a week, and many as much as twelve pounds, there was naturally not much distress. The strike-pickets strolled round the works in fashionable flannel suits, while the others played golf or base-ball or gave coaching-parties. In the evening the leaders visited the pickets in dress-clothes. Any stranger approaching the pickets was politely informed that there was a strike on, and the picket would then, as a rule, apologise for assuming that the visitor might be in search of work, and end by offering him a cigar.

What an immense amount of strike-loss would be saved if only every employer had the tact and good sense of the owner of a factory in Cleveland, Ohio! Most of his hands were girls, and one day the whole lot struck for some fanciful grievance. Instead of storming at them or locking them out, the proprietor came into the great workroom. 'Young ladies,' he said, 'we must talk this matter over quietly. Come with me.' He then led the way to a great confectionery establishment, begged every girl to order what she pleased, and by the time they had all finished large plates of ice-cream, found them perfectly amenable to his own terms.

We hear a good deal nowadays of women on strike. In February of last year about a hundred Kettering workgirls employed by a wholesale clothing firm struck against a reduction of wages and left the building in a body. But they did not go far. There were several hundred men in the works, and the girls decided that these must be induced to join them. Very ungallantly, the men refused, so the girls decided on sterner measures. When the men returned after the dinner-hour, behold the whole hundred strikers massed around the entrance! 'You may as well go home,' shouted the girls; 'you cannot come in here.' Members of the firm and the clerks were allowed to pass the cordon, but not a single workman. One made an attempt to slink in behind a member of the office staff. Dire was the result. The girls pounced on him, and in an instant his coat was ripped off his back, and he was reduced to shouting lustily for mercy. Not another man dared face the band of Amazons, and eventually all the rest went home.

Talk of the sterner sex: when it comes to striking,

women more than hold their own. A strong body of New York police who attempted to arrest two workgirl strikers outside a hall where eight hundred of their sister-strikers were holding a meeting had an exceedingly unpleasant experience. Some scores of the girls armed with hat-pins charged them, and the unlucky officers of the law had literally to run for their lives. Two were quite badly stabbed.

An absurd incident relieved the sordid brutality of the great tram-car strike in St Louis. A number of new men having been engaged by the Transit Company to take the place of the strikers, the wives and sweethearts of the latter determined to prevent them from earning the opprobrious title of 'scab.' One of these men named Langenberg had formerly been a member of the union, but had left it. The company put him to work at once, and he made one journey in safety. When he returned to his shed for a second run, there was his wife, a tall, powerful-looking woman, awaiting him. She at once began to try to dissuade him from taking a second car out. He refused, and started. Quite undaunted, she boarded the car, stood beside him, and lectured him all the way down town. Still he remained obdurate. All of a sudden the good lady lost patience, and seizing her refractory husband by the collar, lugged him ignominiously off his perch, and picking up a barrel-stave—well, to put it plainly, spanked him severely. The unfortunate man gave it up after that, and went meekly home.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed one day last autumn in the Avenue de la Motte Piquet in Paris. Fifty-four stone-masons engaged upon a new building struck work because their wages were a week overdue. The reason of the delay in pay was a dispute between the builder and the contractor. When the builder appeared upon the scene he was immediately surrounded by the men, who loudly demanded their dues. The builder refused to pay until the contractor had settled with him. In a trice the infuriated masons bundled the unlucky man into the temporary office, and with extraordinary rapidity walled him up, declaring that he should not escape until he settled up with them. Sixty policemen were summoned, but the masons armed themselves with their tools and vowed they would attack any one who entered the works. A huge crowd collected, and great excitement reigned, until at last the builder gave in, and sent for the necessary money. When the cash had been counted and each man paid, the masons pulled down the wall and released their prisoner, who had been shut up without food from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon.

Strikers, however, have no monopoly of summarily righting their wrongs. Masters driven nearly to despair by absurd demands have before now taken the law into their own hands. A serio-comic incident of this kind happened at Tampa. Tampa, which lies on the Gulf-coast of Florida, and is

possibly best known as the place from which Jules Verne started his adventurous travellers on their journey per projectile to the moon, practically lives on cigar-making. Most of the cigar-makers are foreigners, Italians, Spaniards, and Cubans, and some years ago five thousand of them formed themselves into a union which they called La Resistencia.

There is no space here to detail the methods of the organisation. To say they were tyrannical is to put it very mildly. Soon the unlucky masters could hardly call their souls, let alone their factories, their own. The last straw was a demand on the part of La Resistencia to dismiss all employés who did not belong to the union. This was met with

a flat refusal, and a wholesale strike resulted. Not only the masters but all Tampa suffered, and finally the leading citizens banded together to put a stop to this unendurable state of affairs.

A vessel, apparently a humble fruit-schooner, was chartered. One night she lay in the bay; the next morning she was gone, and so were thirteen of the chief leaders of the strike. They had been kidnapped. Where these men were landed only those responsible for kidnapping them know; but it is said to have been at a South American port. The result was all that could be desired. To use an Americanism, La Resistencia was 'bu'st higher'n a kite;' and since the application of these heroic methods there has been little trouble.

## THE SENTINEL AT THE GATE.

By EDWARD VIVIAN.



MADE my last correction in the printer's proofs, slipped them into an envelope, and, well pleased at the conclusion of tedious work, settled myself in the corner. Glancing across at the only other occupant

of the railway carriage, I noticed that I was being eyed, apparently with some degree of curiosity, by the man on the opposite seat. He was an old gentleman—seventy-five at the least I judged him; and, seeing that I had finished, he addressed me:

'Pardon my presumption, sir; but am I correct in supposing you a novelist?'

'But an amateur, sir.'

'A successful one, I take it, from the great bundle of proof-slips you have waded through since we left Stratford.'

'A case of great output and little income,' I said, with a laugh; and in another minute we had become chatty and had exchanged cards. 'I do not expect you have heard of me,' I said.

'Mr Allan Coniston! I seem to recollect the name. Coniston, Coniston. Yes, I certainly remember it.'

'Indeed!'

'One of your stories was in *Don Quixote Magazine* a month or two ago, was it not?'

I admitted the fact, and the little old gentleman seemed greatly elated.

'I scarcely ever read,' said he; 'the oculists won't allow it. My granddaughter does my reading. But I certainly remember scanning through your story. I make your acquaintance with great pleasure, Mr Coniston;' and the old fellow bowed at me across the compartment. 'How do you get the plots for all your ingenious stories, Mr Coniston?' inquired the old gentleman.

'They are generally elaborations of merely casual incidents I come across either in reading or personal experience,' I replied.

'Ah!' said the old fellow in a confidential tone. 'I have always wished to meet an author, that I might relate to him a singular incident which, if properly told, could be made into a very interesting story. You will be able to make use of it, I am sure.'

I began to feel frightened. So many of my well-meaning friends have I offended by refusing to work up their ideas into readable fiction that the suggestion of a new plot causes me no little alarm.

'The story,' went on my travelling companion, 'is as I had it from my grandfather when I was a child. It is but short, and I shall have plenty of time to tell it you before reaching Ipswich.'

'As your own work testifies, sir, the anecdote of London is crowded with strange and unusual circumstances. It was the lot of my grandfather, when still a young man, to be among those most intimately connected with one of the many debatable occurrences that make every street and building of the old Metropolis a mine of story. Jervis Bartram was a clockmaker whose work, well known to the public nigh a century ago, is equally familiar now to connoisseurs. Unless you are interested in timepieces, you will, I expect, not have heard of him. You are certain, at least, to have met with the thrice-told tale of the sentry who was accused of sleeping at his post, and who proved his innocence by declaring that the clock had struck thirteen at midnight. I say you are certain to have heard it; but I am equally sure that you have never heard of the part Jervis Bartram the clockmaker played in that historic little comedy.'

'One evening Jervis Bartram was late at his work. He, though young and but recently started in business for himself, had obtained charge of the great clock of St Paul's familiarly known to most people. My grandfather was a taking man, and an influential patron—Lord Bute I believe he used to say it was—had obtained the post for him. Bartram was the responsible overseer of the clock's winding



its cleaning, and its repair. For a man so young and untried in his craft it was an uncommon honour, and, as was natural, he strove with might and main to make it the stepping-stone to greater things.

'All the afternoon he had been hard at work on the refitting of new parts to the striking apparatus of the great clock. It had not been necessary to stop the clock, and every hour had been solemnly tolled with wonted regularity through Bartram's long toil. Determined to finish the work that night, he kept on, late as it was, and eleven had long been thundered on the great bell ere the last screw was wrung home.

'Now, to do the work it had been necessary to derange the hammer; but Bartram, every time the clock was due to strike, had temporarily readjusted it till its striking was finished.

'He was dead-tired, and seizing his flask—craftsmen were not ashamed to carry their tools in those days—he went his way home.

'He had barely reached his door when suddenly he remembered—what, sir, do you think? The thought struck Jervis Bartram, so he used to relate, like a blow from the fist of a pugilist. He had let down the clock! Not the running part, of course; but he had forgotten, after its last displacement, to readjust the hammer. St Paul's clock was mute, voiceless, incapable of sounding the hours as though created a mere dumb machine.

'How Jervis Bartram ran that night he told me many times; he never spoke of it without fervour, without emotion, or without a shudder. Back the way he had come he ran, weary with the day's labour though he was. He stumbled and sprawled in the unclean gutters of those good old times; he fell over mongrels prowling the night streets; he cannoned wildly into sleepy watchmen; he was given chase to as a suspicious individual. Up the screw-stair of the tower he raced. Had a legion of fiends been shrieking at his heels he could not have run faster. His breath came in gasps; his hair, his whole body, was adrip with sweat. And with it all he was too late. As, spent and exhausted, he flung himself into the clock-chamber it was already eight minutes past midnight. The great clock had not struck the hour!

'Bartram set to work. As it was so long past the proper time, he would not allow the clock to strike. Silently moving the mechanism, he again readjusted it so that the clock at its next strokes should give forth the correct time and not the missing hour. He finished the work. Then slinking home in the early hours, he went to a sleepless bed. He was sadly afraid that the oversight might, if noticed, cost him his post. For all that, it was the happiest blunder Jervis Bartram made in the course of a long and honourable career.

'All the day that followed, and the morning after, Bartram kept to his workshop, hearing nothing of the talk of the town. He had just settled to his work again after his midday meal when the door was thrown open, and a young

woman, red-eyed and tumbled of hair, came hurriedly in.

'“Jervis!” cried this visitor.

'Bartram sprang up and smilingly held out his hand in pleasure. Though for three past years he had been assiduously wooing Margery Rayburn, he had failed as yet to win his right to an embrace.

'“Margery, what is the matter?” exclaimed the clockmaker, in alarm, noticing the girl's evident agitation and her forlorn appearance. “Why are you weeping like this? Quick, tell me, what is the matter?”

'There was no answer save a prolonged sob.

'“Is your mother ill?” And then, receiving no reply, he cried, aghast, “Not dead surely?”

'“No! no! not that,” murmured the girl through her tears. “It is worse even than you think. Felix, my darling brother Felix, is condemned to be executed!”

'“Why, I saw him riding in the ranks of his regiment four days ago!” exclaimed the astonished clockmaker.

'“Yes,” said the sobbing Margery; “but yesterday he was sentenced to death.”

'“But how comes this? Explain your meaning to me, dear,” said Bartram, bewildered. “I do not understand. What has brought this upon Felix?”

'Margery Rayburn struggled bravely to control her emotion.

'“The night before last Felix was on sentry-duty at the gate of the Horse Guards. The relief came at the proper time, and declare that as they came upon him he awoke from sleep. And, oh! the colonel of his regiment tried my brother by court-martial, and he was found guilty of sleeping at his post, and he was sentenced to be hanged.” The girl broke down again. “Oh Jervis, save my brother, save us all from this black disgrace! Can you not save him?”

'“This is indeed serious,” said Bartram gravely; “and this war-scare that now fills the minds of all is making the authorities doubly severe on all military delinquencies.”

'“Help us in our trouble, will you not, Jervis?” pleaded the girl.

'“You know how gladly I would, were I able,” said the clockmaker fervently; “yet in so grave a matter I feel helpless. I am but an insignificant craftsman, without great friends, without influence, without aught that can serve to wrest a man's life from the law.”

'“Would not your patron aid us?” ventured Margery timidly.

'“It would be but folly to go to him on such an errand.”

'“Then I know not any way,” cried the girl despairingly. “Jervis, help us! Thrice have you asked me to be your wife, and thrice I have refused you. Save my brother's life and I will not say you nay the fourth time.”

'Was so sweet a bribe ever offered a man?

"Stay, let me think," said Bartram. And then he asked, "Have you seen your brother since?"

"Yes; mother and I went to the colonel of the regiment this morning. A fierce, terribly angry man he was, Jervis. He gave us permission to see Felix for a few minutes; but he was so stern, and told us so cruelly that there was no possibility of a reprieve."

"Did Felix tell you if he really was asleep at his duty?" inquired Bartram calmly.

"He keeps declaring his innocence vehemently."

The clockmaker racked his brain again. At length came another question: "What time was it when your brother was relieved, do you know?"

"It was shortly after twelve o'clock, I think. Why do you question me thus, Jervis? What will these questions aid us?"

"Are you sure it was just after twelve, or was it before?" His tone was very eager, and he waited her reply with intentness.

"Yes, I am almost certain," the girl answered.

"Thank God!" said Bartram in a low voice.

"Margery, I believe I have thought of a way of saving your brother. 'Tis a way dangerous, perilous nigh to death to him and to me, yet with prudence we may tread safely. You have right of access to Felix. 'Tis wiser that I should not appear openly in this affair. Go to him, learn from him if what you have told me is certainty, and then bid him affirm that on his night of duty, at the very time when accusation charges him with being asleep, he heard the clock of St Paul's strike the hour, that he counted its strokes, that it struck thirteen times at midnight. Let him deny who can!" said Bartram, with a ring of triumph. "Let your brother, if necessary, swear it struck thirteen. Felix will do that willingly to save his neck from the noose. Felix was never a stickler for a word," added the clockmaker, with a tinge of scorn.

"I do not comprehend it," said the girl. "How will that aid my brother?"

"Never mind, dear," said Bartram. "Soon you shall know all. Go now, and do exactly as I have instructed you. This is no time for kissing; but you will not deny me one, love, will you?" Nor did she.

Much talk was there in the city on that day and the one which followed. First, the fate of the somnolent sentinel at the gate was the topic, but this began to crystallise into chatter on the prisoner's strange declaration as to the clock of St Paul's eccentric behaviour at the witching hour. He persisted, so the gossip had it, that he was absolutely innocent of any dereliction of duty; that he was wide awake during the whole time he was on guard, had heard the great clock strike the hour, and counted thirteen strokes as he paced. People were incredulous, and laughed and said to each other, "A man will say anything to save his neck."

This incredulity Bartram had expected and had prepared for. A man deeply indebted to him he

suborned, and, singularly enough, it soon became public property that some one else besides the unhappy sentinel at the gate had counted the clock strike thirteen on that fateful night. So disinterested a witness as this was unimpeachable; and hot-foot after this, of course, came similar testimony from several weak-minded individuals hungry for transient notoriety, who, now that they were shown the way, asserted that they too had noticed the erratic conduct of St Paul's clock.

At this stage my grandfather, crafty fellow, came forward. He made it public that on the day whose conclusion saw an incident so near to tragedy he had been engaged at work on the mechanism of the great timepiece, deranging its parts considerably. He, Bartram, had not heard it strike thirteen that night, but so extensively had it been meddled with that of course it was not surprising if for once it struck the wrong hour. It might have done so. No one would expect that *he* should swear it had not. He could not do so.

A score of witnesses there were who could have sworn, if necessary, to the truth of Bartram's statement; but it was not necessary. Not one there was who could swear that he had counted it sound twelve that night; and if there were murmurs from many that they themselves had not heard the bell's accustomed tones, the testimony of a single person who said he had counted the clock's strokes outweighed that of a hundred who could merely say they had not heard it strike at all. A universal cry went up, loud and insistent, demanding the soldier's reprieve. As you know, my friend, reprieved he was. Right or wrong as may be, it was a clever and a daring bit of subtlety. Good or bad, his bold stratagem won Jervis Bartram celebrity, a prosperous business, and—a pretty wife. Which of the three stood him in best stead I know not. Felix, thus dragged from the shadow of the gallows, lived long. He died a veteran, slain with his comrade Life-Guardsman, the famous Shaw, in that memorable cavalry onset at Waterloo.

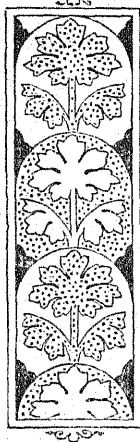
"But was he guilty?" I asked with interest.

"Who knows?" said the old gentleman, shaking his head sagely.

#### COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

A HOLY calm pervades me while I move,  
Through daisied meadows, towards the setting sun;  
A hazy warmth is in the air. Alone  
I muse, happy in treasured gifts of love.  
Cloudland has caught a crimson glow above,  
High in the orient gleams the silver moon;  
The tuneful birds of day, now silent, shun  
The open fields and seek the sheltering grove.  
Heaven's gentleness, like some sweet, mystic power,  
Touches me into reverential awe;  
A great peace dwells within: the certain dower  
Of souls in harmony with Nature's law;  
For Nature never yet the heart deceived  
That in her calm, strong ministry believed.

WILLIAM COWAN.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF MONTE CARLO.\*

By WARD MUIR.

Throned on a rock, I neither sow nor reap; and yet I live long.  
MONEGASQUE LEGEND.

**M**ONTE CARLO is undoubtedly the funniest thing in Europe. Like many European funny things, it moves the alien spectator as nearly to tears as to laughter. It possesses a sort of ironical pathos underlying its patent absurdity. Its atmosphere is so intensely civilised, and cloaks such appalling barbarism! Beneath its eternal smile—its courtly, high-class, demi-monde smile—it is so smoothly cruel. The unfeeling observer cannot but perceive that Monte Carlo, as a phenomenon of latter-day 'civilisation,' is the most ludicrous of spectacles. He who feels—well, he who feels had better disregard Monte Carlo altogether, or he will suffer.

The humours of Monte Carlo are not far to seek. Monaco seems to have prided itself on being a jest amongst the nations—a grim jest—ever since it had a history. Its founder, the first of the Grimaldis, bought it from the sea-power of Genoa, and then calmly levied toll on every passing vessel which came within range of his swift galleys. When it is realised that the majority of his victims were Genoese ships, the excellence of his joke will immediately be apparent. Grimaldi's stronghold—a nice, comfortable, little, sheltered plateau upon a promontory which had an even nicer and more comfortably sheltered little harbour for his galleys at its foot—earned the nickname, locally, of 'Spelugues.' This was in the fourteenth century. The spot is still the Spelugues. Spelugues means 'The Plain of the Robbers,' and the site of Grimaldi's pirate-retreat is at this moment the site of the Monte Carlo Casino. Passing ships have no interest for Grimaldi's successor, the Prince of Monaco; but passing tourists present him, free, gratis, and for nothing, with a comfortable salary of seventy thousand pounds per annum, an impost which his ancestor would have thought unreasonable and excessive.

Grimaldi, like most of the pirates of his age, was exceedingly religious. The very name of his territory, Monaco, derives from the Latin word *monachus*, a monk; and, following up the idea, we find that he emblazoned two monks upon his coat of arms, where they still blandly pose. Observe, now, the consistency of the Grimaldian tendency to jokes. Nine-tenths of the wealth of the present Prince is extracted from a monkish invention—the roulette-wheel. Pascal devised the gambling cylinder exactly as it is now used in the Salles de Jeu during a six months' 'retreat' for meditation and prayer in a monastery. The roulette-wheel has built for Monaco the finest cathedral on the Riviera, has paid for innumerable lesser churches, has founded several orphanages and nunneries, and pays the salaries of a bishop and innumerable priests; but before gambling was introduced into Monaco that benighted State could afford only one small church. Within the Prince's palace, it may be added, a naïve inscription in a prominent position on one of the walls is proudly pointed out by the cicerone of every tourist. It runs: 'The man who pretends to know God and does not keep His commandments is a liar.' Precisely what this may be *à propos* of is not explained. Plenty of charming things are not explained—at Monte Carlo.

One of the many charming things which are not explained at Monte Carlo is the annual balance-sheet of the Casino Company; or why the said company, which exists solely for and by gambling, should call itself the *Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Étrangers* (the Sea-Bathing and Strangers' Club Company). The one thing which nobody ever does during the winter season—the profitable season—at Monte Carlo is to bathe in the sea. Nevertheless, this Sea-Bathing Company, which provides no sea-bathing, mysteriously announces that its profits for the year 1904-5 amounted to one million four hundred and forty thousand eight hundred pounds. It omits to mention why visitors who have never dipped so much as a toe in the Tideless Gulf should be willing to pay so heavily

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for the privilege of not doing so ; and it also omits, perhaps discreetly, to give more than the very sketchiest details of the items of the balance-sheet. The shareholders are incurious ; perhaps they realise that silence, like their dividend, is golden.

The founder of the Sea-Bathing Company was a humourist of the first water. Having been invited to leave Homburg, he placidly wandered into Monaco one morning in the year 1860, and cast a critical eye upon the puny Casino which was then rising out of rubbish-heaps on the edge of the promontory. Seemingly, this M. Blanc—whose snowy surname subsequently gave rise to the proverb, '*Rouge perd, noire perd ; blanc gagne toujours*'—owned that priceless virtue of the business instinct, Imagination. He saw Money in the rubbish-heaps, and Possibilities in the ugly skeleton of the Casino. He paid a brief call upon the owners of the concession, and, by one of those strokes of luck which occur only to individuals able to appreciate their significance, found these gentry in financial difficulties. He offered them sixty-eight thousand pounds down for their concession. 'I am going to lunch,' he said, 'and when I have lunched, shall receive your decision.' He lunched (a rite omitted by no great financier), and received the decision. That very day, the 31st of March 1860, he became sole owner of the Monte Carlo Casino and a thirty years' gaming concession from the Prince. Seventeen years later he died worth two million four hundred thousand pounds.

Three times since 1860 the Casino has been enlarged ; and there is no reason to doubt that it will require enlarging again, seeing that this year's net profits exceed those of last year by no less than eighty thousand pounds ; and a fresh lease of fifty years' duration has only recently been granted, with the most agreeably stimulating effect on the Sea-Bathing Company's share quotations. François Blanc, it would seem, is still very much alive, and his joke is still active. A million-pounds-a-year joke is difficult to kill.

The gist of M. Blanc's joke was that he should propose to turn a rubbish-heap into a gold-mine by 'chance.' Roulette, it will be observed, is a game of chance. It is a pure chance if the players lose a million pounds a year, a pure chance that the Bank has thirty-seven odds in its favour to its opponents' thirty-six, a pure chance that the Casino Company can provide their patrons with the finest orchestra, the finest gardens, the finest roads and bridges, and police-force and fêtes and pigeon-shooting, in Europe for nothing. Chance—blindfolded Chance, but surely with the bandage slightly hitched off from the eye which beams in the Blanc direction !

What a pleasant thing it must be to live in a realm ruled over by the high-priests of Chance ! Land in Monaco was, at the time of the Blanc invasion, worth half a franc per square yard ; the value of the same trifling foothold is now quoted at a figure which soars frequently above a hundred francs. Where there were two modest hostelrys

there are now fifty sumptuous hotels. What was a barren rock sprinkled with a few meagre olive-trees, and nourishing—with pains—a semi-pauper population of four thousand souls, is now confessed by every traveller to be the most cultivated, the healthiest, the best-drained, and the best-governed stretch of coast on the Mediterranean ; and it is the most thickly populated State on earth, supporting no less than six hundred persons to the square kilometre—to be exact, twelve thousand six hundred in all. Monaco is only three miles long by half a mile broad, remember ; but it is so wealthy that it can afford to dispense with rates and taxes, although it enjoys the luxury of a standing army. By a strange irony of fate, too, it is morally the most progressive nation in Europe, in one respect at any rate: it forbids gambling by its inhabitants on any excuse whatsoever. Yes, Monaco knows too much about gambling to allow its sons and daughters to indulge in that expensive relaxation. No Monegasque is allowed to put his nose within the Casino doors. The Temple of Chance is reserved for the *étrangers* who come hither for—sea-bathing.

It is said—but perhaps the statement is an envious libel circulated by the less prosperous citizens of surrounding nations—that there are not merely more rich people to the square kilometre in Monaco than elsewhere, but more needy people too. Certain it is that M. Blanc in his day had to deal with an extraordinarily large number of persons who endeavoured to turn his game of 'chance' into a game of 'certainties' for their own benefit. They did not worry M. Blanc. If they had anything to teach him, he was willing to pay for his new wisdom. Usually, he learnt nothing that he did not already know, and paid nothing ; but now and then some fresh genius discovered a weak point in his armour, and M. Blanc had to defray the cost of strengthening it. The firm of swell-mobsmen, for instance, who playfully inserted a bomb in the cellar where the Casino gas-meters were fixed taught him that electric light was a surer illuminant for his tables ; and the gentleman who succeeded in switching off the electric light, and during the confusion which followed grabbing some thousands of francs, preached to him a salutary sermon on the merits of oil. Oil-lamps of enormous dimensions, as a matter of fact, now hang over each green cloth ; and electricity—brought, it is said, from two quite separate generating stations—adds to the pitiless glare of the Salles de Jeu.

Another lesson which M. Blanc paid dearly for was that hard cash is a more satisfactory, if more blatant, medium of play than counters. When the present Casino was first organised, the players were compelled to purchase counters, priced at two francs apiece, from the administration, and stake with these as tallies alone. At the close of the day's play the counters could be redeemed at the *guichet* at their face-value. But in practice they were not always redeemed, and by degrees got into circulation in Monaco outside the Casino's doors. So admir-

able was M. Blanc's credit that his counters were accepted everywhere by shopkeepers and *hôtelière*s in lieu of cash. Two hundred thousand of them in all were issued. This satisfactory state of affairs continued well into the seventies; until one fine day M. Blanc decided to recall his counters, and issued a mandate announcing that they must be immediately redeemed on pain of repudiation. The effect of his announcement must have given him considerable food for thought. His two hundred thousand counters had mysteriously grown and multiplied into four hundred thousand. The shock would have irritated a smaller mind than M. Blanc's. He shrugged his shoulders, and paid out the two francs apiece for each of the counters. But from that day to this the rule of the tables has been: 'No credit, and money down.' At the same date as the abolishing of the tally system, the minimum stake was raised from two francs at roulette to the five francs at which it now stands; and twenty francs was fixed as the minimum for the game of trente-et-quarante. M. Blanc had no use for the small speculator who played often and lost little, especially when the small speculator was not even playing with genuine counters.

The polite Belgian who happened by evil luck to lose a *rouleau* of 'gold coins' which turned out, when its sealed paper wrapping was removed, to be nothing but a brass tube of the correct diameter, taught M. Blanc that *rouleaux* must never be permitted on the tables unopened. This was a cheaply bought piece of wisdom, however, compared with that which was purchased at the price of eighty thousand pounds from Mr Jaggars the Yorkshire mechanic. Jaggars, with an infinitude of patience, and aided by eight assistants, tabulated the roulette results for several months without playing, and, as he had anticipated, discovered that one of the wheels had a distinct bias towards a certain set of numbers. Staking with a knowledge of this bias, Jaggars and his men netted one hundred and twenty thousand pounds before the officials guessed the cause of their amazing success. After this the wheels were made to be movable from table to table, and were changed nightly. Jaggars, still betting, as he supposed, on the same wheel, lost forty thousand pounds in a few days. He wisely stopped, and quitted Monte Carlo, as we have said, eighty thousand pounds to the good. He was succeeded by an individual who, contriving to gain an entrance to the Salles de Jeu during the hours of dark, bent the metal divisions of the roulette-wheel with a pair of pincers, making certain of them narrower and certain of them wider than they normally ought to have been. He was soon found out; and nowadays the wheels are not merely made interchangeable from table to table, but the number-divisions are interchangeable also; so that any variation in their size would instantly be detected. The mechanism of the wheels is also examined every twenty-four hours, and their horizontality tested with spirit-levels. The most carping critic of the Casino officials' methods could not

accuse them of any dishonesty, either in the player's favour or in their own, as far as the management of the roulettes is concerned.

The game of trente-et-quarante, for some unknown reason, seems to have attracted the notice of the brainy swindler less than that of roulette. Nevertheless, it was at a trente-et-quarante table that the most famous drama of Monte Carlo sharpening which has ever taken place occurred. The incident is known as the Ardisson case, so called from the name of its hero.

Ardisson was an adventurer of the most distinguished type. For years he had lived by his wits in the spas and pleasure-resorts of Germany and Austria, and finally he cast covetous eyes on the wealth of the Monte Carlo Bank. Having, in a modest disguise, made a careful study of all the aspects of play, he eventually laid the train for a truly magnificent attack on the trente-et-quarante, which, being played with cards, probably appealed to him more than the lifeless and machine-like procedure of the roulette.

At the height of the season, then, we behold Monsieur Ardisson, accompanied by a friend and two charmingly attired ladies, enter the Casino and repair idly to one of the trente-et-quarante tables. A series of games having just concluded, the croupier is shuffling his six packs of cards preparatory to dealing them out afresh, and we may suppose that the gamblers already present are taking the opportunity afforded by the momentary lull to compute their losses and gains or examine their scoring-cards. Immediately on arriving at the table, the Ardisson quartette arrange themselves two on each side of it; and one of the ladies contrives to enter into conversation with the *chef de partie* (umpire or referee of the game), and asks him a number of innocent questions as to the methods of play. These he politely answers; and meanwhile, on the opposite side of the table, the other fair creature has begged the second umpire to be so good as to furnish her with gold change for a bank-note.

At the very moment when the croupier has shuffled his cards and is ready to recommence, the lady who wanted change for her bank-note receives it, and, by an unfortunate slip, lets the whole of it fall upon the ground. There is considerable confusion as the gold pieces roll hither and thither, and for a fraction of a second the umpire's attention is distracted from the table. Attendants, however, hurry forward, gather together the coins, and hand them back to their charming owner, who is of course covered with confusion at the disturbance she has created in this usually serene and hushed atmosphere. The game begins.

And what a game! The umpires' faces blanch as they behold sequence after sequence turning up in the Ardisson group's favour. Ardisson and his three companions do not condescend to stake anything lower than maximums—and the maximum at trente-et-quarante is twelve thousand francs. Four

times twelve thousand francs on the table at each coup, and four times twelve thousand francs winning at each coup, is enough to turn the hair gray of even the stoniest croupier. Eight times did the Ardisson gang stake, and eight times they won. Then they strolled off in a body, taking with them three hundred thousand odd francs. A swift carriage waiting at the Casino door whirled them away across the French frontier, to be seen no more.

Horrible suspicions entered the bemused brains of the *chefs de partie* as they beheld their three hundred thousand francs vanish, and they ordered the cards to be examined. There were eighty-four too many of them in the pack. Georges the croupier had accepted a princely bribe from Ardisson to substitute a previously arranged pack amongst his cards, and had contrived to do so at the moment when the eyes of every one—umpires and bystanders included—were diverted by the fallen coins. The rest was easy. Ardisson and his accomplices bet upon what they knew *must* be the sequences, and inevitably won. As for Georges, he spent a couple of months in prison, and issued thence to enjoy his share of the Ardisson fortune.

The majority of the stories of fortunes made at Monte Carlo, nevertheless, centre round ordinary straightforward players and not mere rogues such as Ardisson. Few, however, fail to possess the element of jest which seems inseparable from everything Monte Carlian. One of the most popular amongst the British and American permanent residents is that of an English peer, who, having attended divine worship at the Episcopal church, repaired (let us hope absent-mindedly) direct thence to the gaming-rooms. As he paused for a few minutes beside one of the roulette-tables, a winning number announced by the presiding croupier struck upon his ear as being strangely familiar. It was the number thirty-six—the number of the last hymn which had been given out as he was quitting the sacred edifice. Prompted by the curious inward voice which whispers 'An omen' to even the most matter-of-fact and conservative, he hastily placed a louis on the thirty-six square. Thirty-six won again, though the balance of chances in favour of the recurrence of a single number is excessively remote; and our peer wandered forth into the Sabbath stillness of the gardens seven hundred francs richer than he had been when he dodged the collection-plate of the church by escaping from it while the lucky hymn was being sung. Of course the tale leaked out, and of course the church was crowded on the following Sunday by gamblers eager to repeat the peer's experiment. Never before had the local chaplain beheld from his pulpit such a sea of eager faces; never before had the pews emptied with such astonishing rapidity on the announcement of the collection hymn. The congregation in a body made a bee-line for the Casino, and fought for places at the famous roulette-board, whereon to fling piles of notes and gold, backing the hymn's number. The trifling fact that the number in

question obstinately declined to appear did not dissuade them, and for several Sundays the church continued to be crammed with folk intent on hearing the number of the last hymn, and subsequently backing that number in the Casino. The chaplain put a stop to the scandal, and incidentally reduced the size of his flock to its usual somewhat meagre level by a simple expedient. The final hymn was from that time onwards selected from that portion of the hymn-book wherein numbers ran above thirty-six. As the numbers on the roulette-wheel themselves run no higher than thirty-six, it was obvious that the hymn could thenceforward give no clue to the omen-seeking gamester.

Another similar adventure which occurred to a well-known English plunger is equally authentic. Having lost every cent of his ready money, he wired a pathetic appeal for help to a friend in England. Two days later he received a letter, addressed in the friend's handwriting, which on being opened revealed a five-pound note. Without pausing to read the letter, our plunger hastened to *Ciro's*, the famous restaurant in the *Galerie Charles III.*, and changed his fiver into French money. From *Ciro's* he went straight into the Casino, where, experiencing an extraordinary run of luck, he not merely retrieved all his previous losses, but gained a substantial increase into the bargain.

Wearied of play, he retired with a few cronies to *Ciro's* again to celebrate the occasion with a bottle of champagne. The usually genial *M. Giro* met him at the door of his establishment with a flood of reproaches and upbraidings. The five-pound note was bad! He waved it angrily in the plunger's face—*mais oui*, it was false, this five-pound note!

The plunger took the guilty fiver and scrutinised it carefully. It was one of the sham bank-notes issued by the late Sir Augustus Harris, and bearing on their face an advertisement of the Drury Lane pantomime. The English friend, himself as 'broke' as the Monte Carlo plunger, had posted him the flagrantly worthless fiver as a joke—a joke which, had the plunger taken the trouble to examine the fiver or read its covering letter, he would have seen only too clearly for himself. It was fortunate that he did not do so. He merely paid *Ciro* his five pounds, and, inviting the pacified restaurateur to share in the champagne, pretended that the whole affair was an intentional witticism on his own part.

The conceit of a croupier, who fondly imagined that he understood the English language, was instrumental in presenting another and far less experienced Britisher with the not-to-be-sneered-at sum of one thousand francs. This gentleman, handing a thousand-franc *billet* to the croupier in question, asked for *plaques* in exchange for it. *Plaques* are the large five-louis gold pieces peculiar to Monaco. The croupier, fancying that the player had said 'black,' and was requesting him to place the note on the 'black' compartment of the cloth, did so unobserved. Black duly turned up, and



the croupier politely handed two thousand francs to the surprised Britisher.

Probably once, and once only, has a player at Monte Carlo won unwillingly. The incident alluded to came under the notice of the writer, and he can vouch for its truth. An elderly lady who was conducting a party of nephews and nieces along the Riviera was persuaded by the young people to take them to the Casino. Aunt Maria, as we may conveniently call her, inwardly resolved to give her protégés a lesson in the futility of gambling. Having made a private examination of the odds against the player in the roulette game, she decided, shrewdly and accurately enough, that to place a coin on a single number was to court almost certain loss. When, therefore, she took her party into the Salles de Jeu, she exhorted them to note how impossible it was to make money by play, and, to point her moral, placed a five-franc piece on the single number twenty-five. By rights, twenty-five should have lost, the chances being thirty-seven to one against it. But 'the best-laid plans'—twenty-five won, to Aunt Maria's discomfiture; and a delighted nephew gathered up from the cloth her winnings—one hundred and seventy-five francs—complimenting her upon her good fortune and judgment. Aunt Maria will not rely again on object-lessons to illustrate her lectures on the futility of gambling.

Lieutenant-Colonel Newham-Davis, the well-known journalist of the London *Sporting Times*, states that an American friend of his once won twenty thousand pounds in a single sitting at Monte Carlo, and was uniquely sensible enough to take it home with him intact. But the number of people who are genuinely fortunate at Monte Carlo, and whose luck continues till the day of their departure, is exceedingly small. *Décavé*—which in slang simply means 'stony-broke'—is a word whose use is pitifully common at Monte Carlo. The *viaticum* item on the Casino balance-sheet—that is, the money paid for railway fares for the ruined players' return to their homes—amounted in the 1896-97 season to no less than twelve thousand pounds; and it is significant that Monaco is now the only State in Europe where usurious interest is charged by money-lenders with the sanction of the law. The 'breaking the Bank'

stories which persistently crop up in the French newspapers during the Monte Carlo season are traceable not so much to a foundation on fact as to a foundation on the 'press subvention' fund of the Casino Company—a fund which in 1901 amounted to no less than twenty thousand pounds; and to which may also be ascribed the strange silence on the suicide question in the same journals. That peculiar weekly, *Rouge et Noir* (the *Organe de Defense des Joueurs de Roulette et Trente-et-Quarante*—probably the only magazine devoted solely to the interests of gamblers ever published), states that the number of suicides per annum at Monte Carlo averages four hundred, or one per week per table. This, it may be asserted safely, is a gross exaggeration of the truth; but that suicides are sadly frequent no one who knows the Riviera would dare to deny. The curious have only to climb the stony and almost pathless hillside behind Monaco town to find proof. Here, surrounded by a high wall, is the suicides' cemetery, a melancholy and neglected little enclosure thick with rank grass, and betraying its nature solely by a few wooden stakes bearing numbers and decorated with bedraggled wreaths and torn visiting-cards. The sun beats pitilessly upon its nameless graves, butterflies flit to and fro over its flowering weeds, and the leaves of its wreaths stir lazily in the breeze. Outwardly, at least, it is perhaps the least picturesque and most uninteresting cemetery in the length and breadth of Europe; but to him who knows its secret it is full of meaning. For these uncared-for mounds represent more than the mere resting-places of madmen or fools who have pitted themselves against the immutable laws of mathematics; they are in themselves a monument—an everlasting monument—to the genius of a man who, with the eye of faith, beheld a gold-mine in a rubbish-heap; a monument to the creator of Monte Carlo: François Blanc. Some day, when Europe gets the true perspective of things, it will be said of François Blanc, not that he founded the Monte Carlo Casino, not that he brought stability and wealth to the throne of the Princes of Monaco, not that he built the Monaco Cathedral, but that he made necessary this suicides' graveyard. And when that day comes, the grisly jest of Monte Carlo will cease to exist.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

### CHAPTER V.

**M**Y first night's rest at the Brun-varad was a very sleepless one, but I was not foolish enough to attribute this to strange surroundings or a strange bed. As a matter of fact, my couch was a large and particularly comfortable one, and on the whole I sleep rather better than usual in an unfamiliar bedchamber. I ascribed

my lack of repose partly to the high, exciting air of our lofty plateau, and partly to the strange, disturbing thoughts which the events of the evening had given birth to. It was obvious that the palace which sheltered me was the home of a threatened man; that the treason which menaced him was engendered in the bosoms of the highest; that the heart which, of all hearts, should have beaten true for

him was, without the shadow of a doubt, tainted and utterly corrupt. I thought of King Karl's face when he had caught sight of that tell-tale gown, and a great pity rose in my breast for him. I liked the King. It seemed to me impossible to know him and not to like him; he was so full of spirits, so genial, so boyish, so utterly free from pride of birth or position. His unthinking, unhesitating confidence in myself had welded a bond of loyalty that almost rehabilitated my long-shattered belief in the divine right of kings.

I rose in the morning partially refreshed with short snatches of dream-ridden slumber, keen for the experiences of the day, and revelling in the view of snow-clad hills and sky afforded by my double-casemented window.

Coffee and eggs and honey were served in the pleasant little sitting-room reserved for my use, and after I had smoked a pipe and written a letter to my mother I found my way down to the great, sumptuous hall which the present monarch had evolved out of a coterie of small and picturesquely inconvenient apartments.

I found my host seated, in front of an open fire, in the depths of an enormous arm-chair. A large meerschaum pipe was between his lips, and he was studying a bundle of papers through thick-rimmed pince-nez. A huge, snow-white St Bernard lay at his feet, and as I approached the great beast rose leisurely to his feet and advanced affably towards me.

'Good-morning, Saunders,' said His Majesty. 'You slept well, I trust?'

'Tolerably well, thank you, sire,' I answered.

'And I intolerably badly,' he said, more to himself than to me. 'I'm glad the dog likes you,' he went on musingly; 'he doesn't take to most people.—In fact, you're rather a surly old beast, aren't you, Mogul?—By the way, Saunders, I owe you an apology. When I asked you to visit us out here I knew that the subterranean politics of this unhappy land were simmering dangerously—that is their chronic state; but I had no idea things would come to a crisis, as they threaten to do now. You see these papers I am reading? They are General Meyer's report on the military situation, and his plans for the disposition of troops in the event of a popular uprising. My good cousin Fritz would give five years of his restless life for five minutes' perusal of these dry statistics. Nevertheless,' he added, with a smile, 'I have every reason to suppose that his wish will remain ungratified; and, so saying, the King threw the whole bundle into the fire, where in a few seconds they were reduced to blackened ashes. 'As a matter of fact,' he went on, 'we shall prepare a spurious report and contrive to get it stolen, or at least surreptitiously copied. The real details are here'—tapping his forehead—'and in a much cleverer brain than mine—my commander-in-chief's.'

'Is it not a trifle indiscreet to mention all this to me?' I could not help asking.

The King shrugged his shoulders.

'I am as discreet as my enemies,' he said. 'Look at the Grand Duke's behaviour in the billiard-room last night, which Meyer has reported to me. Even if he had not known of the General's presence, he knew he was speaking before Miss Anchester, who is a firm friend of mine. I may not be a particularly cautious person; but compared to me my cousin is rashness personified, and I ask for no clumsier opponent. And after all,' he went on with a touch of sadness, 'one must trust some one. I have never yet met an Englishman I could not trust.'

'Your Majesty's liking for my country and countrymen is well known,' I said. 'You must have been fortunate in the specimens you have met.'

'English gentlemen are all very much alike,' he said. 'They are the salt of the earth. To you, who have spent all your life in a country where social order and respect for human life are as much taken for granted as the rising of the sun, the condition of affairs here must seem well-nigh incredible. The average Grimlander has virtues, I admit—the rough animal virtues of the wolf. He is fond of his offspring, he prefers his own country to any other, and he is amazingly hardy. On the other hand, his respect for human life is lamentably insufficient. For his own it is slight enough; for his neighbour's, absolutely non-existent. Pity, honour, industry, application, self-denial—these are words which do not figure in his lexicon. That is the average Grimlander, mind you. The aristocrat is different—he lacks the animal virtues of the wolf.'

There was silence at the conclusion of the King's words. No phrase occurred to my mind which would not have seemed impertinent in its sympathy.

'And yet,' went on King Karl after a long pause, 'I love my people—because they are my people.'

At this point our conversation was interrupted by the advent of a third party. Advancing towards us across the hall was the figure of a slim young woman. She was wearing a close-fitting woollen jersey, a white beret on her head, a short skirt of dark blue, and a pair of stout boots of which the toes were garnished with sets of formidable iron spikes. It was several seconds before I recognised in this figure the person of Miss Anchester, the caustic governess to the royal children. She smiled brightly enough on me now.

'You find my get-up very peculiar, I can see, Mr Saunders,' she began.

'I beg your pardon,' I returned, conscious of having been staring rather rudely. 'I did not recognise you for the moment.'

'We all dress like this at Weissheim,' she went on. 'It is the uniform of the place. These are my tobogganing boots; I hope you admire my rakes.'

'They are most rakish,' I replied facetiously. 'And are you going down the Kastel run?'

'You'd better go and watch Miss Anchester do the Kastel run,' put in the King. 'I'm busy this morning with old Meyer; otherwise I would take

you into the curling-rink.—Miss Anchester, will you be good enough to look after Mr Saunders till lunch-time?’

‘With pleasure,’ replied the governess. ‘Mr Saunders, I’m sure, will be delighted to pull my toboggan up the hill.’

‘How long is the hill?’ I asked, laughing.

‘Oh, about two miles. You look fairly robust.’

‘I will go and get ready at once,’ I said; and, suiting the action to the word, I mounted the stairs to my room, put on my thickest Swiss boots, a sweater, and a cloth cap, and prepared to sally forth with daringly athletic Miss Anchester.

I shall never forget my first daylight impressions of Weissheim. The thermometer was showing forty degrees of frost, but there was not the slightest sensation of cold in the air. The sun had just climbed above the shoulder of the mighty Klanigberg, and was making his heat felt with no uncertain ray. There was not a cloud in the sky or a breath in the heavens. The earth was white. Mile upon mile, league upon league, as far as the eye could reach, was snow—pure, immaculate, sound-deadening snow. Below us was the deep, frozen Nonnen-see, so covered with the all-present crystals that one distinguished it from the land merely by its smooth, untreed, unrocky surface. Beyond, the huge Klanigberg and her flanking sisters, the jagged Eisen-zahn and the graceful Trau-altar. Half-way up their towering sides the bare pines projected starkly from the snow; while, above, their gleaming whiteness was flecked with dark crags and clear-cut precipices. To our left lay the town of Weissheim, with its dominating church and the big, rectangular Pariserhof. Beyond, and far below, lay the small village of Riefinsdorf, its little, yellow station easily distinguishable in the clear, thin atmosphere. To our right, and considerably above us, was the Mariencastel, the half-modern, half-ancient home of the Grand Duke, a pink, stucco building attached to an old stone tower considerably out of the perpendicular. Above all, the sky; and it seemed as if Nature had taken all colour from the earth and crowded it into one intense, terrific blue. It was wonderful, beautiful, marvellously exhilarating.

‘Well, and what do you think of Weissheim?’ asked my companion.

I had fetched her toboggan out of a shed, and was dragging it easily along the path in the direction of the Mariencastel.

Somehow, in her athletic guise, her cheeks glowing healthily in the keen mountain air, she looked quite different from the stately creature of the night before, much more girlish and natural, I thought; and she smiled so frankly and pleasantly upon me that I wondered if the prejudices I had formed against her were really as well founded as they had seemed the previous evening. Still, remembering her remarks to me anent tobogganing and nerve, I felt I had a grudge against her.

‘It is better than Whitechapel,’ I replied. I felt sure the remark would annoy her.

‘And do you live in Whitechapel?’ she asked sweetly.

‘No; in South Kensington. Still, I prefer this even to Harrington Gardens.’

‘But why drag in Whitechapel?’ she asked. ‘I am afraid you were trying to be flippant. Never be flippant when discussing Nature. It is the sign of a small soul.’

The presumption of this young lady in lecturing me in this manner was far too amusing to cause offence.

‘I mentioned Whitechapel,’ I said in smilingly insincere defence, ‘because we have a small factory there. I am the head of a draper’s firm, and we employ a lot of girls there making blouses.’

‘Oh, I see,’ returned my companion in all seriousness; ‘you mention Whitechapel because it is familiar to you. How interesting to be head of a draper’s business, and to superintend the working-girls!’

‘I am afraid I don’t do much superintending.’

‘You are busy in other ways?’

‘I am rarely busy at all,’ I said. ‘I fear I have not the business instinct.’

She stopped abruptly in her walk and looked at me in undisguised dismay, almost horror.

‘You don’t take an interest in your business!’ she ejaculated.

I could not refrain from laughing.

‘You make me feel like a criminal,’ I said.

‘I should think so,’ she said, melting ever so little. ‘I had hoped you had one redeeming characteristic.’

I ought to have been offended, for our acquaintance hardly warranted this familiarity.

‘I am an excellent beast of burden,’ I protested, with a gesture towards the toboggan.

She laughed at that, and then, as if repenting of the concession, made the latter part of her laugh scornful.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘you are an excellent beast of burden.’

After that we walked on in silence, till presently we came across the toboggan-track.

‘This is the Kastel run,’ she explained briefly, and not without a touch of reverence.

I looked at the track with curiosity. It was four or five feet wide, and the surface was of snow turned into ice by the process of watering. On each side of the course were little banks about a couple of feet high, also of iced snow, and hard as iron. The run did not strike me as particularly steep, but the surface was so absolutely slippery that I could well imagine a great rate of speed being attained on it.

Next moment there was a slight scraping sound, and an old lady, a Grimlander, came lugging round the corner. She was a brown-faced, wrinkled old creature, sitting up comfortably on her machine, both feet pressed flat on the surface of the track, and holding a cord in her hand as if she were guiding a horse. In a few minutes she



was lost to view round another bend. The pace seemed to me extremely dangerous.

'She goes well,' I remarked.

Miss Anchester laughed scornfully.

'She does not mean to go too fast,' she said.

'Not fast?'

'No; she keeps her feet down. Besides, she's riding a *schlittli*. You can't get up any pace on an old-fashioned thing like a *schlittli*.'

'And what do you ride?' I asked.

'Oh, I ride a "skeleton."'

I looked at the toboggan which I was trailing behind me. It was just an open framework of steel runners with a small wooden cross-seat which shifted backwards and forwards like the sliding seat of a racing-boat.

'And is it difficult?' I asked.

'It is easy enough in the straight,' was the reply; 'the corners take a little negotiating, though. Let us walk on a little higher and we shall see a bend—the Devil's Elbow.'

The quaintly named bend, which we were soon abreast of, was remarkable for the alteration in the height of the bank. Instead of being only some two feet high, the exterior boundary of the curve rose abruptly to a height of at least ten feet, and instead of being perpendicular to the track, sloped upwards at an angle of about sixty degrees. The object of this was made manifest directly. A tobogganer was coming down, a man this time, and travelling head-foremost. As he reached the bend his machine dashed up the bank to within a foot of the top, kept at that height for a second, and then sank again into the trough of the course. The pace was absolutely terrific.

'Without that bank,' said Miss Anchester, 'it would be impossible to get round the corners. Circular bicycling tracks are constructed on the same principle. That was the Grand Duke's son Max. He is a good tobogganer, but he takes his banks a trifle high.'

'How does one avoid doing so?' I asked.

'It is necessary to dig one's rakes into the ice before coming to a sharp turn. That reduces the pace somewhat, and when you are turning, as here, to the right, you put out your right foot as far as possible, and rake hard with it. Also, much can be done with the arms, pulling the head of the toboggan round. The penalty for taking the bank too high is loss of speed. Besides, you may go over the top, which in a race is of course fatal.'

'And unpleasant at all times,' I added. 'That, I suppose, is where the danger comes in.'

'There is nothing dangerous in going over the Devil's Elbow,' replied my companion; 'it merely means a drop of ten feet into deep snow. It is an alarming, not to say bumpy, business, but it gives one a very good notion of what flying is like.'

'Without, however, the advantages of wings.'

'Precisely. One misses wings badly tobogganing. There is a bend farther down the run which is really dangerous. It is a double turn, with twin banks called Jonathan and David. If you take Jonathan high, you are morally certain to go over David; and if you go over David, you are morally certain to fall a thousand feet to the Nonnen-see. One avoids taking Jonathan high by judicious raking.'

'What would happen if one went down without rakes?' I asked.

Miss Anchester laughed.

'Please don't try,' she said. 'The thing may be theoretically possible, but it is a practical certainty you would never get down in safety. When you make your first effort on the Kastel run, rake all the way—imagine you are in a broken-down four-wheeler trying to miss a train. Afterwards, as you acquire skill and confidence, rake less and less. The less you touch the ice with your rakes the better time you will do. But beware of David; he is a good friend but a bad enemy.'

(To be continued.)

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### TINNED SALMON.

**T**HOSE who are familiar with the conditions of salmon-fishing in the rivers of Scotland and England only would stand aghast if they were to see the manner in which the king of fishes is caught in the rivers of the north-west of America. It is well known that salmon born in a certain stream always return to it from their sojourn in the ocean. After swimming the length of some of the rivers of North America, the fish are so exhausted that they frequently swim into shallow water and die if they are not captured. The salmon-fisheries which have been erected on these rivers have adopted a novel device

for capturing the fish when he returns to the waters in which he was hatched. This consists of a huge wheel, sometimes as large as fifty feet in diameter, which is fixed in such a way as to be driven by the rapid stream, much as an under-throw water-wheel is driven. The descending side of the wheel presents a long, scoop-shaped device made of wooden ribs and netting, and in this the fish are entangled, carried out of the water, and pitched into a separate tank to await their fate. By this device as much as fifty tons has been taken from a single wheel during twenty-four hours.

### A SUBSTITUTE FOR PLATINUM.

Many of the properties of the metal platinum—such, for instance, as its extremely high melting-

point, and the fact that, owing to the similarity between its expansion co-efficient and that of glass, it is practically the only metal which may be sealed into glass—render it of immense value in a great many industries. Unfortunately its price at present—about four pounds fifteen shillings an ounce—prohibits its use for a great number of purposes for which it would be extremely valuable. According to a note in the *English Mechanic*, a substitute, presumably an alloy, has been discovered by a Mr Birmingham of Baltimore. The new metal is said to melt at about three thousand six hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit, to be malleable and ductile, and to be unaffected by acids. It is capable of being rolled into sheets or made into wire, and it is said to become soft and workable at a temperature far below its melting-point. No particulars are given as to its constitution, but it is said that the price will be about half that of platinum.

#### A FOUL-AIR INDICATOR.

Under the curious name of the noseroscope, an invention for the detection of foul or exhausted air is being placed on the market in Italy by its inventor, Signor Bertini. By means of this invention an alarm-bell is set ringing directly the atmospheric pressure in a stove, flue, or other place where a draught ought to be maintained ceases to be below that in the room which is being ventilated. A stove or fire which passes its own foul air into a chimney does so by virtue of the fact that the atmospheric pressure in that chimney is less than that of the room; consequently a draught is created, and is kept up so long as that depression continues. Directly the depression disappears, owing to the stoppage of the flue or to any other cause, the foul air finds its way into the chamber, and the result is danger to human health and life. The duty of the invention under review is to call attention at once to this state of affairs.

#### LIFE-SAVING RADIOGRAPHY.

A strikingly valuable radiograph, or X-ray photograph, as it is wrongly called, was recently the means of saving a child's life. A little girl who had been playing with a couple of tiny little toys shaped like bicycles accidentally swallowed one, and became exceedingly ill in consequence. She was taken to the London Hospital, the usual medical treatment for the removal of the obstruction having proved unavailing. An X-ray picture was taken, and immediately revealed the fact that the obstacle was firmly lodged in the œsophagus. With the skiograph to guide him, the surgeon made a small incision, passed in an instrument by means of which the toy bicycle was cut in half, and removed the two pieces separately. The child's life was saved, and without the X-rays it must almost surely have been lost.

#### TO PROMOTE RESEARCH.

Every civilised country, by means of its Patent Department, provides for the encouragement of

inventors by the granting of monopolies for a term of years. But scientific research, the investigation of matters of prime importance to the community, such as an unpatentable treatment for various diseases, is left entirely to the magnanimity of the experimenter, for reward through the instrumentality of the Patent Department is not feasible. To stimulate scientific research by the award of sums of money proportionate to the value of the discovery is the essence of a scheme formulated by Walter B. Priest in a book just published. The author presents a well-considered plan, by which applicants for grants in respect of any research-work which they may be carrying on would receive, after due inquiries have been made, a sum of money paid out of funds provided by Parliament for the purpose.

#### ROAD-INDICATORS FOR MOTOR-CARS.

Those who have wrestled with the difficulties of studying an ordinary road-map and at the same time steering a motor-car will appreciate the value of an ingenious device which has been placed on the market under the name of the autocarte. By means of this device the exact position of the car is shown, in epitome as it were, at any moment during the run day or night. In reality, the invention consists of a map of the road arranged in the manner of the toy panoramas familiar to childhood. A space on the map equivalent to five miles of distance is revealed at a time, and the rollers upon which the remainder of the panorama is wound are connected by suitable gearing to the wheels of the car in such a manner that as the automobile proceeds upon its journey the map is unrolled before the driver. He has, therefore, always before his eyes the actual section of road upon which he is travelling, and all the natural and artificial dangers or gradients, or other interesting features, are clearly indicated on large scale. It is obvious that the value of the invention is at once lost if any extensive departure be made from the prearranged route, and one of the delights of motoring would therefore be denied to him who drives carefully by this chart. Nevertheless, for all straightforward runs, where to ask the way is not an easy matter, the device should be valuable.

#### CHECKING MOSQUITOES.

The island of Barbadoes enjoys a certain immunity from the visitations of the malarial mosquito. In many of the waters of this island there flourish in great quantities a tiny fish known locally by the name of 'millions,' and there is believed to be a connection between the existence of this fish and the comparative non-existence of the malarial mosquito. Some interesting experiments are now being tried in the West Indies with a view to determine to what extent one fact bears upon the other, and to see whether the beneficent little fish can be induced to flourish in the waters of places where the mosquito ravages are more severely felt. It is said that the tiny fish has an appetite quite

out of proportion to its diminutive size, and that it feeds to a large extent on the larvæ of the mosquito. The troublesome insect is in consequence practically exterminated in the area in which 'millions' flourish, and here also, for the well-known reason, malarial fever is practically non-existent.

#### TO PREVENT SNORING.

It would surely be difficult to find a more curious invention than that described in a recent issue of the *Scientific American* for the prevention of snoring. The device consists of a flexible plate or mouth-piece designed to be held between the lips and in contact with the teeth and gums during sleep. It is fitted with a check-valve to regulate the amount of air passing from the mouth on its way to or from the lungs, and this valve or flap is so arranged as to prevent the entrance of air into the lungs through the mouth, although allowing it to be expelled in the act of exhaling. The wearer is therefore obliged to breathe principally through the nose, and is consequently himself benefited to this extent, that he escapes the evils commonly credited to mouth-breathing, while he saves from disturbance others who might otherwise be distressed by the noise of his sleep.

#### A STARTER FOR ELECTRIC-MOTORS.

Everybody knows that in starting an electro-motor, unless it be a very small one, the electric current must be gradually admitted so that the motor may be allowed to attain speed before full pressure is switched on. If this precaution be omitted, and the full power suddenly applied to the stationary machine, it will not only damage itself, but will by the sudden flow of current damage or destroy the electric wires by which it is supplied. All motors, therefore, are furnished with a resistance by which a small current is first applied to the motor, and gradually strengthened as the machine gains in speed. According to the *Western Electrician*, an entirely automatic device for the attainment of the same ends has been patented by C. P. Steinmetz. In this device the ordinary rheostat is replaced by a material which when cold has a very high electrical resistance, but as it warms up owing to the influence of the passage of the electricity, its resistance drops until in a few minutes it is reduced to practically nothing, and almost the full power of the current passes unimpeded to the motor. Such a device should be of great value to manufacturers and others who employ electro-motors, and are always liable to have machinery damaged by carelessness in suddenly switching on without due precaution.

#### MILK.

Among the disadvantages of being born a civilised human being must be reckoned the fact that the natural supply of food suitable to infant requirements is very seldom forthcoming. A great deal of more or less hysterical nonsense has been written about the selfishness of mothers who will not be

bothered with the sustenance of their own children in the manner originally prescribed by nature. Like much other pernicious nonsense, this has a considerable basis of truth; but the plain fact appears to be that in the great majority of cases it is not the selfishness of the mothers which is at fault, but sheer physical inability to comply with the natural demands of the child. It is as if the human race were passing on to a further stage of evolution and gradually ceasing to be mammals. As a result, another source of food-supply has to be found, and the most valuable is provided by cow's milk. Here, however, the trouble begins.

#### COW'S MILK FOR INFANTS.

Milk provided by nature as a food for calves is not quite suitable in constitution to exactly meet the requirements of the human infant; but a greater difficulty than this is found in the fact that milk is intended to be conveyed direct into the mouth of the youthful animal, and is totally unsuited to be carried about from place to place. From its very nature it is an almost ideal culture for bacteria, and all microbes which make their way into it find themselves provided with a nearly perfect medium wherein they may multiply many thousands of times before the milk is consumed by the infant. Quite apart from the diseased condition of a great many cows, perfectly germ-free milk cannot escape outside contamination, for the air of the byres in which the cows are milked is often laden with bacteria; the cows themselves cannot always be described as scrupulously clean; the milkers are not as careful as they might be in the matter of cleanliness. Then this fluid, warm and eager to promote bacterial life, is taken, without any special precautions, on long railway journeys, and finally it stands about in open vats in the shops of big cities. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the germs of disease are present in alarming quantities; but rather one may marvel that milk-borne disease is not a great deal more rife than it is. It is pointed out that at all events one factor which promotes the rapid growth of bacterial life may without much difficulty be removed: it should not be difficult to cool the milk directly it is taken from the cow and keep it cold until it is required for use. In Dr Houston's report on the bacteriological examination of milk for the London County Council, it is pointed out that in New York milk above a temperature of fifty degrees Fahrenheit is defined as adulterated, and wherever found in the hands of dairymen, carriers, dealers, or retailers, is liable to summary destruction.

#### THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE IN THE AIR.

Mr James Gordon-Bennett, whose name has become famous all over the world in connection with the trophy which is the prize for which



racing-motorists compete, has presented an aeronautical cup to be won by the flying-machine which shall cover the greatest distance. The race has been fixed for 30th September, and the aero clubs of France, America, Spain, and Italy have challenged. The maximum number of entries allowed for any one country is three, and the committee of the Aero Club of the United Kingdom has decided to enter three balloons to compete for the prize on behalf of this country. It is believed that Germany and Belgium will also challenge, so that seven countries in all will take part in the race. The start this year will be made from Paris.

#### THE OXY-ACETYLENE BLOWPIPE.

A very interesting demonstration of welding by means of an oxygen blowpipe fed with acetylene instead of coal-gas was given by the Brins Oxygen Company at the University Club, Bristol, a short time ago. During the demonstration two pieces of two-inch steampipe were welded together with a joint which was said to have a strength of over 90 per cent. The two pipes were placed end to end and raised to a sufficient temperature by the blowpipe, when a stout iron-wire was introduced in the flame in the manner of solder and run round the joint. It appears that the joint consists of low-carbon steel produced by the action of the flame upon the iron-wire. In the same way a T-piece was made from copper-pipe, copper-wire being used instead of iron, and several other objects were welded or burnt together in a very satisfactory manner. It is said that the temperature of the flame reaches seven thousand two hundred degrees Fahrenheit, which is about two thousand degrees higher than that of the oxy-hydrogen flame.

#### COMMERCIAL VALUE OF SHARKS.

Not many people know that shark-catching in the Southern Seas is an extensive and profitable industry in which white men and natives have been engaged for the past thirty or forty years, and that there is a small but widely separated fleet of vessels engaged in shark-catching in the North Pacific atolls, where these sea-tigers literally swarm in hordes of thousands. They are caught for two purposes: the rendering out of the liver oil—which is a splendid lubricant, and is also used in a minor degree for medicinal purposes, especially for rheumatism—and for their fins and tails, which are highly prized by the Chinese for many purposes. Every one has heard of the Chinese 'shark-fin soup,' which corresponds, in its excellence and nutritious qualities, to the European isinglass, or calves'-foot-jelly soup. The fins, when thoroughly dried, are worth from thirty to fifty pounds per ton in the Sydney market, where they are bought by Chinese firms for exportation to China. The tails bring less. All the traders in the equatorial islands of the Pacific are buyers of sharks' fins from the natives. The Gilbert Islanders are perhaps the most expert and daring shark-catchers in the world. They use

lines of cocoa-nut fibre, and huge and very strong wooden hooks made from the roots of trees; and although the fishing is done from small canoes, it rarely happens that a native loses his life. But on one occasion the writer saw three men devoured in a few minutes. They, in company with twenty or thirty other canoes, were fishing off Ocean Island (lat.  $0^{\circ} 52' 2''$  S., long.  $168^{\circ} 24'$  E.), when a large shark which they had hooked fouled the ontrigger and broke it, and before the unfortunate men could be rescued, they were seized by several sharks. It is not unusual when a shark is hooked, and is hauled alongside to be clubbed, for it to be seized by several others and torn to pieces. Three or four men in one day will, at Ocean Island, capture as many as twenty. Formerly, after the fins and tails had been cut off and the enormous livers extracted, the carcasses were thrown away; but latterly some demand has arisen for the skins, which are sent to Germany, where a process has been discovered for tanning and making them pliable.

#### AN INHALATORIUM.

The various diseases of the lungs which are susceptible of treatment by inhalation are provided for in a new medical institute which has recently been opened in New York, where are installed the vaporising appliances invented by Dr Bulling of Munich. By means of these devices the liquids to be vaporised are blown by compressed air into such infinitesimally fine particles that they are carried by the act of breathing into the finest ramifications of the lungs, and are thus able to reach directly diseases situated far beyond the range of the ordinary inhaling appliances. In the medical institute called the Inhalatorium special rooms are set apart for the use of patients, who sit for half-an-hour at a time breathing an atmosphere charged with the vapour suited to their special complaints. In another room are a number of desks, each fitted with a small and restricted vaporiser adapted for direct application to the mouth or nostrils. The air-compressors are fitted in the basement, and are arranged to draw carefully cleansed and filtered air, which, after being warmed by a special appliance, is fed to the various vaporisers throughout the building.

#### THE EMPIRE UPON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS.

A Blue Book dealing with the last census of the British Empire shows that the area, which in 1861 was eight and a half million square miles, with a population of two hundred and fifty-nine millions, had in 1891 increased to twelve million square miles, with a population of about four hundred millions. The heart of the Empire, or the head and governing centre of this vast area and population, comprises within the United Kingdom one hundred and twenty-one thousand and eighty-nine square miles. The most populous city in the Empire, excluding London, is Calcutta, with a population which has grown from ten or

twelve thousand in 1710 to nearly eight hundred and forty-eight thousand in 1901. Bombay ranks third, with seven hundred and seventy-six thousand; and Glasgow fourth, with seven hundred and sixty-one thousand. Out of about three hundred and nineteen millions professing some form of belief, about fifty-seven and a half millions profess one form or another of the Christian religion.

#### ITINERATING LIBRARIES.

The East Lothian Itinerating Libraries founded by Samuel Brown of Haddington did a great deal of good in the early part of last century in supplying country villages with healthy literature. Samuel Smiles has owned his great indebtedness to these when a youth. Mr Melvil Dewey in the *Dial* relates the experiment made with what are called 'Field Libraries' in New York State, whereby a community which is too small to own or support a public library may have a hundred of the choicest books for six months for a small fee for transportation. The greatest need exists in the rural sections, where there are fewer distractions, more leisure, and fewer opportunities to get the best reading. The New York State system of travelling books, pictures, and collections has been in existence since 1892. Good results have followed, and it is still in process of growth. It has been proposed to establish a book-wagon with a travelling librarian to visit scattered farms and hamlets. No method could be devised for giving more certain means of instruction and recreation than that of well-selected itinerating libraries.

#### TO AVOID SEA-SICKNESS.

A German, Dr Eugen Wolf, has found a cure for sea-sickness which will be welcomed by those who dread a voyage because they are not 'good sailors.' The cure is very simple, as all the appliances necessary are a basin of hot water at eighty degrees and a couple of handkerchiefs. Whenever the traveller feels that he is becoming giddy, he must lie flat on his back on the cabin sofa or a deck-chair. The clothes are unbuttoned so that there is nothing to hinder breathing. Then the handkerchiefs are wrung out in the hot water and bound round the forehead. This bandage must be made very tight, which can be done by using a penholder, or something of the kind, as a lever when twisting it. During the first minute or two the sensation is not

particularly pleasant, but those who bear it are completely cured, which is surely sufficient reward for any temporary inconvenience. When the bandage begins to get cold, another must be put on and the process continued, each time with a hotter bandage, if possible, until the patient is relieved of the squeamish feeling. This should be accomplished in about half-an-hour. In very obstinate cases it may take an hour. While under treatment the patient must not eat, drink, or smoke. One of the symptoms of sea-sickness is excessive thirst, which must not be assuaged. If the patient has a craving for food he may be given a little dry toast and possibly hot water, or weak tea without milk or sugar. Smelling-salts and all the old-fashioned 'remedies' are to be strictly avoided. Two hours after the cure the patient need not fear a hearty meal, smoking, or even drinking. Those who undergo this treatment at the beginning of a voyage are never troubled with sea-sickness, even when the sea runs high.

#### THE HORSE AS A MAKER OF HISTORY.

In Professor Ridgeway's book on the *Origin and Influence of the Thoroughbred Horse* it is pointed out that Arabia was not the original home of the so-called Arab horse, but that the blood-horse had a North African ancestry not far removed from the quagga race. It has been Libyan blood which has improved the European horse in speed, good looks, and docility. From the dawn of history down to the early centuries of our era, the Libyan horse surpassed all others. An old inscription found in Rome in 1903 states that of forty-two winning horses thirty-eight were North Africans. Professor Ridgeway further reminds us that Islam would never have affected the world as it has done if the leading men had not been skilled horsemen. The races which have held the mastery in Asia, Africa, and Europe have owed the extension of their power or the preservation of their liberty to the possession of horses. If the Franks had not owned good horses, by 732 A.D. western Europe might have been enslaved by the Saracens. The possession of horses enabled the Normans to conquer at Hastings, while Marlborough's victories were largely due to the possession of cavalry. Steam and the motor-car now threaten to drive the horse from its former supremacy.

### THE HIDDEN PEARLS.



WHEN the excitement about the great wealth of the Mount Morgan mine broke out I was practising as a solicitor in Rockhampton, which was then the nearest town of any size to the mine. I generally put a few pounds into any prominent mining venture brought out in the locality; but I did not touch

the Mount Morgan, though I had several opportunities of obtaining a share at a low price soon after the discovery of the famous hill. I do not think I had any particular reason for keeping out of the mine except that I was rather sick of putting money into mining syndicates; and one can imagine my annoyance when I subsequently found that I had carelessly missed a huge fortune.

One very hot afternoon I was sitting in my office cursing the heat, my bad luck, and things generally, when in walked a tanned, gray-bearded man dressed in the regulation prospector's garb. He took off his slouch-hat with a 'Good-day, mister,' and, drawing a big coloured handkerchief from his shirt pocket, sat down and proceeded to mop up the perspiration which was pouring from his face.

'It's blazing hot—ain't it?' he said, after I had acknowledged his salutation.

'It is indeed. What can I do for you?' I observed.

'You don't remember me, I suppose?'

'I fancy I have seen your face before, but I cannot call it to mind.'

'Don't you remember my evidence got young Strott off when he was copped for horse-stealing? My name's Guire.'

I did remember. Strott, whom I defended, was brought up on what appeared to me at the time most convincing evidence; but the man before me, with another witness, had sworn an alibi in his favour, and the accused was discharged. After I had admitted the recollection, my visitor went on:

'Well, Strott and me has been mates for some time, and we've just come in from Mount Morgan. We saw the stuff where they get the gold—a ginger-bread kind of stone—and we came straight back, for we knows of a big hill just its very twin—same stone and everything. And there's gold in the creeks too.'

'Where is it?' I asked.

'In the Ringara country, about sixty miles t'other side of Charters Towers. We camped a day or two there, looking for a reef, as we reckoned there must 'ave been one there, 'cos of the gold in the creeks; but we couldn't find one, and the gold must 'ave come out of the solid hill.'

'What is it you want to see me about?'

'Well, it's just this way. Me and Strott thought we'd get some one to pay our expenses up to the place, and show some one over the ground; and as we knowed you here, and you got Strott off, we thought it was only paying you handsome-like to see you first about it.'

I had sent men out to look at so many 'wild cats' that I hesitated about accepting Guire's proposal; but eventually I acceded to it, afraid to risk the chance of losing another Mount Morgan. Not being very busy at the time, and badly wanting a holiday, I resolved to accompany the men myself to the supposed big mine, and on the result of the samples I obtained, decide whether or not it was worth while to send up a mining engineer for close examination.

We went by train to Charters Towers, and there I borrowed some camping materials, and we started for the Ringara with a light buggy-and-pair early the next morning. It was a Tuesday. The first night we camped at a cattle station about thirty miles out. Our plan, which was framed by Guire,

was to proceed on the Wednesday to an outstation about two miles from the alleged gold-hill, which we would examine on Thursday. Guire said he knew the track well, so I made no inquiries either at Charters Towers or the station homestead; and, to tell the truth, I did not want to put any one on the scent of our errand.

We had travelled at a steady pace from the homestead for about six hours, with an occasional short rest, when I began to inquire how much farther we had to go to reach the outstation. Guire said he did not think it was much farther, but he might have been a mile or two out in his reckoning. I was not very much surprised, as I knew by experience how long the prospector's mile generally is; but when we had been going another two hours without any sign of a hut making its appearance I grew uneasy. The track lay through a low range, thickly bushed; and while I was pretty certain there was water about, yet I had no desire to camp out in an unknown country without any certainty that we had not lost our way. Guire and Strott held out for a long time that we were on the right track; but at length, when we stopped at a water-hole in a dry creek to give the horses a drink, Guire coolly observed that it was possible we had come a little out of our way, and suggested that we should camp for the night at the water-hole. There was nothing else to do but acquiesce in this proposal, though I grumbled about as hard as was possible under the circumstances. Fortunately we had plenty of provisions, and there was fairly good feed for the horses, which we hobbled and turned loose.

I have accustomed myself to sleep anywhere; and that night, being, I suppose, thoroughly tired out, I slept very soundly on a comfortable bed of bushes under the buggy. When I awoke it was approaching seven o'clock. I did not see either Guire or Strott about; and, concluding that they had gone to bring in the horses, I proceeded to light a fire and boil the billy for breakfast. While waiting for the water to boil I got up into the buggy to get out something to eat, and my attention was at once attracted to a piece of light-brown paper with some scribbling upon it, which was weighted down by a stone on the seat. I took up the paper, and, to my consternation, read the following lines scrawled on it:

'DEAR MISTER,—I rite this to say Strott and me's got the hosses, and orf up the Willara. The hosses will way back to Towers. Hut 2 miles down creek. Gude-by.

A. GUIRE.'

I was dumfounded. Tricked after all, and in the most stupidly simple way! How could I have been such an ass, I thought, to come on a trip of this kind on the word of two such rascals? I understood the scrawl to mean that Guire and his mate were riding the horses to Willara, and that they would there let the animals loose to find their own way back to Charters Towers. They desired to inform me at the same time that I should reach the



outstation by walking two miles down the creek. I could only make the best of the situation. After all, there was no danger of dying of hunger or thirst, and I reckoned I could borrow a saddle-horse from the shepherd at the outstation to enable me to get back to Charters Towers, whence I could send for the buggy.

I had soon finished breakfast, and proceeded at once to walk down the creek. This time Guire had not misled me, for three-quarters of an hour's steady going brought me in sight of a hut and a rough shed. I could, however, see no one about, and I very soon found that, though the hut was tenanted, its occupant was away. However, I made no ceremony, but entered the hut and resolved to await there the return of the owner.

The hut was of the usual bush-type. A bunk, a rough table, a stool with adze-hewn seat, a couple of shelves holding provisions, two or three empty boxes on end, and a few cooking and table utensils constituted the furniture. There were two or three numbers of weekly newspapers lying about, and these I picked up to look through; but finding I had read them, I glanced around for something else to peruse. I could find nothing, however, till I saw the edges of what appeared to be a pamphlet peeping from under a biscuit-tin on one of the shelves. I drew it out, and was rather surprised, not to say taken aback, at its character. What I took for a pamphlet was in reality about twenty leaves of an old Portuguese book fastened together by a long, thin, bony spine, apparently from some fish. I could not read the print; but I gathered from the look of it that it was very old, probably about three hundred years. How such a curiosity could get into a stock-rider's hut in the Queensland bush I could not imagine. The spine, which was fastened through the leaves in the same way as the average pin is used, struck me as very remarkable, for evidently the bone had been in the same position for many, many years, if indeed it was not as old as the book.

Beyond, however, wondering what the relic could be, and making up my mind to ask the dweller in the hut for an explanation, I did not feel any great interest in the curio, and soon put it down, while I went for a purposeless stroll round the hut. I wandered in and out of the hut until about noon, when I had the satisfaction of seeing a horseman galloping hard towards it. He was, as I thought, the occupant of the hut; and I need not say he was intensely surprised to see me, particularly as there was no horse saddled up anywhere about. I soon explained to him the quandary I was in, and he agreed to provide me a horse to enable me to return on the following morning. Meantime I was to share his hut, and I had the pleasure of assisting him to cook a first-rate dinner of salt-beef and boiled pudding. We were lighting our pipes after the meal, when my eye again caught sight of the skewered book-leaves, and I asked my host how he came by them.

'Oh,' he said, 'that thing came out of a blacks' cemetery a mile or so up the creek.'

'A blacks' cemetery?' I ejaculated.

'Well, that's what I call it. It's a kind of cave with a lot of dried-up blacks in it. They used to bury them there, I suppose, without covering them up. Those leaves, with the bone through them, I picked up when I found the cemetery. They were near one of the bodies, and I thought it might be something to read; but I don't know the lingo.'

The stockman was going to bring in a horse for me in the afternoon, and I thought I might well use the time he was away by examining the cave he spoke of. He agreed to take me to it, and we were soon plodding up the creek-course, he leading his horse. I do not think I should ever have found the place without a guide. We had to ascend a low hill near the creek, and drop down again into a deep ravine, whose sloping sides were covered with bush. My companion tethered his horse, and we descended the slope, taking a circuitous course. Suddenly we stopped in front of an overhanging rock; and, as I at once guessed, this proved to be the roof of the cave-entrance, though until we got right to the mouth of it there was no visible sign of a cave at all.

'Here it is,' said my guide. 'I'll leave you to prospect it while I go and get a horse in. There are no snakes.'

With this he went away, while I proceeded to light a candle I had brought with me. The interior view, except for a few feet, was black as ink, for there was a deep natural porch at the entrance, which effectually shut out the daylight. Notwithstanding the consoling remark as to the absence of snakes, I carefully examined the ground as I proceeded, and found it fairly level, but very dry and dusty. In fact, I was greatly surprised to find so much dust, as one generally expects damp mould and a stagnant pool or two in subterranean openings. I soon noticed, however, that the air was exceedingly dry, though rather cool, and I accounted for it by the fact that the valley was practically protected on all its sides from severe atmospheric disturbance. There may have been other reasons, but I did not concern myself about them. For about fifty feet the cave was little more than an irregular passage, but it then opened out in three directions. I took the middle way without particular consideration, and followed it for fully a hundred feet. Up to this point the roof of the passages averaged, I suppose, about ten feet high and some five feet in width; but here the cave suddenly opened out into a high chamber. The flickering light from my candle as I stepped from the passage showed me many jutting points of rock from the roof and sides, and I was scarcely surprised to see that masses of rock bestrewed the floor of the chamber, having evidently fallen from the rough-hewn, irregular ceiling. In fact, the whole floor seemed to be a jumble of rock and dust, as if the place had been used as a receptacle for builders' waste from a masonry structure. I observed that

the circular wall of the chamber, which had a diameter of some thirty feet, was surrounded by niches cut in the rock, each niche being about eight feet high and two feet deep and wide; but the purpose of these cuttings did not strike me at the moment.

I concluded that, as there was not a second opening from this chamber, I had come in the wrong direction to find the cemetery, and that I ought to have taken one of the other passages. However, I thought I would look round the place while I was there, so I started a circuit of the wall, being very careful where I put my feet.

I had not gone more than a dozen paces when I almost dropped with astonishment at seeing the black body of a man stretched at full length, face downwards, across a heap of rubbish. The shock was only momentary, because dead bodies were the very things I had expected to find, though I was scarcely prepared to come across them in this way. On close examination I noticed that the skin of the body was dried up into a hard, parchment-like substance, and had attached to itself but little flesh remaining outside the bones. In fact, it was a perfectly dried mummy, and had apparently once contained the soul of an Australian aboriginal. On looking about I found several more bodies preserved in the same way, and from their position had no difficulty in ascertaining that the niches in the wall were cut for the reception of the northern braves when it was no longer necessary that they should spear the kangaroo or the cassowary.

Beyond a few arrow-heads, I found no relics of the chase or adornment until just as I was about to return to the daylight, when I saw a large blue feather sticking out from the rubble. I stooped to pick it up, only to find that the quill-end was fastened in a ball of hard, red ochre; and on drawing this out, to my astonishment I found a small, thin roll of paper running through the ochre. It was clear that both the feather and the paper had been fastened in the ball when the ochre was soft, and I thought it probable that the trophy, if such it may be called, had been used as a head-dress or as a charm by some ancient chief.

By this time I had had quite enough of the caves. The air and dust gave me a terrible thirst; and, to tell the truth, I was rather disappointed at not having found more curios. I collected some of the flint spear and arrow heads, and with these and the feather ornament I made my way out into the sunshine, and was soon back at the hut.

I need not go into details about my return to Rockhampton, which was quite uneventful. On reaching home and looking over the articles I had brought from the cave, my curiosity led me to break the ball of clay and unroll the paper running through it. This was rather a difficult operation, the paper being almost as brittle as a dried leaf; but with the use of a damp sponge I managed at last to spread it out flat upon the table. The paper was about ten inches by five in size, and was

covered with very small writing, which had greatly faded, but was still quite readable; though, as the language in which it was written was Spanish or Portuguese, it was incomprehensible to me.

A few weeks later I was in Brisbane, and through the courtesy of the Spanish Consul there I managed to get the strange writing translated. It turned out that the language used was old Portuguese. I do not remember the exact translation supplied to me, but the substance of it was as follows:

'I, Manuel José Ramoz, of the ship *Ciuto Ruos*, tell my comrades, if they should find this paper, that I escaped from the blacks, and am making north again to recover the pearls which I hid when the blacks surrounded me. If I do not reach the place, this is to inform them that I wrapped the pearls in a buskin, which I placed in a cavity in the big red rock where we camped on the first night out from the ship. The cavity is the height of a man from the ground.'

This was all. Needless to say the paper excited my curiosity; but the absence of any date, and the sparse particulars generally, deterred me at the time from attempting to find the pearls, which I doubted not were still in the place where Ramoz hid them, or the paper would not have found its way into the hands of the blacks. The paper, too, must have travelled hundreds of miles before being finally buried with the body of the brave, as the two Portuguese vessels that reached the coast of Australia in the sixteenth century touched, I had heard, only on the northern shore. I came to the conclusion that Ramoz obtained the pearls from one of the coast tribes, and was making his way back with them to the ship when he was surrounded by hostile blacks, and captured after he had hidden the treasure. On escaping from them he wrote out the notice and fixed it in a ball of clay, intending to put it in some conspicuous place should he cross the track of his shipmates; but he was again taken or died before he could carry out his purpose. Of course, it was possible that the blacks found the ball after it had been deposited on the track; but this was hardly likely, or the clay would not have been retained as a trophy, if indeed any notice at all had been taken of it.

After I had kept the paper for some months a nephew of mine arrived from England with a view to making his way in the colonies. He was a smart young fellow, and I was glad to have him with me for a time while he looked about for suitable work. One day I showed him the Portuguese manuscript, and I do not know that I was very much surprised when he at once expressed a great desire to go and search for the pearls. I pointed out to him how very remote was the chance of finding them; but the difficulties seemed only to whet his ardour; and, to say truth, I was really so curious about the matter myself that my opposition to the scheme was really only half-hearted.

To cut a long story short, I eventually agreed to

provide the funds for the expedition, my nephew Tom being well satisfied with the promise of a sixth share of any booty afterwards found. We did not have the difficulty we anticipated in finding out the spot where the *Ciuto Ruos* anchored when she landed a party on the coast. The doings of the vessel were referred to in several books bearing upon the discovery of Australia which we found in the Brisbane Public Library. She sighted the north of the continent towards the end of the year 1591, and anchored in a small bay about fifty miles east of the spot where Palmerston is now situated. Closer information than this we did not expect to secure, and my nephew took steamer for Port Darwin in great hopes of success. He was accompanied by two experienced bushmen on whom I could thoroughly rely, and had with him everything necessary for an extended camp.

On thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that it was very improbable that the spot where the pearls were hidden would be found. Three hundred years of growth and decay would alter the whole vegetation, covering up open spots, and partially denuding thickly bushed country; so that it would be impossible to hazard a guess as to which was the most likely route taken from the bay. The only points in favour of the adventurers were that they knew the Portuguese camping-place to be not more than a day's march from the shore, and that naturally it would be situated where water was available. As it turned out, it was this latter fact that led to the comparatively quick discovery of the rock.

On arriving at the little bay indicated in the old books, my nephew decided, on the advice of the bushmen, to proceed as far as possible on a bee-line south from the centre of the bay, and follow up and down each watercourse they struck. Owing to the scrub being in places very thick, progress was exceedingly slow along the numerous creeks—most of them dry—which they met with, and it took the party fully a fortnight before they had completed a radius of seven miles from their starting-point. They then rested for three days while my nephew recovered from a slight attack of ague or fever of some kind, and on the eighteenth day out moved their camp to a spot about ten miles from the bay, where a wide, dry, sandy creek was met with. Here they found water at a depth of eighteen inches, and the general appearance of the creek gave them an idea that it was just the sort of place where a prospecting or travelling party would almost certainly rest. And, sure enough, it was along this creek that they found the rock which they were so anxiously seeking.

On the twentieth day, while moving up the creek in an easterly direction, they noticed that the yellow sand was largely tinged with red. As they proceeded, the creek narrowed and its course was obstructed here and there by boulders of red granite. Suddenly the creek took a sharp bend south, and just at the bend was a huge mass of granite rising to a height of

some twenty feet. But there was no ledge visible, the rock sloping evenly at an angle of about fifty degrees from the horizontal; and you may imagine the intense disappointment of the members of the search-party when they noticed this. However, they thought it possible that the ledge had been worn off; and, deciding to dig for the precious buskin in the creek, they moved their camp to the place.

Fortunately they were saved the trouble of a prolonged search in the creek, for one of the men, on probing the rock with a spade, found that the ledge had not been entirely worn away, but a considerable portion of it remained *in situ*, though it was filled up by detritus from above. This discovery was quickly followed by some hard shovelling-work, and in half-an-hour or so the remains of an old leather buskin were revealed, and then was found one of the finest collections of pearls that has ever been brought together. We sold them for over twenty-seven thousand pounds, of which the bushmen had 5 per cent. each, according to arrangement, and my nephew and I divided the balance as agreed.

Needless to say, I am not now a solicitor at Rockhampton.

#### WOODE-MAYDEN.

SHE lived long, long ago, and she died then, people say.  
'Tis her wraith lurks round the tree-trunks in the evening's murk and gray;  
Her locks are linden-white, her gown's green as green can be,  
And with the first new moon she comes out to dance with me.

Her life was like a flower's; as a flower's life dies, she died.

Wise men put her into volumes, with quaint pictures by her side:

'Woode-mayden cladde in greene, very yonge and sweete to see;'

And with the first new moon she comes out to dance with me.

Her grave's upon the hill. 'Tain't no grave,' say village folk;

'Just some oddment piece of slabstone where old belfry fell and broke.'

She lies there: still and straight, 'very yonge and sweete to see;'

And with the first new moon she comes out to dance with me.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

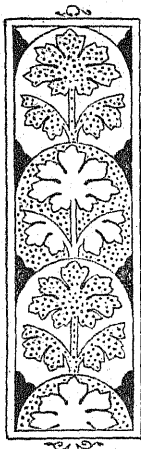
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# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### IN THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

**Y**OU interest me, Epps,' said the Bishop of Clumber benignly. He held a single eyeglass an inch from his left eye and contemplated the moderately new footman. He was a short Bishop, of portly build, with not one single hair on his head; clean-shaven, of course, also. His head would have been as round as a pea if the usual excrescences of a human head had been removed from it—a barbarous idea. He was seated in the library-chair presented to him by the parishioners of his first living, a handsome, carved piece of black oak, with arms that seemed proud to support his episcopal elbows. His legs were thrust forward and crossed at the ankle.

Epps bowed slightly and looked at the Bishop with an expression of serene contentment. He was a handsome young man, clean-shaven like his master.

'I repeat, Epps, that you inspire me with a certain interest. Well?'

'Is that all your lordship wishes to say to me?' inquired the servant. There was a cheerful manliness in his smile, and even in the tone of his voice, which saved him from the charge of impudence.

The Bishop laughed. He had a musical laugh which almost suggested that it had been trained in melody like the exquisite choir of his own exquisite cathedral. He set his eyeglass on the desk and placed his small hands together to form a capital A.

'By no means, Epps,' he replied, having checked the laugh suddenly and glanced round as if for its echo, which had been emphatic. 'I think you were out riding this morning with my daughter?'

'I was, sir.'

'Quite so. Did Miss Wootton hold any conversation with you this morning?'

'Nothing worth repeating, sir,' said the man, with a very pleasing light in his eyes. It was as if the question amused him more even than its pre-

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decessor, and at the same time conferred welcome dignity upon him.

The Bishop's chest swelled as he drew his breath slowly. His eyebrows twitched, and then settled into a frown of some severity, concentrated upon the man at the door.

'She told me,' Epps hastened to add, 'about the superstitions in these parts attached to horses with white feet. I don't think there was very much else. It was just before we met Lady Hemsell and her young ladies out for a drive. I assure you, sir, I slipped away to the rear the moment I saw them coming.'

The Bishop rose.

'This is extremely preposterous,' he said, as if to himself. 'I—I believe you were shooting with Mr John yesterday afternoon?'

'Yes, sir—in a sense. I carried the bag for him, and he was certainly good enough to ask me if I would like to hit a rabbit.'

'You did shoot, then—with Mr John's gun?'

'He was so pressing about it, my lord, that I—consented.'

'You *consented*! Admirable! Now, Epps, listen to me. Is the door shut?'

Epps found that it was slightly ajar. He was shutting it, when a hand on the other side interfered with his endeavours, and a moment later he stood away for the entrance of Mrs Wootton, the meagre and somewhat faded wife of the Bishop of Clumber; otherwise an elegant apparition in black silk, profusely charged with fine old white lace which hung about her like stalactite formations.

Epps would have departed at once had not the Bishop coughed and commanded him to stay.

'My dear,' then said the Bishop suavely, 'I have been addressing a few words to this young man on a subject which—which I ought perhaps to have mentioned to you first. As a domestic servant, I wish to find no fault with him—none whatever; but he is, I fear, lacking in certain of the discretions

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MAY 5, 1906.

which—which, in fact, are so essential to a person of his position.'

Mrs Wootton showed impatience of the plaintive kind.

'What is the matter now?' she asked querulously.

'Nothing, my dear, is the *matter*. You know that, as a rule, I leave these concerns—— You may go, Epps.'

But Mrs Wootton thought not. She lifted her hand to emphasise her opinion.

'No,' she said. 'Let me hear what he has done, and let him explain it, as I feel sure he can. Surely, James, you almost forget that Epps came to us with the highest imaginable personal recommendations from the Duchess of Spoda. I do think it very inopportune to question his discretion the day before her Grace's father and sister are due at the palace. I should not speak so candidly before an ordinary servant; but Epps is no ordinary servant.'

Epps's bow in acknowledgment of the compliment was certainly no ordinary bow. In spite of the irritation he felt—for it was not often Mrs Wootton thus asserted her superiorities before a third person—the Bishop of Clumber viewed the bow as if it were something freakish. Epps bent from the waist. There was a brief period when a spirit-level placed upon his back would have indicated no deviation from the exact horizontal. Either it was a gorgeous token of real respect or a travesty of deference which proved to conviction that this handsome young servant had in him the germs of unendurable insolence.

'At the same time, Epps,' Mrs Wootton went on mildly, in contrast with her previous note, and with the strained smile of a conscious and unwilling sufferer, 'I do hope you will try and remember that England is not America. His lordship is naturally sensitive'——

'Epps, I repeat, you may go!' said the Bishop forcibly. His round face was suffused with warm colour, and his eyes showed plain anger.

But Mrs Wootton again held up her hand, a pretty, lace-draped, spectral white thing, with several rings of price upon it.

'I have not finished,' she observed. 'I desired, James, to remind the young man that it is for his own advantage to try and realise that this is a monarchical country, in which it is customary to recognise the very marked differences between people of different ranks.—You *will* try, Epps?' she pleaded.

'Certainly, ma'am,' said Epps, as if it were a pleasure to promise anything to so considerate a lady.

'Thank you. And now you *may* go.'

When he had gone Mrs Wootton walked, not unimpressively, to the arm-chair by the fire and sat stiffly in it. She did not so much as glance at her husband, who had begun to pace the library—plunge about it, indeed—with his hands behind his back,

like an over-canvased little schooner in a tossing sea. She was in no hurry to speak the words which her husband knew were inevitably about to come. This made them the more effective when they came.

'We cannot be too careful, James, about the feelings of these persons. I do happen to agree with you at heart that this young man is rather less what he ought to be than is desirable; but we must make allowances, and remember that it would never do to offend the Duchess of Spoda even so slightly until Mr and Miss Slack have paid us this visit. The Duchess was so charmingly in earnest about it.'

'But,' exclaimed the Bishop, 'that is part of my argument. Why should I be—encumbered with such strangers?'

Mrs Wootton looked round at him with elevated eyebrows and an air of refined pity.

'Do you forget that also, James?' she asked. 'Mr Andrew Slack is the gentleman, the American gentleman, who, if Mrs Anfield speaks truth—and I believe she does sometimes—never puts less than five pounds on the alms-dish at a church collection. His daughter'——

'Pardon me, my dear!'

But Mrs Wootton did not like to be interrupted, even by her own husband.

'Please,' she insisted, 'let me finish what I have to say. Miss Slack has six millions of dollars in her own right. What were you about to say?'

'I simply,' said the Bishop, speaking with some flatness, as if his observations had lost point at the rate of so much per second, 'wished to ask if Mrs Anfield keeps a register of Mr Slack's church attendances in England; else I cannot admit that his benefactions seem to me at all out of proportion to his means. But I beg your pardon, my dear. I am wasting your time and my own. These—er—inferences distress me, and I have several diocesan reports to go through—several.'

Mrs Wootton rose languidly.

'One must think of one's children as well as one's self, James,' she said.

'To be sure, my dear. Who questions that? It was for Audrey's sake that I felt it my duty to say what I said just now to that young man.'

'I do not understand you, James,' said Mrs Wootton, hesitating between her husband and the door.

'I—I hope you do not. I am very willing to hope that I am myself mistaken. But we will say nothing more about it. I will endeavour to make Mr Slack feel at home during these three next days, and—— We will say nothing more about it, my dear.'

The Bishop's smile and assumption of an easy geniality would have won the regard of any one less seasoned to his lordship's little ways than his wife. His courteous movement to the door, with folded hands, was eminently picturesque in him. But the graciousness of it all was wasted upon his wife.

'Do you mean to tell me,' exclaimed Mrs

Wootton, with pale horror looming in her light-blue eyes, 'that you dare to imagine such a thing? Audrey! Our daughter Audrey! This is too much. It is not often I repine at the lot with which Heaven has blessed us; but really I could wish we were again at our humble little vicarage of Milton-on-the-Dove, and that the last ten years of your—your advancement were blotted out as if they had never been.'

'My dear Caroline!' murmured the Bishop as if he also were aghast. He would have put his hand on his wife's arm, but she declined the loving attention.

'Don't, James!' she said testily. 'It is much too serious to be made light of. What are your reasons for so—shocking a suspicion?'

'My dear, it has not developed into a suspicion. Heaven forbid! I only warned the young man that it is not prudent to—er—talk with his master's daughter as if she were almost his equal; that is all. There! there! dismiss it from your mind. I like the young man. Other nations, other manners. I was not severe with him. As I informed him, he interests me; he has many agreeable qualities which differentiate him from the conventional English servant. My fear was that Audrey, who, you know, is as romantic as she is deservedly dear to us both, might, in her beautiful innocence, tempt the young man towards a misconception of his position; and also, not knowing whither such familiarity might lead her, begin to feel a concern for him which— But I have said more than enough. I had not meant to hint at such alarming possibilities, and I am sure we can now afford to smile at them.'

This time Mrs Wootton permitted her husband to pat her shoulder. She seemed dazed.

'Forget my words and be happy, my dear,' he whispered as he opened the door for her.

It was seldom indeed of recent years that his wife had so completely yielded to him the deference that was due to him as a bishop as well as her husband. Having watched her glide into the corridor, with a stricken look about the shoulders which was peculiarly touching in her, he returned to his desk. He did not at once resume his work. He was really much moved by the termination of this little interview.

But Mrs Wootton was not in the condition of collapse which her deportment in so obedient a departure seemed to indicate. She sought her daughter immediately.

'Where is Audrey, John?' she asked, when she first chanced upon her son reading the paper in the sunny oriel room which the brother and sister made pretty much their own.

'Cutting flowers, I believe,' said John. 'She said something about it, and whirled off with the scissors ten minutes ago. By the way, mother, about to-morrow'—

'I can't wait, John,' said Mrs Wootton.

A vision of her lovely, gray-eyed child among

the plants, with Epps at her elbow bearing a tray, came to Mrs Wootton like a remembered picture in a book. She had seen it happen twice in the past week.

Too true, in fact, also.

There they were, in the second of the glass-houses! And Audrey was smiling at Hamilton Epps, with a sprig of scarlet geranium in her hand, which she seemed in no hurry to pass to the charge of her companion.

Never had the poor lady been so humbled by the perception that the Bishop, her husband, had subtler instincts than herself. She had to exercise very great self-control when her daughter greeted her with a gay 'I'm here, mother. Do you want me?'

'No, my dear; I want to speak to Epps,' she said.

'All right,' said the girl cheerily. 'I'll take the tray. I think these ought to do.'

She laid her cheek to her mother's ere going, and Mrs Wootton marked, with a sinking at the heart, the beautiful brightness of her eyes. Such radiance, at such a time, must mean something. But what dissimulation if so! The poor lady felt as if she could have sighed from the soles of her feet.

'Epps,' she said when the intervening glass door was shut, 'I must ask you to leave the palace. I should be glad if you would do so this very hour.'

The young man started. His look of surprise was so comely in him that Mrs Wootton knew that she was doing right. With her mind illuminated by the Bishop's unwilling communication, she wondered briefly how it was she had never noticed the dangerous fascination of this gentlemanly footman. The Duchess of Spoda ought to have known better than recommend such a snare to her.

'To oblige me—this very hour, please. I will, of course, see that you are at no pecuniary loss,' she added.

'But, Mrs Wootton—haven't I given *satisfaction*?' asked the young man anxiously, making much of the word.

It was on her tongue to reply, 'Too much—much too much!'

'There are circumstances,' she said instead, blushing for him, since he himself seemed so incapable of shame; 'I cannot—I have no time to go into them.'

'I'm sorry,' said Epps. 'I'm very sorry. See here, Mrs Wootton, please. That is, do let me speak. I—expect I'm a disappointment because, you know, in the States it's quite a common thing for men at the colleges to make their fees in this way; and, of course, the tone over here has more—refinements in its blend, if I may say so. We can't pick it up in a month—at least I can't. Mayn't I try another week or two?'

This side-suggestion had the result of increasing Mrs Wootton's alarm to such a degree that she almost forgot her rôle of executioner. Never had this new footman addressed her on such natural and level terms, his singular expressions apart.

'Are you at one of the colleges?' she asked, viewing him as if he were a monster.



'I hope you won't mind if I say I *was*,' said he.

He smiled like one avowing a pleasantry rather than a crime.

'In that case,' said Mrs Wootton, 'I must treat you as the gentleman I hope you are.' She held out her hand. 'Will you be so very good as to go at once and ask no questions?'

His eyes searched hers for a moment or two, with less and less smile in them. Then he bowed and touched her hand with his.

'Very well, Mrs Wootton,' he said. 'I—think I see. I'll go right enough, though I would have liked to stay to help you with my fellow-country-folk.'

'At once, Epps!' begged Mrs Wootton, clasping his hand.

He looked at his watch.

'I expect it'll take me twenty minutes or so to change and pack,' he said. 'If you'll let me, I'll leave the things here till I know where I'll want them, except just a brush and comb or so. How'll that do for you?'

Mrs Wootton clasped his hand harder still.

'Thank you,' she said fervently.

'Not at all,' said he. 'And I reckon you'd sooner I didn't say good-bye to a single soul, but just slipped out as if I were going to buy things in the town? Isn't that it, Mrs Wootton?'

'Yes,' she said. 'You are a very—judicious young man, Epps; and if you knew how it hurts me to feel obliged to do it'—

'Oh, don't say that,' said he encouragingly. 'It hurts me to go, so we're balanced, if it's not a wrong thing to say, in my—capacity. Good-morning, then, and good-bye.'

Of the two, Mrs Wootton was much the more confused. She had not realised, apparently, what she was doing in thus holding the footman's hand like that. She dropped it smartly at the 'good-bye.'

Hamilton Epps passed on into the third of the conservatories, whence he could ascend to his room in the purely domestic part of the palace, and so descend in privacy and go out into the cold world as a discharged footman.

Ten minutes later a housemaid brought him an envelope from Mrs Wootton, containing the Bishop's cheque for an entire quarter's salary and a written assurance from Mrs Wootton that if he needed any testimonial she would be very happy to say, as she felt, nothing but good about him.

'I call that real nice of her,' he said, as he pocketed the letter and cheque. He smiled as if he were troubled by but few anxieties about the future.

(To be continued.)

## NOTES ON A NORWEGIAN FARM.



**B**JERKESDAL is unknown to *Baedeker*, and there is no reason why it should be otherwise. Lying in a deep valley on one of the old roads that lead from nowhere to nowhere, it is quite off the tourist track, and only strangers of inquiring mind who range the byways in search of new trout-waters are like to happen upon Bjerkesdal at all.

Yet Bjerkesdal is a place of some importance, measured by native standards. Unlike most of the place-names more or less imposing which cover the large-scale maps of Norway, Bjerkesdal is not an isolated farm, but a group of farms. This hole in the hills like the crater of an extinct volcano is fertile in its degree, wherefore Bjerkesdal is a settlement comprising upwards of five farms, a saw-mill, and a church. One of the farms is the posting-station, therefore the inn and the post-office. This house proclaims its dignities to the world by means of a decaying signboard on which you can guess out the word *Skyds-station* (which means posting-station), and by an enamelled-iron plate on which is painted that curly horn made familiar by the postage-stamps. There is also a box for letters somewhere round at the back.

Having been informed concerning the resources of Bjerkesdal, we had not thought well to descend upon the place without warning; and a message in

advance had procured the best available conveyance—a country-cart guiltless of springs—to meet us at Strömshavn: which name, by the way, describes a rather decrepit little quay and nothing else. Our hostess, somewhat overcome by the importance of the occasion, received us in a condition of fluent apology that the twenty-four hours' notice had not enabled her to make suitable preparations—suitable preparations, under these circumstances, meaning tinned rissoles, tinned chicken, and tinned balls of fish; but the failure was easy to forgive. Fresh beef or mutton is rarely seen on Norwegian country tables; and when it is, the experienced pass it by. Tinned rissoles are eatable enough, but apt to pall when you get them at every hotel in the land; and fowls are only tinned when extreme old age closes their long and useful career as layers. I have never seen a freshly killed chicken in Norway, and do not expect I ever shall. After all, what does it matter for a week or two? Bjerkesdal could offer what all other places can offer—to wit, eggs, trout, *fladbrød* (the rye equivalent of oatcake), cheese, butter, bread, and jam, with excellent tea and coffee to wash them down; and you look for no more at the best-regulated posting-house.

The posting-house is an institution which the absence of railways has made essential to travel in this country. The larger towns are few, and so are villages; and practically all the journeying not

made by water lies over high-roads of very varying merit, in pony-carts. Distances are great, and in this thinly populated land (there are about nineteen persons to the square mile) farm dwellings are often few and far between. A thoughtful Government, therefore, makes arrangements for travellers. At intervals along every road farmers who feel disposed thus to enhance their incomes are licensed to supply ponies at a small fixed charge per kilomètre; and this privilege carries with it the obligation to provide on demand food and one night's lodging for travellers at charges ridiculous in their moderation. Since Norway was 'discovered' as a tourist resort some twenty-five or thirty years ago, the posting-houses on popular routes have expanded into or have given place to large hotels; but in the byways of the country they remain much as they were a couple of centuries ago.

The Bjerkesdal inn differs in no way from a hundred others. A weather-beaten structure of boards, roofed with clumsy slabs of slate-like rock; squat chimneys guarded against the winter snowfall by slabs raised on corner-stones; guiltless of eaves or any pretence at external adornment save that a few unkempt and straggling shrubs endeavour to hide the course of rough stone on which the house is built. The interior is more attractive by reason of the quaint old furniture. The sitting-room cupboards of dark, carved oak offer curious contrast to the crudely painted chest over by the stove; and the commonplace chairs look more commonplace beside the old Telemark chair hewn in one piece from a solid tree-trunk, the outline of whose circumference you can still trace in its irregularities. The Telemark chair looks like the first attempt of a dawning civilisation to make itself comfortable. No doubt the hour-glass pedestal with upright, coal-scoop back compared favourably with the benches and settles of a bygone age, but its naked quaintness leaves modern ideas of luxury something to desire. These old chairs sometimes offer testimony of Norwegian superstition: you find let into the seat what appear to be scraps of bone or ivory; closer inspection reveals these adornments to be human teeth, which serve as charms against rheumatism. Why the teeth should be supposed to do this the owner can no more explain than he can the efficacy of reindeer antlers nailed on the angle of the stable-roof in warding off ill from the ponies and cattle; but the antlers remain where his grandfather put them, all the same.

But we must go upstairs and get ready for supper. The carpetless bedroom has an aspect of bareness which strikes one cold on a rainy day. Planed deal walls and ceilings have the merit of cleanliness; but they give the feeling that the house is only a temporary dwelling to be pulled down next week and resolved into its original boards. Few householders paint the walls of their rooms; fewer still soar to the extravagance of paper. When they do the result is not always gratifying to the artistic eye. The furniture is scanty: a chair, a washstand,

and two small, clean beds, one on either side of the west window. A double bed in Norway is a rarity. I can remember only one such in a country-house during some years of travel, and that remains the more clearly in mind because the owner's misdirected love of gardening had induced him to train ivy over the canopy of the four-poster from a tub of earth at its foot! In the corner behind the door is the inevitable tall stove standing out into the room, and making much of the iron chimney-pipe which started with the intention of going through the ceiling, and, abruptly changing its mind, turned sharp through the wall to join the kitchen chimney instead. The Norwegian stove may be warranted to give out more heat and more smell than any other heating apparatus known to man; its talent for distributing the smell of hot iron is extraordinary. The old-fashioned fireplace is a slower but far pleasanter means of warming the room. This is simply a brick platform in the corner, with a wide masonry canopy over it. You heap wood on the platform, which is a foot or so above the floor, light a handful of the birch-bark which in these parts does duty as paper for firing purposes (and does it very much better), and in two minutes there is a blaze that does your heart good to see on a cold night.

And so to supper, as Pepys would say. Late dinner is unknown in the country districts save in hotels where anglers congregate. In town it is different. Social usage prescribes that the urban dinner shall be a movable feast, the hour indicating its importance. Thus, if you are asked out to dine at the orthodox hour of two, you know that it is a purely family party without ceremony; if the invitation is for four o'clock or five, you may expect to meet other guests and not your friends' young children; but if you are bidden for six or seven o'clock, prepare you for a full-dress function, a crowd, champagne, and probably music after dinner. Champagne, it may be observed, resembles other wines in that it is particularly good in Norway. The system has its advantages for him whose interior is proof against the shock of heavy meals at uncanonical hours; but personally I prefer the British method.

'The dog must go out,' says our hostess, who is waiting with ill-concealed pride by the table she has made ready; and she makes a demonstration which fails to move Iyax (Ajax) from the strategic position he has taken up underneath. But on no account can we allow Ajax to be disturbed; not because we are inveterate dog-lovers, but because there is ham for supper. The Norwegian housewife does many things well, but ham-curing is not one of them; and how shall we avoid hurting the good woman's feelings if Ajax be removed? He does not know the ham is hard as the nether millstone, salt as the sea, and tasteless; and his tail is thumping the floor in grateful anticipation already. We are in luck this evening. The trout are fresh, to begin with. Boiled fresh trout, varied with fried fresh trout, is apt to pall when served up thrice a day for

a couple of months ; but it is better than the same fish salted. Industrious as the farmer nets and night-lines the lake or stream by which he dwells, he cannot always depend on a catch. Hence, when he does make a haul, the bulk of it goes into the brine-tub, where, if not wanted for more immediate use, it remains for winter consumption.

Foreign visitors are rare in Bjerkesdal, our hostess tells us ; and she this evening meets the first English lady she has ever seen who can speak Norwegian. She makes the most of the occasion by officiating as tablemaid, so Ajax does not get quite so much ham as he hoped, while we take refuge in constitutional inability to eat pig in any form. We are regaled with a chapter of family history which bears striking likeness to many other such chapters poured into the sympathetic ear that understands the language. Our hostess and her 'man' are alone at present ; of their two sons, one is at sea and the other is in America. The two daughters, of course, are 'up at the *sæter*.'

The isolation of the average farm is one thing ; the solitude 'at the *sæter*' is another. Away up in the folds of the mountains, beyond the crags on the skyline which protect the lingering snow-patches from the July sun, the farmer has a few acres of pasture. Labour is scarce, and as the mountain pasture cannot come to the cows, the cows must go to the mountain. They are driven up as soon as the snow gives place to the spring growth, and stay for six weeks or two months in the care of the girls.

We have not seen our host yet. He has been out on the hillside all day cutting fodder ; but as we leave the supper-table a metallic roar that echoes louder and louder among the hills tells us that he is come home and receiving the fruits of the day's work by the wire. The wire is a great labour-saving institution in Norway. From some stout tree-trunk on the hillside a heavy iron wire is stretched to a post strengthened with boulders near the barn, a quarter of a mile below. The workers on the hillside rope up a great bale of the birch-twigs used as winter food for sheep and cattle, hang this by a hook on the wire, and send it sailing over the tree-tops with ever-increasing speed to its destination. Sometimes the wire a few yards from its lower end is flattened and bent out of the straight in such wise that the hook-borne bale shoots off it right into the barn, thus saving all trouble ; but the average farmer is content to let the bundle bring its aerial journey to an abrupt close against the bottom support. Accidents occasionally occur. One of a party of girls who were sending down firewood or birch-twigs did not observe that the slack of the rope was about her feet. When her companions let the bale go she was carried away with it, and after a terrible flight across the deep ravine spanned by the wire, counted herself fortunate in escaping with a broken thigh.

What can we do till it is time to go to bed ? We might put up the rods and try a cast on the lake, but it is smooth as glass to-night, and there is not

a chance of a rise. Moreover, our host, in the intervals of receiving birch-twigs, has affirmed that the trout in Bjerkesdal lake take *slug* (minnow) better than fly, and minnow-fishing is a poor business. We are considering the propriety of trying the streamlet which feeds the lake on this side, when a throaty bugle-blast up the road intimates the approach of the mail ; and a few minutes later the clatter of hoofs and the post-boy's *p-r-r-r-r* ! which being interpreted by the pony means 'stop,' draw us round to the front door, where the postboy, having deposited his revolver on the steps, is dragging the great tarpaulin bag out of the *cariole*. The postboy is almost the only person who uses the *cariole* nowadays ; the *stolkjaerre* or chair-cart, which carries two passengers and their baggage, has almost entirely supplanted the old vehicle. This, from a practical point of view, is not much to be regretted. The *cariole* is picturesque and characteristic of the country, but is not comfortable. The long, narrow box, like a coffin with a seat at the end, allows but one change of posture ; you can put your legs out, one on either side, and rest your feet in the iron stirrups provided ; but you must sit bolt upright all the time. The *cariole* does not countenance a lounging attitude. The conscientious tourist sometimes makes a point of driving a stage in a *cariole* if he can get one ; he never asks for it again.

Meantime the mail-bag has been turned out on the doorstep, and our hostess is sorting out the three letters and three newspapers it contained. There is a letter for Anna Bjerkesdal from Bergen, she remarks, turning it over ; Anna will be disappointed at not hearing yet from Lars in Oregon. Klara Bjerkesdal has been expecting to hear from her aunt at Nordfjordeid these many days, and here it is at last. Now, who can this be writing to Johann Bjerkesdal ? Good hostess, curiosity shall be quickly appeased ; for the bugle was heard by all the Bjerkesdals in Bjerkesdal, and behold them drifting with their native deliberation hitherward, to open and read their letters for the public enlightenment. The Norwegian's surname is the name of his farm or the settlement of which it forms an item—a system of nomenclature apt, one would think, to give rise to confusion and difficulties.

The postboy makes over the revolver to our host, as required by regulation, and takes his conveyance round to the stable. It is difficult to imagine such an outrage as mail-robbery in this law-abiding country ; theft is practically unknown outside the large towns ; but once in a way a gang of gipsies whose address is Europe happens into Norway, and with the remote possibility of meeting such on his lonely journeys, it is perhaps well that the fourteen-year-old mail-carrier should be armed.

The letters have been read, and the Bjerkesdals politely but firmly have asked all the questions that occur to them concerning ourselves, our belongings, our past and future. It is nearly ten o'clock, and the snow-patches on the hill-crests are glitter-



ing in the setting sun, when we escape for a stroll. The choice of route is small. We might go down the road by which we came this afternoon, and see if there are any salmon in the fixed nets which obstruct the stream ten times in a mile; or we might attack the almost perpendicular road by which we shall climb out of the valley to-morrow. Remains only the path along the lakeside to the white-painted, wooden church, with its squat, red steeple, and we take that. Unless it be one of the strange old *stavekirke*, few of which now remain, the country church in Norway is seldom of much interest. Some are adorned with wonderful carvings dating from centuries back, but Bjerkesdal is not one of them, so we do not apply for the key. The average churchyard is rarely attractive, with its wooden crosses falling to decay in the sandy soil, which seems to be selected of set purpose for the site of the church. The *præst* who officiates every third Sunday in Bjerkesdal does not live here, the church being the most northerly of the three in his parish, which is fifty odd miles in length, and he holds services at each in turn. This is a comparatively small parish for Norway. The country being populated in streaks corresponding with the valleys, parishes are very long and very narrow; and this topographical peculiarity gives rise to the funeral custom prevalent in Norway. If a parishioner dies at one end of the parish, it may be impossible to secure the offices of the clergyman to bury him. In his absence, the clerk, who is also the schoolmaster, reads the service and leads the hymns at the graveside; but the *præst*, and he only, may perform the ceremony of dropping earth upon the coffin in its resting-place. To the end that this may be done, a stout stake is placed upright in the grave when it is filled in; and this stake, carefully withdrawn when the

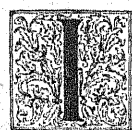
clergyman comes on his next visit, leaves a hole through which the 'earth to earth' ceremonial is performed.

We have to make an early start to-morrow, and though the woods around are alive with bird-voices, it is time to go to bed. Were we to wait for the birds to go to roost we should never retire at all; now, in early July, the cuckoo calls as vigorously at midnight as at noon, and the twittering swallows are as busy hawking flies. There is not much unpacking to do when we reach the bedroom, but a few things must be got out. *Imprimis*, the black cloths; item, the box of safety-pins; item, the shaving-glass. It is a curious thing that the Norwegian, despite his twenty to twenty-four hours of broad daylight in summer, should so rarely equip his windows with blinds. It is not at all unusual to find no blinds in the hotels which lay themselves out to cater for foreign visitors; and, to repair this deficiency, the experienced who cannot sleep in a light room provide themselves with sheets of black stuff to hang over the windows. Then the safety-pins. Norwegian blankets and sheets are invariably made exactly the same width as the mattress, so by no possibility can you tuck them in. The Norwegian does not know the luxury of tucking-in—he rolls himself up in the bedclothes instead; so unless you adopt the native fashion and practise making a neat and comfortable parcel of yourself, and can sleep without dreaming that you are a mummy, take a stock of big safety-pins, and therewith make your bedclothes into a bag. The small glass to hang on the wall is also desirable. There may be in Norway a mirror which offers a more faithful reflection than would a battered biscuit-tin, even as there may be a table with four legs of equal length; but if existent, they must be rare.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

By GEORGE FREDERICK TURNER.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*



LOOKED behind me to try and follow with my eye the windings of the run. Here and there a steep bank showed where the track curved suddenly, but for the most part it was indistinguishable in the glaring whiteness of the landscape. The sound of firing attracted my attention to a party of tiny soldiers hundreds of feet below shooting at an ice-target on the Nonnen-see. Half-way down the hillside a couple of men were skiing in swift zigzags among the pine-trees. The speed they attained, the ease and grace with which they turned, fascinated me. Presently one of them fell. His pole slipped from his hand, his long, comical footgear flourished aloft, a feathery spray of white-

ness rose momentarily into the air, and he lay stretched and motionless in the deep snow. At first I feared a minor tragedy, a sprained ankle or a twisted limb, but in a second he was on his feet again brushing the snow from his clothes and glissading smoothly down the steep incline.

The extraordinary beauty of the scene held me. It seemed as if Nature had made of this high valley a huge recreation-ground for weary, jaded men. It was as if she said, 'Come, all ye who work in great, stuffy cities, and whose eyes are weary of close-pent streets and mud-stained pavements. Behold! I will fill your lungs with pure, untainted air. I will bound your vision with mountains instead of houses, and your eyes shall rest upon stainless snow. Here you can feel the warmth of a sun whose rays no

vapour intercepts, no fogs conceal, but which will never oppress you. Here you can sport in the most enjoyable, the most exhilarating fashion; and in case you fall, I have prepared the softest pillows in the world for you to fall on, the spotless pillows of my gleaming snows.'

'You still think it is better than Whitechapel?' asked my companion, noticing my entranced expression.

'It is a white chapel,' I replied, 'an immaculate shrine for the worship of Nature.'

'Now you are becoming poetical,' returned Miss Anchester. 'First you are flippant, and then you become poetical. I am afraid you have a very unstable mind.'

'A stable mind is a perpetual boredom,' I remarked. 'But if you are going down the Kastel run, had we not better pursue our upward course?'

'Vorwärts, then,' said Miss Anchester; and a few minutes later we had reached the starting-point of the world-famed run.

We were quite near the Mariencastel now, and its quaint Romanesque tower seemed to lean more than ever from the perpendicular. A high wooden construction stood by, from the summit of which a view of the whole course could be obtained. When a rider was seen to fall a warning bell was rung, which was continued till the course was clear. At the base of this tower was a small room where sportsmen stored their toboggans and deposited their superfluous attire, and from which telegraphic messages were exchanged with the Weissheim end of the run. A thin wire was stretched across the track both at the start and at the finish, and by the snapping of these the time of each descent was automatically registered. When a rider had finished his course an electric bell was rung from the other end and his time telegraphed up. By no possible chance were two riders ever allowed on the track at the same time.

There were a few men waiting their turn before us. They were dressed in sweaters and high, white leggings; they wore thick gauntlets on their hands, and stout pads on their knees and elbows. All had boots furnished with sharp, iron-spike rakes.

'If you walk down the side of the track,' said Miss Anchester, 'you will see me pass you long before you get to Weissheim. There is not much amusement in watching the start.'

I acted upon this suggestion, and marched down again by the path which bordered the Kastel run.

At the Devil's Elbow I waited a moment and watched a male performer negotiate the sharp turn. He did not do it at all well, his toboggan skidding sideways down the steep bank, throwing the rider half-off on to the hard track. However, he recovered his position with an effort, and, after bumping rather severely into the counter-bank, steadied himself and disappeared rapidly from view.

I walked on, and after a few minutes another man passed me. His pace was terrific, and he seemed travelling with great skill, but the tense

anxiety in his strained eyes seemed to suggest that glory rather than pleasure was the real motive of his descent.

I continued my downward course till I came to a sharp double bend which I made no doubt was the famous Jonathan and David.

The latter was banked up to a tremendous height, and wisely so, for it was obvious that any one going over here would have a fearful experience, an almost precipitous drop of many hundred feet.

I decided to wait here to see Miss Anchester's descent, and selected the top of Jonathan as my best point of vantage. I had not long to wait. There was the slight, scraping sound of iron runners travelling over smooth ice, and my late companion was in sight.

Down the slope she came, travelling smoothly but at a tremendous speed, straight as an arrow, magnificent in her complete control of her lightning craft. A wisp of fair hair streamed behind her ear; a faint gleam of amusement shone in her gray eyes.

Suddenly I heard the chink of metal on ice, she swerved violently in her course, and the toboggan, instead of rising about half-way up the bank upon which I was standing, rushed straight towards me. My first impulse was to jump down out of the way, for it is no joke to stand in the path of an erratic tobogganer travelling at the speed of some fifty miles an hour. In the nick of time there flashed back to me some caustic remarks of the governess on the subject of nerve. I stood my ground in apparent fearlessness, and as I did so I read acute distress in Miss Anchester's countenance. Something was wrong, and as she rushed violently towards me her lips framed a breathless 'Stop me!' The whole time from the moment I had first heard the sound of her runners till her face was almost level with my feet was so infinitesimally brief that my mind worked by instinct rather than reasoning. Fortunately, the abrupt dash up the steep, high bank had taken off much of her tremendous speed. Leaning over, I caught her by the arm, and, throwing my weight back, held her against the inevitable wrench that followed. I felt the muscles of my arms crack, but my feet had good purchase, and for a second we stayed there tottering on the summit of Jonathan. In that second I saw the toboggan slip away from its late rider, dash up David, and disappear over the top into the silent abyss. Then, as we rolled back together like children on a hill-side, tumbling at last into a deep, soft bed of snow, the bell on the crow's-nest rang out its deep note of warning. Then it was silent again. The course was clear.

I looked at my companion, who lay motionless at my side. Her eyes were closed. A letter which had fallen from her pocket lay beside her.

'Miss Anchester,' I said as soon as I had regained my breath. There was no answer.

Again I called on her by name. Still there was no answer.

I rose to my knees and gazed at her face. It was very pale, very statuesque, very beautiful.

Putting the letter which had fallen from her pocket into my own for safety, I picked up a handful of snow and rubbed her temples with it. Almost at once the big, gray eyes opened, calmly wondering. Then remembrance lighted in them.

'What a little donkey I've been!' were her first words.

'Something went wrong?' I suggested.

'I lost a rake,' she said. 'Look;' and I saw that the iron spikes were missing from her right boot.

'Still, that was not your fault,' I said consolingly.

'No; that was Krabb the shoemaker's fault. I will talk to him presently. I called myself a donkey because I fainted.'

'Surely,' I said, 'that was a matter beyond your control.'

'Precisely; that is why I feel so humiliated. The sudden loss of my rake threw me quite off my balance, and I dashed up Jonathan instead of keeping low. I should have gone over David, to a certainty, if you had not stopped me. I was afraid you would jump out of the way as I rushed at you.'

'Your opinion of my nerve was not high?'

'It would have been only natural to do so. Fortunately for me, you did not take the natural course. Had you done so I should now be somewhere on the bosom of the Nonnen-see, and my tobogganing career a thing of the past.'

The rapid change from insensibility to her normal calmness was remarkable, and perhaps admirable. Equally remarkable was the complete absence of any expression of gratitude except the implied commendation in the admission that I had not taken the natural course.

It was a little disappointing, and yet I could not help feeling that that commendation, slight as it was, was more truly flattering than the spasmodic outpourings of the average young woman.

'I hope you are not very badly shaken,' I said. 'I had better, perhaps, fetch a sleigh to take you home.'

'I am perfectly recovered, thank you,' was the decided reply; and in another moment she was on her feet brushing the snow from her woollen jersey and short, blue skirt.

We trudged along in silence, the governess refusing my arm, following the downward track towards Weissheim.

'I suppose I shall funk David now,' said my companion a little bitterly. 'I have never funk'd him yet. The only parts of the course I ever approach with any anxiety are the crossings.'

'The crossings?'

'Yes; there are two places where the track is crossed. One is near the start, which we call the upper crossing, but which is seldom used. The principal one is just below here, where the Riefinsdorf road crosses the run.'

'You mean,' I said, 'that you are afraid of a sleigh blocking your path as you descend.'

'Exactly. It would be terrible, because, though one can check one's pace by raking hard, one can no more stop altogether than one could catch a rifle-bullet in a butterfly-net.'

'Cannot one throw one's self off the toboggan?' I asked.

'One might, but it would be of no earthly use. One would go on just the same, only in a rather more unpleasant fashion. As a matter of fact, there is nothing to fear from this crossing. You see that signal-post? When that signal is up, as it is now, no sleigh may advance to within a hundred yards of the track. That man there is stationed to enforce the rule in case some impatient driver should disregard it.'

Hardly were these words out of Miss Anchester's lips when there came the sound of jingling sleigh-bells. A second later there emerged from the pine-woods a pair-horse sleigh furiously driven by a cockaded coachman, and, despite the signal, they dashed recklessly past the hundred yards limit. Fortunately there was no tobogganer in sight; but the watchman, true to his duty, made as though to dart at the horses' heads. All of a sudden he stopped, backed to the side of the road, doffed his hat, and made a low obeisance.

The carriage contained two ladies. One was the Fräulein von Helder; the other was Her Majesty the Queen.

(To be continued.)

## BIRD-LIFE IN A WESTERN VALLEY.

By ALFRED W. REES, Author of *Ianto the Fisherman*.



THE excessive shyness of the kingfisher may be the result, in this western valley, of constant persecution from sportsmen and poachers. As he flashes by on his way to some favourite pool, he seldom fails to awaken immediate curiosity and wonder. Too often, alas! the gun leaps to the shoulder, and the radiant butterfly-bird becomes a crumpled, blood-stained bunch of feathers floating down the sunlit stream

towards the ford. Afterwards, when inartistically stuffed and mounted by a taxidermist in some local market-town, he becomes the principal ornament in the gunner's best parlour; or his skin, nailed clumsily to a piece of wood and cured with a home-made compound in which pepper is a chief ingredient, is sold for a few pence to a village fisherman, who in time uses the beautiful feathers as the dressing of the 'shoulders' of a salmon-fly. Because of the kingfisher's timidity, and also because of certain of



his habits, the production of a complete story of his life is beset with many difficulties. Much has been written of the habits of this bird which is wholly incorrect, unless, indeed, such habits differ to an amazing extent from those of the particular bird I have watched in his favourite breeding haunt about two or three miles from my old village.

The heron, too, escapes observation with a skill to be estimated only by the patient naturalist who has succeeded, but much more often failed, in his attempts to stalk the gaunt, motionless bird as it stood in some quiet little bay at the bend of the stream. I remember how once, when I had discovered a heron fishing in the glen, and had almost crept down to him beside a thickset hedge, a moorhen, noisily spluttering out from a ditch, gave instant alarm, and sent him away, as hastily as his great, cumbrous wings could carry him, to the dim distance of the up-river woods. No bird possesses a keener sight than this lean hermit of the wilds. However well the watcher may hide in the brushwood near some favourite fishing place, the bird overhead, while spying out the land before descending, will catch sight of the dread human form—the form of an enemy to the heron since the earliest days of falconry—and will pass onward till a mile of field and woodland separates him from the object of his fear. While he stands rigid in the water, apparently intent only on the movements of the minnows and the salmon-fry beneath, he is always listening and looking for the slightest indication of danger.

Last spring, however, I got the better of an old jack-heron that had baffled me by his untiring vigilance. Two of the large feathers in his tail had been permanently destroyed, and thus his flight had long been familiar to me. I had seen him in the glens and the gorges, beside the mill-lead near the mouth of the brook, at a pool on the main river, and even by the old Corrwg bridge about five miles from his usual haunts. I was for ever coming upon him when I least expected to do so, and when he was perfectly aware of my approach.

But one morning, as I lay in wait for the return of a timid sandpiper that I had disturbed from her nest on the shingle by the stream, the old heron suddenly appeared, flying leisurely in the direction of a fir-spinney a hundred yards or so away. He alighted quietly on one of the trees, and, as intently I followed his movements through my field-glass, I saw him feed another heron whose head was thrust up above a large pile of sticks forming a nest amid the green tops of the firs. He soon left his lofty perch, and, much to my satisfaction, headed straight towards a pool at a bend of the stream not far from my hiding-place. I waited for him to return to the wood; then, stealthily and slowly, and with a watchful eye on his movements, I crept behind the bushes and made my way towards a furze-clump that commanded a view of the place where he had fished. Before I had reached the spot, however, I saw him beginning his journey

back to the pool. I instantly dropped to the ground, crawled into a ditch, and lay there till he once more went to his nest; then I crept on, and gained my post of observation. For over an hour the bird continued to visit the same place for food. While he stalked through the water—sometimes wading deeply till the current touched his feathers, and at other times only so far as to wet his claws—or, as moveless as the stones around him, stood alert for the least sign of an approaching fish, I watched him eagerly through my field-glass. Time after time he transfixed with his long, powerful beak an unfortunate salmon-pink; and once, among the pebbles in the shallows, he caught a big, fat frog that he immediately carried off to his mate. During his journeys to the nest I stretched my cramped limbs and altered the focus of my glasses in readiness for observing him feeding the mother-bird. At last he varied his course of action by relieving the brooding hen. She, much to my disappointment, flew away to a distant part of the stream; while I, refraining from following her, moved back to watch the sandpiper on the shingles under the beech-trees.

The dipper has never been harassed in these western valleys to the same extent that the kingfisher and the heron have. He makes no imposing show, as the stately heron does, in a glazed case, with artificial rocks and reeds and painted background, over which the sky is a marvel of vivid blue such as only the mind of the country taxidermist could suggest. And though, amid his natural surroundings—rippling streams, and tumbling waterfalls, and many-coloured rocks and ferns and moss and trees, decked with those wonderful pearly lights and shadows which are peculiar to narrow valleys divided into swamps and islands by numerous watercourses—the dipper, with his snow-white throat, rust-brown waist, and dark-gray head, back, wings, and tail, is at all seasons a neat and dapper little fellow, his appearance is not nearly so distinguished as that of the brilliant kingfisher. A familiar figure by the brook, as the blackbird or the wren is in the meadow-hedge, the dipper is seldom molested by the passing sportsman. Like the wren, he sings in all kinds of weather. His blithe and fearless heart is never saddened by the winter storm. Even when the blast is bitter as the breath of death, the stream still sings among the pebbles by the ford. Perhaps, while seeking his food beneath the surface of the water, the dipper had heard the secret of perpetual happiness whispered by the spirit of the brook—as perhaps the wren had often heard it whispered by the spirit of the wind through the patter of the hail on the withered oak-leaves in the hawthorn-hedge—and for that reason is wholly undismayed. The song of the wren is, somehow, in keeping with that of the wind, and the song of the dipper with that of the waterfall; and probably, just as the song of the wren has made that bird a favourite among the country-folk, so the song of the dipper has a bright, peculiar charm for the sports-

man, who, in the secluded fastnesses along the brook, listens to the wild, twittering carol rising clear above the undertones of the breeze and the brook.

The heron's nest forms the centre of a wide circle, within the limits of which—to marsh or leat or river or brook—his lines of flight are frequently varied even in the breeding season. On being disturbed, he flaps away to such a distance that hours of careful stalking are often necessary before another glimpse of the gaunt, motionless bird can be obtained. I have noticed, however, that just as the bee, honey-gathering among the flowers, will, for a period, confine her attention to one species of plant, so the old heron, found 'frogging' in some stagnant upland pond, will generally, when surprised, make his way to another pond where frogs are plentiful; or, if alarmed while fishing for unwary minnows and salmon-pink at a ford, will seek a place where the conditions of water and of fishing are apparently similar.

The kingfisher, on the approach of winter, often leaves his home beside the brook, flies far away down the main river to the estuary, and takes up his abode near the fringe of the sea. There he subsists on the small fish that the storm-lashed tides, receding from high-water mark, leave imprisoned in the pools of the rocks; till with the advent of spring the heavy floods become infrequent in river and brook, and, encouraged by the increasing warmth, the tiny samlets, soon to be followed by the silvery minnows, glance again in the shallows beneath his old nesting place. But even in summer the kingfisher's movements are not regular along the course of the stream near which he rears his family. In his flight from one point of the stream to another I have seen him leave a certain salmon-reach at a bend beneath the woods, and fly straight along the line marking the ancient bed of the river. Often, beside this old river-bed, I have found him sitting in lonely state on a projecting willow-root, and looking intently at his image in the placid mirror of the rain-filled hollow beneath him. I would not assert with confidence that on these silent, sunny mornings he was gratifying a personal vanity, though I can hardly doubt that birds, especially in spring, are conscious of their charms; but the pool contained not a single fish of any description, and such an expert as the kingfisher, knowing this, could not have been so mistaken as to visit the spot for the purpose of obtaining food. Yet again, I have startled the kingfisher from his day-dreams in a certain quiet place near the margin of a tiny rill in the heart of a wood where the summer shadows are cold and dark.

I have seldom found a dipper far from his favourite haunt by leat and rivulet. If he has chosen the source of the river among the mountains for his nesting site, he quits this bleak spot during the winter frost and snows for the shelter of the down-stream glens and gorges; but if he has fixed his summer abode on the lower reaches of the

brook, he rarely migrates, for he is sufficiently hardy to endure such changes of temperature as may there occur. Once he has thoroughly explored his chosen haunt, he resists to the utmost of his power every intrusion of strangers of his own species. It is, therefore, more than likely that a dipper coming down for the winter from the mountain torrent meets with considerable persecution, and, like an alien gipsy, is passed on under unwelcome escort from place to place till he finds a stretch of water where the rights of proprietorship are not too strictly enforced.

Almost every wild creature has its own fixed ideas of rights of privilege over a certain district about its home, and in no creature are such ideas more strongly developed than in the dipper. It would be interesting to learn, from the observations of naturalists in various parts where dippers are numerous, what is the extent of river or brook usually 'preserved' by a breeding pair of these birds for their own exclusive family requirements.

As far as I myself have been able to ascertain, dippers almost invariably breed twice a year. The fledglings, directly they are well able to take care of themselves, vanish from the neighbourhood of the old home; and the parents, though seldom afterwards seen feeding together, remain, till the pairing season comes round once more, in friendly possession of the reaches which served them with food for their young. Seemingly, their lines of flight reach farther on tributary brooks than on broad, quick-running rivers adjoining, where between the salmon-pools the water is shallow over the gravelly fords.

The dipper has been accused of preying on the spawn and the fry of salmon and trout, and consequently in a few districts has been unceasingly persecuted. There are undoubtedly some grounds for the accusation; the bird, finding an egg or a recently hatched fish beneath a pebble, would hardly disdain such a tempting morsel. The persecution, nevertheless, is altogether unreasonable, since the bird amply atones for his misdeeds. On our western streams he subsists chiefly on water-worms, leeches, and the caddises and the 'creepers' of the stone-fly. No injury is done to the angler by robbing the trout of 'bottom' food, because at all times, except in winter, 'surface' food is abundant. The course thus pursued by the dipper is really productive of good; the trout in these localities, while they do not afford such sport with the artificial fly as on streams where 'bottom' food is scarce, are occasionally induced through the depredations of the dipper to turn their attention to the March browns and the blue duns floating past the 'hovers.' I sometimes fear that if it were not for the dipper and other creatures as eager as the trout in pursuit of the stone-fly grubs, surface-fishing in these western streams would disturb the equanimity of the most philosophical angler that ever wielded a trout-rod. The dipper is also of use to the fisherman by destroying great numbers of the nymphs of dragon-flies, which

devour the spawn and even the very young fry of the salmon and the trout.

Soon after my long watch beneath the pines at the margin of the brook, I again visited the valley, entering at the point where the dippers had flown from sight around the bend on the outskirts of the wood. I had formed an opinion that spring was sufficiently advanced for the dippers to have nested, and that their nest would be found up-stream beyond the spot where they had vanished. If they had built, or even had done no more than choose a site, down-stream, they would, after the long intervals of feeding and playing in the shallows, have departed in the direction of the little cascades not far from the river. This opinion was proved to be correct. For the first few hundred yards along the valley I found no sign of the dippers; then, leaving the water's edge and ascending a steep, badly drained pasture, I crossed a cattle-path ankle-deep in mire, turned into a copse of oaks and firs, and from between the tree-trunks gazed long and steadily through my field-glass at the brook, that, winding along the gorge far below, gleamed in the light of the sunny April day. A moorhen was feeding in the grass by the great crag at the neck of the gorge, and a few yards farther on a restless gray wagtail ran hither and thither over the pebbles. But I could see nothing of the dippers till, after a few minutes, I laid aside my glass and searched with the naked eye the nearest reaches of the stream. At the corner beneath the scattered oak-trees, the rock had many generations ago been cut into a sheer precipice, and between the precipice and an old mossy wall the course of the brook had been deflected into a leat which opened towards the gate from a roughly built and leaky dam. In the shallows near, both dippers were busy at work, and for a time I watched them moving in and out of the ripples. Suddenly one of the birds flew off, turned the corner, alighted at the water's edge near the moorhen, rose again, and disappeared at a spot directly in the shelter of an oak-tree jutting from the crag. There, evidently, she had entered her nest.

I waited on till the other bird became alarmed at a stone that I inadvertently loosened, and with a loud *chit-chit* sped down-stream out of sight. Then, swinging from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, I descended to the bottom of the gorge, walked towards the crag, and quickly discovered the exact position of the dippers' nest. By the oak-tree's root hung a fringe of long, withered grass, and a thick cluster of polypody ferns drooped over the gray, lichen-covered base of the crag. Dead leaves, that had lingered through the winter on the oaks, and had at length been pushed away by the swelling buds, were strewn alike on grass and fern. Beneath the polypody roots, from the long filaments of which the rain had washed the soil, a number of leaves, at first sight seemingly collected by chance while falling from the oak, formed a ball-shaped structure: the snug, well-roofed sanctuary that my little friends had built with care and perseverance. To approach

the nest by climbing down the crag was impossible; the bluff towered perpendicularly for more than a hundred feet above the oak, and afforded not the slightest foothold. So, taking off some of my clothes, I waded into the ice-cold stream, which here spread out into a pool about three feet deep and five yards broad. When I had gone half-way across, the dipper hurriedly left her home and flew along the mill-leat to join her mate. Standing on a slippery ledge of rock in the pool, I made a leisurely examination of the nest. It was cup-shaped and domed, and built of grass, with an outer covering of oak-leaves and a lining of fine, hair-like roots of polypody fern. The opening, at first upwards under the dome, and then down into the cup, was so contrived as to be quite invisible till I stood close to the crag. Four creamy-white eggs, one much elongated and tapering to a point, the others almost spherical, lay on the soft, elastic floor of the little chamber. Remembering how fastidious that nearest British relative of the dipper, the wren, invariably proves herself to be regarding the slightest interference with her domestic affairs, I handled both nest and eggs with exceeding care, lest possibly the rain should penetrate the loosened roof, or some other slight disarrangement occur and cause the wary birds to forsake their snugger. Presently I moved away to a hiding-place up-stream, and there watched for the return of the dippers; but the afternoon was well advanced before they reappeared on the dam, and the mother-bird, satisfied that danger had passed, settled down again to brood on her white treasures in the little house beneath the drooping fern.

Thenceforth, many of my daily rambles led to the gorge, and generally, either before noon or towards dusk, I spent an hour or two not far from the dam. The hen sat closely on her eggs, and I seldom saw her except when the morning sun shone brightly on the nest, and she came out to stretch her wings; while the cock, proud of the satisfactory progress of events, made his periodical visit to gloat over the treasures which, doubtless, he felt belonged as much to him as to his hard-sitting spouse. When the hen was brooding, the cock, however, was by no means idle. He tended his mate untiringly, brought her the choicest caddises and worms to be found by the dam, and worked and fussed as if the patient partner of his summer joys took quite an unimportant part in household duties. In time the eggs were hatched, and during the first days after the event, while the young birds' appetites were quickly appeased, both parents enjoyed brief periods of relaxation, and were often seen far down-stream by the cascades or up-stream beyond the distant mouth of the gorge; and once or twice the cock was heard to sing the cheery carol he had practised weeks before on the pebbles in the shallows beside the dark-green firs, while the daffodils were opening and the wood-mouse ventured forth to seek his timid lady-love. The cock soon found his share in the task of feeding the four



feeble nestlings lighter than that of providing for the hen's apparently insatiable appetite, while the hen on her part found a welcome relief from her long confinement in the comparatively light labour now falling to her share. But holidays are brief in early summer, and before a fortnight had passed the dippers learned that family cares pressed heavily as the appetites of the nestlings increased. Seldom venturing far from home, they obtained food chiefly from the dam by the sluice and from crevices in the old wall a few yards further down the stream. At last, one morning, I ascertained that events had reached a crisis. The young birds, though unable to fly, had left the nest and were wandering shyly here and there among the ripples; while the parent dippers, with much ado, flew hither and thither, and dipped and dived and splattered in the stream,

with an air of vast self-importance, as they taught their inquisitive offspring how and where to seek their food, and how to hide when a cruel hawk sailed overhead.

Another fortnight went by, and then the beetling crag near the dam no longer echoed to the oft-repeated calls of the little dipper family. All was silent in the gorge; the fledglings had taken wing to some far-distant retreat, and the parent birds, finding that food-supplies for a while had almost ceased in the neighbourhood of the nest, spent most of the day on the reaches by the weaver's cottage, till, towards the middle of May, the old home was cleansed and repaired, and again four cream-white eggs were deposited in the dark, snug chamber beneath the oak, that now displayed its first rich olive leaves at the foot of the giant rock.

## MY FRIEND THE YOGHI.

By Mrs SKOVGAARD-PEDERSEN.



THE following story was related to me recently by a retired colonel of artillery who has spent a great part of his life in India. I obtained his permission to publish it, and herewith repeat it as it was told to me:

'After the Afghan campaign of 1879 I was appointed adjutant of the Royal Artillery at Morar, a cantonment established to look over the fortress-city of Gwalior. The fortress was occupied by the British after the Mutiny, and, I think, about the year 1884 was handed over to the Maharajah Sindia, ruler of Gwalior, when the British troops were withdrawn from the fortress of Gwalior and the cantonment of Morar. The latter now forms a suburb of the city, and the native nobles and wealthy personages enjoy the bungalows and gardens which were built during the British occupancy.

'Morar itself was by no means a favourite station with the British. It had the reputation of being unhealthy and dull to a degree, the climate was very hot and enervating, and I did not take up my abode there with any great exultation. Still, the appointment was regarded as a reward of good service over the frontier, and I determined to make the best of it. The first business was to find a suitable bungalow, but this was not so easy. In fact, almost the only vacant one was the first at the entrance of the cantonment; but as it possessed certain advantages in the way of an extensive compound containing two good wells, I decided to take it in preference to sharing quarters with another officer, and set about devoting my leisure hours to gardening. The soil all around Morar is what is called "cotton soil," said to be unhealthy to live on, but with the assistance of irrigation very fertile. My garden was a perfect joy to me. In the cold season all the English vegetables came to perfection, whilst roses, jasmine,

petunias, geraniums, and a host of other flowers flourished luxuriantly; and before I had been there a year the place was a sight to behold.

'But now to commence my tale. It was, I think, in 1881, just before Christmas, that one morning I rode into my compound from the office, and found standing before my veranda a tall Hindu mendicant, naked save for a loin-cloth, smeared with ashes, and with long hair streaming in ringlets over his shoulders. He was gazing with a profound expression at my favourite *Maréchal Niel* rose, but turned to salaam as I dismounted. I went off to my bath, and during the process I inquired of my bearer or valet, Coda Bux, who the old fellow was. "A most holy man," he replied. "He has been in contemplation of your flowers for an hour or more, and he has blessed you and the garden; and indeed, Protector of the Poor, you must have been born under a lucky star to receive a blessing from one so holy."

'On going out to the veranda I found the Yoghi—as the Hindus call these holy men—still in contemplation of the rose. I beckoned to him, and as he approached I asked him in Hindustani what I could do for him. He replied that silver and gold were nothing to him; but he begged for permission to wander over my beautiful garden, which I readily granted, telling him that he might take what vegetables he wanted. Then I departed for the mess-breakfast, leaving him with outstretched arms blessing me and mine.

'After breakfast I returned to discover him squatting in a corner of the veranda with his spoils—some peas and beans, a few spring onions, two or three turnips, carrots, and radishes—spread out before him. "That is right," I said, nodding approval. "I hope you will enjoy your dinner." In reply the Yoghi rose, and, with a profound salaam, begged me to allow him to rest for a day or two in my veranda,

as he was very weary. I turned to Coda Bux and asked whether he thought there would be any objection. "O my lord!" he cried—"O Protector of the Poor! what objection could there be? His presence will keep off every evil from the compound, and bring good luck to us all, even to the meanest sweeper. He is a very holy man, O Protector of the Poor!" "All right," I rejoined. "Coda Bux does not mind, and I am sure I do not. You can remain as long as you please, and you may have what vegetables you wish for, as well as milk from the cow."

'I may mention that I came into possession of the said cow under rather peculiar circumstances. The meat-contractor was one day driving some cattle into the cantonment, when this particular beast lay down in the road opposite my bungalow, and could not get up again. In pity for it, I bought it for a few rupees—it was a small, thin cow—and after some trouble got it through my gateway and poured meal and water down its throat. Next morning it was up and grazing happily, and the following week bore a calf which was pronounced by all the servants to be pure Brahmin, and an omen of great good to the compound. So the little animal remained with its calf; and as I never touch milk, I suppose the bearer got the benefit of the bargain.

'To return to my friend the Yoghi. At tiffin-time, when I rode back from the office, he was cooking his dinner under a mango-tree; so, understanding the ways of the natives, I was careful not to go near him, as even my shadow falling upon his food would render it uneatable under the strict laws of caste. Old Coda Bux had placed a mat and a blanket in a corner of the veranda, and it was clear that the holy man was to be my guest for some days. Indeed, he had been there for perhaps nearly a week, when one morning I found the veranda empty, save for two marigolds laid carefully in front of each doorway, and intended, no doubt, as *p.p.c.* cards. Previous to his departure I had had some conversation with my Yoghi friend, and found him to be a well-informed man, much versed in occult science, but also in the gossip of the native State wherein we were quartered. From him I learned more of the Maharajah and his nobles, besides all the interior economy of the city, than I could have done in five or six years' residence as a British officer.

'Two incidents I may relate to show the great influence these Yoghis possess over the lower classes in India. A few days after my guest had left me I was strolling through the native bazaar, the faithful Coda Bux in attendance, when it struck me that a tremendous amount of respect was being shown me by all the Hindu shopkeepers. They crowded out of their shops into the street, and almost prostrated themselves in low obeisances before me as though I were a person of the greatest possible distinction; and once, when I stopped to ask the name of some curious wild-plums, the fruit-seller insisted

on loading Coda Bux with a quantity of them, for which he refused payment, saying that it was a great privilege that his stall should have found favour in my eyes. On our way home I commented to my bearer on this unwonted civility. "O Protector of the Poor!" he replied, "do you think that all the bazaar is not aware that your bungalow was selected for a resting-place by the most holy man of the century? Verily, it is known that you have thus been blessed!"

'Shortly after this incident I was absent on a few days' shooting expedition, and on my return inquired for the *chokidar* (night-watchman), whom I could not see anywhere about the place. I was told that he had gone to visit a sick relative, and would not be back for two or three days. Now, be it known that the *chokidar* system was a curious institution in Morar. A man belonging to a certain class was paid a few rupees a month to guard the house and compound. Beyond meeting the master on his return from mess, and tapping the floor of the veranda a couple of times with a long bamboo pole after he had seen him safely into his bedroom, he never attempted to keep watch, but rolled himself up in a blanket and slept soundly all through the night. The fact was that if one paid a *chokidar* of a certain class the compound was rarely, if ever, robbed; but if any other native was taken in that capacity, or if one was too stingy to employ a *chokidar*, robbed one was sure to be sooner or later—and generally sooner! Therefore, when I heard that mine had taken himself off I began to think that I was probably to be robbed, and that the rascal, aware of the fact, thought it advisable to be well away from the scene of action at the time, for the class the *chokidars* are taken from are thieves, and to employ one is simply to pay blackmail. So I summoned the bearer and asked him what he would advise me to do. Coda Bux, however, smiled at my suspicions. "O Protector of the Poor! who in all the Gwalior territory would dare to rob the bungalow that a holy man has blessed? The *chokidar* knows that well; hence he has gone, and considered it unnecessary to put any one in his place. Verily, my master need have no fear." In fact, it was as he said. During the absence of the watchman no one attempted to molest the place.

'About a month later I accepted an invitation to spend a week-end with Colonel Dennehy, the officer in political charge of the Dholpur State. This was a tract of country adjoining the Gwalior State, and the road that traversed it was the high-road leading from Central India to Agra and the North-West Provinces. Its geographical position made its loyalty to the British during the Mutiny of great importance to our Government, and the chief had duly been raised from the rank of Rajah to that of Maharajah. He had married the daughter of the reigning prince of Patiala, an important and wealthy native State situated on the borders of the Punjab, which had also been distinguished by its loyalty to the British Crown. The Maharajah had died about

a dozen years before this time, leaving a mere child as his heir. The Government having appointed a Council of Regency, with the widow as regent and president, it was important to select a capable British officer who would take political charge of the State during the long minority of the heir, and my esteemed friend the colonel was selected. Descended from an old and aristocratic Irish family, he had in early life gone out to India as a cadet, distinguished himself throughout the Mutiny, and been for some years employed in charge of the police in the north-west whilst the fermentation consequent upon that tremendous cyclone was simmering down. It was then that he had made his mark by his activity, tact, and courage, and hence he was chosen to direct the Council of Regency at Dholpur. The Maharana, a very superior and clever woman, was not long in recognising the worth of the British resident, and the value that would accrue to her son by intimate intercourse with the colonel and his charming family. Therefore the young Prince spent most of his time with them. He was about sixteen years of age when I made his acquaintance, a highly educated youth, with a knowledge of English, French, and music, the most perfect manners, and about the best seat on horseback I ever saw. The colonel, whose family had then lately returned to England, was anxious that the Prince should make the acquaintance of as many English gentlemen as possible, and thus every week military and civil officers from the neighbouring stations were invited to meet at the Residency.

On Sunday morning the colonel, following the habit of Anglo-Indians, did not rise till eight o'clock instead of at six—his usual hour on week-days—and when, at six o'clock, I sallied forth into the fresh air all the house was still asleep. I was determined to climb one of a couple of hills about three miles distant, from which I could obtain a good view of the surrounding country and the river Jumna. Imagine my astonishment when, half-way to the summit, I encountered no less a person than my friend the Yoghi! He at once salaamed me, and said, "I knew you would come here this morning, and I have a small breakfast ready for you." So I followed him to the top of the hill, where he evidently had his abode under an overhanging rock. Here he bade me sit down whilst he brought out tea, figs and raisins, and some most delicious cakes; then, breakfast being disposed of, I lit a cigar and we talked for a while. I told him that I should spend my two months' leave at Simla, and he advised me to visit Harduar *en route*, this being a noted place of pilgrimage at the headwaters of the Ganges, where vast crowds of Hindus from all parts of Northern India assemble every April, a horse and cattle fair being held there at the same time. I then took leave of my strange host and returned to the town.

At breakfast I told the colonel of my adventure. He looked rather grave, and advised me not to keep

up the acquaintance, and not to mention the matter before the Maharana. This Yoghi was in high favour with the young Prince, and the colonel very prudently did not interfere in religious matters; but his experiences in the north had led him to distrust all Yoghis and mendicants of that class.

Another month passed, and I again spent a week-end with the colonel. On the Sunday morning old Coda Bux, who was always up and at hand at any hour when I required him, advised me to take my gun and go to the Pandu Lake before breakfast, where I should be sure to get a shot at a duck. I accordingly started off, though without the gun; and as I arrived at the shores of the lake, out from amongst the reeds stepped my Yoghi. Had Coda Bux sent me there? he asked.

"Well, yes; he advised me to come," I replied. "Where did you see him?"

"I have not seen him; but I warned him to tell you to come here," was the man's answer.

Again we entered into conversation, and again he strongly advised me to visit Harduar on my way to Simla; but I explained that the expense of taking servants, tents, and a pony there for a few days would be too great. He replied that the expense would be little. It was true that there would be no room at the dak-bungalow, but I should find tents and servants ready awaiting me at small cost, and I could buy a pony in the place, and need take no one with me but Coda Bux. Then we parted; but on my return to the Residency I took good care not to mention our meeting to the colonel.

Warm weather and April came together, and I was glad to obtain the first leave and to quit the plains for a time. I do not know what impelled me to go to Harduar, for I certainly had no particular desire to see it; but somehow or other I found myself there one morning, with Coda Bux in attendance. At the dak-bungalow there was no room for me, and on my arrival I was informed by the butler that I could not even obtain a meal, as the house really belonged to the Canal-Engineer Department, and the officers were all quartered there to meet the Lieutenant-Governor. This was most disappointing; but as I stood wondering what I could do, a cheery canal-engineer came out on to the veranda and invited me in to breakfast.

"We'll discuss ways and means afterwards," he said. "I think I have an old tent, which you are welcome to pitch in the compound, and you can buy a *charpoy* [native bed] in the bazaar."

After breakfast, which I thoroughly enjoyed in the company of the jovial engineers, who when out on district duty fully make up for any want of hilarity which they may feel in their rather lonely lives, I was told that a *bunyah* wanted to see me. A stout, old grain-seller then stepped forward on to the veranda, and told me that he was from Roorkee, and that he had pitched tents for me and my ser-



vant on the Government camping-ground next to General Anderson's camp. He also added that the General Sahib, who was chief of the Thug and Dacoit Department, had a beautiful pony for sale.

'Bidding my hospitable hosts farewell, I accompanied the *bunyah* to the camping-ground, and on the way asked him why he had made these preparations for me. He replied that a week ago, as he was saying his prayers, a holy man had stood before him and told him that he was to pitch tents for a sahib from Morar, whom he would find at the dak-bungalow. That morning my bearer, whom he knew in former times as servant to an engineer officer at Roorkee, had come to the camping-ground and asked whether the tents were for a sahib from Morar. He had at once told the *chokidar* to hand everything over to Coda Bux, and had come on himself to find me at the bungalow. As to the pony, he had heard the General say that he would sell it; and my informant concluded by hoping that I, as a Protector of the Poor, would think kindly of a poor old *bunyah* with many mouths to fill, and give him a good *chit* (recommendation).

'At the camp I found Coda Bux busy unpacking my traps in my tent, which was furnished with everything needful. Leaving him to his work, I strolled over to the place where the General's horses were picketed; and meeting General Anderson, I introduced myself, and said that I believed he had a pony for sale.

"Bless my heart alive!" he exclaimed, "how did you know that? It's barely four minutes since I determined to sell the beast. I find he's not steady in a crowd, and shirks elephants, so he won't do for me; but he is a rare piece of stuff that I picked up at Lahore for two hundred rupees, so if you want him you can have him for the same price."

'Before I had been two minutes on the pony's back I decided to close the bargain, and a splendid animal he proved to be. Afterwards, when I returned to England, he fell into the hands of an officer of the Ninth Lancers, and turned out the best polo pony in that sporting regiment. The General proposed that, as my tent was pitched alongside of his camp, I should mess with him—which offer I gladly accepted. Thus, before I had been an hour in Harduar, I found myself in a comfortable tent, with a pony to ride and my commissariat arranged for, exactly as the Yoghi had predicted.

'Herewith end my adventures in connection with that holy man. On my way back to Morar, after two months' leave, I rested and dined at the railway station at Umballa; and during the two hours I spent there, Coda Bux, who had gone off to gossip as usual, came in greatly excited to tell me that he had seen the Yoghi. My friend was proceeding to the Thibetan border, and had said that he would not return. He predicted that before another rainy season was concluded I should leave Bengal, and that Coda Bux would return to his home, end his

days peaceably, be cremated with all ceremony, and have his ashes deposited on the bosom of Holy Mother Ganges.

'True enough, the following year, when I was again at Simla, I was promoted to a mountain battery at Khandalla in the Ghats between Poona and Bombay. Coda Bux, being old and having saved enough money for the requirements of his declining years, did not accompany me, and we parted the best of friends, he returning to his native village near Dniapore, on the banks of the Ganges, and I starting for Bombay.

'In 1884 I received a letter from one Manuk Chund, evidently written in a bazaar, which informed me that Coda Bux had shuffled off this mortal coil, that his eldest son had had the honour of igniting the funeral pyre on which his parent was laid, and that the ashes which remained had been scattered with all proper ceremony upon the waters of the sacred river.

'Of my friend the Yoghi I heard no more. Probably he wandered up and over the Himalayas to some spot which he had chosen as a fitting place for his holy remains to lie in when the time came for him to die.'

#### LEITH HILL IN MAY.

I HAVE found where the summer sleeps; how he for-  
sakes

His golden throne when the cool west wind shakes  
The ruddy apples down before his face  
And flowers fade apace;

For then he takes an armful, heap'd, of fallen leaves,  
and makes

His secret bed, nor ever stirs nor wakes.

Not to the humming valleys does he lie, unseen,

To steal long peace their fragrant breasts between;

Not where the farmer-folk must move and tread

In labour round his head;

There the piled logs, the garner'd stacks, wait on the  
winter's will,

And little nipping winds blow sharp and shrill.

Far up, near the lone hill-top, underneath the sky,

Where pine-trees croon, there I saw summer lie.

I heard the blackbird's flight, the pheasant's call,

And my own slow footfall.

A little mouse crept in and out to spy

Upon the stranger. Softly I drew nigh.

Dreaming of blossom-time he lay, and the spring threw  
Tribute of hyacinths to him for due.

So I kept watch, till the full moon of May

Moved on her stately way;

And at her call, to blue above, and all about him blue,  
The summer woke, and walk'd the woods anew.

MAYNE LINDSAY.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.



### THE FORCE OF CRICKET.

By E. H. D. SEWELL.

**F**ASHION is, as we know, sometimes a very tiresome master, particularly when one has to go to some big social function on a hot summer day. Anything more unsuitable in the way of dress than the finishing touches represented by a high, stiffly starched collar and an unyielding silk hat does not come within the scope of our imagination. Fashion decrees that we shall use them, and, sheep-like, we obey. So, in cricket, it is becoming the fashion to say that the game is growing unpopular, that this and that alteration in its laws is imperative, and that it is not played in the spirit in which our respected and top-hatted forebears played it. This is all, I am convinced, due to fashion, which, dissatisfied with something—it is not quite sure what—complains of the laws because there is, apparently, little else to complain about. Stay! there is the drawn game. The game is becoming unpopular because of the incessant recurrence of the drawn game. So the reason for the frequent drawn game must be unearthed. And so it goes on, this fashionable grumble against a glorious game which attracts thousands of spectators, and of which the standard of play is rapidly improving in distant lands. There is really nothing whatever the matter with the game, but it is not good manners nowadays not to grumble at something.

For proof of the continued popularity of the game, we have only to remember that where Englishmen alone played it, now there are first-class Australian, New Zealand, American, South African, Boer, West Indian, Parsee, Mohammedan, Hindu, Cingalee, and Dutch exponents of the game. In face of the fact that the growth of Rugby football in France resulted, last March, in the first France v. England International Match under Rugby rules, who dare say that during the next ten years France will not be included in the growing number of countries whose representative elevens do battle with the mother country in the special arena of test-match cricket? There are good cricketers in Japan, but

as yet the world has not heard of any unusual performance with willow or leather by John Chinaman, despite the augury of the pattern plate. During the past winter South Africa has proved her right to play test-cricket. The form of the West Indian team touring England this season will be closely analysed, though it is probable that the class of test Indian cricket as a whole is not that of test-matches—a class quite peculiar to itself. There are hundreds of first-class but not tens of test-match players in the world. A few years ago Parsee cricket was easily the best in India; now it has a rare struggle to overcome that of the Hindus, while the Mohammedans are daily improving, and are certainly a good third so far as native cricket is concerned.

Now, these facts, if they prove anything, do most conclusively prove that whatever the gate register-books of English county grounds may show, the national game has not lost, but has really gained, in world-wide popularity. It is wrong to judge of the popularity of the game by the gate register, just as it is wrong to ascribe the alleged unpopularity to the series of drawn games. The latter are frequently productive of a very keen struggle between bowler and batsman which is most interesting to watch, and they should certainly not come in for the amount of condemnation they do. That is simply due to fashion and the sheep-like trait in the human character which causes the flock to follow the leader, especially if he has a big name in the world of cricket, who first gets up and says that so-and-so or such-and-such is wrong with the game.

This should not be so, seeing what a force cricket is in the life of the nation. With politics neither I nor the game has any concern, but I feel rather sure that much of the dissension at St. Stephen's about South African affairs will, out in that country, be smoothed over by the effect of the M.C.C. tour during our past winter. It is well for this reason that M.C.C. were well beaten in the test-matches. Undoubtedly, cricket did much good as between

England and Australia, and if more official recognition were taken of the game in India we should hear less of a possible recurrence of the grim days of 1857-58 than we do. Perhaps Lord Hawke, as Viceroy of India, would bring about a more satisfactory state of affairs. Those who were in India at the time know well the good done during Lord Harris's régime at Bombay, not a little of which was due to his lordship's judicious use of his ability at the national game. It was said of Sir Charles Swettenham that when he was Governor of the Straits Settlements he would only have cricketers on his staff, and that, moreover, he is said to have expressed himself that no man was any use as a public servant unless he was also a good cricketer. Which reminds one of the good old story of the vicar who advertised for a curate, 'a fast bowler with a good break from the off preferred.' Let us hope he got him, for I know of no pastime at which ability is more likely to be of use to an earnest clergyman than that of cricket. An all too brief association with the Rev. F. Hay Gillingham, the keenest clerical cricketer I ever saw, conclusively proved that to the writer.

The force of cricket as a national asset is one not to be tampered with, as incessant outcries about its unpopularity and the unsuitability of its laws undoubtedly do tamper with it. Small attendances are often largely due to causes outside the game altogether. Has the much-talked-of depression in trade nothing to do with it? Do the increased and increasing facilities inviting the hard-worked man to spend his spare money on cheap trips to the seaside tend to send more people through the turnstiles? Is the improved and improving supply of cricket news in the press, now that more and more practical

and good writers on the game are turning their attention to journalism, not partly responsible for the fewer clicks of those recording angels at the gates? I think so. The money is going out of the coffers of the county clubs by sixpences into the pockets of the newspaper proprietors by pence. The man who had to find train, tram, and admission to the ground money, plus lunch and drinks—say, five or six shillings—to see the three days' play of a big match, now saves his five shillings, earns money instead of spending it during those three days, and contents himself by spending threepence on his favourite paper; so he is four and ninepence, plus three days' work, in hand on the match. Undoubtedly the number of men who read their cricket is increasing. The first things looked at when the evening paper is bought are the cricket results, and it is a fact that by publishing the daily one o'clock scores in London one evening paper averages twenty thousand copies per diem. I doubt not that the telephone system has had its effect, however slight, on the attendances at some grounds. Other grounds wisely ignore the irritating instrument.

One word more, for the force of cricket sometimes affects the umpire; as, for example, when a valiant batsman possessed of rather a terrific style, commenced his innings with mighty strokes that promised badly for the portly man in white at square-leg. Fourth ball came a resounding appeal for stumped, which was immediately answered against the batsman.

'Why, look at my foot. I never moved,' quoth the hefty striker. 'Why am I out?'

'Out,' laconically replied the umpire, unmoved. 'I don't like yer style.'

Was not that decision due to the force of cricket?

## THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

### CHAPTER VI.



WE sat down to lunch a *partie carrée*, and it was rather depressing. To begin with, the female element was absolutely lacking, the Queen being away, and Miss Anchester lunching upstairs with the children; secondly, we were a small party in a large room, which is never a cheerful circumstance; thirdly, my companions—to wit, the King, General Meyer, and young Prince Max—were not at their best socially. We were seated at one end of the *Gast-zimmer*, a long, narrow room recently built out on the south front of the palace, with a fine lookout over the valley and a superfluity of mediocre carving in highly polished pitch-pine.

Prince Max, to whom I was now introduced, was a short but very good-looking boy, with a small moustache and an exceedingly pale countenance. He looked bored and a trifle dissipated; but his features, which were exceptionally well

formed, bore a strong likeness to those of his sister.

As I have already remarked, it was a depressing meal. The King was obviously worried and absent-minded, and the whole-hearted manner in which he neglected his duties as host rather increased my liking for him. I knew he was in trouble, and had he pestered me with small attentions, or, worse still, tried to entertain me with forced gaiety, I should have felt highly uncomfortable.

The commander-in-chief was his usual self—silently critical, sneeringly amused.

Of the young Prince I formed an unfavourable opinion. He drank extremely strong whiskies and sodas, and smoked cigarettes (without asking permission) between the courses. Conversation he apparently had none, but he made up for this by gaping elaborately at intervals of every three or four minutes.

After lunch a man brought in letters on a tray.



There was one for me from my mother, and there was also a note for the King.

'Excuse me, Saunders,' said His Majesty, opening his missive. 'Please read your own letter.'

I opened my letter and read the first page, and then, looking up, I saw that King Karl's sunburnt features wore a more serious expression than ever. He handed his note to General Meyer, who read it without any alteration of his habitual calm.

'Come and talk it over with me in my study,' I overheard the King say in a voice little above a whisper, and he and the General rose and left the room.

The result was to leave me face to face with the uncommunicative and world-weary Max.

With a sudden determination to mitigate the ennui of our *tête-à-tête*, I put back my half-read letter into my pocket and turned to my silent companion.

'It is a magnificent view from here,' I began.

He gaped before replying.

'Yes; devilish fine,' he said.

'I saw you on the Kastel run this morning,' I pursued.

'Indeed! Devilish nearly had a spill at the Devil's Elbow. Good fun tobogganing; but it don't do after a late night and an injudicious blending of liqueurs.'

'Are you going down again this afternoon?'

'No; I'm playing bridge with some fellows at the Pariserhof. Think I'll be off now. So long.'

I bowed slightly, and the young Prince withdrew, yawning, from the room. His English was perfect, or rather it was perfectly colloquial, which is not quite the same thing.

I breathed a sigh of relief at his departure, and put my hand into my pocket again for my mother's letter.

I suppose Max's incessant yawning had infected me with sleepiness, for as I fingered my epistle and turned mechanically to the second page I gaped audibly. Next I discovered that my attention was not concentrated, and that I had read several lines without the slightest comprehension of their purport. Pulling myself together with an effort, I proceeded to make a more intelligent perusal of my mother's handwriting.

'I trust,' began the second page, 'that you are carrying out my request with success and without undue friction; that you are snubbing my dear conceited Robert on every possible and impossible occasion, without regard to the poor youth's feelings or the ordinary dictates of politeness. There is a certain Miss Blackwood, in every way a most desirable young person, whom I am sure he really cares for, and to whom I believe he will ultimately offer his hand and heart if only you are kind enough to devote your very considerable talents to snubbing his absurd self-importance out of him. I fully realise the ungraciousness of the task I have imposed'—

Great heavens! Was my mother mad, or had I been so far infected by the yawnings of the pasty-faced Max as to fall unwittingly into the land of foolish after-lunch dreams?

I turned to the letter's termination:

'Yours very sincerely,  
'AUGUSTA SAUNDERS.'

I was more puzzled than ever. The only possible suggestion that occurred to me was that my mother had started writing to me, had been interrupted, and had absent-mindedly finished the letter under the impression that she was writing to somebody else. It was not in the least like her, for my mother is clear-headed and precise to a fault; but I could find no better explanation of the mystery. The letter commenced all right, I reflected; and, lazily wondering, I returned to the first page.

The first words that met my gaze came as a shock:

'Dear Miss Anchester.'

In a second the solution, or at any rate half the solution, dawned on me. It was Miss Anchester's letter that I had been reading, the letter which had fallen from her pocket that morning by the Kastel run, and which I had put into my own pocket for safety and had forgotten to return to her. Having read the first page of my own letter, I had started hers on the second, under the impression that it was the same epistle.

My first feeling was relief concerning the condition of my mother's mind. The second was a modified self-reproach for my unwitting breach of confidence. Then I began to be mystified again. This second letter was undoubtedly in my mother's handwriting. Had it not been so my mistake could never have occurred. The signature proved the letter's authorship, if proof were necessary; but why in the world was my mother writing to the King of Grinland's governess? I had never, to my knowledge, met a Miss Anchester at home, or even heard my mother mention one.

Slowly and almost automatically the words I had read came back to me. I did not, of course, glance at the lines again—that would have been dishonourable; but the meaning of meaningless sentences, the explanation of the inexplicable, gradually but comprehensively illuminated my mind. My dear, delightful, interfering parent had written to Miss Anchester, whose acquaintance she had evidently formed under circumstances unknown to myself, asking her to snub me on every possible and impossible occasion, and regardless of the dictates of ordinary politeness. All was accounted for! The governess's caustic remarks, her unnatural brusqueness (doubtless far more painful to her than to myself), her refusal to thank me adequately for my timely assistance on Jonathan that morning—all were explained.

No doubt she was an ordinary, pleasant girl, ready enough to make herself agreeable to a pre-

sentable young man, and feeling acutely the false, ungirlish position into which my mother's well-meant bungling had forced her. How we should laugh over the incident later on when I had explained matters to her, and how she would apologise for her unnatural acerbities and presumptuous lecturings! Well, I had the whip-hand of her now; and as I was strong I would be merciful, for on physical grounds I was disposed to approve of her. Then I laughed aloud. It was so exactly like my mother to fancy I was in love with the Blackwood girl simply because in one evening I had danced a waltz and a two-step with her.

'Pretty little Phyllis Blackwood,' I said out loud, 'you are very attractive, very dainty, and you have the soul of a butterfly.'

'Isn't Max here?'

I looked up somewhat startled, and saw the King standing in the doorway, with General Meyer just behind him.

'Isn't Max here?' repeated His Majesty. 'I thought I heard you talking with somebody.'

I rose abashed.

'I'm afraid I was talking to myself, sire.'

'The soliloquy,' remarked the General, 'sounded highly poetic as far as I heard it.'

'It was concerning a very charming woman with whom I have not the felicity of being in love,' I replied.

'Where is Max?' asked the King abruptly.

'He said something about bridge at the Pariserhof, sire.'

'Saunders,' continued the King, laying a hand on my shoulder, 'would you care to do me a service?'

'Immensely, sire.'

'You have no plans for this afternoon?'

'None whatever.'

'I wish you would drive over to Heldersburg for me, and bring back the Queen.'

'It sounds simple enough,' put in the General; 'but in reality the betting is against your carrying out the King's wishes.'

Considerably mystified, I turned to King Karl.

'It is necessary,' he said gravely, 'that we should take you into our full confidence. The Queen, to put it bluntly, has bolted. This morning we had a royal quarrel, which, as far as I know, is very like any other sort of quarrel. I reproached her with disloyalty to myself, with conspiring with the Grand Duke Fritz to oust me from the throne, and in particular with having striven to overhear our secret plans from the shaft of the *Zaubertisch*. Now, had she been as guilty as I pretended to think, I should have refrained from these accusations. The time for speech would have passed and the time for action have commenced. My wife, so far, has only played at treason; but the game is a dangerously fascinating one. She is theatrical, restless, inordinately vain, and unfortunately she is afflicted with a husband who is singularly unfitted by nature for dealing with a woman of her particular tempera-

ment. In our disputes I am invariably calm instead of violent, which irritates instead of overawing her. She neither respects, fears, nor loves me, and the only reason that prevents her from going over openly to the enemy is that at the bottom of her little heart she is a coward.' The King paused. 'Do I make myself plain?' he added.

'You are frankness itself, sire,' I replied truthfully, and marvelling at his extraordinary outspokenness.

'I know,' he went on, 'that in England it is not considered gentlemanly for a man to condemn his wife openly, however culpable she may be; but this Grimland of ours is a rough, half-barbarous country, and I have never yet cultivated the art of reticence. But to come back to our subject: I accused the Queen of treason because I wanted a disclaimer; I wished her to produce some explanation of her questionable conduct. The result was not what I desired. She merely flew into a violent passion and dashed out of the room, and my latest information is that she has fled with the *Fräulein von Helder* to the latter's home at Heldersburg. Now, the question that arises is whether I shall make this flight the occasion of a definite rupture, or strive to smooth things over and induce Her Majesty to return. My instinct inclines to the latter course, for a definite rupture with the Queen would mean a big accretion to the forces of disloyalty. Public sympathy would be on her side, not mine; and the probable result would be to precipitate a general uprising of the discontented and disorderly in favour of the popular and amiable Fritz. Now, in my opinion, prevention is better than cure. We could deal successfully, I believe, with a revolt, and a storm would undoubtedly clear the air. All the same, as a man of forty with a superabundance of adipose tissue, I dislike storms. I prefer the air to cool gradually without any violent atmospheric disturbances. That is why I am asking you to fetch the Queen back from Heldersburg. At present no irrevocable step has been taken. The Von Helders are neutral, neither hot nor cold. The particular member of that noble family who has the honour of being my wife's companion has the face of a pig and the mind of a pig. She adores the Queen, who bullies her disgracefully; but, apart from this misplaced affection, her thoughts, I should fancy, seldom wander far from the fascinating subject of her bodily nutriment. From the Von Helders, therefore, you will meet with little opposition. What is important is that my unstable spouse does not go over hand and glove to the *Schattenbergs*; and to prevent this undesirable eventuality, I must ask you to employ all the means at your disposal to induce Her Majesty to return at once to Weissheim.'

'All the means at my disposal!' I could not help repeating. 'What are they, sire?'

'I selected you for this delicate mission,' resumed the King, ignoring my question, 'because I know no one else so likely to bring it to a successful

conclusion. If I sent Meyer with a battalion of Guards she would resist, because the idea of being forced to return under military escort would appeal to her theatrical temperament. She would become a martyr; the Brun-varad would be surrounded by a howling mob, the Mariencastel by a cheering one. If I went to fetch her myself the result would be a foredoomed failure, for I act on Her Majesty like a red rag on a bull. You she neither likes nor dislikes; she may listen to you or she may not. Anyway, I am convinced you are the most likely man in Weissheim to bring about the Queen's return.'

'But why'—

'The fact is,' interposed General Meyer, 'His

Majesty considers you have a lucky face. Square-chinned men have a singular habit of achieving success in life, and success, as we know, is invariably the outcome of luck. You have a lucky face.'

'When shall I start?' I inquired of His Majesty.

'In half-an-hour, if you will be good enough. There will be a royal sleigh awaiting you at the Siegers-thor. I am very much your debtor. Oh, one moment! I do not suppose there is any danger connected with your mission; but should you perceive any, turn back. The Queen's return here is desirable, but it is not worth risking an honest man's life for.'

(To be continued.)

## FRANKING OF LETTERS.

By R. S. SMYTH.



HE franking of a letter secured its free transmission by post, and was done by any person duly authorised writing his name on the outside. The system prevailed very extensively for almost two centuries prior to 1840, but to the establishment of the 'penny post' in that year its abolition is to be credited. It is not improbable, indeed, that but for the advent of cheap postage the system in at least some modified form would have been continued till the present time.

It may not be uninteresting to readers of the present generation to learn something of the history of a system for the establishment of which, had it been carried out with the limitations and in the manner originally intended, there was probably sufficient justification. From the difficulty, however—indeed, the impossibility—of applying an efficient check, the system was scandalously abused, and involved the participation in actual dishonesty by many persons from whom better things might have been expected. It caused, as well, very serious loss to the Post-Office revenue.

It would seem that for its establishment we must go as far back as the year 1660, as a committee of the House of Commons that had been appointed in 1735 to inquire into the system reported that 'the privilege of franking letters by the knights, &c., chosen to represent the Commons in Parliament began with the erecting of a post-office in this kingdom by Act of Parliament, 1660' (*Postmaster-General's Annual Report, 1854*). The first official information on the subject is contained in this committee's report. Some curious incidents appear to have occurred in the House in connection with the sanctioning of the system. Sir Walter Earle having moved, in connection with a Post-Office Bill, that letters of members of Parliament should pass free during their sittings, the proposal was by no means favourably received. It was denounced by Sir Heneage Finch as 'a poor mendicant proviso, and beneath the honour of the House.' An angry debate

followed, and for a length of time the Speaker, Sir Harbottle Grimston, refused to put the question, saying he felt ashamed of it; but eventually the measure was carried by a considerable majority. When it reached the Lords, however, it was thrown out, ostensibly for the same reasons that had been urged against it by its opponents in the Commons, but really because provision had not been made for the Lords' own letters to pass free. Some time after this, however, it would appear that the Government thought it well to come to the rescue, because the members of both Houses were informed that their letters—those addressed to as well as those sent by them—were to pass through the Post-Office without charge; thus franking seems to have been first regularly established. The matter is thus referred to in the *Report of the Postmaster-General for 1854*: 'By the journal of the House of Commons for December 17th, 1660, it appears that a proviso was inserted into the Post-Office Bill then before the House directing that letters sent by or to a member of Parliament should be carried free of charge; but by another entry five days later it seems that the House of Lords had struck out the proviso, and that their Lordships' amendment was agreed to; and in an entry dated 1735, and referring to the former entry, it is stated that this proviso was left out because there was no provision that their own letters should pass free. The concurrence of the Commons in the amendment of the Lords was obtained on an assurance by the Ministers of the Crown that the privilege would be granted. A warrant to that effect was accordingly issued, and in 1763 the privilege was confirmed by Act of Parliament.'

However unwilling, in the first instance, some members may have been to sanction the system of franking, the House of Commons, having obtained and enjoyed the privilege, became very jealous of the adoption of any means that would tend to restrict its free use, and were also unwilling to share the monopoly they had secured with any counterfeiter. This would appear from the follow-



ing: 'In 1735 it was reported by a committee of the House to be a breach of privilege for postmasters, without a Secretary of State's warrant, to look into letters (as appeared to be the practice) to discover whether or not they belonged to members, and that it was a breach of privilege to counterfeit the signature of a member' (*Postmaster-General's [1st] Annual Report*).

It was scarcely to be expected that such a system, the carrying out of which was entrusted to so many persons, and which also was of such general application, would not in time be abused; and that it was greatly abused there is ample evidence. A witness before a parliamentary committee testified that amongst other equally ridiculous articles which had been franked and sent through the post were 'fifteen couples of hounds for the king of the Romans,' 'two maid-servants going out as laundresses to My Lord Ambassador Methuen,' 'Dr Crichton carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries,' 'a box of medicines for my Lord Galway in Portugal,' 'a deal case with fitches of bacon for Mrs Pennington of Rotterdam,' and 'two bales of stockings for the Ambassador to the Court of Portugal.' These, however, or the majority of them, were Government franks; but as at the early period to which this list refers there was no limitation of the size or weight of articles sent under parliamentary franks, there is no reason for doubting the assertion that 'live deer,' 'haunches of venison,' &c., had been sent free through the post by members of both Houses. There seems, indeed, to be conclusive evidence that at a comparatively recent period such articles as a piano, a greatcoat, and a parcel of baby-linen were conveyed under franks! (*Life of Sir Rowland Hill*, vol. i. p. 241).

But while it was, of course, most improper to send such articles by means of franks, there was even greater abuse of the system in the unscrupulous and actually dishonest manner in which franks for ordinary correspondence were disposed of, very serious loss to the postal revenue being the result. The robbery of the Post-Office—for it was nothing else—prevailed to an enormous extent. Members were able to frank by merely writing their names on covers. Parcels of such franks were obtained from members by their friends and adherents, and put aside for use just like the stamped covers now sold by the Post-Office. Indeed, it came to be generally expected that members visiting in private houses would write a supply before leaving. In club-houses, too, thousands of letters were franked for strangers through the medium of doorkeepers, who generally had packets of letters in their charge which they got franked for their friends—and probably for strangers, too, for a consideration—by the members of Parliament who were members of the club. There was even a trade carried on in franks by servants of members, whose practice it was to ask their masters to sign them in great numbers at a time. It would appear, also, that servants' wages were not infrequently paid in this way.

Some members sold their privilege for large sums to banking and business firms, and also accepted douceurs for allowing letters and newspapers to be directed to them, which then passed free. 'It was even notorious,' the Secretary of the Post-Office on one occasion represented, 'that numberless letters passed free under cover to members at their various residences who had no opportunity of opening such letters themselves. The result—a most objectionable one—was that numbers of private persons in good circumstances found means to send and receive their whole correspondence free, while the most industrious and poorer classes of people had to pay for all their letters.' Further, it was computed that a certain banking-house having one of the firm a member of Parliament effected thereby a saving of upwards of seven hundred pounds a year. In 1838 no less than seven millions of franked letters were posted, and it was estimated that the revenue of the Post-Office was thereby diminished to the extent of over one million pounds. The system, as has been already stated, ceased on the introduction of the penny post in 1840, and in connection with its cessation it is interesting to know that her late most gracious Majesty relinquished the practice of franking as well as the privilege of the free conveyance of her private correspondence. The matter is thus referred to in the *Life of Sir Rowland Hill* (vol. i. p. 388): 'The Queen having been graciously pleased—and here the words are no mere form—to abandon her privilege of franking, thus submitting her letters to the same rule as those of her humblest subject, it was decided that all other such privileges should cease at the same time.'

The abuses of the system that have been described occupied several times the attention of the Government, and various efforts were made to prevent or counteract them; apparently, however, as will be seen from the foregoing, with but scant success. In the reign of Queen Anne a warrant was issued curtailing the franking powers of both the Lords and Commons, which was worded as follows: 'Members can send letters, not to exceed two ounces each, for forty days before and forty days after each session; and members are admonished not to suffer any letters not concerning themselves to pass under their frank, cover, or direction, to the diminution and prejudice of the revenue.' Previous to 1763 it was only required that the peer or member of Parliament should sign his name on the cover of the letter; but it was then ordered that the whole direction should be written by the member. In 1784 it was further directed that all franks should be dated, the month and day to be written in full, and that they must be posted on the day on which they were dated. In 1795 it was also enacted that franked letters were to be limited in weight to one ounce, and that no member could give more than ten franks or receive more than fifteen free letters daily. Some other restrictions were imposed, but they need not be particularised.

With reference to the franking of newspapers, an

extraordinary state of matters existed. It was the practice to allow certain Post-Office clerks—designated ‘clerks of the roads’—to frank newspapers, and this privilege they were allowed to sell to any newspaper publisher or agent, the consideration they received forming a portion of their pay! As members of Parliament, not content with franking of letters, had taken to franking newspapers on a large scale, these clerks, in a petition to the Postmaster-General, set forth the alarming situation they found themselves in, and the loss they suffered from the amazing increase of orders for newspapers from members of Parliament. The chief part of the pay of these clerks was derived from the exercise of the privilege referred to. The newspapers were carried, of course, at the expense of the State; but it was the clerks who, from selling their privilege, in effect received the postage of them. By an Act passed in 1764—drawn, as will appear, with extraordinary looseness—the members had gained the right of franking newspapers as well as letters. The petitioners state that they had been at first afraid of the effects of this Act; but finding that for some time after it passed the members of Parliament had confined their orders to their friends and constituents, they were quite satisfied, and would have remained so had they not had reason to believe that booksellers and printers had afterwards obtained large orders for newspapers from members of Parliament. It was, indeed, shown that one member gave in six weeks orders to have their newspapers delivered free of charge to one hundred and fifty-six different persons. In spite of the complaints of the clerks, more and more orders were given. Members, strange to say, had not, as in the case of letters, to write their names with their own hands, but could give authority for their names to be written or even printed on the address of the newspapers. In view of this, it is not surprising to find that eventually any person could, and that very many did, without any authority, forward newspapers free of charge by merely going through the form of writing on the outside the name of any member of either House of Parliament!

In connection with this it will be interesting to know that the great postal reformer Sir Rowland Hill not only took part in the franking of newspapers apparently without authority, but actually used them in a very ingenious manner to deprive—I shall not say defraud—the Post-Office of some of its legitimate revenue! The matter is thus referred to in his *Life* (vol. i. p. 239): ‘In the year 1823, taking a holiday excursion through the Lake District to Scotland, and wishing to keep my family informed as to my movements and my health (then in a depressed state), I carried with me a number of old newspapers; and in forwarding them according to the useless form then required, while I left the post-mark with its date to show the place, I indicated my state of health by selecting names according to previous arrangement: the more Liberal

members being taken to indicate that I was better, while Tories were to show that I was falling back—Sir Francis Burdett was to imply that I was in vigorous health, while probably Lord Eldon would have brought one of my brothers after me in anxiety and alarm.’ There is the following note with reference to the foregoing: ‘In *Post-Office Reform* [by Sir Rowland Hill] this anecdote is given as of a friend; but in truth I was my own hero. It must not be supposed that in franking these newspapers I was usurping a privilege. In those days newspapers, unless franked at *least in appearance*, were charged as letters. But any one was at liberty to use the name of any Peer or member of the House of Commons without his consent!’

Besides suffering from the abuses that have been described, the postal revenue suffered largely from the forging of franks, but the practice does not appear to have prevailed as extensively in England as in Ireland. The Postmaster-General, in a letter to the Treasury in 1773, refers to ‘the dangerous consequences to both kingdoms from forgery becoming so habitual, which is almost impossible to detect. This species of forgery,’ he adds, ‘would be totally put an end to if franking in both kingdoms were discontinued. In Ireland the forging of franks appears to have been indulged in to a very large extent, and was winked at if not actually encouraged by the great majority of the magistrates, who, when efforts were made to put it down, should have acted at least impartially.’ In an official report in 1777 from the Secretary of the Post-Office in Ireland to the Secretary in London, he says: ‘It is my duty to acquaint you for the information of the Postmaster-General that from the insufficiency, or rather the neglect—I may with great truth add contempt—with which the Post-Office laws are held in this country, every effort hitherto made to punish persons guilty of counterfeiting franks, though the most direct and positive proof hath been adduced of the fact, hath been rendered abortive. There is scarcely a magistrate to be found in Ireland who will take examinations on the Post-Office laws; and certainly in no instance has this office prevailed in getting bills of indictment found by a grand jury. This being so universally known, counterfeiting franks is drawn into such general practice that I believe there are very few merchant’s or attorney’s clerks throughout the kingdom who do not counterfeit in the name of one member or the other; nay, if I classed with them almost every little petty miss capable of joining her letters I should not exaggerate the abuse, for either a brother, a friend, or a lover is to be found to avow the act, however dissimilar the handwriting, and justifying it on the principle—the members themselves as well as the people—that every shilling remitted to England becomes so far a loss to Ireland. This idea is so prevalent that every degree of countenance is not only given to this most pernicious practice, but in every

town of consequence throughout the kingdom the members resident under their address cover the correspondence of the merchants; and to such a scandalous extreme is the traffic carried that, not satisfied with counterfeiting the covers, I have an instance at this moment before me of a charged counterfeit certificate on frank with the member's name also forged to it for the rebate of the postage.'

A recent writer in *St Martin's-le-Grand* (October 1903) describes how a clerk in an Irish office (Belfast), who retired shortly after the introduction of the penny post, used actually to receive at the Post-Office letters handed in by friends and acquaintances to be held over until the local member would call, when he would get them franked; and how after some time, when such letters became too

numerous, he actually forged the member's signature and sent the letters off. On his own admission he franked several hundreds every year—no doubt a very moderate estimate. It is not surprising to learn that while the system of frank-forgery was so prevalent the revenue from the Irish Post-Office fell considerably short of the net expenses of the establishment.

In his arguments for the establishment of the penny post Sir Rowland Hill made full use of a number of the facts mentioned in this paper, both as to the abuse of the franking system and the resultant loss to the Post-Office revenue; and if his successful efforts had secured no other advantage than the abolition of a system shown to have been so very objectionable and demoralising, he would have deserved well of his country.

## IN THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

### CHAPTER II.

**T**HINGS were somewhat strained at the palace during the remainder of the day.

It was only by the use of sheer peremptoriness that Mrs Wootton had forced the Bishop to write Epps's cheque and acquiesce in the summary chastisement she had meted out to the poor young man.

The Bishop had called him that. 'It were far better, Caroline,' he had said, 'that I should finish saying to the poor young man what I was saying when you came into the library. I do not like such harshness, unless it seems absolutely necessary.'

But Mrs Wootton had insisted that it was absolutely necessary. She did not go into particulars. 'I wish you, James, to dismiss him from your mind altogether. Do not breathe a word about him to any one. Let his going seem to be voluntary on his part. *That* is best.'

And so the Bishop had shrugged and written the cheque resignedly.

Mrs Wootton made a confidant of her son John. She thought it her duty to lay on the colours to him a little unfairly. She drew him towards the palace lawn, where the three cedars of Lebanon cast meditative shadows on a turf of ages, and then, with her plaintive hand on his stalwart arm, she painted a picture of her fears which was designed to call up all the filial and brotherly indignation of which John Wootton was capable.

'You've sacked him?' exclaimed her son the moment he caught a clue.

'My dear John, of course he has had to go,' she replied. And then she hurried into more exaggerations. 'They were laughing together in the greenhouse,' she said. She hoped she could read dear Audrey's face better than any living soul, and she had seen more than enough in it to disquiet her.

And if she had seen rather less than she had seen, was it not obvious that something had to be done before the young risk matured into a full-grown peril?

John was hard to convince. He couldn't believe it, he said. He used the word 'Stuff!' but apologised for that the next moment.

'All I know is,' he said, 'that he is a first-rate fellow, surprisingly well up in things. He can pull an oar like a varsity crack, and his riding—My dear mother, I do think you're rough on him.'

'My dear boy,' said Mrs Wootton to that, 'these very attributes are dangerous in him. The Duchess of Spoda named him to us as a *footman*. We do not want an accomplished young student of an American university'—

'Was he *that*?' cried John.

'He confessed it, my dear. His manner was, if anything, too distinguished. *Now*, I need say nothing more. I sincerely hope Audrey will not add to my worries by referring to his absence; but if it should be so, we—must dissimulate—for her own good. It must appear that he has left us of his own free-will. You see it now, my dear John?'

John saw it with reluctance. He said he hated plots and stratagems; yet even while he spoke he glanced at his mother covertly, and then blinked rapidly as he looked elsewhere. He still thought it a molehill treated as a mountain. He had seen not a single indication of anything of that sort between them. But, of course, since the deed was done, it was done beyond remedy.

Audrey did not reappear until luncheon.

She had gone out, singing to herself, when she had arranged the flowers in the rooms of the palace. She was a girl with a very young temperament. Though twenty, she had the blithe face and sunny



ways of a child of sixteen or even less. Her gray eyes gazed eagerly at life from the child's standpoint. She had been hitherto guarded zealously from all its enlightening disappointments, and perhaps overmuch from its petty disciplines.

At luncheon she looked about for Epps. He was wont to wait at table. It was his graceful waiting at table and sympathetic anticipation of her little needs which had first won her regard—to call it that. How far the regard had ripened into something else was her secret. But she evidently missed him; and the others saw that she did so, and were disturbed about it.

Still, she said nothing, of course. She chaffed her right reverend father when the Bishop rather nervously mentioned the fiscal question *à propos* of very little, and she smiled at John triumphantly when she had, as she believed, cornered the old gentleman in argument with wonderful ease; the Bishop's stammerings at least suggested such a dilemma.

Only when the meal was over did she breathe the fatal name.

'Cookson,' she said to the man in waiting, as she was leaving the room, 'please to tell—Epps I want the horse at half-past two—sooner if he's ready.'

Her father's formal cough did not check her, nor yet Cookson's stupid stare. But she was certainly astonished when her mother took her by the arm, and—giving Cookson no time to reply—said that she wanted her to stay at home that afternoon.

'Can't I have my ride, mother?' she asked, with bright surprise.

'We will talk about that, dear child,' said Mrs Wootton.

'A lot of fuss about nothing, in my opinion, sir!' said John Wootton to his father when they twain were alone.

So in fact it might have seemed to them if they had merely heard those two in the drawing-room.

'My dear,' said Mrs Wootton to her daughter, 'Epps has had to go away very abruptly. He will not return.'

'N-o?' said Audrey.

'But I dare say John will go out with you, if you particularly want to.'

The girl was gazing at her hands as if she had all at once discovered that they were very pretty hands.

'It doesn't matter, mother,' she said. 'Had he to go?'

'Yes, my dear. I am very sorry for him.'

'Yes,' said Audrey.

There was not the faintest note of tragedy or anything of the kind in her words. Then, however, she looked up, and her mother's disingenuousness was declared to her. Her sweet lips parted, and her natural pallor gave place to a sunset's crimson. She seemed to be asking questions with her

beautiful gray eyes. But if so, she waited for no answers.

'I'm off upstairs, mother,' she said with perfect calmness. 'Let me know when you want me. I don't care a bit about the ride after all—not the least bit.'

Upstairs in her own dainty little room she sat at the window and for many minutes looked at the picturesque ruins of the old palace buildings beyond the garden; sat and looked in complete silence, with her arms on the back of the chair—a boyish attitude which became her well. There were chattering jackdaws on and around the fretted walls and needle-pointed pinnacles of the ruins. She heard their sharp-edged gossip. Perhaps their voices soothed her. Be that as it may, presently she rejoined her mother with a light of earnest and worthy purpose in her eyes. Mrs Wootton was waiting for her, having formed a rather unwise new resolution. If, as she hoped, Audrey was doing battle with her temptations in the noble spirit that befitted her own child and a bishop's daughter, the time might be ripe for insinuating into her warm and responsive heart thoughts about some one else. The only son of Sir Edward Parratt of Glenside Hall had for weeks betrayed to experienced eyes his regard, and more, for the very ground Audrey Wootton's little feet trod upon. He would be a baronet some day if he lived long enough; and although there might be a doubt about that, there was none about the value of the property which his children, if Heaven blessed him with any, would indisputably inherit.

'Well, mother,' said Audrey, with the open countenance of a lovely child, aged, however, in the last hour as if by a stiff school-exercise, 'what are you going to do?'

'I was thinking, my dear, of paying a call. I will order the carriage.'

'Yes, do,' said Audrey. 'It's the very thing. Where shall we go?'

'I wish to see Lady Parratt, my dear, about their parochial bazaar. We will go to Glenside.'

'O-h!' said the girl; and the second time in that afternoon Mrs Wootton felt that she was no good at artifice in the presence of her own child. Audrey's clear eyes seemed to look to her soul and read it.

But if the girl did so perceive her mother's shortcomings, she said nothing to proclaim her insight.

'Do you know, mother,' she said, 'I don't think I'll come with you after all, if you don't mind. There's old Mrs Snape in the village. I promised to go and read to the poor blind old thing. I ought to have gone yesterday, and to-morrow I sha'n't be able. Let me off, mother dear, won't you?' She put her arm round her mother's slender neck and coaxed her. 'I don't want to go to the Parratts', and I do want to go to old Mrs Snape.'

Mrs Wootton often felt singularly futile in

argument with her daughter. With the firmest intentions to have her own way, she repeatedly found herself baffled by the child. Though but a third as old as the Bishop, her father, Audrey won battles which the Bishop could never have hoped to win.

'But, my pet, no one will be there except Lady Parratt. Edward Parratt is not likely to be at home.'

'Very well, then, mother. You *won't* want me. And so I'll go to old Mrs Snape. It's settled.'

She kissed her mother and settled it. And Mrs Wootton drove off alone to Glenside, and manoeuvred earnestly with a lady more astute than herself, who agreed to all the words in praise of Audrey which Mrs Wootton dropped, seasonably and unseasonably, in the course of half-an-hour, but smiled to herself at the presumption of her visitor in daring to think that the merely pretty daughter of a bishop—who was nobody until he became a bishop—was good enough for the grandson of an Earl whose patent of nobility hailed from Tudor times. And Audrey read to Mrs Snape until the old lady fell fast asleep with her mouth open. After which she sat still and continued those selfsame thoughts which had engrossed her in her own room while she looked at the ruined palace, the jackdaws, and their background of bright blue sky.

Mrs Wootton's discomfort was prolonged right up to bedtime. It was with difficulty that she broached to her son John the small yet significant hint about her aspirations with regard to Miss Eugenia Slack. They had ten minutes alone together in the drawing-room before dinner. Mrs Wootton referred to their very especial good-fortune in securing such opulent visitors even but for a week-end. They were both, she said, in extraordinary request in the very highest circles. 'We have to thank our stars and the Duchess of Spoda for the blessing, and—it will be an opportunity for any young man of John's personal advantages. Though one does not perceive a girl's character on an hour's acquaintance, John, the Duchess raves about it. She is also an exceedingly pretty girl; and if anything were to happen to your father, our circumstances would be very, very greatly altered, of course.'

John Wootton, with his hands in the pockets of his trousers, walked about the room while his mother thus spoke. He wore a very determined expression, with something of sarcasm at the mouth. And all at once, just before the Bishop entered with the glow of appetite in his eyes, he let loose upon his mother one more surprise to add to the earlier ones of that day.

'I met her in New York last year,' he said. 'It's been on my tongue to tell you fifty times. It's an odd thing, but I rather *thought* you'd begin building up such absurd hopes by-and-by. I hoped to heaven you wouldn't, for I may tell you there's nothing in them.'

'You—met her, John! And you never told me!' exclaimed the astounded lady.

'Just so,' said he. 'You are such a scheming old mother. I hate to have webs spun about me, and you were bound to start on 'em. Besides, I never reckoned they'd come. Like enough there'll be a wire in the morning to say they can't.'

'But why practise such—reticence with *me*?' urged Mrs Wootton drearily.

'On the contrary, I think I'm showing simplicity, for she sees so many folks that she'll probably have forgotten me and treat me as an entirely new acquaintance. See now, mother? She's *that* kind, I'm afraid.'

This was painful to Mrs Wootton.

Furthermore, she could not make out her daughter Audrey. The child had never looked more radiantly beautiful than when she followed her father into the room, and so far from there being any semblance of regrets in her manner for the absence of that handsome young Epps, she seemed without a care. She was by much the gayest at dinner. She was particularly animated on the subject of their guests the next day. It was lovely, their coming, she said; *only*, she added, Miss Slack would have to be almost an angel to come up to her expectations. Whereupon Mrs Wootton and her son exchanged glances; and if Audrey's mother had not read the warning in her son's eyes she would certainly there and then have let out the secret—poor secret though it seemed—and have asked John if Miss Slack *was* so much of an angel.

The Bishop seemed thoughtful, and, like his wife, sensible of a certain mysterious electricity in the atmosphere which disquieted. He ate his dinner and was commonplace.

But he was not commonplace over the one glass of port he allowed himself, face to face with his son John. He was exasperating.

'My dear John,' he said, after some preliminary hems and coughs which paved the way for his son's attention, 'you are six-and-twenty, and doing very little at the Bar at present.'

'There never is anything doing in the Vacation, sir,' said John dryly. 'I'm earning as much as most strugglers of my time of life.'

'Precisely, John. That is to say, nothing at all.'

And then, with splendid sacrifice of his scruples, he fell upon the subject which he had found so antipathetic when his wife had opened it after that eventful meeting in the library, with Epps as looker-on. He had pondered during the day, and his wife was right. If John could be aroused to a due consciousness of the opportunity that was to arrive on the morrow, there was certainly nothing morally wrong in the wish that he might marry a wife with an income several times that of his bishopric; granting, of course, that proper affection preceded the alliance—no unreasonable presumption, bearing in mind John's own comeliness and character.

John smoked a cigarette and listened in silence, now viewing the wine in his glass, and now

smiling faintly as he set it down and viewed his father.

'There, my boy,' said the Bishop when his distasteful task was over, 'I feel sure your mother agrees with me.' He coughed. 'We will leave the rest to Providence.'

John nodded, and laughed in his throat. 'I think we'd better,' he said. He resisted the slight inclination to tell his father what he had already told his mother. In truth, he very much resented this rather mundane, if quite paternal, homily from the Bishop. It had irked him immensely.

'You don't misunderstand me, my boy?' asked the Bishop. It was as if he were apologising both to his son and himself for so unepiscopal a line of argument.

'Not at all, father,' John replied. 'Only—I think you're exploiting a mare's nest. It's the case of Hamilton Epps repeated, I venture to think.'

That made the Bishop frown heavily as he rose.

'Life's conventions, John,' he remarked, 'must, I fear, be respected even at considerable cost to personal comfort, and now and then to conscience.'

'Ah!' said John, looking pleased.

'Yes, my boy. Life demands much casuistry. It is sometimes permissible, or at least pardonable, to commit a small injustice in self-protection against an intolerable mischance.'

'I see,' said John.

'Yes; and I am very thankful the step has been taken in time, if it had to be taken at all. Audrey is a sweet-natured girl. I have much to be proud of, John, in both my children.' This with his well-formed little hand on his son's shoulder.

'We'll hope it always may be so, sir,' said John gravely. He reached up and pressed his father's hand; after which they went with some solemnity, arm in arm, to the billiard-room for the couple of games with which the Bishop of Clumber liked, when possible, to round off his day's activities.

And meanwhile Mrs Wootton manoeuvred about her Audrey's tender heart as she had tried to manoeuvre with Lady Parratt that afternoon. She recurred to Edward Parratt's good qualities. Audrey seemed very glad to hear about them. She even seemed astonished that he had so many. Her 'Yes, mother?' and 'Of course, mother,' as if in eager request for more information and cordial assent to her parent's generous estimate of the young man, were, in their way, most encouraging.

But the instant Mrs Wootton showed her hand candidly a cloud arose in the bright sky of her hopes.

'I'm sure he loves you, moreover, my dear,' she said tremulously, yet with a determination to go straight to the root of the matter.

Audrey put down the embroidery which had engaged her eyes hitherto, and annihilated her mother's ambitions in a twinkling.

'Then I'm sorry for him,' she said, 'for I don't love him. I never could, I think; and I'm sure I'm not going to try, mother.'

Mrs Wootton swallowed the pill almost audibly.

'Why, my dear?' she asked, with puckers on her brow and loving appeal in her voice.

'Oh, because— But is it a *fair* question, mother?'

'You are very young, my dear. As your mother, can I not be trusted to see better than yourself what makes for your happiness?'

The poor lady's doubts in her own strength were distressingly evident.

'I don't quite think you can, dear,' said Audrey. She spoke as if their relationship were transposed, and it was her part to soothe and her mother's to be passively soothed.

And then, before Mrs Wootton's pale eyes could gleam to a fresh inspiration, Audrey was kneeling by her mother, with her pretty head on Mrs Wootton's breast.

'You're the dearest of dears,' she said, 'but you don't know everything about me. I don't want you to, either—yet. You've got to have faith; that's about it. And *don't* look so woefully worn and worried, as if you'd got the cares of forty million daughters on your dear heart instead of only me. I'm not half a duffer, mother. That's what they say about my hockey, and it's true about the rest of me too.'

Mrs Wootton kissed and caressed her child.

'But—you are not happy, Audrey?' she ventured, with a very great weakness of judgment.

'No? Why not?' suggested the girl, with a charming, if rather roguish, smile which her mother was not allowed to see.

'Are you, my dear?' Mrs Wootton urged. 'Tell me what you mean by saying that I don't know everything about you, child. I think I ought to.'

'Oh no, you oughtn't; not in these days. It's daughters who don't feel quite happy about their mothers nowadays. You are so deep, you mothers. If you can't understand us, it's your fault; we're plain sailers. But our mothers are so *artful* that it's—disheartening to us; it really is. And—shan't I go to my little bed now?'

She was dazzling with smiles, the most beautiful maiden-smiles in the world; and, still smiling, she got up and—well, stretched herself like a man whose muscles demanded such ease.

Mrs Wootton gazed and gazed at her lovely child. She seemed bewitched by the spectacle as much as by Audrey's words.

'Good-night, mother dear,' said the girl, and, stooping, she kissed her. 'I really am very sleepy.'

But Mrs Wootton held her tightly and would not let her go.

'Tell me, my dear, what you are thinking about,' she entreated. 'What makes you look like that?'



'Let me see, then. Let me look at myself.'

She released herself and ran to a mirror; stood erect before it, even postured a little. Her mother watched her with wide eyes.

'I think I look disgustingly smug, mother,' she said, returning slowly.

'But your thoughts, child?'

'Oh, bother my thoughts! Good-night. I shall yawn my head off.'

She marched to the door, with the smile playing

about her face again like sunshine. But at the door she turned.

'You foolish little mother!' she said archly. 'I'm just wondering to death what frocks she'll bring. What else *should* I be thinking about? Sweet dreams, dear!'

She waved her hand and was gone, carolling her way upstairs as if no care, only joy, lay in her heart.

(To be continued.)

## HUNTING WILD HORSES IN AUSTRALIA.

By T. J. FITZPATRICK.



IN many runs in Australia it is a common occurrence in summer for mobs of wild horses to come out on the clearings to graze, as the grass is always sweeter and better where the timber has been killed or cleared.

These horses have no owners, and are the property of any one clever enough to catch them. Many have good strains of breeding, through well-bred horses joining them from the run. There are, roughly, two means of capturing these horses—'scrubbers,' they are called. The first is to build a strong trap-yard on their line of retreat, and endeavour to run them into it. The other method is to single one out and run it down. The former requires several stockmen; the latter needs only one. It frequently happens that youngsters, if good rough-riders—and nearly all Australian youngsters are—can run down old mares and young foals; but to capture young full-grown horses requires the strong, steady nerve and ingenuity of the experienced hunter, as well as marvellous staying-power in his horse. The reason for this is obvious, for the stockman's horse has to carry at least fourteen stone, while the one he is hunting is perfectly free. When one considers that the extra handicap of one pound reduces the speed of a racehorse by several seconds in a mile race, it is easy to realise the difference six hundred and sixteen pounds must make in a race lasting many hours.

Returning home late one evening from a ride in the backwoods, I saw a mob of wild horses on a clear ridge much closer to the boundary fence than usual. Among these was a beautiful gray filly with a long, silvery mane and tail—the fastest of the lot, having resisted several attempts at capture the preceding season. I got permission to stay at home from school on the following day on another pretext, and made up my mind, unknown to those at home, to try and capture the gray filly. The risk of crippling my horse or of seriously injuring myself was too great to permit me to hope to obtain permission had I asked it. That night I put the best stock-horse in the stable, and had him well fed and groomed. In the morning at daybreak I was out fully equipped,

and, as usual, accompanied by two of the best cattle-dogs, both dogs and horse being my own special property, as it is usual for all—even the womenfolk—to have their own horses, and it is only on rare occasions that any one else is allowed the privilege of using them. This explains the wonderful attachment and mutual understanding which exist between the bushman and his well-trained and well-cared-for animals.

The sun was just tipping the mountains when I reached the run. It required some careful manoeuvring to get round the camping-ground where, as I expected, the horses had camped for the night. There were ten altogether, and, as is nearly always the case, they were led by a large stallion, the first to scent any cause for alarm and to give the signal for retreat. I got well behind them and fairly close before they saw me; then they started off at full gallop down a ridge to the eastward. This would bring them close to the boundary fence before they could turn either to the right or to the left to get back to their native haunts. If they turned to the left they would have to pass through some miles of cleared land, whereas to the right brought them much sooner into the heavily timbered country; it was, therefore, fairly certain they would take this direction. Signalling the dogs to follow the mob, I then turned sharp back along the range, crossing the ravine to the left high up. This gave me an opportunity of resting my horse while I waited at a point the mob must pass. In about half-an-hour I could hear the dogs barking and the scrub crashing on the ridge below, and in a few minutes the whole mob crashed past me, and now the chase commenced in full earnest. The country was the roughest imaginable, and had not as yet been penetrated by the axe of the settler. Half a mile farther we emerged on a fairly level plateau, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I kept up with the mob. Some were already showing signs of distress, taking refuge in the dense scrub off the main line of retreat. They only do this when fairly done or closely pressed. At last only four were left, led by the bay stallion and the gray filly. A special spurt enabled me to turn the two hindmost

ones into a thicket and follow close on the leaders. By this time rising ground was again reached, and just as the ascent of a main spur commenced I succeeded in separating them, turning the filly to the right and the stallion to the left. The race was for some impassable jungles to the westward, so it was evident both would continue to make in that direction; it was also a matter of speculation that the filly, after making a wide detour, would bear to the left in the hope of joining her companion. My course was therefore to push on due westward beyond the summit of the ridge and await developments. The dogs were in the meantime following the filly, preventing her from resting, and occasionally indicating her course by their barking. This enabled me to off-saddle and rest my horse. It was practically the winning move.

At the top of the ridge on which I was waiting there was a gradual slope to the south-west, and a large tussock-swamp—dry at this season of the year—spread out for some distance, being in places fully a mile broad. It was interspersed with charred logs—the relics of many bush-fires—smothered in tall grass, ferns, and scrub. There were numerous wombat-holes, and, worse still, the abandoned holes of many an adventurous prospector for gold, so that the country was not only difficult but very dangerous. Beyond this swamp it sloped away towards the river, the steep approach to the river-bed being quite impassable for a horseman. Could the filly gain this haven of refuge it was clear she must escape. As anticipated, she came in view at the head of the swamp near where I was waiting. With my left hand tightly grasping the reins and the end of a lasso, the coils of which were firmly held in my right, ready for a throw when the opportunity came, the final and deciding course of the chase commenced. Twice my horse stumbled and fell in wombat-holes, but fortunately was unhurt. In falling the second time he fell against a tree, which struck the saddle just in front of the knee-pads with such force as to cause both girths to snap and send saddle and rider over his tail. There was no time to splice the girths; but, springing to my horse, I was on his back as he regained his feet, casting a hasty glance round for some landmark to enable me afterwards to find my saddle. I started off bare-backed at full speed, adjusting the coils of the lasso as I sped onward. The filly was moving along at a rattling pace, proving by her great endurance that she would be a rare acquisition to the stud if captured. When half over the swamp I was close enough to risk a throw, but just at this moment she rose to jump a log, and the noose missed by a few inches. The few seconds taken to gather up the rope and adjust the coils, though it was done at full

gallop, enabled her to increase her lead. At the farther end of the swamp a fairly clear grassy space led to the thicket bordering on the sharp slope to the river. This was the final chance, and once again the lasso flew out, the coils unfolding with arrow-like swiftness, revealing the large running noose, which this time caught the fugitive round the neck. To spring or slip from my horse and give the rope a dexterous turn round a tree was the work of a second, and not only brought her to a standstill, but tightening the noose soon caused her to fall, choking, to the ground. Before slackening the rope I slipped a pair of hobbles on her front feet, then with a few turns converted the noose of the lasso into a halter on which she could pull without injury. This rope was made from six stout strips of green hide plaited together. It would bear a great strain, and being slightly elastic, would not break with a sudden jerk.

The sun was now sinking behind the distant hills, so there was nothing for it but to bivouac for the night. Having tended my horse and killed and skinned a few opossums for the dogs, I recovered my saddle, partook of a scanty meal of bread and meat which I had in my saddle-bag, and prepared to camp. With a few dry gum-leaves to cover the damp grass, and with my saddle for a pillow, I was soon in a sound slumber. Camping out in this way is no new experience for a bushman. About midnight I was awakened by the dogs barking, and found the filly struggling on the ground, having got tangled up in the rope. This is an instance of the sagacity of the collies; they knew something was wrong, and hastened to give the alarm. I set matters right and again retired to rest, waking as the first gray streaks of dawn shot through the tall gums.

Away in the heart of the forest, many miles from any trace of civilisation, how was I to bring my fiery captive through such country? I fully realised the magnitude of the task before me, and mentally planned the best means for its accomplishment. The first thing to do was to 'handle' the filly—that is, hold the end of the halter and drive her round and round. When she refused to go or pulled back, the dogs would sharply nip her heels. This process was then repeated on horseback for about an hour before I had her sufficiently in hand to start on the homeward journey. It was almost dark and my folks were beginning to get anxious, when, hungry and sore, I at last reached the homestead. I had some nasty cuts and bruises, my hands were cut and blistered, and my clothes were very much torn; but these discomforts were nothing in comparison with the pleasure of being the proud possessor and captor of such a coveted prize.



## CONCERNING TWO TROUT.

By WARD MUIR.

**Y**E'LL be usin' the wurrum, may-be?'



'Eh, what?' The Englishman was mystified. The 'wurrum' was not in his vocabulary.

'Ye're fishin' wi' bait?' Archie Anderson repeated his question patiently.

'No; I'm using fly.' Mr Smith of Kensington rather implied that he did not condescend to soil his fingers with the humble worm when trout-fishing.

'Then ye'll catch naething,' said Archie laconically. 'The watter's low. We havena had a spate for three weeks. There's just a chance wi' the wurrum in the early mornin' or when it's gettin' dark in the afternoon, if ye hunker weel doon an' dinna show yersel' on the bank; but if the watter keeps as clear as it is the noo, ye'll never see sae muckle as a tail if ye use the flee.'

Mr Smith smiled with vague superiority, though inwardly he was not a little impressed by Archie's pessimistic pronouncement. He made a mental note of the lowness and clearness of the water—useful items to use as excuses should he return to Mrs Smith with an empty creel. He was enough of a trout-fisher to know the value of excuses, was this Mr Smith of Kensington.

'In the south of England,' he remarked, resting his rod against the road-dike while he took out his cigarette-case, 'we fish in what are called chalk-streams, which are always much clearer than any of the Scotch—what do you call them?—oh yes, burns.' He pronounced it 'behns,' and it is to be feared that Archie, forgetting his native politeness, smiled faintly. 'But, then, angling in England is, of course, a much finer art than it is here. We use the dry-fly, for one thing; and the fish run much larger, and are more sporting to play. I am told that here one never needs a landing-net, for instance. The trout are small enough simply to whip ashore. Whereas, with us'—

Archie was becoming weary of the wonders of England and English fishing.

'There's mony a guid fish in the Drumdreep,' he put in, 'for those as can catch them.'

The Englishman leant his elbows on the top of the dike, and looked down to where the silvery waters—alas! now far too silvery from the fisher's point of view—of the Drumdreep wound their way through the oat-fields. 'It's a pretty little stream,' he observed; 'but I doubt if it's very promising as far as angling goes. There hardly seems to me to be enough feeding for the trout, or enough depth either. May I ask whether you've ever yourself had good baskets here?'

Archie grinned. His memory flew back over many a magnificent long day by the burnside, when

his creel grew heavier and heavier, and his bulging worm-bag lighter and lighter, and his arm more and more tired of lifting the struggling little yellow trout ashore out of the swirling brown pools of springtime. 'Oo ay,' he admitted cautiously. 'Aince or twice I've hed a goodish wee fishin' in my time. I remember me and Jimmie Wilson takin' fifteen dizen between us one Saturday; and if next day hadna been the Sabbath, maybe we'd ha'e done the same again. The watter was in fine condition yon time.'

'Fifteen dozen trout to two rods!' cried Mr Smith enviously. 'And about what weight did they run on the average?'

'Aweel, they was mostly sma' fish: a quarter of a pound and less. There's naething bigger nor a pound in the Drumdreep that I ken of.'

'Oh!' The Englishman's tone expressed disappointment—or at any rate he intended it to sound so. It is probable, however, that he would not have objected to a bag of fifteen dozen—even such comparative minnows as the fish of the Drumdreep. Quantity, it is to be feared, is apt to outbalance quality even with Kensington anglers who wield the dry-fly. 'I have never taken a fish lower than a pound weight in any of our chalk-streams at home,' he said grandly; 'and as a rule they run to two and three pounds apiece, and sometimes even bigger.'

'Is that so, noo?' commented Archie dryly.

'I'm afraid if I catch anything here as low as a quarter of a pound in weight I shall throw it back,' the Englishman went on. 'One gets into the way of preserving the small fish almost without thinking.'

'Indeed?' queried Archie, with a twinkle in his eye. 'I'm sorry for that. If ye dinna keep the sma' fish, ye'll keep naething here.'

'It hardly seems sporting to kill such tiny creatures,' said the Kensington angler.

Archie's ire began to rise. 'If ye catch onything bigger nor half a pound in the Drumdreep ye'll be clever,' he asserted, with sudden emphasis. 'Deed, if ye catch onything at a' in this weather'—Remembering his manners, he left the sentence unfinished.

'I intend to try, at any rate,' the other retorted calmly. 'We'll see if a little dry-fly science from the South won't beat local methods;' and, throwing down his finished cigarette-end, he nodded, and continued up the road. Archie whistled to his dog, and turned off towards the clachan of Drumdreep Bridge. Now that the Englishman had gone, he allowed himself to grin broadly.

In the evening Mr Smith passed Archie's cottage door, and had perforce to confess that his creel was empty. Archie sympathised verbally, but in his



inmost soul he rejoiced. 'Yon's a stuck-up ijit,' he said to Margaret, his wife. 'He'll catch naething as long's the burn's no' drumly. He thinks he kens more about the fishin' than I do, an' me been here, and fished, man and boy, for twenty year. They English buddies are a' fules, it seems tae me. The way they talk is eneuch tae'—

'Dinna ye be sae sure, Archie, ma man,' said Margaret quietly. 'He comes frae London, they tell me; an' Londoners are tricky fouk.'

'Mebbe they are; but not tricky eneuch for the trout,' muttered Archie.

But two days later, when Mr Smith came to Archie's door after his day's fishing, he stopped and knocked.

'Good-evening, Mrs Anderson,' he said when Margaret appeared; 'is your husband at home?'

'He's awa' tae the hull,' said she.

A curious expression shot for a moment across the Englishman's smoothly-shaven face; but it was instantly suppressed. 'I wanted to show him a fish I got to-day,' he remarked indifferently. 'We had a little argument, you know, about the size of the trout in the Drumdreep.' He opened his basket and took out a fish. 'This weighs four and a half pounds,' he went on. 'I wish your husband had been at home. I venture to think it would have shown him what can be done—even by an alien!' He laughed nervously.

Margaret's eyes were wide with astonishment. She had never seen so big a trout before, though Archie was a persistent angler.

'I am sorry I must take this fish home at once,' Mr Smith continued. 'I would have liked to leave it for Mr Anderson's inspection. I have kept promising my wife to bring home a dish of fish, and now that I have at last caught one worth keeping, she will be anxious to have it cooked for breakfast. Of course I have caught a good many others, but threw them all back, as they weren't up to my standard.'

Margaret remained speechless at this example of London grandeur.

'However, you must tell your husband about it when he comes home. Just to satisfy yourself, perhaps you wouldn't mind weighing the fish on your own scales. I want Mr Anderson to have no doubt about the correctness of my statement.'

Margaret took the trout, carried it into her kitchen, and duly weighed it.

'Simply to make the evidence more clear, maybe you wouldn't mind laying the fish on a piece of paper and running a pencil round it,' the Englishman went on eagerly. 'Your husband will then have the evidence of his own eyes as well as the testimony of your scales.'

Margaret laughed. She was entering into the fun of the thing. This Englishman was really very polite and amusing; and she would be able to twit Archie about his scorn of Londoners. She did as she was requested, and then the trout was returned to the creel.

'Next time I see Mr Anderson I shall challenge him to catch a bigger fish than that,' said Mr Smith graciously. 'I don't think that either with bait or wet-fly it can be done. Some day I must give him a lesson in dry-fly fishing. He mustn't despise Southern methods, you know, Mrs Anderson;' and the Englishman departed.

Archie's feelings when he returned and heard Margaret's tale may be imagined. 'Ye're dreamin', Maggie,' was all he could gasp. But unfortunately the evidence of the tracing on the paper was incontrovertible.

'He challenged ye tae catch a bigger fush than yon,' said Margaret, rejoicing in Archie's crestfallen appearance.

'By gum, then I maun try!' cried Archie, and forthwith sallied forth to the midden to dig worms.

But, truth to tell, the digging of the worms was only a blind. For a deep-laid plot was maturing in Archie's keen brain. Well did he know that though he fished for a lifetime the chances were hopelessly against another such fish being captured in the Drumdreep. So some wilier mode must be employed for accomplishing the downfall of the conceited Englishman. Archie chuckled. Londoners might be sharp, but Scotsmen could be sharp too!

A couple of days later came a mysterious parcel addressed to 'Mr Archibald Anderson, Mid-Dreep, Drumdreep Bridge:' a parcel which, it may be mentioned, was surreptitiously taken from postie by Archie's own hand, and never caught the eye of Margaret. Archie, indeed, instead of showing it to his wife, carried it away to the byre to unwrap, and later on might have been observed issuing forth in the direction of the burn, rod in hand and basket on back.

At the close of the day he returned, a curiously triumphant smile wreathing his sunburnt features.

'Look at that fush, Maggie!' he said, proudly lifting the lid of his basket and displaying a grand trout which would turn the scales at five pounds if it was an ounce. 'This'll mak' Mr Smith look astonished, I'm thinkin'. Dry-fly, indeed! The wurrum's guid eneuch for Drumdreep.'

Margaret had to admit herself proud of her husband. 'Ye maun gang roond to Mr Smith's hoose and show it him,' she said. 'No, ye needna; for here he comes himsel.' And, sure enough, the Englishman was descried approaching.

'Well, Mr Anderson,' he said as he came up, 'have you caught that fish yet—the one that was to beat mine? Or are you ready for a lesson with the dry-fly?'

Archie silently held out his creel.

The Englishman glanced into its cavernous depths, and then started. He put in his hand and lifted out Archie's big fish. 'A fine trout,' he said; 'half a pound heavier than mine, I should guess. But you didn't land it from the Drumdreep.'

'Deed, I got it this very day,' cried Archie. But it was noticeable that he avoided the verb 'catch.'

The Englishman's eyes twinkled. 'Come, come,' he said, 'you mustn't think I'm so innocent as all that, Mr Anderson. There are no pink-fleshed trout in the Drumdreep, I think you told me?'

'No,' Archie allowed. He was becoming a trifle nervous under this scrutiny.

Mr Smith whipped a pocket-knife from his pocket and made a deft slit in the fish's belly. 'Look at that,' he said coolly.

If Archie had been able, he would have blushed; but his rich tan saved him this humiliation. The trout itself blushed—internally.

'This is a Loch Leven trout,' Mr Smith continued. 'I recognised at once that it had not the same markings as the local fish. If I hadn't eaten the one I caught the other day I'd show you the difference in a moment; but as it is'—He shrugged his shoulders. 'No, no, Mr Anderson, you can't palm off on me a fish which you have sent for from a fishmonger's, as though you'd caught it in the Drumdreep. Moreover, unless I'm much mistaken, this is a netted fish. Yes'—he forced the trout's jaws apart—'there is no hook-mark and no blood. Besides'—

But we must draw a veil over the discomfiture of Archie Anderson. As his wife remarked afterwards, 'It was ye yersel' that loked the fule, Archie; no' the gentleman frae London. He was nae fule, was Mr Smith.'

Which was truer than Margaret supposed. For a week later, after the excellent Mr Smith had departed from Drumdreep Bridge (asserting that even he found the fishing too poor to be worth bothering about), Archie received a missive which gave him considerable food for thought. It was from his old friend the fishmonger in Glasgow, enclosing a bill for the bought trout. 'By the way,' the letter concluded, 'I sent a slightly smaller trout to your neighbourhood a little while ago, at the order of a Mr Smith. I had some difficulty in procuring one to suit him, as he was most particular in specifying both size and colour; and he insisted on the flesh being white and the fish being absolutely freshly caught. In the end I had to send him one slightly different from his specification; but apparently it suited him all right, as he paid up promptly. What have you folks at Drumdreep been up to? It seems suspicious, this sudden demand for trout.'

Archie ran his fingers through his hair. 'Well, I'm'—was all he could gasp for a while. Then he turned to his wife. 'Maggie,' he said, 'all fishers are liars; that's my opinion.'

'I'm glad ye've admitted it at last,' commented Maggie. 'I've thocht so mysel' for mony a year.'

Archie ruminated in sad silence. Then he spoke again. 'Now I ken why yon Mr Smith called wi' his fush when I was oot,' he said. 'It was

part o' his London cleverness. He waited till he saw me gang oot, and then cam', for fear I'd see his fush was no' frae the Drumdreep. Eh, thae Englishies!'

But if Archie had only known, Mr Smith was saying, 'Eh, those Scotsmen!' in much the same admiring tone. For after narrating the little joke to his Kensington friends, he always added, 'As a matter of fact, I never saw a solitary fin the whole time. It's my belief that our methods are utterly useless on Scotch rivers. That fellow Anderson I was telling you of used to catch dozens. How he managed it I don't know.'

So the mutual tribute of two anglers (I had almost written 'Ananias,' which begins with the same letter of the alphabet) was complimentary on both sides, though in different ways. And on the whole it will be admitted that the Scotsman came off best. For it is better to be good at catching small fish than at saying you have caught big ones.

#### TRANSFORMATION.

THE leaden fog begins to lift—

I almost see the sun;

It seems, though twilight's near, as though

The day had just begun!

The sodden pavements seem to glow

With light, your steps to greet;

A sudden radiance falls o'er all

As you come up the street.

The many flights of white stone steps,

Each blind and window-pane,

The very knockers on the doors,

Fresh lustre seem to gain.

All that before looked poor and mean

Seems wondrous fair and sweet,

And blossoms into Paradise,

As you come up the street.

The barrel-organ playing near

Seems scarcely out of tune,

The street-boys' cries have gained a note

Like nightingales' in June.

For every sound to me is merged

In your dear voice so sweet,

When you stop and speak some friendly words

As you come up the street.

They say that Heaven is paved with gold,

With gates of jewels bright,

And countless angels pass along

In robes of dazzling white;

But yet to me that heavenly land

Would not be quite complete

If you, my Heaven on this dark earth,

Did not pass up its street.

N. H. MANLEY.



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### MEMORIES OF A HAPPY LIFE.

By HENRY LEACH.

**T**HE worst of the average autobiography is that it is not usually candid and accurate as to the qualities of the writer when circumstances necessitate any reference to them. It is not that these authors of their own histories are intentionally unfair to the people who are called upon kindly to read them, or that they wilfully keep back material facts which might lead them to a judgment as to character and so forth less flattering than they might desire; it is simply that the human nature in them causes them to think well of their own deeds and dispositions, and to rate themselves higher than others might, as well as to regard as too trivial for mention those little failings which count for so much in the reckoning of a man. Therefore it is very refreshing when one comes across a biographer who insists upon telling you the truth, and the whole truth, about himself; and his readers, having thanked him for his excellent candour, amounting at times even to naïveté, can appreciate his stories and enjoy them much more than if they had any doubts about their man. In such a simplicity as this the autobiography which has been written by the Hon. F. Leveson-Gower—although he prefers not to call it an autobiography, but merely a book of recollections under the title of *Bygone Years*—and which he has published through Mr Murray, is most refreshing, and in its way a work of unique interest. We are given some miniatures of social life in distinguished circles in the heyday of the Victorian period, and the gossip that is quoted and the comments made are universally diverting. Mr Leveson-Gower is a leading member of a great family, and he is very nearly a nonagenarian, for he was born in 1819; and at this time of life he sits down to write his story, which circumstance does much to indicate the latent energy in him, the existence of which he himself seems to deny steadily all the way through his life. Of such family, entering Parliament in due course, and being himself a man of considerable talent, a great

career was possible for him; but he tells us in effect that he was all through his life too lazy to prosecute it, and that he found it much pleasanter to take things easily and gad about at dinner-parties and drawing-rooms. In this capacity he had unique advantages: family, Parliament, official connections, charming manners, and an attractive *bonhomie*.

The items of self-depreciation to be found in this candid tale are themselves somewhat interesting in the circumstances. Eton was a failure, to begin with. 'My life was not a very happy one, and, unlike most Etonians, I do not retain a very pleasant impression of it. My health was indifferent. I was not good at games, and I made no friends—at least, none who remained so in subsequent years.' It must be added that during a period of indisposition his tutor accused him of malingering, when two days later he was at death's-door, and his relatives were being summoned to his bedside. Oxford and the friendships that he made there he did enjoy; but, he says, 'I must confess that I was very idle. The atmosphere at Christ Church was not at that time intellectual. I cannot call to mind in my time at Christ Church any undergraduate who afterwards became a Cabinet Minister or who, with one exception, distinguished himself in any other capacity; and amongst my friends there was not one who seemed in the least anxious to obtain university honours.' He thinks that this state of affairs was partly due to Dean Gaisford's management, the Dean knowing more about Greek particles than about young men. Mr Frank Charteris, now the Earl of Wemyss, was almost the only undergraduate whom he inspired with any confidence. This young man was not afraid of the Dean, and said what he liked to him. On one occasion the Dean gave him permission to go to London to get advice about a lame leg. The following day the Dean perceived his name in the list of guests at the Palace ball, which made him say the next time he saw the young man, 'I was not aware, Mr Charteris, that dancing was a cure for lameness.'

Mr Leveson-Gower went in for having his good



time at Oxford. Soon after getting there he was elected to membership of the Mitre Club, a famous old hunting society which was not noted for its sobriety. Although this was one of its better periods, Mr Leveson-Gower will not say that it was conducted on strictly temperance principles. 'For instance,' he remarks, 'a new member was required to empty at one draught a cup, called the "Fox's Head," containing a bottle of port. I have always looked upon myself as a sober individual, because I never reduced myself to that state in which I could not take care of myself; but I am free to confess that, both at Oxford and afterwards, I sometimes imbibed more wine than was good for me.' Farther on he soliloquises rather regretfully: 'Our life was very pleasant, but must be considered to have been wasted, except by those who look upon time affording much pleasure as not absolutely thrown away. . . . I read little, and relied on what I had learnt at my private tutor's to get through my daily work. We were on the whole a steady set, but it was not a life calculated to promote success in our future careers. In my opinion, my masters, whether at school or college, were to a certain extent responsible for my indolence.'

Soon after he went down from Oxford he had some excellent times in Paris, where his father, Lord Granville, was Ambassador, meeting all kinds of distinguished people. Princess Lieven, who, after ceasing to be Russian Ambassadors in London, took up her permanent abode in Paris, used often to call at the Embassy. Mr Leveson-Gower was once present on an interesting occasion at her salon, all Paris at that time being in a state of wonder as to whether the Emperor would marry Mademoiselle de Montijo. The room was full when the door was thrown open and the Comtesse and her daughter announced. Madame de Lieven immediately got up from her seat, and, brushing past the mother, embraced the daughter, taking her by both hands. All those present knew then that the engagement had taken place.

A lady of London society who much attracted him, and of whom he formed a higher opinion than some other people did, was Lady Holland. She was very forceful and candid, but very good-natured. Her physician, Sir Stephen Hammick, was sometimes made very uneasy in her presence and that of others who were in her company at the time. 'Where do you dine to-day, Sir Stephen?' she once asked him when Mr Leveson-Gower was there, and the physician answered that he would dine at his club. 'What is the name of your club?' her ladyship asked. 'The Union.' 'I have never heard of it,' she observed. 'Frederick, is there such a club?' Young Mr Charteris aforesaid was achieving much deserved popularity in London society; and, being curious to see him, Lady Holland asked Mr Leveson-Gower to take him along to Holland House for dinner one night. 'The invitation gratified him,' says Mr Leveson-Gower, 'and we accordingly went, when she received him

graciously. Upon our taking our departure, we were already on the staircase when she called me back and whispered, "Never mind, my dear Frederick; good looks are not everything in this world." When she died she left him a legacy of two hundred pounds with which to buy books.

A rather interesting family note is made upon the death of his father, the first Earl Granville, which occurred in 1846. 'He was greatly beloved by us all, and was the most indulgent parent—possibly too indulgent. Himself a younger son, although I cannot say that his own case was a hard one, he sympathised with me for being one of that unfortunate class. It may have been this feeling, combined with much affection, that made him leave me well provided for. He did not follow the example of Lord Buchan, who boasted that his brother, Lord Chancellor Erskine, owed his success in life to him; and being asked in what way he had contributed to it, said, "By steadily refusing to increase his allowance when strongly urged to do so." I much question whether if I had been left to earn my bread by my own exertions as a lawyer I should have succeeded.'

Thus he had been called to the Bar. Canning, when Prime Minister, who was a great friend of the Earl, 'thought he perceived in me some signs of intelligence. This made him say to my father, "Bring that boy up as a lawyer, and he will one day become Lord Chancellor." I really believe this made my father cherish the idea that this prophecy might turn out to be true.' In course of time he became Judge's Marshal, an easy and pleasant task. He acted in this capacity first to Lord Denman, and in course of business he went to Cambridge with him, where Lord Denman's son George resided. 'The latter persuaded me to go by water to Ely with him to see its glorious cathedral. He was a capital oar, but I was not; and perhaps on this account, or because of an adverse wind, we found ourselves still on the water when we ought to have been attending the Judge's public dinner. Now, for a Marshal to be absent from one of these dinners was a serious offence. Still, I trusted to my Judge's good nature, particularly as his son was *particeps criminis*, and I hoped that he would deal with me leniently. Happily, owing to the prolongation of a trial, the time of dinner was postponed, and we were not too late.'

About this time, in his legal capacity, he frequently met Lord Brougham, about whom he tells a good story. Brougham was not supposed to be devoted to his wife, whose first husband was a Mr Spalding. He was heard one day to address the following words to Mr Spalding's portrait, which was hung up in the dining-room: 'My dear Jack, how much I feel every day what cause I have to regret your sad loss!'

Mr Leveson-Gower travelled much, and gives some most interesting accounts of his experiences in Spain and India; while in 1856 he was one of the entourage of the Earl Granville, his brother, when the latter

was sent on his magnificent special mission to Russia on the occasion of the coronation of Alexander II. This special mission to Russia has always been a kind of prerogative of this family, and this particular mission, and that of the Duke of Devonshire before it, were extremely magnificent. On this occasion, when everything that could be thought of had been taken from England to complete the sumptuousness of the affair, it was found that they had no portrait of Queen Victoria to hang up in the Embassy. Thereupon one of Lord Wodehouse's attachés undertook to paint one full-length from memory. 'He had never done anything of the sort before, and he finished it in nine days. When seen from a distance it had a plausible effect. The Russians expressed admiration for it as a fine work of art. They are so amiable that they will say anything, whether true or false, if they think it will give pleasure.' Count Nesselrode told him a curious thing. He said that his (the Count's) father's fortune originated in the snuff-boxes which he received as Minister between the years 1812 and 1815, and which he sold for twenty thousand pounds. This sum he invested in land, which increased in value to an incredible degree. One estate that he gave ten thousand pounds for was bringing in that sum yearly at the time of the Coronation.

Mr Leveson-Gower sat for various constituencies in Parliament, and Mr Gladstone twice offered him

important posts, one of Chief Whip, the other of Postmaster-General, which he declined because he thought there were others who, from greater attention to their duties, deserved promotion sooner than himself. 'I am certain,' he remarks, 'that Mr Gladstone would not have made me these offers if he had not thought me sufficiently competent to perform the work required of me; but I doubted whether such would be the general opinion, and I feared it would be thought a job.'

He had many interesting parliamentary and election experiences, and a good story is that of how, when he was contesting a Cornwall division, his agent, Collins, once besought him to sit in a particular pew at church instead of the Corporation pew which he had been occupying, 'because, as it faced the altar, I could not then betray any preference by turning to the east or refraining from doing so during the recital of the creed, and would thus avoid offending either the High or Low Church party.'

Mr Leveson-Gower does not say in so many words that this life of his has been a happy one, and he appears dissatisfied in some respects; but if it has not been one of the strenuous variety, of which great biographies are written, it seems to have been constantly pleasant and interesting, and the scene has nearly always been the Palace or Parliament. So we will assume, or at all events hope, that it has been happy.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL

### CHAPTER VII.



At three o'clock I entered the royal sleigh, which was waiting for me at the imposing Victor's Gate, the great archway at the base of the Waffenthurm. It was a magnificent afternoon. The sun shone with even greater power than it had displayed in the morning; the sky was, if possible, a deeper blue.

There are not many roads open in winter in Grimland; but the Heldersburg road is the highway to Austria, and when a fall of snow comes they drive a team of horses trailing great logs of wood behind them to roll the freshly fallen crystals into a firm, compact mass.

It was a lovely drive down the hill past Riefinsdorf and away to the left, at first between villas and small hotels, each with its covering of snow and fringe of glistening icicles, and then between pine-woods and half-concealed boulders, with glimpses of frozen waterfalls, and in the background dazzling summits and the amazingly blue sky.

The buntings twittered cheerily overhead, and my heart sang back to them. 'Surely, if there is a Paradise it is here, it is here!' was the familiar refrain that rang involuntarily in my head. Doubtless the object of my drive was largely responsible for my unwonted exhilaration of spirit. The fact

that the King had chosen me for this delicate mission was flattering to a degree. The romance of the situation and the slight possibility of danger roused my enthusiasm quite as much as the bracing air or the unmatched glory of the scene.

I had travelled but a little way beyond Riefinsdorf when my sleigh pulled up abruptly. Impregnated as my mind was with fancies of a dramatic and adventurous nature, I quite expected to find a band of ruffians, armed to the teeth, disputing our path and demanding instant submission. What I actually saw was a young lady standing in the middle of the road, and an enormously long, heavy-looking toboggan at right angles to our course and completely blocking our progress. The young lady, who looked very charming, and was attired much as my companion of the morning, brightened visibly as her eyes lighted upon me. It was the Grand Duke's daughter, the Prinzessinn Mathilde.

'Oh, Mr Saunders,' she cried, 'is that you?'

'I have every reason to believe so,' I replied, jumping out of my conveyance. 'Can I be of any assistance to you?'

'You might be,' she replied reflectively. 'Where are you going to?'

'I am out for a drive.'

'So I perceive.'

'To Heldersburg,' I supplemented.

'Oh, I wish you would come bob-sleighing with us.'

'I'm afraid I don't know much about bob-sleighing.'

'That does not matter in the least. Max and a couple of men will be here directly. I steer and Max "brakes," and all you have to do is to sit behind me and lean over a bit when we come to the corners. It's really very pleasant.'

'It sounds delicious. Unfortunately, I am taking a message to Heldersburg for the King.'

'Can't the coachman take it?'

'Please don't tempt me,' I replied. 'The idea of bob-sleighing fascinates me enormously, but duty is duty, and I have not the honour of being King's messenger every day of my life.'

'You might at least have one run with us,' persisted the Princess. Her importunity was flattering; but I had taken my mission very seriously, and was determined not to be seduced from the path of duty by siren blandishments, however innocuously meant.

'I fear not,' I replied, shaking my head sadly. 'I could not love bob-sleighing half so much, loved I not honour more. But how comes it that you are here by yourself blocking the free way with this derelict craft?'

'We've just had a run down from Weissheim,' she explained. 'We are waiting here for a horse to lug the old "bob" back again for another run. As the horse hasn't turned up, Max and his friends are doing a little skiing down the snow-slopes.'

'You won't mind my gently shifting the "old bob" out of the way, will you?'

'I shall be highly offended,' was the laughing response. 'I think it is most disagreeable of you not to join our party. Do think better of it, and let the coachman take your stupid message to Heldersburg.'

'You are a descendant of Eve and a wicked temptress,' I replied. 'And as I am a descendant of Adam and a frail man, I shall not risk parleying with you any further;' and, seizing hold of the 'bob's' steering-gear, I proceeded to pull the obstructing conveyance to the side of the roadway.

'Remember, I am very much offended with you,' persisted the Princess.

'And I with you,' I retorted. 'I was enjoying my drive immensely till you rendered it tame and commonplace with your alluring suggestions of bob-sleighing;' and, raising my cap, I re-entered my sleigh and bade the coachman drive on.

I watched the Princess mischievously snatch up a handful of snow to throw after me; but snowballs are not easy things to make with the temperature standing below zero, and a mere harmless, powdery cloud of white was all the result of her wicked machinations.

What a jolly little girl! I thought. How natural and unaffected! How delightfully free from stupid shyness and stupider pride of position! And as

my sleigh-bells tinkled and the turns of the road continually revealed fresh glimpses of winter beauty, I let my mind dwell pleasantly on the charming characteristics, physical and otherwise, of the sunburnt, sport-loving little Schattenberg. I looked forward to seeing her a good deal during my stay at Weissheim. After the unpleasant atmosphere of sordid squabbling, of subversive intrigue, and deep-schemed counter-plotting which impregnated the Brun-varad, her cheerful, thoughtless, joyous little presence had all the refreshment of the cool, clear, pine-laden mountain air. I even began to be mildly philosophic, wondering why Nature sends to scheming, selfish fathers delightful, unaffected daughters full of frank, natural, innocent joy in life, and without the slightest capacity for an evil thought or an unkind action.

Unhappily meditations even of a mildly rapturous nature must come to an end some time, and mine were rudely interrupted by a second stoppage of the royal sleigh.

My previous romantic expectations would not have been so out of place on this occasion, for the road was blocked by some dozen soldiers of the Guard. Shod with skis and armed with rifles, they were drawn up in a straggling, menacing line across the road. Their uniforms were of dark green, with black facings; they wore high, white leggings, and on their heads scarlet berets. They were fine, active-looking men, deeply sunburnt and distinctly picturesque in their workman-like uniform. One of them, a sergeant, blew a whistle.

'What's the matter?' I demanded of my red-bearded driver.

'He says we must not proceed, Excellency.'

'Why not?' I inquired.

I got no more information than was conveyed by a shrug of extremely broad shoulders. Suddenly I discerned on my right a further party of half-a-dozen men skiing down the hillside towards us. They approached us at great speed and with alarming directness. Just when I imagined a collision to be inevitable, they turned their skis sideways and jumped down into the road in front of our horses' heads.

An officer, whom I now perceived to be Max, approached. He looked very well in his smart uniform, and the quick rush through the air had lent a tinge of colour to his pale cheeks.

'Why are we stopped?' I began.

'We are carrying out some important manoeuvres,' was the reply. 'We have fixed some dummies up on the road farther on, and we are firing at them from across the ravine. I am sorry to interrupt your drive, but I cannot permit you to go on. It would not be safe.'

'I am going to Heldersburg with a message from the King.'

Max remained silent for a moment.

'Kindly show me your message,' he said at length.

'It is a verbal message,' I replied.



'Have you no written order authorising your journey?'

'I have nothing but my word.'

'I'm very sorry,' said the young Prince, gaping; 'but my orders are positive. We are to permit no vehicles or passengers along the Heldersburg road this afternoon. Had you a written authority from His Majesty I should, of course, give way.'

His tone was palpably insincere, and I began to feel annoyed.

'Are the manœuvres being held by His Majesty's special command?' I inquired.

'Really,' replied Max sarcastically, 'I cannot discuss my authority with every one who wants to pass this way. You must go back, my good friend; and, if the matter is so extremely urgent, get your permit from the King and try again.'

'I may not be able to find His Majesty,' I objected.

Max laughed.

'You may not,' he said; 'in fact, if my information is correct, he is gone with a skiing party across the Nonnensee to the lower slopes of the Klauigberg.'

I had great difficulty in controlling my temper.

'Look here, Prince,' I said, 'I cannot tell you what my message is, but I give you my word of honour it is an important one. If the King learns that I have been stopped he will be very angry.'

'And if my father learns that I have neglected my instructions and let you pass, *he* will be very angry. I would sooner face the King's wrath than my father's. No, man; it's no use. It's better to accept the inevitable and go back than be potted at by the best shots in Grinland.'

I looked at the group of soldiers who blocked the way. They held their rifles threateningly, and their maliciously grinning faces seemed to my imagination to invite the requisite permission to riddle us with bullets. My coachman sat stiffly on his box, but I noticed that his fingers fumbled nervously with the reins, as if his mind were ill at ease.

'Very well,' I said as calmly as I could, 'I accept the inevitable.—Coachman, turn round and drive back to Weissheim.'

The command was obeyed with alacrity that bespoke extreme relief. I had a vision of Max's pale, sneering face, of half-a-dozen rifle-barrels levelled playfully but regretfully at our heads, and my sleigh swung rapidly on its course in the direction opposite to Heldersburg. I was angry, disappointed, and not a little humiliated. After the flattering way in which I had been chosen for this mission, it was most annoying to be checkmated in such unanswerable fashion. Without a doubt the Schattenbergs knew all about the Queen's departure, and were determined, as far as in them lay, to render the rupture permanent. But what of the Princess's invitation to bob-sleigh? Was she, too, playing her part in the revolutionary and aggressive schemes of the Grand Duke Fritz? Was her attempt to decoy me from the path of duty a mere coincidence or

the result of definite instructions from her ambitious parent? I recalled her interview with Father Bernhardt on the previous evening; and, alas! unflattering as was the conclusion, I could only believe that her strongly pressed invitation was due rather to the exigencies of intrigue than a frank, girlish desire for the company of a passably interesting young Englishman. And yet I found it impossible to be angry with her. If she had merely been carrying out the Grand Duke's behests, it was obvious that the part she had been assigned was one that suited her own inclinations; that her conduct had been less a deliberate piece of acting than a judicious adaptation of her natural instincts to the requirements of her father's policy. Anyway, she was a charming little girl, and I felt that she and I, however antagonistic our parts might be, would play them with good nature, good feeling, and with a strong appreciation of the humorous. I smiled, despite myself, as I thought of her snow-balling efforts; and then, as I remembered Max's sneering countenance and intolerable manner, I frowned again, and, I fear, swore.

'Coachman,' I cried as we emerged from the pine-forest upon the outskirts of Riefinsdorf, 'is there any other way to Heldersburg?'

'Your Excellency might go across the hills on skis.'

'I know nothing about skiing. Is there no other track?'

'There is a path open through the wood—the Wald-promenade.'

'I will take that, then,' I said. 'Where can I get into it?'

'It starts from the road a few hundred yards back. There is a sign-post, and your Excellency cannot possibly miss it. Nevertheless, I would respectfully advise your Excellency to let me drive you back to Weissheim.'

'Why?'

'Because there will be a detachment of soldiers on the Wald-promenade just as there is on the road, and our soldiers are not the most patient people in the world.'

'All the same, I shall make the attempt,' I said. 'His Majesty considers me a lucky man, and I must live up to my reputation.'

So saying, I descended from the sleigh, and bidding the fellow drive back to the Brun-varad, retraced my tracks till I came to the commencement of the Wald-promenade. The path, starting with a sharp ascent, plunged into the heart of the pine-woods; but I had hardly gone a hundred yards before I came to a halt. A seat was placed invitingly at the edge of the path, and I took advantage of it, not from a desire to rest, but solely for purposes of meditation. To go on was to incur a certain rebuff, and perhaps worse. To make a detour through the deep snow was an utter impossibility. Had I possessed a pair of skis, and the ability to use them, I would have chanced evading the soldiery who were doubtless watching

the hillsides, and made a dash for Heldersburg. I was just beginning to despair of a satisfactory solution when my attention was attracted by a strange figure approaching me from the direction of Riefinsdorf. It was a remarkably curious figure, too, when I came to appreciate the details. The man—I gathered it was a man—was covered from neck to foot with a long fur coat of a coarse and tremendously shaggy nature. On his head he wore a dirty white woollen cap, a curious article of attire so constructed as to pull down over his entire head, leaving a small aperture for his eyes and nose, and giving the appearance of a medieval helmet with the visor up. The small portion of his countenance left uncovered by this serviceable headgear was reduced to a minimum by a large pair of blue glass spectacles, and between these loomed a nose of ample proportions and aggressive colouring. In his right hand he carried a long, iron-shod pole, and on his back a basket containing a crowded, high-piled mass of tins. He walked slowly and with a pronounced limp. As he drew nearer he bade me a gruff good-day.

'One moment, my fellow,' I called. He halted.

'Who are you?' I pursued.

'I am Peter,' he replied. 'Lame Peter of Riefinsdorf.'

'Are you in a hurry?'

'*Himmel und Kaiserfleisch!*' he grunted, 'am I in a hurry? Is it any use my being in a hurry—me, Lame Peter, with the frost-bitten toes?'

'I only asked,' I said, 'because I wanted to chat with you. Where are you going to?'

'I am going to Heldersburg, Excellency, to sell tinned tomatoes and tinned beans, and maybe a little canned pine-apple.'

'And do you go there every day?'

'Every day, Excellency, and always at this hour. The train brings tinned fruits and vegetables to Riefinsdorf, and I take them on foot to Heldersburg.'

'And are you well known hereabouts?'

'Every one knows Lame Peter, Excellency.'

'Good,' I said. 'Now, tell me, how much do you expect to get for your load?'

'Twenty florins—perhaps twenty-two. The profit is not large.'

'Good,' I said again. 'I will give you twenty-two; but that must include the loan of your basket for the afternoon.'

'Excellency!'

'Also, I desire the loan of your coat and your beautiful woollen cap. How much shall we say for these? Five florins should, I think, be ample.'

'Excellency!'

'Come, I will pay at once, and you shall have the things back to-morrow morning. Put down your load and take off your coat and cap.'

The man obeyed me with jerky, rheumatic movements and the furtive air of one dealing with a possibly dangerous lunatic.

'Now for your staff and blue spectacles,' I said.

'I can walk but ill without my staff, Excellency, and without my glasses the strong sunshine on the snow pains my eyes exceedingly.'

'Nonsense,' I said, producing my money. 'You can manage to crawl back to the "Drei Kronen" and solace your eyes with the sight of a *Bier-kanne*. There's thirty florins for you, on condition that you go back to Riefinsdorf and drink my health nobly. Come, I will take care that your things are returned to you in plenty of time for your journey to-morrow.'

'A thousand thanks, Excellency. You will not forget—Lame Peter of the Kuh-gasse, Riefinsdorf. Your Excellency is English?'

'Yes,' I replied, donning the lame one's garments, 'I am English, and therefore rich, mad, and scrupulously honest. You need have no anxiety for your possessions.'

'I have no fear,' he grunted, helping me to strap on the basket of tins. '*Teufelchen*, but it is cold without a coat! I shall certainly take your Excellency's advice, and visit the "Drei Kronen." Good-day, Excellency, and a thousand thanks.'

So saying, the old fellow hobbled away in one direction, while I advanced in the other towards the home of the Von Helders.

(To be continued.)

## REPLICAS AND COPIES OF SOME GREAT RENAISSANCE PAINTINGS.

By E. GOVETT.

**I**T is quite impossible to palm off, even upon the merest tyro, a modern copy of a work by an Italian Renaissance artist as an original; and the ingenuity of 'planters' has therefore to be devoted to manufacturing histories relating to old copies, or to faking works by lesser artists than those to whom they desire to impute the authorship of the pictures for sale. The fact that some of the greatest Italian artists painted

replicas lends assistance to the business, and another point in favour of the dealers in spurious attributions is the existence of copies of some of the greater works made by good artists soon after the originals were executed. So good are many of these copies that the first connoisseurs sometimes differ as to which is the original and as to whether one or more of the others is a replica or not. Thus there are no less than nine of the same portrait of Pope Julius II., and five of these are claimed by one or

more authorities to be by Raphael. Florence has two, one in the Uffizi Gallery, and the other in the Pitti Palace; while there is one in our own National Gallery, one in Berlin, and a fifth at Turin. That one is by Raphael is certain, and perhaps the preponderance of opinion is in favour of the Uffizi picture. Vasari said of the original portrait that it was 'so true and life-like that it made one tremble to see it, being so like the living man;' and Muntz refers to the picture as one of the most astonishing creations of the sixteenth century. Yet, notwithstanding the unanimity of opinion as to the merits of the original work, experts by no means agree as to which of the five examples Raphael himself painted or whether he executed more than one.

There is no more marked instance than this of the difficulties with which amateur buyers must meet in making their collections, owing to the high excellence achieved by the copyists of the Renaissance. Take Correggio's 'Ecce Homo' also. There are no less than four of these, one being in the National Gallery; but it has not yet been settled which is the original, or if one of the other three is a replica.

Most of the best old copies of the great Renaissance artists were made in Rome and Florence in the later half of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, say between 1560 and 1620. Many of these are difficult to distinguish from retouched originals, but they have generally a marked peculiarity which does not exist in the originals—namely, a slightly bluish tone. Whether this arises from some defect in the colours used, which time has brought out, or whether it is the effect of the style of the period, is not now known; but, in any case, it often assists in detecting a copy at first glance.

I believe the only Raphael duplicate which is absolutely established to be a replica is the 'St George' at St Petersburg, which was painted to the order of Henry VIII. for the Duke d'Urbino. It differs slightly in detail from the original at the Louvre, but critics hold that it is equally fine. How many pictures, after being admired for two or three centuries as productions of Raphael, have been dethroned by the searchlight of modern investigation it is hard to say; but nearly every important collection has had Raphael attributions erased from its catalogue. The latest change is in reference to 'The Fornarina,' hanging in the collection of masterpieces in the octagonal room at the Uffizi Gallery. At the end of 1903 the plate at the bottom of the picture was changed, and the work labelled as a production of Sebastian del Piombo. The attribution of this beautiful portrait to Raphael had often been questioned, and it was only after years of consideration that it was decided to alter the label on the definite pronouncement of the new director of the Florence Gallery. Nevertheless, some authorities, including Dr Bode, still regard Raphael as the author of the work, though

the suggestion that it represents Raphael's mistress is invariably discarded. The large 'Repose in Egypt' at Vienna has long been recognised as a copy of Raphael's original work by Giulio Romano. In 1900 a duplicate of this picture turned up in Paris, and was pronounced by a Louvre expert to be the original. A little later an article appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* over the signature of Professor Ravaissou-Mollien, supporting this assertion; but on Professor Venturi being called in he judged against the attribution, though he agreed that the work must have come out of Raphael's studio.

The 'Virgin with the Lizard' at the Pitti Palace, and the 'St Marguerite' at Vienna, both by Giulio Romano, were formerly considered to have been painted by Raphael. The originals are at Madrid and the Louvre respectively. The portrait of Cardinal Bibbiena at the Pitti, which is still labelled as the work of Raphael, is, according to all the critics, a copy only, the original being in the Madrid Museum. Another important false Raphael attribution was that of the 'Virgin and Child with St John' at the Borghese Gallery, where, by-the-by, with one exception, all the pictures formerly assigned to Raphael have now been classified as by other masters. Many of the great Italian artists who lived during the century after Raphael's death made copies of his pictures, often to the order of Church dignitaries and confraternities, and these are continually coming into the market as lost Raphaels. Probably the most successful copyist of the Umbrian master since Giulio Romano was Guido Reni, whose repetition of the Bologna 'St Cecilia,' in the church of San Luigi de Francesi in Rome, is a gem.

It can well be understood that there are very few indeed of even old copies of Andrea del Sarto's works that would pass muster for one second. The wonderful delicacy of his shadows and the beautiful gradation of his outlines defy the copyist, while the frequent repetition of the same features in his Madonnas brought about a perfection of portrait which must have driven half his imitators to despair. As far as is known, he seldom made replicas, only one important replica, I believe, being established—namely, that of the 'Holy Family' (with St Joseph) at the Pitti Palace, the repetition being in the Pommersfelden collection. The 'Holy Family' (with St Elizabeth) in the Dulwich Gallery, which was formerly supposed to be a replica of the same subject in the Pitti, is now pronounced by some experts to be a copy. Next to Raphael, Andrea del Sarto has probably more copyists nowadays than any other artist, and the absolutely hopeless character of the reproductions can be regarded as a tribute to the mighty genius of the artist. When alive and in his prime he was considered by the Florentines second only to the Urbino wonder as a painter, Leonardo having ceased to work in Tuscany and Michelangelo being engaged almost exclusively in sculpture; and I am inclined to



think that the time will come when he will regain this great celebrity.

Titian produced more replicas than any other Italian artist of his period. His lovely creations seem to have half-paralysed with wonder some of his patrons, who, from Charles V. downwards, never tired of him. Each great work painted brought the artist several commands for replicas; and, notwithstanding his long life, it is really a marvel how he accomplished so much. Certainly it is not a matter of surprise that he was unable to carry out all the replica work that was offered him. Naturally, a true artist must prefer to concentrate his attention upon original works rather than upon repetitions, and probably Titian painted no more of these than he could very well help. In working out the details of a picture he paid just as much attention to a replica as to an original. It is difficult for art-critics to distinguish between the two as to quality, though Titian seldom made a replica exactly like the original in subject. In the repetition he would alter the pose, or he would put in an extra figure, or a dog, which did not exist in the first picture; but however many times he might repeat the work, and whatever alterations he might make, the *motif* and the general scheme remained the same. The 'Madeleine' takes the pride of place in regard to the number of replicas produced, and all are good. The work may be seen at the Pitti Palace, Hampton Court, Madrid, the Doria Gallery, and half-a-dozen other public museums. Of the beautiful 'Virgin and Child and St Catherine' at the Uffizi, there is a replica at St Petersburg, and 'Venus couchée' exists at Madrid, Florence, and various other galleries, the example at the Uffizi being regarded as the original. The portrait of Catherine Cornaro in the Duke of Wellington's collection is a replica of the Uffizi portrait of this queen. England also possesses a replica of the Louvre painting of 'Alfonso d'Este and Laura Dianti,' but I do not know its whereabouts. Titian's 'Christ' (bust) and 'Adoration of the Shepherds' at Christ Church, Oxford, are held to be copies, the original of the first being at the Pitti. The fine Madrid painting 'Ottavio Farnese and his Mistress' is reproduced at the Hague, Dresden, and Cambridge University, but the pictures at all these four places are regarded as copies.

How great Leonardo da Vinci seems when one comes to think of him in connection with copyists! Farther above them all is he, farther perhaps than Raphael and Michelangelo. Who can fathom him? Who can read that lofty mind, looking ahead, ahead; living a thousand years before his time? Astronomer, physiologist, geologist, botanist, engineer, philosopher, mathematician, inventor, and artist, and great in all. One of those responsible for the monumental translation of his works carried out a few years ago under the auspices of the French Government—but which costs, unfortunately, owing to the enormous expense of production, something like sixty pounds—remarked to the writer in refer-

ence to Leonardo: 'He foreshadowed the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo; founded geology as a science; divined the circulation of the blood; expounded the science of optics, of geometry, of anatomy, of hydraulic and military engineering; established the laws of perspective; and painted the most marvellous portrait the world ever saw.' Is it surprising that such a man seems so great a mystery after four hundred years of criticism? And he will always remain a mystery until some one equally great is born; then perhaps he will be comprehended.

Meanwhile, we can only wonder and deplore: wonder at the immensity of the genius exhibited in the few works he has left; deplore the fact that so little remains of him. *A propos* of this, I cannot help observing that it almost gives one a nightmare to think of that portrait of Mona Lisa in the Louvre being exposed to accident day by day; to think that possibly it might meet the fate of the Portland Vase. It seems to me that such a marvellous treasure should be out of the reach of destruction, that it should only be seen yards behind an iron gate, and that even then the gate should never be left without a guard. That portrait is the glory of the Louvre, and the greatest art-treasure in France, and yet it hangs upon a wall that whoso may touch who chooses. Year in and year out, copyists come and go, nearly all despairing, all failing to catch that mystic smile. Is it beyond reason to imagine that one day a brain will be turned? Let us hope not; but in this case above all others it should be remembered that prevention is better than cure. As has been hinted, no one need be frightened of being deceived by a copy of Leonardo, because a plausible one does not exist, and never will exist. I believe the only serious doubt that has ever been raised about one of his pictures is in reference to 'The Virgin of the Rocks' at our National Gallery, which is like the Louvre picture, with one or two important variations. No definite objection which will stand criticism has, however, been brought forward in support of the copy-theory, while it is certain that the National Gallery example was recognised as a Leonardo in the sixteenth century. The Louvre picture is from a collection of François I., and is undoubtedly genuine. Altogether, considering the extraordinary difficulty there must have been in making a good copy of this great artist, and seeing that no fault can be found with our own picture, the latter may fairly be regarded as a replica.

It is probable that Turner will in time to come be recognised all over the world as the greatest landscape-painter of any age or country; and yet more swindles have been perpetrated in the faking and disposal of sham Turners than in the sale of imitations of any other six artists combined. Fortunately, no public gallery of importance has been deceived; but the spurious Turners in private collections are to be counted by the hun-

dred. In one private gallery alone, in Paris, out of over fifty paintings labelled as having been executed by Turner, only eight are genuine; and in another, out of fifteen alleged Turners, only one has any appearance at all of having been painted by him.

A collector of nineteenth-century English works in London told me that when he commenced to form his gallery he bought over a period of three years seven pictures 'by Turner.' Being then a beginner as a connoisseur, he had to rely in his purchases almost entirely upon the judgment of others, mostly dealers; but nearly every picture had a history 'down to the ground.' One day a visitor to his house threw a doubt upon the genuineness of one of the Turner landscapes; and, not knowing what else to do in face of the specially good history this picture had, my friend resolved to find out for himself the 'meaning' of a Turner. For a period of some months he paid frequent visits to the National Gallery, but got little the wiser; until one day, while looking at the Nile piece, the view seemed to spread out suddenly. In a moment he had fathomed the mystery. 'I was,' he said, 'half-overcome by the glory and the beauty of the work, and in a very short time my whole Turner collection was cleared out of my house.' Certainly few persons can grasp Turner all at once; but when they have once been able to read his magical effects, and the meaning of his oft apparently purposeless lights and shades in his backgrounds, they can never be deceived by an imitation.

Very few London dealers, indeed, are competent to judge Turner's works—that is, without a certified history. A lady acquaintance of mine had a large picture in her house which she had always regarded as a Turner; and, desiring to sell it, she offered it to five or six of the leading dealers, but not one of them would buy it at any price, asserting that Turner never saw it, and that it was nothing like his work, and so on. A few months afterwards a document turned up amongst her family papers showing that the picture had been specially painted by Turner for her husband's father, and in a week she had sold the work for two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. The average dealer is almost frightened to touch a Turner, and you seldom or never see one exposed for sale in the galleries.

A great many of the spurious Turners go to America. A picture by Linton, sold in London in 1900 for one hundred and sixty pounds, went to Paris, where it was sold as a Turner to New York for two thousand pounds. The buyer died in 1903, and his picture, being put up to auction, realised no less than seven thousand pounds, and this notwithstanding that an engraving of the work exists on which the artist is given as Linton.

It is Turner's later works only which are imitated to any extent, there being little demand for his

earlier and more detailed pictures. These latter are perhaps more difficult to copy—using the word to express a superficial resemblance only—because of a peculiar blending of the outlines into the body of the work, which seems almost to have been taken from the manner of Andrea del Sarto. It would be highly interesting to have exhibited together a series of Turner's paintings showing the gradual development from his first clear architectural work through to the finest and broadest manner of his last years.

It is quite certain that Gainsborough either painted replicas of many of his important portraits or else there has lived since his day a copyist with qualities and powers almost as great as his own. Scarcely one of this artist's best portraits exists without a duplicate, the only practical objection to which is that it has a fellow with a certain history. The celebrated 'Blue Boy' belonging to the Duke of Westminster has a duplicate which was sold to America by one of the first judges of Gainsborough's works in London. There are no less than three duplicates of the celebrated 'Duchess of Devonshire' sold by Messrs Agnew to Mr Pierpoint Morgan, and the portrait of Mrs Siddons in the National Gallery exists also in another well-known collection. There are very few people in London who can speak with certainty about the authenticity of these duplicates—that is, who can give valid reasons for their dissent when they express it; and the chances are that Gainsborough followed the example of most other artists of his time in painting replicas when he was asked for them. Unlike his portraits, the landscapes of Gainsborough were rarely duplicated, if at all. I have only heard of one instance of a supposed landscape replica, and this was doubtful. Gainsborough landscapes are not very popular, their high qualities being chiefly academical.

To me, Reynolds is far and away the greatest of our English portrait-painters. To the grace of Gainsborough and Romney (at his best) he adds a strength and vigour which neither of his great contemporaries can approach. No other British painter, with the exception perhaps of Raeburn, could give an impression of the mind of his subject—could, in fact, disclose character as well as features on his canvas. And this is why Reynolds is so difficult to copy. He must be a poor judge indeed who is taken in by a sham Reynolds. True, there are many attempts to imitate him, and copies are continually coming forward; but they realise no price. Indeed, the more skilled manipulators of the English school have long given up Reynolds as a hopeless task. They found that the best work they could do in attempting to imitate the master was to produce a painting which might possibly be suggested as having been executed by Cotes; but such a Reynolds as would deceive sufficiently to pay them for their trouble was beyond them. Reynolds's subject-pictures are almost as interesting, and quite as impossible to copy successfully, as his

portraits. They must have been immensely popular in the time of the artist, judging from the number of them that were repeated.

It is a common error on the part of dealers to refuse to regard a picture as by Reynolds simply because another of the same subject is known to exist. As a matter of fact, there are at least a dozen certain replicas of Reynolds's subject-pictures, and indeed it is surprising there are not more, considering how few painters there were in his day who could make a good picture.

Numberless attempts have been made to copy Raeburn with success, but all have dismally failed. Expression is given to his portraits without apparent definition; and so perfect is the even grading of his shades that one is tempted to suggest that he must have mixed his colours with the aid of a most delicate balance. If genius is the cause or effect of 'taking infinite pains,' then certainly Raeburn possessed it, and it is not surprising that his powerful work cannot be reproduced. If any one could have copied Raeburn fairly well, it was another Scotch artist—Robertson the miniature-painter. He had much the manner of Raeburn, though he was by no means so strong—that is, if any such comparison can be made from his fine miniature portraits.

Of the English school of portrait-painters between Gainsborough and Lawrence, Romney has proved the most easy to copy. Few of the really great works of Romney have been so well imitated as to deceive even the half-practised amateur; but the larger part of Romney's pictures have nothing great

about them, and these may be well reproduced with facility. It is in Holland and Belgium that Romneys are chiefly made, only an occasional *chef d'œuvre* (as a copy) being turned out in Paris. There used to be about fifty Romneys placed on the London market every season, and of these probably ten or fifteen would quickly pass into collections as genuine works. Another dozen or so would be regarded as doubtful, and become the property of amateurs who are on the lookout for bargains; while the remainder would find their way into country auction-rooms, there to be sold with second-hand furniture. Nowadays the trade is not so brisk, signs of Romney exhaustion having appeared; but still a good score or so of copies from his works pass through the hands of dealers every year. If all the alleged pictures by Romney were catalogued, the number would be found to be appalling.

Few attempts are now made to copy Constable's finished pictures. Thirty or forty years ago sham 'important' Constables were comparatively common, and some of the best experts could only distinguish them by pricking the paint, which in any case is a very doubtful test. At present counterfeiters confine themselves to Constable's sketchy pieces, which are reproduced by the dozen. Most of these are made in London, whence they are sent to Paris to be distributed in out-of-the-way places for the benefit of British buyers or for export to America. A sham Constable will always bring a higher price in Paris than in London, just as the best market for a fraudulent work of the Barbizon school is London.

## IN THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

### CHAPTER III.

**T**HERE'S just one safe thing you can say about me, parpa,' said Eugenia Slack during the journey from town to the Bishop of Clumber's palace at Danesham, 'and that's that I'm not going to follow the fashion and marry a lord. I don't like 'em.'

'And how's that, Jinny?' asked her father. 'They seem very ordinary persons themselves. Don't the extra fixings on them help them with you?'

'They do not, and that's a fact. They blemish them. And you just know it as well as I do myself. What would I be doing with a lord who'd turn disagreeable when I said I'd had enough of Europe, and wanted to go right back to my native land, to stop? You've only to look at poor Dolly to see what it makes of a girl when she's tied to Europe neck, wrist, and foot.'

Mr Slack became grim.

'That's so,' he said. 'But because her Spoda's a Duke without a character, it don't follow that you mightn't have better luck, say, with a Prince.'

'We'll hear what Chauncey has to say. Oh,

parpa'—she clasped her hands and looked indescribably regretful—'why *couldn't* he keep it up? It would have been too lovely for anything. It's the most annoying thing I've had to put up with for a whole month—that telegram of his yesterday.'

'There, Jinny, I differ from you,' said Mr Slack.

'But it would have been lovely, parpa. A play in real life! And he acts so amazingly that they wouldn't have found him out to the very last moment. We'd just have been spectators, you see, and it would have added so much to the pleasure of it all. By the way, I hope he isn't a pompous little Bishop. Dolly says he has a voice like a harp, but thinks a lot of himself.'

Mr Slack looked at his watch.

'It never was the right thing to do, my dear,' he said; 'not a fair and square game, according to me. I'm glad it's off. We're getting to that junction, and I'll soon tell him how glad I am.'

'Well,' said Eugenia Slack, 'you can tell him that if you like. It's a blow to me notwithstanding. There's so much I want to know, though.'



'I reckon there is,' murmured her father. 'Oh, Jinny, Jinny! you're that wilful there's no holding you. If you hadn't such a powerful head on your shoulders I'd be feeling anxious about you ten times a minute.'

'Yes? Would you?' said she, smiling. 'And as it is, you know I'm safe as a Rothschild, don't you?'

'You've all your father's wisdom, twice his tact, manners for ten, and,' said Mr Slack, with that grimness showing again on his weather-beaten countenance, 'it's a real misfortune Spoda didn't try his talented tricks on you instead of on your poor sister. You'd have X-rayed him in about half-an-hour.'

'I don't know. I'm not sure that I'd have tried,' said the girl. 'He's such a fascinating picture outside. If Dolly hasn't got much else by her marriage, she's got a husband Velasquez would have loved to paint—just loved to.'

Mr Slack did not seem to think that was anything in the Duke of Spoda's favour. He shook his head gloomily.

And then they ran into the station of Markboro' Junction just five minutes late, to be hustled by porters and requested to look sharp if they meant to catch the Danesham train.

They were so hurried, indeed, by the officials that Chauncey Slack, who was there sure enough, had time to do little more than help them into that other train.'

'Well, old boy, what luck?' whispered Eugenia to him as they sped across the platform.

They exchanged meaning looks, but her eyes were much brighter than his.

'Oh,' said he, 'you're not far out of it. He's a good chap.'

'That's so,' said she simply, and left him to reply to her father's staccato questions about his intentions, for he had already told them he was not going on with them after all.

'Why did you cable you were, if you're not?' asked the old gentleman.

'I see it wouldn't do; that's why I've changed. But I'll be somewhere about.'

And then it was a fair bolt into a carriage, with a shout of 'Right away!' from a fiend of an official; and Eugenia and her father were left simmering with wrath about the remarkable impetuosity of a train at so unimportant a station. But Eugenia soon calmed and became pensive for her. She didn't seem to want to talk. She just looked out of the window and took stock of the hedge-rows, the fields, and the thatched cottages.

'I reckon,' she said once, 'you can make yourself comfortable about things. Chauncey'll go back with you in the fall, and anyhow you'll have me on your hands in Italy, parpa. You can just trust me.'

Mr Slack seemed to put more trust in his cigar than anything else at the moment.

'That so?' he asked, with uplifted eyebrows.

'Well, it might be,' she replied; and she looked very winsome as well as imperative. She had beautiful, tranquil, dark eyes, and a complexion of very pale gold. Her mouth was a perfect mouth, whether in repose or with her small, curved lips parted in one of those serene, queenly smiles of which the New York papers had made so much on so many social occasions. Her hair was coal-black and abundant. Worth did not often have a more stimulating task than to be called upon to design half-a-dozen new gowns for a girl of Eugenia Slack's undeniable attractions. The sable cloak and sable toque in which she journeyed to the Bishop's palace borrowed distinction from her quite as much as they graced her.

They were met at Danesham by Mrs Wootton; and great was the shock thereof to three of the joint party—great in its pleasure, not its pain.

Having learnt her saddening lesson, Mrs Wootton had even contemplated the need of introducing her son to the Slacks, with a gentle mention of the possibility of their having met before. But she was spared that trial, spared it gloriously.

'Well, I do declare—if it isn't *you*!' exclaimed Eugenia, turning upon John Wootton after a handshake for Audrey and a look which even that simple child understood as a sympathetic recognition of her beauty.

Mr Slack had already greeted him with a man's unceremoniousness.

John's eyes were grave as he clasped her hand and admitted the impeachment.

Audrey was all eyes and ears. She was a lovely sight, thus beaming her admiration of Eugenia, with not one single ungenerous or critical reservation.

'The Bishop, Mrs Wootton,' put in Mr Slack, 'does us much honour in taking us on trust, so to speak.—And—er—you've swelled out some, Mr Wootton, since we saw you.'

'He has not, parpa. He's just the very same to a hair,' objected Eugenia.

'Cookson,' said Mrs Wootton, excited already by these unexpected remarks, 'have you seen to the luggage?'

The servant had approached to say that he had done just that; and even while he spoke Audrey's and Eugenia's eyes met again, and Audrey's exquisite blush deepened.

'The carriage is ready, Mr Slack,' said Mrs Wootton.

Eugenia slipped her hand into Audrey's arm and whispered, 'How sweet you are!'

'And so are you, to say so!' said Audrey, with a happy little laugh. 'It was what I felt like saying to you first, though. You steal my thunder, Miss Slack.'

'That's nice of you too; my word it is,' said Eugenia, and then she looked suddenly very intense. She glanced round to see what John Wootton was doing. He was relieving Cookson of Eugenia's crimson jewel-case. 'Say, Miss Wootton,' she added,

'how's that man getting on that my sister sent to the palace?'

Their eyes met again.

'Do you mean,' Audrey stammered, 'the one'——  
'Epps, wasn't it?' put in Eugenia, with a smile that quickly came and quickly went.

'Oh,' said Audrey, more rosy than ever, 'he left yesterday.'

'Never! Did he? What a pity! Wasn't he good for *anything*?'

Audrey, who was never known to show confusion of countenance in her own home, seemed greatly confused by this simple question from a stranger.

'Oh yes—but—he had to leave, you know,' she said awkwardly. 'I don't fully know why.'

And then they were in the presence of the Bishop's handsome grays and the roomy barouche which was wont at times to hold the little Bishop as a hat a mere hen's egg.

'Dear, dear!' said Eugenia, and, having pressed Audrey's hand, she let it go, and turned upon John Wootton.

'Is it far to drive?' she asked.

'Not more than a mile,' he said, looking very constrained.

'Really! not more than that.—Oh, Mrs Wootton, if you knew how I *long* for a little walk. A mile is just the distance. May I?'

Mr Slack passed his hand over his brow. He had many established wrinkles. It was as if he wished to smother some of them out of existence. He viewed John Wootton keenly while he did it.

'She's like that, ma'am!' he remarked to Mrs Wootton.

But it was John Wootton who answered her question.

'Do you mean it?' he asked eagerly.

'Do I mean it when I say a thing, parpa?' said Eugenia.

'In general, Mrs Wootton,' replied Mr Slack, 'my daughter is pretty much what you'd call head-strong.'

'In that case, I must accompany you,' said John Wootton, with emotion which he concealed fairly with an indifferent smile.

'Poor man!' said Eugenia, 'I'm afraid you must. I'm just tired out with sitting still.'

'If you wish it, my dear,' ventured Mrs Wootton timidly, in spite of almost an excess of graciousness in her yearning eyes, 'of course you shall please yourself.'

'Thank you so much,' said Eugenia.

They let the stately vehicle move first. It moved ponderously, with Audrey's eyes still bright to see at a distance. Eugenia commented to John Wootton on his sister's beauty. She seemed to think he had done wrong in not telling her a year ago that he had a sister with such a face.

'She's unique, you know, if you like.'

John winced at that. She noticed it, smiled, and affected to apologise.

'Oh my! I've let myself down,' she said. 'But I mean it about her. I don't know when I've seen such a pretty girl. Men say those things about a woman, and go off and drink a cocktail and forget; but you can take it if a woman says another woman's unique, she's quite that. Well, let's start, Mr John.'

John Wootton seemed tongue-tied for several yards.

'Well,' she said then, 'what's the matter? What do you think of me, anyway?'

'I think you're more than a little cruel,' said John.

'Cruel! How's that? *Me* cruel?'

'Cruel and—divine!' said John, in the voice of a hopeless suppliant at a shrine.

'But you said last year that I was unique. It's likely you forget. You'd just given me an ice at the Van Benks's highty-tighty after the most blissful waltz that ever you'd had in your life. You said that too. Oh, Mr John, Mr John, I premised you were a flat or two above such ground-floor flattering fibs. And to think you meant I was only unique in cruelty! Why, the worst thing I've ever done in that line is eating a live oyster, and I always eat them fast, for their comfort's sake, poor things!'

The barouche had turned a corner. With it seemed to vanish for John Wootton the sure proof that he was at home and not again in the America which had given him but one human being to think about for ever and for ever.

'You're the same Eugenia!' he murmured.

'That's me,' said she. 'But tell me something right off. Who's got your heart now? You said I'd got it last spring, and I felt tall about it, I can tell you, though I'd been told things like it more times than I can count. That was before Granny Okes left me the heap of golden dollars I'm strangled with now. You can guess what's happened since. It's "No, thanks," every speaking hour with mankind since gran's funeral. But I'm drifting from your heart, Mr John.'

She took his arm gradually.

'I may like walking,' she added, 'but I feel a small need of a walking-stick too.'

And then John Wootton unbridled himself.

'You know I love you,' he said. 'I don't want to love any one else, and it will be very difficult to live through the next three days. If you've come to pay me out for telling you I loved you, you'll get your revenge.'

She laughed at that.

'What mummies men are!' she said strenuously. 'Mummies. What did I say, by the way, when I'd eaten that strawberry-ice at the Van Benks's?'

'Does it matter?' he asked.

'My! Yes, I should rather think it does, considering how green you're looking. John Wootton—John—are you going to have a fit? You're shaking. Now, do be steady, or this funny old lady will addle her brains thinking which of us is the intoxi-

cated one. John, you're a block! I love you! Of course I do. And it's for no born thing else under the sun that I got Dolly to perform such an outrage as to corner your poor dear mother into inviting us here. You're just the one man in the world for me. I didn't feel sure before, but I've figured it out now. And if I'm not the coolest young person in your island at this moment, I'll ask you to show me my rival.'

In the very face of that old peasant woman with eggs in a basket on her arm, John Wootton stopped, clasped Eugenia's hand, and looked at her.

'Is it all true?' he gasped.

'Deplorably so; yet I don't deplore it.'

He would have kissed her hand close before the very eyes of the old woman if she had not asked him to wait.

'Now, if you like!' she said, when the old woman had passed them by with reverent furtiveness.

A little later they entered the precincts of the Bishop of Clumber's palace, with love's sunshine on their faces beneath the clouded sky. Eugenia had left John Wootton in no doubt on the great subject, the only subject that just then mattered. She had exposed her own brother Chauncey to all the wrath a Bishop's son might brew up for him, and exposed herself too, as a confederate with Chauncey. Of course Chauncey Slack and Hamilton Epps were the same individual. Chauncey had taken the footman's job with an enthusiastic appreciation of its scope for studying a phase of England's high life; but his main aim, as Eugenia felt no shame in declaring, was to satisfy him and her that John Wootton was really a suitable bridegroom for so exalted a personage as Eugenia Slack. Eugenia said that she had never doubted it, but that Chauncey was a young man with vigorous *a priori* prejudices about the sacrifice of America's beautiful young millionairesses to Europe's omnivorous greed.

John Wootton had more than forgiven her everything. It was only when they were close to the mossy stone porch of the palace grounds that he saw the side-issues to this very remarkable confession of his heart's queen.

'Where is he now?' he asked ardently.

'That,' said Eugenia, 'is best known to himself, poor dear! Is his reverend lordship a very formidable gentleman, John, and did poor Chauncey drop entrées, or what? My! we'll laugh at him as long as we've any laugh left in us; only—it won't be nice having to tell your mother, John, will it? She'll think we're too awful. It's as bad as mocking an archangel, I expect, playing pranks like that in an English Bishop's palace. And you shouldn't smile as if it weren't, John.'

'Sweetheart!' whispered John.

'Right here, John!' said she.

'No,' he exclaimed, 'I can't tell you. And yet—I must, you know. Those araucarias are the pride of the gardener. Yes, I don't see how to get out of it. You've got to be told. Your brother

—that is, my mother believed your brother and our little Audrey'—

'Oh!' cried Eugenia, 'if I didn't feel it! It's—delicious, like herself. Is Chauncey a stock or a stone that he could stand seventeen or eighteen days of it *without* falling in love with her? Poor tormented boy, what agonies he must have suffered! Did he seem very sorry for himself, John?'

'He did not,' replied John, with more smile. 'Now I know, of course, why I took to him so much. There *is* a likeness, bless it!'

'But tell me; did she, or didn't she—I reckon, however, she *couldn't*, any more than you could if I had come here as a housemaid on twenty pounds a year—could you now? Honest Injun, could you, John? Hallo!'

It was the right reverend Bishop of Clumber himself approaching them bareheaded down the drive, his face wreathed and tapestried with the radiance of illimitable amiability. Mrs Wootton had despatched him forth. She had told him the triumphant news, with a reference to the wise French saw which teaches that the first step is the one that takes you farthest. She had timed their coming liberally, and accounted every minute over the time as another long step gained in the direction whither her soul yearned. From an upper window she had seen them pass through the gate, seen them dally, too, with such significant contentment already in each other's society; and then she had sped her lord to crown their achieved intimacy with such joyous welcome as it was in his power to bestow.

'The good old governor!' said John. 'Doesn't he look as if he loves you at first sight?'

'He's a beautiful picture, John,' whispered Eugenia, nodding and smiling her own welcome. 'Would it be sacrilege to—to kiss him?'

'Try it and see,' said John.

She dared even that. She broke up the Bishop's sonorous yet silvery greeting of 'So truly delighted, my dear Miss Slack!' by putting her warm, furred arms round his neck and kissing him on his smooth, shining brow. And then, while the astonished brow bloomed a clear pink, she justified herself:

'John said I might, sir, and—I guess I'll leave him to tell you why.'

Eugenia herself was pink as well as sparkling, for, looking up from the Bishop's tinted head, she had seen the little Audrey on the threshold of the palace. Audrey certainly seemed surprised, and it was to explain, without a moment's delay, to John's sister that she tripped towards her, leaving John to impart the great communication to his father.

'I—kissed him for his son's sake, dear,' said Eugenia to Audrey. 'And now it's our turn. See?'

They kissed and drew apart, as if to do fresh homage of admiration each to the other.

'My! You are too sweet even for dreams.'



Eugenia murmured, seeming to wonder why so simple a salute should add such extraordinary charm to Audrey's face. Audrey looked as if she could hardly contain herself. She cried 'Oh!' and nothing more; but it was plain from her eyes that with due encouragement she would have said very much besides. Instead of that she took an opened telegram from the hall-table and gave it to Eugenia.

'Mr Slack said you'd wish to see it,' she

said; 'and—afterwards I am to show you to your room.'

Eugenia read the message and seemed delighted.

'It's from my brother Chauncey!' she exclaimed. 'If he isn't following us! He's to be at the village inn by-and-by, he says.'

Audrey glided behind Eugenia to help her out of her cloak.

'Is he?' she said. 'How nice for you!'

(*To be continued.*)

## A VILLAGE OF HEALING.

By F. COWLEY WHITEHOUSE.



COURY, the village of healing, lies in a wooded ravine between two hills which overlook the Sea of Marmora and the Gulf of Ismid (Nicomedia). It is a spot romantic enough to make me dream of days long past—days when, in Bithynia, hamadryads lived in the rustling trees, nymphs bathed in the pellucid streams, and the sovereignty of Zeus, king of gods and men, was acknowledged by all. I see a great, titanic struggle going on. Huge rocks, hurled by giant hands, fly hurtling through the air; a warrior, struck full in the forehead, reels and falls, and as he falls he clutches in agony at the earth, tearing a deep rent adown the length of the hill. Mother Earth quivers beneath the blow, and hot from her heart there bubbles up her life-blood in an unceasing stream, curative of many of our human ailments. Kindly Nature lays her gentle touch upon the rent, and tenderly heals the wound, hiding its unsightliness with trees and flowers and aromatic shrubs. There, on these lovely spring days, the nightingale and the blackbird sing, butterflies dance in the sunshine; and there, as the winter comes on, the timid roedeer, the wailing jackal, and the sullen wild-boar lurk in the coverts, and serpents steal down to the hot waters to sleep the hours away.

I dream again, and I see Jason and his Argonauts coming to Pythia (as Coury was first called) to consult the heathen oracle of the place, and to pay their vows to Heracles and to his triad of attendant nymphs. Nor is it difficult to understand why Heracles should have been chosen as the patron and guardian of the waters. He is the type of manly strength, and suffering humanity goes down into the waters to come forth once more with restored vigour and health. But times change, and men's ideas change with them, and the heathen mythology gives place to Christian truth. The name Pythia, recalling too clearly Apollo—confounded by the early Christian with the Apollyon or Satan of the Apocalypse—is converted into Sotiropolis (the City of Salvation), and the three nymphs make way for the three virgin martyrs Nymphodora, Minodora, and Mitrodora. To Sotiropolis, after her carefully

planned and cleverly executed invention of the Cross, comes the Empress Helena, mother of the great Constantine; while later on, with a suite of four thousand persons, the Empress Theodora, once the dissolute actress of the Hippodrome of Byzantium, but now the greatly honoured wife of Justinian I., comes to renew her health, impaired by the excesses of her early life and possibly by the secret vices of the imperial court.

A few traces of the olden days remain uneffaced by the passage of the centuries. There are still to be seen bas-reliefs of the dancing, diaphanous-robed nymphs, and of Heracles clad in the lion-skin and armed with the club; the foundations of a royal Byzantine palace may be traced on the hillside, and a stone receptacle cut in the shape of a cross is to-day pointed out as Helena's bath.

During the Macedonian dynasty of the ninth and tenth centuries men bathed but infrequently in the waters of Sotiropolis. This was owing to the fact that Bithynia was the seat of almost continuous war; and as proof of the desolation caused in the province, the change in the name of Helenopolis, a great city near Sotiropolis, may be cited. By the insertion of an *iota*, Helenopolis (the City of Helena) was converted into Eleinopolis (the City of Misery).

From that time onwards the medicinal virtues of the waters of Coury were disregarded, and only of late years has attention been drawn once more to their curative properties. The present Sultan of Turkey helped to found a new village on the ancient site, and the modern Coury, or Dagh Hamam (the Mountain Bath), as the Turks call it, has gained under the management of Madame Branzéau a great reputation for cures effected in rheumatic cases and in disorders of the digestive organs.

Weakened by rheumatism which had settled in the eyes, and with a nervous system somewhat demoralised by acute suffering, I was debating a visit to one of the European spas. Living in Constantinople, I did not, in my weak state, look forward with much pleasure to a trip across the Continent, and I was advised to give Coury a trial. Two hours by sea and an hour and a half by carriage was preferable to three days in the Orient Express, and I

arranged to accompany some friends who were going in their yacht to Yalova, the little port on the Anatolian coast of the Marmora.

Carriages await us on landing, and we drive away up the Samanli Dereh, through cultivated fields of aniseed, wheat, and the opium poppy, until we come to wilder country, and pass the spot where Madame Branzeau and an Armenian lady were carried off by brigands and held to a ransom of ten thousand pounds.

As we approach Coury the driver whips up his horses, and we dash down the mountain-path into a little quadrangle kept shady by two gigantic plane-trees. Attendants run out to welcome us, the men in ordinary European attire, and the women in the native zouave jackets and trousers. Behind them comes buxom Madame Branzeau, full of French volubility, and with a warm welcome for my companions, who have visited Coury for several seasons past. I am introduced to her, and she promises me a speedy cure.

'But look, monsieur,' she cries, pointing to a number of crutches hanging from the branches of a fine oak—'look, and behold the votive offerings of many who have come as cripples and gone away cured and thankful.'

'Madame,' I answer, 'with all the goodwill in the world will I hang up my linen bandages and my black eye-patches if Coury works a cure on my eyes.'

'Monsieur will see,' she replies; and we are shown to the chalet prepared for us.

We spend the afternoon wandering about the village and visiting the different baths, where we interview Anastasi, the guardian of the men's department, and the nymph Eudokia, whose insignia include a bath-towel and a ponderous bunch of keys, and who is the present-day representative of the virgins who prepared the waters for visitors in the time of Heracles.

Sir William Whittall, the cicerone of our party, is evidently on very familiar terms with the nymph.

As she leads us across the courtyard to Helena's bath he calls to her:

'Eudokia, my lamb! don't walk so fast. You are young, but I am old.'

Eudokia grins back appreciatively over her shoulder.

'Eudokia, my soul! why do you not wear a hat instead of that old *fakiola* twisted round your head?'

'Because my *fakiola* cost me two piastres, and a hat would cost me fifteen.'

'Eudokia, my eyes! if I give you a hat will you wear it?'

'Why should I not? Send for one this day.'

'Eudokia, my chicken! your wishes shall be gratified. The best hat in Constantinople shall soon adorn your head.'

And another vast grin spreads itself over the weather-worn features of the bath-attendant.

We stroll up the hill past the guardhouse, and as

we return the soldiers are drawn up for evening parade. The swords flash out in the salute as the bugles peal forth their ringing notes, and the 'everlasting hills' softly echo back 'Ya-a-a-a Sha-a-a-a' as the men shout their daily '*Padishah chok Yascha*,' which, being interpreted, is 'Long may the Sultan live!'

The visitors gather in the quadrangle before the great wooden gong is sounded for dinner. At the doors of the chalets sit a number of Turkish women in *ferijehs* and *yashmaks*. Some of them do not mind being viewed by Giaour eyes, and the soft evening breeze wafts aside the *yashmak* from one beautiful face with regular features, pearly-white complexion, black brows and eyes, and shapely neck and throat. Hard by is a group of Turkish excellencies, as sedate and dignified as a corresponding group of Greek merchants is noisy and undignified. A vile old Greek spy, who, as one of his compatriots contemptuously says, would 'sell his mother for ten piastres,' endeavours to enter into conversation with all who will suffer him. He meets with several rebuffs, but his trade has made him thick-skinned, and he attaches himself to a man who evidently is unaware of his unsavoury reputation. Besides these there are a number of Armenians, Israelites, and Levantines of one sort and another, and a sprinkling of Europeans. Dinner is served in a big, cool hall. The food is fairly good. Fine red mullet caught at Yalova are followed by mutton fed on the salt-marshes around that port. The chickens are somewhat thin, but the *yaourt* (a kind of Devonshire cream) is excellent, and the strawberries and cherries are all that can be desired.

After dinner we sit for an hour in the quadrangle. Madame Branzeau comes and talks vivaciously to us. She tells us of the name-day of Helena and Constantine, which is celebrated at Coury with great rejoicings. It falls, according to the old calendar, on the Greek 21st of May, and all the country-side come flocking to Coury. The women, in their picturesque native costumes, go up first to bathe in the hot springs. Turkish soldiers are stationed a little distance away to keep off intruders. Then comes the men's turn, and after they have all gone down into the healing waters a move is made to the quadrangle, where a service, without which no Greek holiday is complete, is held. An altar is decked with the beautiful spring flowers, water from a holy spring is blessed and scattered over the people by the priests, and the service concludes with a procession in which banners and *eikons* are borne in triumph around the little village. Their religious duties thus performed, the villagers start dancing and feasting, and the day is turning into night before the simple folk go down the mountain-paths to their respective villages.

The next morning we start on our cure. We rise at seven and walk up the ravine. Lizards, basking in the morning sun, dash hastily out of our way, and an occasional serpent whips itself across our path. We come to an archway under which people

sit to enjoy a vapour bath from a hot spring below. If you enter there in the cold weather you have to drive out a few snakes which are pretty sure to have taken up their quarters inside. If you are of nervous temperament the process will be reversed, and the serpents will drive you out—in a hurry. Ferns in plenty strew the wayside, and over the hedges the pearly-white *chemises de la reine* have thrown themselves with reckless prodigality. All sorts of wild-flowers are to be seen. Here are masses of dog-roses and purple clematis, there sweet-scented honeysuckle and clinging convolvulus, and there again the Rose of Sharon with its yellow-ochre blossoms. The path winds along by a rippling brook, over which dragon-flies hover and flit with quivering iridescent wings. Arriving at the tiny little pump-room, we draw up from the spring below tumblers of boiling-hot water. After breakfast we rest for an hour, and then make for the baths. It is advisable to stay in at first only for ten or twelve minutes, and gradually to extend the time to the requisite thirty minutes. On coming out of the marble bath, the patient wraps himself in a bath-towel and lies on a couch until the whole body has freely perspired. Lunch is served at mid-day, after which every one lies down until nearly four o'clock. A quiet walk fills up the time until dinner, and at nine o'clock most of the visitors are in bed. The cure is somewhat enervating, and one soon becomes reconciled to this lazy-sounding programme and to the apparent waste of time.

The daily walks over the roughly cut mountain-paths are interesting. We go to a village of Georgians, and snap-shot the mosque with its minaret, and a group of bonny children just let out by the *hodja* (teacher) from the restraints of school. We visit a protégée of Lady W., who asks the old lady to show her the orange-coloured *ferijeh* she had given her a day or two before.

'*Aman!*' ('alas!') replies the old dame, 'I have it no longer. My daughter set her eye upon it, and, seeing that she will soon be a mother, it would have been a sin to refuse her, and so she has it, and I—I go without.'

The following afternoon we walk along a mountain hog's-back to a large village called Lazkeui (the Village of the Laz, a Turk who comes from the Black Sea littoral). It is beautifully situated on the ridge of the hill, and lies in the midst of mulberry plantations, the rearing of silkworms being the chief occupation of the people. Around lie fields of wheat, maize, and aniseed, already beginning to yellow in the mellow sunlight. The villagers in many cases have abandoned their houses to the silkworms, and sleep out in the open on platforms raised up from the ground on four posts. A number of fowls are wandering on the slope of the hill. A dark shadow passes swiftly over our heads, and the next moment a large black-and-white hawk has swooped down on a full-sized hen and borne her aloft into the air. Men shout, the other hens squawk distressfully, and there is quite a wave of

excitement. The lord of the harem stretches out his wings to their full extent, and, waiting not on the order of the going, half runs, half flies to the mud-wattled, lean-to shed which constitutes the *haremlik*. Ungallant fowl, thus to desert your many wives! They follow his lead at top speed. Evidently they are gifted with vivid imaginations, and already feel the fierce talons of the bird of prey piercing their feathered backs. Cackling dolorously, they pause not until they too have gained the same haven of refuge. On the way back we follow the course of a brook, and come to a primitive shed in which the upper and nether millstones are steadily grinding maize for the villagers. A few paces farther on, and Sir William, a keen *shikari*, suddenly stops up short in his tracks and points to a golden-red body creeping through a big patch of dwarf oak covert.

'A fox!' I hazard.

'Too big,' my companion replies; 'it's a huge wild-cat.' The next moment the animal breaks cover, and heads away at a great pace for the nearest wood.

So the peaceful days glide by. My eyes recover well-nigh their normal range of vision, and the busy world summons us to return. The carriages are waiting in the courtyard. The Greek servants gather around for their *baksheesh*; we exchange a few words with Madame Branzéau, and as we start up the hill we turn round to wave a last regretful adieu, and to take a last look at Coury, which, in my case at least, has proved a veritable village of healing.

#### AT SEA.

SWALLOWS skimming the shady stream,  
Swallows stooping on wheeling wing,  
Life awake from a winter dream,  
Smiling sweetness of English spring.  
Swallows swooping over the grass,  
Meadows bright with the bloom of May;  
Now the promise has come to pass:  
Earth is nourished by earth's decay.

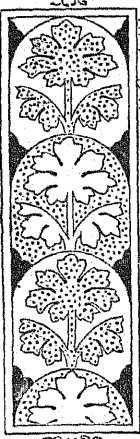
Here, on the far Arabic sea,  
Shining silver and sapphire deep,  
Only the sea-winds sing to me,  
Only the winged fishes leap  
Over the waves with a swallow's flight—  
Something akin to the swallows these,  
That take me back to the tender light  
Of April gloaming on April trees.

Swiftly darkness follows the sun,  
Stealing silently stars ascend  
The blue dim dome, till the zenith won,  
The Cross shines down on the way we wend.  
Only the hurry of foam I hear,  
Just the throb of the eager screw;  
Far away is the spring o' the year,  
We go where summer is ever new.

LAWRENCE B. JUPP.

THE RESIDENCY, FREMANTLE,  
WESTERN AUSTRALIA.





# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### REMINISCENCES OF THE CONGO CONFERENCE, 1884-85.

By Sir AUGUSTUS W. L. HEMMING, G.C.M.G.



AT the present moment, when the condition of affairs in the Congo Free State is engaging a considerable amount of public attention, it may not be without interest to recall some incidents of the Conference at Berlin by which the State was formally established and recognised as an independent and sovereign Power.

The Conference in question was one of the results of the 'scramble for Africa' which had begun shortly before, and it arose particularly out of the conflicting claims of France, Portugal, and the Congo Association (which had been formed under the auspices of the King of the Belgians) to authority and control over the magnificent waterway into the heart of the 'Dark Continent' which had been recently opened up by the great explorer Stanley.

For many years the whole of the West Coast of Africa had been practically divided between Great Britain, France, and Portugal; but little had been done to make any advance into the interior. As, however, commercial competition increased, so did the need and desire for new markets; and the rich possibilities of trade with the teeming populations of Central Africa began to be realised, and the ways and means of its development investigated. A great impetus to these schemes was given by the descent of the Congo in 1876 by Stanley and the publication of his book *Through the Dark Continent*. An association was formed in Belgium to explore the great river, and Stanley was persuaded by King Leopold, who took an active interest in the matter, to go out in charge of the expedition. About the same time M. de Brazza started from the French colony on the Gaboon to ascend the Ogové River, and ultimately found himself on the Upper Congo, where he proceeded to establish stations in rivalry to those set up by Stanley for the Congo Association.

In the meantime Portugal, claiming authority  
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over the mouth of the river, though for centuries she had made no endeavour to open it up or develop it, began to assert her claims, which, if fully recognised, would have given her the power of stopping, or at least seriously hampering, the freedom of trade which was necessary and desirable.

The situation was becoming somewhat acute, and other Powers were being drawn into the controversy, when Prince Bismarck proposed the meeting of an International Conference to regulate the conditions on which the waterway of the Congo should be opened to the trade of all nations. The proposal was accepted, and the Conference met at Berlin on 15th November 1884.\* All the European Powers except Switzerland were represented, and also the United States, in most cases by their Ambassadors or Ministers at the German Court, with the aid of special assistants or delegates. I had the honour of being selected as one of the British delegates from the Colonial Office, the other being the late Hon. Sir R. Meade, then Assistant Under-Secretary of State. The British representative was His Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin, the Right Hon. Sir Edward Malet, and the delegate from the Foreign Office was the late Sir H. Percy Anderson.

The opening meeting of the Conference, which was held at Prince Bismarck's palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, was of a somewhat dramatic character. At a long central table were seated the various Ambassadors and representatives, Prince Bismarck occupying a chair at the end as the president, and the delegates and assistants were placed round the room, each in the immediate neighbourhood of his principal. After the necessary preliminary formalities had been gone through, the president made an opening speech in which he explained the objects of the Conference, and welcomed the representatives

\* I would refer those who desire fuller information as to the origin and circumstances of the Conference to Dr Scott Keltie's excellent work, *The Partition of Africa* (Stanford, 1895).

of the Powers. The speech was in French, and was delivered in a sonorous though somewhat harsh voice. A short discussion as to the course of procedure followed, and then Mr Stanley was called in to address the Conference and furnish information with regard to the Congo and the adjacent countries, their condition, and the prospects of trade. His address was most interesting and striking. For nearly an hour he held the whole room spell-bound by his graphic and forcible description, couched in the most charming and picturesque language. Although he spoke in English, with which many of his hearers were but little acquainted, he was listened to throughout with almost breathless attention. It was indeed a remarkable performance, and displayed in the strongest light the genius and ability of the great explorer.

The subsequent sittings of the Conference were held at irregular intervals, the bulk of the work being entrusted to commissions formed from among the members. These commissions studied various branches and details of the general question, and made reports which were then considered at full meetings of the Conference, and the decisions arrived at embodied in protocols, and finally in the 'General Act,' which was drafted by Baron Lambert, the able representative of Belgium at the Conference. The Conference lasted until the end of January 1885.

During its continuance, as may be imagined, Berlin was very full, the hotels being crowded with visitors from almost all civilised countries, either commercially interested in African trade, or philanthropically anxious with regard to the treatment of the natives, or as journalists eager to obtain news and catching at and publishing the most startling and unfounded rumours and canards. All this was very lively and amusing, and promoted gaiety and sociability.

The members and delegates of the Conference were most hospitably entertained, and it may be feared that some of them may have suffered from the number and magnificence of the feasts of which they were called upon to partake. One of the most interesting to which I was invited was a dinner at the Imperial Palace, given by His Imperial Majesty the Emperor William. The menu was sufficient but not lengthy, and the service so rapid that one had to be careful not to lay down one's knife and fork for an instant, or one's plate, whether its contents were finished or not, immediately disappeared. The whole dinner did not last more than forty minutes. On leaving the dining-room we adjourned to an adjoining salon, where the Emperor walked about and talked to those whom he knew. There was a great and special interest in seeing the fine old man (he was then eighty-four years of age), slightly bent, but still full of fire and vigour, surrounded by the great statesmen and Generals by whose exertions the unity of Germany had been effected and the German Empire established. There were the Crown Prince (afterwards the Emperor Frederick), truly a

'king of men,' Prince Frederick Charles (the 'Red Prince'), Prince Bismarck, Von Moltke, Von Roon, Manteuffel, and many others whose names are written indelibly in the history of their times. Whatever might be one's views as to German policy and German ambitions, there could be no doubt as to the splendour of the achievements and the greatness of the services of these men of 'blood and iron.'

Among other entertainments at which I assisted, I may mention a magnificent banquet at the house of Baron B——, one of the principal bankers and financiers in Berlin. This was a great contrast to the Imperial dinner. It was a truly Gargantuan feast, of prodigious length, and embracing the most wonderful variety of dishes and every possible delicacy, whether in or out of season. No one but a Vitellius or Heliogabalus could have done full justice to it; and the gorgeousness of the Baron's palace was in full keeping with that of his hospitality. And the owner of all this wealth and splendour was blind! A strange instance of the irony of fate.

The Burgomaster and Aldermen of the city entertained us at the Rathhaus or Town Hall, and right well they did it. Municipalities in England are famous for good feeding, and the worthy city councillors of Berlin appear to be equally fond of the pleasures of the table. The wines, of which there were a great variety, were all excellent, but the hocks in particular, which I was informed were from the private cellars of some of our hosts, were of the most perfect kinds and exquisite flavour. One thing surprised me greatly. At the close of dinner, even after coffee and liqueurs had been served, when it might have been imagined every one had drunk all that was good for him, or that he could require, large glasses of beer were handed round, and were freely partaken of. Before long I became accustomed to this, which I found to be a general conclusion to a German dinner.

Prince Bismarck, of course, gave a dinner at his palace, and a very interesting evening it was. When, after coffee, the usual adjournment for smoking was made, the Prince, who sat at a central table surrounded by the Ambassadors, had his long German pipe brought to him, and—he having drunk little or nothing at dinner—a large tankard of beer. When the pipe was finished and the tankard empty they were replaced by fresh ones brought by his favourite son, Count Herbert. The two Counts Bismarck, William and Herbert, were very different men. The elder, William, was pleasant and cheery, very English in appearance and manners, but, I believe, not regarded as a man of much ability. Herbert, on the contrary, was arrogant and supercilious, and certainly not generally popular; he was, however, at one time considered to be likely to become a worthy successor of his great father, but these expectations were never realised.

Prince Bismarck's appearance fully bore out my preconceived ideas of the man. Never have I been

so impressed with a sense of power and inflexible will as by his remarkable countenance. The great, overhanging, shaggy eyebrows, stern, piercing eyes, heavy moustache, and square jaw, all gave evidence of the character for which difficulties only existed to be conquered, and nothing would be allowed to stand in the way of the achievement of the object aimed at. His great Danish boarhound, which lay at his feet, was in keeping with the strength of his characteristics. This dog, by the way, was said to have been very nearly the cause, on one occasion, of a suspension of relations between Germany and Russia. The story runs that Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Chancellor, calling one day upon Prince Bismarck in Berlin, was shown into an apparently empty room. But the dog was lying there, and resented the intrusion with low growls; and when, shortly after, Bismarck appeared, Prince Gortschakoff was cowering in a corner, with the dog in a threatening attitude before him. *On dit* that the Russian believed it to have been a planned affair, and that much diplomatic tact was required to avert serious consequences. *Si non è vero, è ben trovato*.

Among other entertainments which live in my memory is, in particular, an evening party at the Crown Prince's palace, where the Crown Prince, then in the full vigour of health and strength, and his wife, our own Princess Royal, were the courteous, kindly, and affable hosts. Had his life been spared, and had he reigned longer as Emperor, Germany would undoubtedly have been a far freer and more liberally governed country than it now is, and her relations with England would never have become so strained and in some respects unfriendly. There would certainly have been no 'telegram to Kruger' or other Imperial manifestations of jealousy and ill-will.

The winter was extremely cold, though, I believe, not exceptionally so for Berlin; but the dryness of the atmosphere prevented it from being felt as severely as similar weather would have been in England. Fifteen and sixteen degrees of frost were about the average, though occasionally the temperature fell considerably lower. There were also very heavy falls of snow, but the streets were rapidly and efficiently cleared—a great contrast to the belated and ineffectual methods of our London municipalities, to whom snow simply spells chaos. For several weeks we enjoyed most excellent skating on the various lakes in the Thier-Garten, on one of which the Crown Princess and her daughters, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court—the officers, of course, being all in full uniform—were constantly to be seen disporting themselves. I was greatly amused at the time by a curious instance of the child-like obedience of the Germans to regulations and restrictions. There was a local ordinance that no one should be allowed on the ice until it was (I think) four inches thick, and a single policeman was on duty at each lake to see that this rule was duly observed. Round and round each sacred piece of water, before the ice reached the prescribed limit

of strength, a number of persons, of both sexes and all ages, might be seen daily promenading, skates in hand, waiting eagerly for the desired permission, but none venturing to try to evade the vigilance of the guardian, though nothing could have been easier. How many police would it have taken to keep the boys and 'roughs' of London off the Serpentine or the Long Water under similar circumstances? This reverence for the law and its representatives may be taken as one of the results of the discipline which is inculcated upon the German from early youth and enforced by the compulsion of conscription.

During the three months' duration of the Conference and of my stay in Berlin I made many good friends and more pleasant acquaintances. Among these I reckon several Germans, and I am convinced, from all I saw and heard, that in the heart of the nation generally there is no animosity or ill-will towards England and Englishmen. The feeling which has been exhibited of late years is, I firmly believe, an exotic which has been grown and cultivated by an ill-conditioned and vulgar portion of the press, by certain professors anxious to make themselves notorious, and by military officers to whom a war would offer opportunities of distinction and promotion. Of the German army in general I would desire, as an admirer of the great deeds it has done, to speak with nothing but praise; but I cannot express too strongly the disgust and indignation which it was impossible to help feeling at the arrogance and swagger of many of the Prussian officers as they panted along the Unter den Linden and other streets, in twos and threes, occupying the whole of the side-walk and never deigning to make way for any male civilian, and hardly for ladies. This, of course, by no means applies to all; but it is too frequent, and strikes a foreigner very disagreeably.

With regard to minor incidents of my sojourn in Berlin, I may say that the Kaiserhof Hotel, at which I stayed, was very comfortable, and extremely amusing, as it was the meeting-place of almost all those connected with the Conference. I believe that it was burned down a few years later, and not rebuilt as an hotel. The principal inconvenience from which I suffered was an inability to sleep, which I was told frequently happened to persons on their first visit to Berlin, and was attributable to the dryness and exciting influence of the climate. It was aggravated in my case by the fact that within a few yards of the window of my room was a church the clock of which struck every quarter of an hour. The effect on sleepless nerves may easily be imagined, as may be, better than described, the flow of language it frequently occasioned. Then, again, the *plumeau*, the heavy feather-pillow which forms a covering to all German beds, was a source of deep annoyance. I suppose I was very restless, for I never could long keep it from falling off, and the sensation of waking up, after having at last dozed off, to find it gone and oneself icy cold



was anything but pleasant. I finally circumvented its vagaries by pinning it firmly to the sheet before getting into bed, probably to the wonderment of the chambermaid in the morning. But she would no doubt put it down to the natural eccentricity of a 'mad Englishman.'

Just before Christmas the Conference adjourned for a fortnight, and I was able to return to England and spend the 'festive season' with my family. On the journey back to Berlin I had as a travelling companion a young officer in the Imperial Guard, the son of a distinguished diplomatist, who had been visiting his friends and relations in England. He was naturally travelling in mufti, but he told me that, even under such circumstances, he was committing a serious breach of military discipline in being out of uniform. I was greatly amused when he left the train at the station before Berlin, and said he should have to try to sneak into barracks unobserved, as if caught in civilian dress he would be liable to arrest and punishment. This is carrying matters to an absurd extreme in one direction, whereas I cannot but think that in our army there

is too much laxity in this respect, and officers appear to be almost ashamed of their uniform and wear it as little as possible, and are allowed to do so. The German punctilio is as strained and ridiculous as our practice is derogatory to a noble profession, and invidious as making too great a distinction and difference between officers and men. If officers wore their uniforms more frequently in public, as at theatres, &c., we should hear less of respectable, well-conducted soldiers being refused admission to places of amusement when in their proper and official dress.

The Conference came to an end with the signature of the 'General Act' on 30th January 1885, and my winter in Berlin concluded at the same time. I returned home, carrying with me many pleasant memories and experiences which it is agreeable to recall. Some of these I have here thrown together in a somewhat desultory manner, with a hope that they may prove interesting as a slight record of circumstances surrounding a political event which will hereafter not be reckoned as one of the least important in the history of the nineteenth century.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND KARL.

### CHAPTER VII.—*continued.*



LAD as I was, and carrying on my back the basket of tinned provisions, I made no doubt that I could pass unchallenged for the lame pedlar. The only uncovered portion of my countenance was my nose; and though this was in several respects inferior to that of my late companion, I trusted that in the friendly shade of the pine-forest its deficiencies would pass unnoticed. Realising that any turn of the path might land me in the midst of the watchful soldiery, I walked but slowly, mimicking as well as I could the halting gait of the frost-bitten Peter.

It was fortunate I did so, for a detachment of Guardsmen had been stationed at a sharp bend of the track, and it would certainly have been too late to alter my manner of progression before I was among them. As it was, my arrival only provoked but a momentary excitement. There was a sharp 'Who goes there?' and then almost before I had time to reply they fell aside. 'It's only old Lame Peter,' they said; and with a gruff 'Good-day, little soldiers,' I passed unmolested through their midst.

Sitting on a boulder and swinging his short legs was no less a person than the Grand Duke Fritz, attired in his colonel's uniform, and holding a big, drooping meerschaum pipe between his teeth.

'Good-day, Lame Peter,' he called out, removing his pipe from his mouth.

'Good-day, Highness,' I replied, making a rheu-

matic gesture of salute. He nodded cheerily, and I saw his teeth gleam white against the thick black beard and moustache as his lips parted in a broad, good-natured smile; and, with an incipient comprehension of the Grand Duke's popularity, I walked lamely and unhurriedly on. The incident was over so quickly, so satisfactorily, that I could hardly realise that I had probably been risking my life on the accuracy of a disguise. One thing, at any rate, was evident—namely, that the tale of firing across the ravine at dummies on the road was an undiluted fiction, and that any one might go to Heldersburg provided there was no fear of his being an emissary to the royal fugitive.

Now that the critical moment was passed I walked on rather more rapidly, and after a while the path brought me down to the main road again. There was not a soul to be seen; but below me, in the valley, lay the little village of Heldersburg, with its white-roofed, close-packed houses, and its tall, quaintly steepled church tower. Outside the village and commanding a small eminence was the Schloss, a brown, rectangular building, old, gaunt, and unadorned, a stubborn relic of medieval Grimland; and to those gloomy walls, the ancestral home of the Von Helders, I made my limping way. Down the long, winding road I marched, past the church, through the narrow streets, and as I went the people all saluted me with a kindly 'Good-day, Lame Peter.'

Some wanted to buy my wares, but I told them curtly that I had an order from the castle, and walked on. Slowly I climbed the hill to the Schloss,

and, passing through the open gateway of the drive, boldly rang the castle bell.

The door was opened by a woman of mature years and more than ample proportions. She looked untidy, good-natured, and palpably over-nourished; and doubtless she was so, for the Von Helders had liberal ideas of the alimentary needs of humanity.

'What are you doing here, Lame Peter?' she asked, with an attempt at severity. 'Why don't you take those things round to the back?'

'I want to see the Queen,' I replied.

The good woman's fat cheeks dimpled into a beatific smile.

'You want to see the Queen!' she ejaculated, casting her little eyes to the ceiling. 'How many *Seidels* of beer have you emptied at the "Drei Kronen" before leaving Riefinsdorf? Want to see the Queen indeed!'

'You are labouring under a delusion, my good woman,' I said calmly. 'I am not Lame Peter, but a certain Herr Saunders, who has a message for Her Majesty from the King. Be so kind as to inform the Queen of my desire for an audience.'

The look of astonishment on my companion's face melted into one of cunning incredulity.

I removed my blue spectacles and woollen cap.

'Now,' I said, 'are you satisfied that it is not Lame Peter who speaks with you?'

'*Potztausend*, Excellency! I make my very humble apology. I will take your message to Her Majesty at once; but I do not think she will see any one.'

She was about to close the door in my face; but I stepped inside and set down my staff and basket and removed my shaggy overcoat.

The hall in which I found myself reminded me of the *Schweigend-kammer*, in that the walls were entirely covered with dark pine panelling, and the ceiling inlaid with diversely and beautifully coloured woods. It was a lofty, handsome apartment; a trifle sombre perhaps, with its dark colouring and small, heavily barred windows, but full of the indescribable dignity which comes from good proportion alone, and which is so conspicuously lacking in the majority of modern dwellings.

The stout lady mounted the broad staircase, and after a few minutes returned breathless and shaking her head.

'Her Majesty is resting,' she said; 'she refuses to see any one.'

'It is entirely in Her Majesty's own interests that I am here,' I said, with intentional distinctness. 'It would be a thousand pities, from her point of view, if she sent me back without an audience.'

The good woman looked puzzled.

'Why?' she asked at length in a wheedling voice.

'Because,' I said, raising my voice still louder, 'I have a most important message from His Majesty to deliver to her. If she does not get it, the consequences may be serious.'

'For Her Majesty?'

'Hush!' I said in a stage-whisper. 'I did not say that.'

'Tell me the message,' said my companion invitingly, proffering a fleshy ear for my confidences. 'I will guarantee to take it to Her Majesty.'

'Impossible,' I said. 'What I have to say is for the Queen's ear alone. If you are her faithful servant, go back and tell her that Herr Saunders begs her to reconsider her decision—in her own interest.'

'I am devoted to Her Majesty, Excellency; but she has a temper, a most energetic temper. However, if your Excellency'—

A voice broke in from above—a harsh female voice—'Take the gentleman into the library, Kreifel. I will be down in a few minutes.'

I had gained my point; the Queen would see me. What I was going to say to her I had not, so far, the faintest idea, and the more I racked my brains the hazier grew my notions.

I looked round me, but could draw no inspiration from the dark book-shelves, with their recondite theological works, their musty histories, and pseudo-scientific treatises on medicine and zoology; I looked vaguely at the heavy stone mantelpiece, with its coarse supporting nudities—ancestral Von Helders surely—and its pompous flamboyant coat of arms. I glanced at the heavily barred, heavily mullioned window, at the old, comfortless furniture, at the faded curtains, at the antique porcelain stove, and I received an impression of a grandeur that had departed, and which at its best had never been very refined; but for the life of me I could not extract one idea as to what I was going to say to the Queen of Grimland.

The door opened and a little woman in a blue tea-gown advanced towards me. It was the Queen.

I bowed. She offered me a heavily ringed hand, and motioned me to a chair.

'What is this message the King sends me?' she began.

She was pale but composed, and, to my fancy, was ready to fly into a violent temper if she thought I was likely to be cowed thereby.

'His Majesty desires you to return instantly to the Brun-varad,' I replied firmly.

She opened her eyes wide. 'Is that all?' she asked.

'That is the sum and substance of the message,' I said, not knowing what else to say.

'But—I overheard you talking with Kreifel in the hall. You spoke of its being in my interest to receive you. You hinted that the matter was one of overwhelming importance—that it would be most unwise of me to send you away without an audience.'

'I spoke what I thought,' I replied. 'His Majesty considers it most important that you should return to Weissheim without delay.'

She smiled scornfully.

'And did he so far take you into his confidence

as to give any particular reason why my return was so extremely desirable?’

‘He did,’ I replied gravely. ‘He spoke of weighty political reasons which rendered your absence from the Brun-varad most undesirable at the present time. He also said that if you returned immediately he would consider any grievances he might hold against you cancelled—that he was prepared to forgive everything.’

At this rather daring statement of mine the Queen rose hurriedly from her chair, her eyes flashing, her little hands clenched, and advanced wrathfully towards me.

I sat where I was, outwardly calm, and meeting her gaze unflinchingly.

Suddenly her manner altered and she broke into a peal of mocking laughter.

‘He said he would forgive me everything?’ she repeated.

‘He pledged his word of honour,’ I affirmed.

‘Well, Mr Saunders,’ she said bitterly, ‘go and tell your friend the King that I am not in any particular need of his forgiveness, that I am very comfortable at Heldersburg, and that I shall return to the Brun-varad at my own convenience—which may be a week hence, or may be a fortnight.’

‘His Majesty will be very disappointed.’

She laughed again.

‘His Majesty will get over his disappointment,’ she said. ‘There are feminine attractions enough at Weissheim without me. There is his precious governess, Miss’—

‘Your Majesty!’

‘Don’t lose your temper, Mr Saunders. Kings are not invariably models of virtue, and dear Karl is quite capable of making a fool of himself. Forgive me! did he say? He did not perchance ask me to forgive him?’

‘There is no such request in his message,’ I replied dryly.

‘Bah!’ she cried angrily. ‘I am sick of his canting hypocrisy. You have had my answer; kindly convey it to him word for word.’

Things were going badly, but I refused to accept defeat without a further effort.

‘I fear he will not consider your answer final,’ I remarked.

‘I don’t care that!’—she snapped her fingers vulgarly—‘whether he considers it final or not.’

‘Your Majesty does not quite comprehend my meaning,’ I threw a little mystery into my tone, and was rewarded by a passing gleam of apprehension in the Queen’s eyes.

‘Then kindly make your meaning clear.’

‘I mean,’ I said, ‘that His Majesty is *determined* that you shall return at once to Weissheim.’

‘He will use force? He will send a regiment of soldiers here to fetch me?’ and there was an ill-concealed eagerness in her tone.

I remembered what the King had said on this subject, and his remarks about his wife’s theatrical instincts.

‘He would certainly not do so—by day,’ I replied.

‘He would send and fetch me by force at night! The coward!’

I hung my head.

‘I did not say so,’ I muttered.

‘Nonsense,’ she cried. ‘I can read you like a book. He said he would send and seize me by night. And what did he say he would do then?’

I hesitated intentionally.

‘His Majesty was very angry,’ I said at length.

‘What did he say he would do?’ she almost screamed at me.

‘His Majesty was very angry,’ I repeated. ‘He said things which he doubtless did not mean. I would rather, with your Majesty’s permission, refrain from repeating them.’

She was genuinely alarmed now. There was no misreading the frightened glare in her eyes or the nervous plucking of her tiny fingers at the lace border of the blue tea-gown.

‘You have not my permission,’ she said breathlessly. ‘I command you to speak. What did he say?’

‘His Majesty was very angry’—

‘You’ve said that three times,’ she screamed.

‘It appears,’ I went on undismayed, ‘that you overheard a private conversation of His Majesty’s in the *Schweigend-kammer* by concealing yourself in the shaft of the *Zaubertisch*’—

‘Go on.’

‘His Majesty was very—’ This annoyed his Majesty exceedingly. He said, ‘If she plays me any more pranks like this, Saunders, I shall put her in the shaft of the *Zaubertisch* and leave her there for a day or two.’ Doubtless His Majesty, who is a most humane man, did not really’—

‘Stop!’ she cried, one hand raised dramatically and the other pressed against her heart. ‘I have heard enough. He is a monster, an inhuman monster. He would fetch me by night—by night, mind you, so that the people should not see his poor tyrannised wife—and starve me to death in that miserable funnel. Heavens! it’s too horrible to think of.’

‘Do not think of it,’ I said soothingly. ‘Think rather of His Majesty’s promise to let bygones be bygones if you return at once.’

‘I don’t understand it at all,’ she went on, in distressed perplexity. ‘The King must have been very angry; he is not what I call a strong man.’

‘He is not,’ I admitted confidentially, ‘and therefore all the more dangerous. When a weak man is thoroughly moved he is sure to fly to the extreme of violence. Believe me, in pressing you to comply with this request I considered I was acting in your interest quite as much as the King’s.’

She looked at me curiously.

‘Why should you consider my interests at all?’ she inquired.

‘It is impossible to know your Majesty and not desire to serve you.’

'You are a courtier,' she said, smiling in obvious pleasure.

'I am a man.'

'Well, I will come. Ah, Mr Saunders, if you knew the misery I endure mated to this weak, pleasure-loving monarch you would pity me. A woman needs a man for a husband, not a brainless, gibing buffoon.'

'You have my sincerest sympathy.'

'Yes, I will come,' she went on, 'because it is my duty. Karl is my husband, and he requires my presence at Weissheim. Little consideration though he deserves at my hands, he shall have one more chance. As a patriotic Grimlander, I desire peace and tranquillity for my country; but let him beware. The sceptre is slipping from his grasp, and a stronger than he is ready to seize it. The country needs a firm ruler, not an inconstant, flippant fool; a man of strong moral fibre, not a scoffer who treats

all things, from religion to the revolutionary efforts of his enemies, as an amusing jest.'

'You are perfectly right,' I said. 'His Majesty needs a great deal of moral stiffening, and if there is one person in the world capable of giving it him, it is you.'

'Oh, I have tried and tried,' she exclaimed, 'till I am sick of it all. I will make one more effort to brace his sluggish spirit, and if I fail, well—the deluge will come, that is all.'

'Your Majesty has a noble soul!' I murmured.

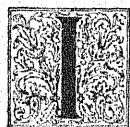
'Ah, you understand me,' she cried, well pleased; 'it is pleasant to be understood—especially when one is not used to it. I will give orders for a sleigh to be ready in half-an-hour. Fräulein von Helder will accompany me. Cannot I give you a seat too?'

'I should esteem it a proud privilege.'

*(To be continued.)*

## ALPINE MOUNTAINEERING IN SCOTLAND.

By Rev. ARCHIBALD E. ROBERTSON, B.D.



DARE say to many this will seem a strange title: 'Alpine Mountaineering in Scotland.' How can that be? I thought you could only get Alpine mountaineering in Switzerland. Yet the title is a just one. For Alpine mountaineering can be had wherever Alpine conditions exist, be they on the mountains of Switzerland, the Caucasus, the Andes, the Himalayas, or even on the great peaks that crown the tableland of Central Africa; and on our own Highland hills in winter, but especially in spring, we find all the essential conditions which go to make some of them truly sporting Alpine peaks. So that mountaineers in our own country are now beginning to realise that they do not need to wait for summer and go to Switzerland to get first-rate Alpine climbing.

The fact is, in this as in most other things, in our zeal for travel and exploration we have left unseen, unappreciated, and untouched many wonderful places lying at our doors. 'Stretching out his hand to catch the stars, man forgets the flowers at his feet.' We do not half realise what a wealth of scenery and rich beauty there is in our own native land. Our Highland hills are unique, and we who are Scotchmen, and especially we who are Highlanders, may well be proud of them. Yet we do not know our Highlands as we ought, or explore them as we might. People go abroad for health and recreation to Germany, to France, to Switzerland, while all the time there is a world of beauty lying at their own doors which, to their shame be it said, they utterly neglect.

'Why do people go to Switzerland when they can get scenery like this?' exclaimed our King to Lord Burton as they stood together on the shores of Loch Quoich last year, gazing around on the

wild ruggedness of the scene before them. And it is true. The majority of people are profoundly ignorant of some of the finest spots in the Highlands. They have been at Oban, sailed through the Caledonian Canal, done the West Highland Railway once, spent a day in the Trossachs—and they think they have seen the Highlands! When you speak to them of Loch Quoich, of Glenstrathfarrar, of Loch Duich, of Glen Dessary, of Lochinver, they look blankly at you, for they have never even heard of such places, far less visited them; whereas, if they only realised it, they could find in such out-of-the-way spots a freshness of beauty and scenery which they could never get in the hackneyed tourist centres either at home or abroad.

Scotland is in very truth a land of mountains. Few people would dream that there are no less than two hundred and eighty-three separate hills over three thousand feet high, eight of these being over four thousand feet. Now, on the majority of these there is splendid Alpine climbing to be had in winter, but especially in spring. Our Highland hills in spring are just like the Swiss Alps, covered with snow, their north and north-east sides seamed with ice-gullies and snow-couloirs, and to climb them requires the same skill and the same tools, and you encounter much the same difficulties as in the Alps. True, we have no glaciers here; but that is little as far as climbing goes, for generally speaking in the Alps the real climb begins only when the glacier is crossed, when you get on to the main peak of the mountain that rises above the glacier. 'But,' some one asks, 'what about their height? In Switzerland there are hills of thirteen thousand, fourteen thousand, fifteen thousand feet; here there are only paltry three thousand feet things.' Well, the difficulty of a mountain or the interest of a



mountain is by no means dependent on its height. The two highest Swiss peaks, for example, Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, are far more easily climbed than many a peak inferior to them in height; and remember that although a mountain may be fourteen thousand feet in height, that is not to say that it affords climbing, in the true sense of the term, for anything like that height. Seven thousand or eight thousand feet below the snow-line can at once be taken off, for this you can drive or ride without putting a foot to the ground. Then above the snow-line there is almost always, to begin with, a big walk over easy glacier or névé. So that, generally speaking, the real climbing, where hand as well as foot has to be employed, is confined to the final one thousand five hundred or two thousand feet. Now, in Scotland we have on many of our mountains, three thousand feet only though they be, many rock-faces and ridges of one thousand to two thousand feet. On Ben Nevis, for example, there are two ridges—the Tower Ridge and the North-East Buttress—which need yield the palm to no one of any Swiss climb either in interest or in difficulty or in length. So that it is evident that it is quite possible, if one knows where to go, and goes at the right time of the year, to find an Alpine climb in Scotland quite as interesting and quite as stiff as many a crack climb in Switzerland.

Then, again, it has all the freshness of novelty. We who are now going in for this kind of thing in Scotland feel ourselves to be pioneers in a sense, and all the zest and interest of pioneering is ours. Alpine climbing was unknown in Scotland until about seventeen years ago, when it was introduced by a few climbers who had served their apprenticeship in the Alps. These men were regarded by all as eccentric persons hardly accountable for their actions. For, in contradistinction to the Swiss, the Celt is not by nature a climber, and he cannot understand the joy of climbing for its own sake. He is a born hunter—no need to teach the average Highland boy to shoot or stalk or fish: he has it in his blood; but when it comes to the use of ice-axe and rope, climbing snow-slopes, scaling difficult rocks for the sheer joy of the sport, he is out of his element altogether. Whereas the young Switzer is a born climber, and he takes to the snow and to the rocks instinctively and with relish. It can easily be imagined, then, that Alpine climbing got but little encouragement when it started in the north. To the Highland mind to try and climb up a steep mountain-side when it is covered with ice and snow seemed nothing short of downright madness. Kindly gamekeepers and stalkers looked upon those early pioneers as clean daft. The innkeepers stood at the door, apprehension and fear stamped in every line of their countenances as they saw their guests with axe and rope leaving for the hills. 'It's naething less than a fair temptin' o' Providence, this kind o' wark. Do ye no' ken, sir, ye're just throwin' away your life on sic an exploit. Nae leevin' man can possibly

climb in that snow or on thae rocks. It's just fair suicide.' However, despite these little hindrances, the movement has grown and grown; and now, thanks to the Scottish Mountaineering Club, an ice-axe is as common an object in the lobby of many of our Highland inns at Easter as a fishing-rod is later on in the season.

The rise and progress of Alpine mountaineering in Scotland is largely identified with the rise and progress of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. This club was formed in 1889, Professor Ramsay of Glasgow University being its first president, its object being to encourage mountaineering in Scotland in winter as well as in summer, proprietary and sporting rights on the hills being carefully respected. There is now a membership of about one hundred and fifty; but its members are fit though few, for only those who have had a certain amount of experience in hill-craft are admitted within its ranks. The club has two official 'meets' in the year, one at the New Year holidays, the other at Easter. At these times a hotel is fixed on near some good climbing-ground. There a goodly gathering assembles for three or four days, perhaps twenty to thirty members turning up at New Year, thirty to forty at Easter. It is a merry party, and good humour and fellowship prevail. Dividing themselves up into small parties of three or four, they tackle the various climbs according to the individual experience of the party, the more experienced parties doing the more experienced climbs. In this way men of kindred interests are brought together, friendships are formed, and the sport advanced; men learn their craft from their more experienced friends, and are gradually initiated into the deeper mysteries of the 'Oromaniacal Quest.'

The best climbing-centres in Scotland are undoubtedly Fort William, Glencoe, and Sligachan in Skye; but there are many other spots where good climbing can be had, as Arrochar, Tyndrum, Aviemore; while the Torridon mountains, the Lochinver hills, the Teallachs at Dundonnell are as yet almost untouched. There are ridges, buttresses, gullies, absolutely untrodden hitherto by the foot of man, lying waiting to be explored by those who love first ascents and new routes. Truly, this is the golden age of climbing in the Highlands!

Most people have very vague ideas of what mountaineering really is, and many people only speak of it to condemn it as rash and foolhardy and dangerous. 'What is the earthly use of it?' they ask. 'What pleasure is there in it? What do you do when you get to the top? Isn't it most dangerous?' And whenever an Alpine fatality happens they at once cry out, 'I told you so. That is what comes of your mountaineering mania; it is a most dangerous and risky thing.' Now, to this it may be answered that many of these so-called 'Alpine accidents' are not true accidents at all, nor are the unfortunate individuals to whom the so-called

accidents occur mountaineers in the real sense. In nine cases out of ten it is the certain result of gross carelessness, ignorance, and foolhardiness on the part of tourists who know absolutely nothing of the craft of mountaineering. For mountaineering is a craft, a skilled craft, to which an apprenticeship must be served. Climbing is a thing which has to be learnt like anything else, and the mountaineer must never outrun his knowledge or his skill. And it is the ignorance of or the denial of this on the part of those who are not real mountaineers that causes nine-tenths of the climbing fatalities, and brings mountaineering into disrepute as unsafe. That word *danger*, too, is strangely abused. 'Isn't it most dangerous?' some one asks. Well, that depends; dangerous to some, certainly not necessarily dangerous to others who have trained themselves to move about in such places. Danger is entirely a relative term. What is dangerous to one is not dangerous to another and more skilled man. What was dangerous to me some years ago may not be dangerous to me now, because I am more skilled now than I was. It would be exceedingly dangerous for a landsman to put to sea in a fishing-boat in a stiff breeze of wind; it would not be so to a fisherman who knew his business. There is an element of danger, no doubt; but is there not a spice of risk of danger in all sport and in many things that we daily do? The dangers of skilled and temperate mountaineering are far less than people suppose; and after all, as some one has remarked, the majority of mankind die prematurely in their beds from the fatal hazard of not taking enough of exercise.

There are, of course, certain dangers that can never be entirely avoided. A sudden change in the weather may turn an easy and safe route into one the very reverse; a falling stone dislodged from the heights above by natural agencies may carry destruction with it to those in its line of fire; a flash of lightning may stun a man and hurl him downwards. Such 'acts of God' mountaineers (and those who are not mountaineers) must just take the risk of. It was one of these unavoidable mishaps that befell the writer last spring on Ben Nevis; and as it probably is the first recorded instance of a similar experience in Scotland, some account of it may here be given. Leaving Fort William on a fine morning last April, I set out to ascend the Ben. As I was alone, no climbing was thought of; an easy training-walk by the tourist route, chiefly for photographic purposes, was all that was intended. The morning was dry and sunny, and promised well enough. In the course of the ascent I had out my camera several times, and for some hours I was wearing my blue goggles to keep my eyes from the glare of the sun on the snow. On nearing the top a heavy snow-shower came on, which lasted until I had got a good way down on the descent. Descending in a southerly direction, I soon found myself overlooking Glen Nevis. Taking out my aneroid, I noted that the height was three thousand one hundred feet. From where I now was I could

see my way clearly to the bottom. 'A good glissade,' I said to myself, 'will take me to the bottom of this corrie'—it did, with a vengeance!—'then, traversing along the hillside, I will rejoin the path and so home.' Suddenly, without any warning, a flash and a crackle above my head told me a thunderstorm was imminent. Several of the flashes seemed pretty near; then the steel head of my ice-axe began to hiss. From that moment I remember absolutely nothing till I found myself walking down the hillside—off the snow altogether—some one thousand two hundred feet below where I was when the thunderstorm came on.

I was in a somewhat 'disjaskit' condition; my cape and ice-axe were gone; my face was plastered with blood, and so was my coat. I could only see a little with one eye, the other being completely closed over. What in the world had happened? In the first returning glimmerings of consciousness I thought it was all a dream, and that I had only to turn over and go to sleep again! Then I would drift away into unconsciousness again, but all the time walking on, making straight for home. Gradually I began to perceive that it was not a dream; then, remembering about the lightning, I realised I must have been struck in some way and had a fall.

It was a marvellous escape. The lightning must have struck my ice-axe or the ground near me, thereby stunning me and knocking me over. I must then have slid down the snow, hitting my head against some rocks in the descent, and when this wild and unorthodox glissade came to an end, picking myself up while yet unconscious, I must have started off to walk home! What will instinct not do for a man?

Curiously enough, I felt no pain or weakness, my clothes were not torn in the least, my camera and plates were intact in my rucksack, and long before I reached Fort William—a walk of about five miles—I was in perfect possession of my senses. Walking up to the first doctor's house I came to, I rang the bell. The maid who answered nearly dropped with fright. 'Yes,' she faltered 'the doctor is at home.' His first words were, 'Man, you ought to be delirious with a wound like that in your head.' And well I might, for although I had no idea of it then, being unable to see my own forehead, my skull was laid open bare to the bone for two inches, a ghastly, gaping wound. Soon I was in bed, with my head dressed, twenty stitches being required to draw the wound together; but in a few weeks I was all right again, and I am now as fit for the hills as ever.

Of course, anything savouring of an Alpine accident was a grand chance for the newspapers, and they made the most of it. Every paper in the land had more or less exaggerated and absurd accounts of it. Take this for example, a passage extracted from one of the accounts in a certain London paper: 'His clothes were torn to ribbons as his body was hurled from boulder to boulder.

His body bears the appearance of having been cut by thousands of minute knives, while his features were so terribly battered that they are almost unrecognisable.' The reporter who wrote that has, to say the least of it, a vivid imagination! If all the accounts of things we read of in the daily papers are as true as this was, then it is little in the newspapers we can believe. The fact of the matter is that it can hardly be regarded as a climbing accident. The writer was not climbing at the time; he was walking down easy snow, and what occurred might have happened to any one apart from mountaineering altogether.

However much it may appear to be to the outsider, mountaineering is not foolhardy. It is a skilled game, and the game is played by the player according to his skill; the skilled mountaineer does not outrun his knowledge or his skill, or venture to do what for him would be dangerous. Alpine climbing is not throwing oneself at a face of ice and rock and snow, scrambling up by hook or by crook. In climbing there are certain rules to be learnt and kept by, as in any other sport, and if a climber abides by these, as a good climber always will, risk is reduced to a minimum. Everything that makes for safety is carefully conserved by all expert climbers; for,

as has been well said, '*safe* is the highest qualifying adjective we can bestow upon the mountaineer.'

The true climber does not make for the easiest side of a mountain, nor yet for the most dangerous side; but he makes for that side which will give him a good climb, a climb that is within his power to do; difficult enough to tax all his skill and knowledge of his craft, but not so difficult as to be for him dangerous. The true view of climbing is to get away from all beaten tracks, to make for difficulties and to master them, and to find one's pleasure in the climb itself, be the weather fair or foul. The true mountaineer does not climb to see something at the top; he climbs, and he finds delight in every step of the way to the top. If the day be clear and the view good so much the better; but if it be misty and nothing is seen he is disappointed in a sense, but the view was not everything. He has had his climb, and therein he is satisfied.

Alpine mountaineering, when regarded in this way, is one of the most fascinating and healthful of outdoor recreations; and until the passion for adventure decays, climbing, for those in that way bent and possessing the necessary physical and mental qualifications, will ever be an irresistible attraction.

## IN THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

### CHAPTER IV.



EVER since a right reverend Bishop and his family had dwelt in the palace of the See of Clumber had so much happiness pervaded the old house with so little warning of its approach. It had come unheralded, like the rustle of angel-wings; and, as Mrs Wootton in the very first half-hour of its realisation said of it to her husband, it was almost *too* much for a constitution not naturally strong. In fact, it produced in Mrs Wootton a feeling of faintness so that she had to lie down and abandon her guests in the hour before dinner. She bore the pleasure of entertaining Mr Slack and Eugenia at afternoon tea; but the sweet shock evidently tired her, though she was spared more arduous activities than the mere steady and heartfelt moonlight smile with which she beamed alternately on Eugenia and John and Eugenia's father.

The Bishop rose to the situation. He was almost frivolous with Eugenia, having first ascertained, with some solemnity of inquiry from Mr Slack, that there was every reason to believe the young folks *had* seen a good deal of each other for a week or two in New York.

'You sharpen us, my dear child,' he said to her in the first hour of their acquaintance, 'by showing us how dull we old folks are. It is salutary instruction, my dear. Expecting only to have the

pleasure of making some new friends, behold I am—embraced by a prospective daughter!'

He then devoted himself to Mr Slack and an eloquent description of the antiquities of his diocese. Mr Slack was patient and moderately responsive; but it was evident he had something on his mind, something that did not exactly overwhelm him, but yet put the peep-show products of England a little in the background. The something came out when the Bishop, in the heat of his hospitalities, had drawn his guest into the library to make exhibition of certain scrolls and volumes.

'Bishop,' said Mr Slack, 'now that we're alone, I'd like to speak out straight.'

'Cer-tainly,' said the Bishop. 'Anything, Mr Slack, you have to say will merit and receive my most earnest attention.'

Though he spoke cheerfully he was conscious of anxieties—as sudden as vague.

'I've always given my children a free hand in their lives, Bishop, once I've seen 'em to years of what I believe the Prayer-Book calls discretion, and taken the measure, as I reckoned, of their brains.'

'Very proper—in a degree,' murmured the Bishop diplomatically.

'No, sir,' said Mr Slack; 'I've been mistaken, and I'll tell you why.'

There and then he unfolded the startling truth about the late Hamilton Epps. It made the Bishop

chill to his extremities, frown also, and look—well, try to look incredulous.

'I've nothing to say, sir,' proceeded Mr Slack, 'not one word, against my daughter Eugenia's affection for your son. If it suits them it'll suit me. But I feel it—it touches me on the raw, Bishop, to use a homely word—that *my* son should have been so carried away by his youth as to do a thing like that. Amateur play-acting's very well in its way. There isn't a smarter young man at it than Chauncey; but it was low of him. It looks like a conspiracy, sir. Every man's home should be his castle, as the saying says, and my daughter the Duchess—yes, and Eugenia herself, ought to be ashamed of themselves, as well as Chauncey, for insulting a gentleman's house by such mountebank tricks. The three of them were in it, Bishop, and all the three want smacking, if you'll pardon another homely word.'

The Bishop blessed his soul twice.

'Yes, sir,' said Mr Slack, 'smacking!'

'But, my dear Mr Slack, why,' clamoured the Bishop, smiling stiffly under the weight of his memories—'why hit upon *my* establishment?'

Mr Slack's eyebrows became agitated.

'Ah! there again,' he said. 'Killing two birds with one stone's first-rate sport if you're in real hunger and would starve else; but it was not the game to play here. Eugenia could have got her news direct, I reckon, without wheedling her brother into your house as a spy on your son's home-life like the young men you read of in the Second of Kings who went to Jericho under orders suitable enough for *their* business. You see, sir, it's like this: we see so many of your people over yonder, and we take to them and they take to us. They've what the ladies call handsome ways with them, and they're fine, upstanding young men, fitted like peas in a pod to snare the hearts of our American girls. That's what your son did with my daughter. But, as she said to me, "Who's to tell what they're like in their own parlours? They may be fast, or rude to their mothers, and things like that, and"——'

The Bishop had heard enough. He saw fully as much as he wanted to see, and now interrupted with great good humour.

'My dear Mr Slack, not another word about it!' he said cordially. 'I understand. I may even say that I approve—nay admire, such—er—conduct in the abstract. It is not devoid of courageous enterprise as well as brotherly solicitude! One cannot be too careful about a partner when it is to be for life. But—but—where is your son?' He laughed a little. 'Really, I—er—it's not from you or him that any apologies will be due, I think. He always interested me, I may say profoundly, but I fear I treated him as—may be supposed. Where has he gone?'

'Never mind that, Bishop,' said Mr Slack. 'It's enough that you're so forgiving about it. You'll not see him again; take my word for it. Thank you, sir; and now I'll be enchanted to see the plans of

those old burial-spots you spoke about. I'm relieved, sir.'

The Bishop pressed still on the subject. He assured his guest that he felt sympathy for Chauncey Slack—growing sympathy. There were even special reasons why he wished to see the young man again soon.

But Mr Slack preferred now to engross himself with the prehistoric mounds and graves of the Clumber diocese, a collection of the records of which was one of the Bishop's innocent and educative hobbies. He engrossed himself so deeply that at length the Bishop stole away to tell Mrs Wootton this astounding news. At any other time he would have known beforehand that Mrs Wootton would bend almost to the breaking-point under so monstrous a revelation. But he was excited and imprudent to-day; and so he plunged the truth at her, none too heedful of her interested 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' and crowning wail of 'Oh James, how inconceivably dreadful!'

And then he trotted down to his guest again, having, on demand, given her the eau de Cologne very briskly and whispered that there were possible consolations even in a trial of such magnitude.

'Think it over, Caroline,' he urged, 'and I believe and hope you will agree with me. I too am bewildered and unhinged; yet, as you see, I am not depressed.'

His wife's laments seemed excessive, and he was glad to leave her. He believed, moreover, that her natural talents would soon rescue her from the sea of regrets into which she had thrown herself under the sudden scare. Nor believed unduly, for in less than a quarter of an hour Mrs Wootton sent a message to her son to come to her at once.

That relief, however, was not available. The servant brought word that Mr John had gone out. Being questioned, she said the two young ladies were seated on low chairs before the drawing-room fire; but, according to Miss Audrey, Mr John had gone down to the village.

This also seemed to Mrs Wootton an extraordinary occurrence.

What, she mused, with her thin hand to her aching brow, should take John down to the village in the first hour or two of his heart's splendid rapture?

She rang again and bade the girl make inquiries if all the luggage had come up from the station, and in due time was informed that there had been no complaints on the subject from either Mr Slack or Miss Slack.

And then Mrs Wootton just lay still and submitted to Providence. She did not understand.

The tranquillity of the palace and the slow, stealing acceptance of the truth that we are all but as children in the hands of the Omniscient, who manages us better than we can manage ourselves, little by little soothed her. For once it was a consolation to feel that she could rest and believe that the rudder of the lives of those so very dear to her



was under even more capable guidance than her own.

So for many minutes, during which she drew sustenance repeatedly from the eau de Cologne as well as her faith.

Then, with dinner-time approaching, she bestirred herself.

Why did not Audrey come to her? It was unlike the dear child to leave her so entirely alone, even with such precious guests in the palace. She had expected at least one fitting visitation; her headaches were wont to receive such homage of tenderness at all times. And she had so much to hint to the dear child, who, in her sweet innocence, had, by Heaven's mercy, done with such enchanting wisdom the very thing she ought not to have done.

She went languidly to the window and opened it. The soft spring air of evening would, she trusted, help the eau de Cologne and her bright intuitions to brace her for the ordeal—welcome, yet an ordeal—when she was to give Mr Slack her hand and be led in to dinner.

If only she could meet the young man she had known but as Epps the footman *now*, she felt, she could say such words to him that he would forget the past, even down to her dismissal of him and the cheque. Her heart was in a glow for him.

The twilight was well advanced. The palace gardens were partly veiled in the mists of coming night. Almost fearsome was the blackness of the cedars in the midst of this romantic, half-established grayness. One shining star was overhead. It seemed to be eyeing the cedars, mocking their gloom with something of elfish glee in its own splendour.

And then a sense of sadness in the scene, and of her own bereavement in being thus isolated from the drama of her children's lives, suddenly possessed the Bishop of Clumber's wife. It was a sadness to be fought against. She understood this. Quickly cloaking herself, she descended the side staircase and passed into the garden to seek fresh comfort from the cool, invigorating air, and the stillness of the trim walks among the flower-beds and shrubs sacred to the domestic vicissitudes of ten generations of bishops and their respective families.

There was an arbour in an angle of the gardens which was a favourite spot of hers for meditation and knitting in the long, hot days of drowsy summer. Thither she turned her footsteps. It was a pretty little confection of stained glass, varnished boughs, and thatch, with inner seats and a table; earwigs also in their season.

With her hands clasped in front of her and her somewhat long and attenuated nose pointing steadily at the arbour in spite of her bowed head, Mrs Wootton drew near her destination. She knew not at all why she made thus for the arbour. It was at any rate a goal, and she was a lady who did little at sheer random.

But some ten paces only from the mildly gleaming

glass she stopped. She stood stock still, save that her head moved this way and that, like a mother-bird's on her nestlings when something external excites interest or even alarm.

She moved forward again, and stopped again; and then indeed she saw. The arbour was occupied, and they were human voices that she heard drifting from it upon the tranquil air. A pane of glass was broken, and she saw the passing of a face inside.

With a hand to her heart, Mrs Wootton stepped now on tiptoe upon the grass to the left. An old hawthorn gave her cover. She felt that she *had* to take cover for a moment or two, however undignified the proceeding on the part of the wife of a Bishop of the Established Church. It was imperative that she should regain breath and composure ere proclaiming herself.

And scarcely was she thus niched in darkness when she heard an indeterminate whisper.

The answering whisper was quite audible.

'Of course you may, dear!'

The words were Audrey's; they were blithe and free as a lark's notes high up in the blue, with a trill of happy laughter suffusing them.

And then there was a kiss, another, and another, as plain to hear as the simple child's own words.

'Our first in our lives, darling!' said the other voice, as it were palpitating with solemn joy.

'First *three*, you mean, Chauncey! And now, do come and let's get it all over with mamma. It's got to be faced, you know, and—bother the servants! And I must *fly*, if I'm to dress, dear.'

'You shall fly, then, my sweet. And I'll fly too, back to the inn. No, no, I can't—can't. And yet I'm sure they wouldn't like it. It would be horrid for them yet. But to-morrow'—

'Well then, until to-morrow, Chauncey dear.'

Again they kissed. Trembling from head to foot, but without consciousness of shame now, Mrs Wootton saw the parting under that one star. There was a beautiful prelude to it in the final embrace, after which Chauncey Slack moved backwards, like a courtier before a queen, kissing his hand until he was lost to Mrs Wootton's sight. And then, swift as a firefly, the little Audrey ran past her hidden mother, with a whisper of song on her tongue.

'Audrey!' cried Mrs Wootton faintly, and for a wonder the joy-bells in the girl's ears did not drown the maternal call.

'My sweet child!' sighed the almost too happy mother, when, after an exclamation of dismay, Audrey had come back, with a stateliness that was new and marvellous in her. 'I have heard it all, Audrey.'

'O-h, mother, how could you!' said the girl.

'But it was an accident. I—I—it is all too startling for my poor head. I— But did you know before to-day that he was not what he was?'

Audrey laughed as she put her arm round her mother's waist.

'Why, of course I did,' she said. 'It was our

sublime secret for the last week. And, oh, mother mine, am I not just the luckiest creature on this earth?'

The clang of a gong sounded as from afar.

'Come along, dear,' Audrey continued. 'John

is a brick. He fetched him up. Eugenia knows too. She guessed. You must break it to papa, and Chauncey'll tell his father in the morning. And oh, mother darling, I *am* happy!'

THE END.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### AFFORESTATION.



VERY now and again a plea appears in print for the afforestation of some of the waste land in this country, but it does not receive the attention which the subject deserves. Professor Schlich of Oxford recently wrote a letter to the *Times* urging the desirability of giving labour to the unemployed in the planting of trees, and pointing out that in England alone there are over two million acres of mountain and heath land available for the purpose, while there is another million in Wales, more still in Ireland, and far greater areas in Scotland. In the eager march of humanity one is apt to lose sight of the absolute necessity of preserving an abundance of plant-life. Every green leaf performs every day a chemical process which the human chemist cannot attempt to imitate. The living cells of the green leaf are outlined with the remarkable green substance known as chlorophyl, which has the wonderful power of making use of the radiant energy of the sun and causing it to effect a dissolution of the small amount of carbonic acid gas present in the atmosphere. This very stable chemical compound is silently and easily separated by the sunlight into its constituents of carbon and oxygen, and the latter is returned to the air, while the former gas builds up the body of the plant, which ultimately becomes human food. For, when all is said and done, the meat and the eggs and the milk upon which we feed consist only of the materials originally produced by the plant, and so the human being is really a vegetarian after all, and without the green leaf he certainly could not exist. So the carbon which has been sucked for us from the atmosphere by the green leaf is recombined in our bodies with the oxygen we breathe, and liberated again into the air, where but for the green fields and forests it would ultimately accumulate to poison us. Man can never spread his cities over the entire earth, therefore, for his lungs no less than his stoves and fires are always throwing carbonic acid into the air, and the green leaves alone can entice it back again and transform it into food, while at the same time leaving the oxygen pure and fit for breathing.

### THE SHADOW OF THOUGHT.

A curious report comes from New York to the effect that Professor Elmer Gates of Washington has discovered that ultra-violet light of a certain

wave-length penetrates dead material easily, while living tissue obstructs it. In other words, in this invisible light—which can be made manifest to the eye by various means—a living substance will cast a shadow, while the same substance dead will not do so. Professor Gates is said to have repudiated the idea that the shadow cast is that of the soul, and he attributes it to the presence of electric currents in the nerves and muscles of the living tissues. These currents being absent when the tissue is dead, ultra-violet light passes unimpeded and no shadow is cast. According to the report, it is hoped that this discovery will prove an important means of diagnosis in various diseases, supplementing the valuable evidence afforded by the X-rays; and it is said to furnish the only reliable means of ascertaining in certain cases whether death has or has not actually taken place. It is also believed that by means of these rays warning may be given of the approach of disease long before the prospective sufferer is aware of any symptoms. Presumably, the intensity of the shadow varies with the strength of the electric currents in the nerves, &c., for it is reported that Professor Gates expects to be able to measure how much mental effort a man is exerting. Further particulars will be awaited with interest.

### THE MOTOGODILLE.

A clever little device for propelling small boats is being placed on the French market under this name. It is most easily described by reference to the small single paddle used for propelling dingies, which, as will be remembered, is worked by means of a notch in the stern of the boat. A motion is given to the paddle somewhat similar to that of a fish's tail, and in skilled hands a considerable degree of speed is obtained. The motogodille is like an oar with a screw-propeller at the end instead of a blade. About the middle, where the jacket of leather is usually fixed, is placed a small gasoline motor, complete with its starting-coil and supply of petrol. The device requires no further attachment to the boat than that afforded by a simple plate held in place by four screws. A pin on this plate forms a pivot for the little engine, and is so arranged that the propeller can be immersed to any required depth so as to control the speed of the boat, and swung from side to side for steering purposes. It will be seen that any small boat can be converted into a motor-boat in a few minutes, and the device should be especially useful in the case of small

sailing-vessels; for in the event of a calm, or when entering harbours or sheltered rivers, the motor-godille can be taken from the hold and fitted up at the shortest notice.

#### ALUMINIUM BOOKS.

A new use has been found for aluminium in the making of books for the blind—books which are read by passing the fingers over the embossed letters printed upon the pages. The paper books hitherto in vogue have been open to the objection that they soon become dirty and wear out comparatively quickly. The Braille Printing Company of Edinburgh are issuing books in which the leaf is of aluminium embossed in the usual manner, and it is said that these books are much easier to read than the best paper books, especially by those who have become blind late in life and whose fingers are not very sensitive. Naturally, the price is rather high, because aluminium is very much more expensive than paper; but for public libraries and similar institutions the advantages should outweigh this consideration.

#### HYDROPLANE BOATS.

A great deal of attention is being devoted, especially in America, to the construction of mechanically propelled boats, which are intended to glide upon the surface of the water instead of cutting their way through it. In mechanical locomotion on land the speed increases very nearly in proportion to the power expended, but in the water the speed of a vessel is proportionate only to the cube root of the power. Every observant boy who has dragged a toy boat by string through the water will have noticed that as he increases the speed out of all proportion to the size of the tiny vessel a point is reached where the drag upon the string is very much less than at a lower speed, and he will probably have observed that that coincides with the point at which the little boat rises out of the water and rushes over its surface instead of cutting through it. Now that we possess such very powerful motors of comparatively light weight, it would seem to be perfectly feasible to drive a specially shaped boat sufficiently fast to lift it out of the water and cause it to skim over the surface. In many of the experiments now being conducted, boats are fitted with hydroplanes, which are nothing more than submerged kites, whose effect is to lift the vessel absolutely clear of the water when it attains a certain speed, so that the entire weight is sustained by the hydroplanes alone. These inclined discs are of comparatively small area, and their resistance in the water is very slight. Consequently the speed of the boat is very high in comparison with the power expended, and it is hoped that a speed of sixty miles an hour will soon be obtainable on the water. In another type of boat the hydroplanes are permanently submerged, and although they act on the same principle and raise the boat itself clear of the water as soon as sufficient speed is obtained, they do not raise it any

higher, and the hydroplanes themselves remain well beneath the surface. One great advantage of this arrangement is that the vessels are able to work without trouble in very much rougher water. The hydroplanes, of course, have to be controlled as to their angle of inclination, so that as soon as the requisite degree of emersion is reached they assume a more horizontal position, and do not rise farther out of the water. This control is automatically attained by a clever device. A kind of fan trails on the surface of the water behind each hydroplane, and as the speed of the boat increases and it rises out of the water under the influence of the inclined planes below, the trailing fan sinks lower in relation to the rest of the craft and brings the submerged hydroplane more nearly horizontal. In the case of all these boats, of course, as soon as the speed is slackened the whole vessel sinks into the water until it is sustained only by its own buoyancy.

#### THE FUTURE OF THE MOTOR-OMNIBUS.

The advent of the quick and mobile motor-omnibus should give food for thought to those councils and corporations who are still installing electric tramways in their respective towns. A case in point is that of the London County Council, who are at very great expense extending their system of electric tramways in various parts of London. At the same time, and at very much smaller outlay, various private companies are placing motor-propelled omnibuses upon the streets in ever-increasing quantities. Their quickness and convenience are obvious to everybody; but the building of the tramways still goes on. Yet the temporary breakdown of a single tram will stop the running of twenty or thirty others until the obstruction is removed, while the motor-omnibuses make a slight detour and continue on their way without trouble. It is a curious thing that London, which waited for its tramway service until every other city in the world of any importance had been equipped for years, should finally decide to install its own system just at the moment when the electric tram is superseded by a more convenient means of transit. With the passing of the horse-drawn vehicle, and the construction of smoother roads necessitated by the demands of quicker travelling, and the fact that foothold for horses will soon be unnecessary, street locomotion will probably become a very much more rapid thing than it is at present, and the tram-car which cannot turn aside to avoid a temporary obstruction will be at a great disadvantage compared with all steerable vehicles.

#### AGRICULTURE BY MOTOR.

It will soon be difficult to point to a single outdoor industry which the internal-combustion engine under some form or other has not invaded. Street traffic of all kinds is rapidly coming under its sway; it is being installed on boats of all sizes, except the very largest, and even there it

may find a place before long; and now its application to agriculture is being seriously discussed. At a recent meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, under the presidency of Professor T. Hudson Beare, Mr William Ireland described a motor cultivator of his own design. By the use of this machine the whole process of preparing the ground for seed is performed at one operation, and, indeed, the sowing may be accomplished at the same time by a simple additional device. The machine can be driven at three times the speed of an ordinary plough, and at each traverse covers three times the breadth, pulverising the ground sufficiently at a single operation.

#### ELECTRICITY AS AN ANÆSTHETIC.

The production of anæsthesia by electric currents of very low voltage has been made the subject of special study by Professor Leduc, and, according to the *Scientific American*, Dr Louise G. Robinovitch of New York, one of the professor's assistants, has continued his work, and has recently published the result of her investigations. Experimenting upon animals, and giving a current of one and a quarter milliamperes at five and a half volts with a hundred and ten interruptions per second, complete anæsthesia results. It is said that the preliminary contractions appear to be painless, and it would certainly seem that at such low voltage the electricity should give no inconvenience whatever. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how such low-tension electricity can produce anæsthesia; but as no details as to the mode of application are given, an opinion cannot be formed. It is said that when fully under the influence of the current the animal may be turned from side to side and pinched or pricked without provoking any reaction on its part, and it remains limp and senseless until the current is stopped, when it immediately awakes, apparently unharmed. According to the report, a current of fewer interruptions per second is useless, and a higher frequency is also without effect. Professor Leduc himself submitted to experiment; but in his case, although he was reduced to a stage in which it was impossible to communicate with the experimenters in any way, he still retained consciousness to a certain extent. It is believed that if the experiment had been carried further by a strengthening of the current it would have been entirely successful.

#### MOTOR-LIFEBOATS.

Yet another application of the gasoline motor is found in its use by the United States Government as a means of propulsion in some new lifeboats recently constructed. The lifeboat at the best is an exceedingly heavy vessel to propel through the water, and in circumstances when the sails cannot be used the crew have a very hard task to perform apart from their life-saving duties. In the new lifeboat a twenty horse-power motor does all the work originally performed by the rowers, and more, for it

makes the craft independent of a tow, which in the present circumstances is so often necessary when long distances have to be covered. The new boat is self-righting and self-emptying, and a simple but ingenious device provides for the stopping of the motor immediately if the boat capsizes. It can be started again as soon as a member of the crew is able to reach the crank.

#### CAMPHOR.

The industrial value of camphor is so rapidly increasing, owing largely to its use in the making of celluloid, that the possibility of its production in British colonies is worthy of careful consideration. Most of the camphor at the present time comes from Japan and from the island of Formosa, which is the property of Japan, and the manufacture of refined camphor is a monopoly of the Japanese Government. Camphor is the product of the tree *Cinnamomum Camphora*, and until the product was made a Government monopoly it was prepared by the natives by a very crude process. A kind of kettle made from the hollow trunks of trees, protected by a coating of clay, was used to boil water, and the steam escaping from the holes in the cover passed through chips of the wood of the camphor-tree. The camphor was extracted by the steam and deposited in crystals on the insides of inverted earthenware pots. Now that the Government have taken over the production, more economical methods are in vogue, but owing to the monopoly the price of camphor is, nevertheless, very much higher. The cultivation of the camphor-tree has been successfully tried in Ceylon, India, and Australia, and in Ceylon especially it appears to thrive in a very satisfactory manner. It is probable that its cultivation will be undertaken in the island on a commercial scale, as the demand for camphor, both for celluloid and for smokeless powder, is constantly increasing.

#### THE TWO MONSTER NEW CUNARDERS.

The two new twenty-five knot turbine-propelled express Cunard liners, the *Mauritania* and *Lusitania*, in size, speed, and wealth of equipment will surpass any vessels hitherto built for passenger service. About eight hundred feet in length and capable of developing eighty thousand horse-power, each vessel is provided with eight decks; the upper deck, in which is the dining-saloon, can accommodate five hundred persons. There is space for five hundred first-class, five hundred second-class, and twelve hundred third-class passengers; so that, with a crew of eight hundred, this floating hotel can carry some three thousand souls. The *Mauritania* has been built by Messrs John Brown & Company, Clydebank, Glasgow; the *Lusitania*, which is to be launched in June, by Messrs Swan, Hunter, and Richardson, at Wallsend on the Tyne. The stern frames and brackets, made by the Darlington Forge Company, are the largest ever constructed; for the stern frame sixty-nine tons of molten metal were required. In bringing the frame from Darlington



for embarkation at Middlesbrough, it projected over the wagon to such an extent that three sets of rails were required, and portions of stations and signal-posts had to be temporarily removed for the six miles of journey.

#### WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN WARFARE.

During the recent quelling of the Herero rising by the Germans, wireless telegraphy was used with most satisfactory results, and three detachments of soldiers were able to keep in permanent mutual communication, even when separated by distances of nearly a hundred miles. The antennæ were raised by small balloons, which had the incidental disadvantage of affording to the enemy an indication of the position of the German troops. In considering the great advantage which the possession of wireless telegraphy has proved to the German troops in warfare, it must not be forgotten that the Hereros, being without similar equipment, were unable to interfere in any way with the operation of the instruments. It is conceivable that the result might have been far less satisfactory if the opposing force had been scientifically equipped and bent upon destroying the enemy's wireless communications.

#### IRRIGATION CANALS IN MOROCCO.

A correspondent, who has resided for more than twenty years in Morocco, writes from Saffi: 'I read with much interest in the March issue of *Chambers's Journal* an article on "Persian Irrigation Channels." Your contributor, who appears to know the subject thoroughly, states that "the art has not spread westwards." As this country, in spite of the vast multitude of books, and recently almost vaster number of newspaper articles (which are as a rule quite inaccurate and cause us residents much amusement), is still very imperfectly known to folks at home, I think the writer of the article may be interested to learn that around the city of Morocco (Marakeesh) precisely the same system has been in use for probably eight hundred or nine hundred years. I can also confirm what he says about fish; but those I have seen are tiny things, and how they got there I cannot tell.' Neither can Lieutenant-Colonel Bairnsfather, who thinks this as inexplicable as any other fish-mysteries of which one hears.

#### PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOURS.

That long-desired secret, how to photograph in colours, appears to have been solved at last by a Paris firm, Messrs Lumière. Experiments have given perfect results, and we are promised that very shortly prepared plates will be on the market for all interested in the art to secure photographs in the natural colours. The prepared plates are almost as simple as those in everyday use now, the glass being simply covered with a layer of microscopic and transparent flour of infinitesimal size. These grains are coloured respectively red, orange, green, and violet, the primary colours being so arranged and spread that the sunlight passing through is

reconstituted white. This layer, while interstices are filled with the finest powdered charcoal, is re-covered with yet another layer of panchromatic, and sensitised. If such a plate is exposed to the rays which emanate from a coloured object—care being taken to expose the back so that the light transpires the coloured layer before reaching the sensitised plate—complementary tones to those of the original are obtained by development. Thus the red rays will be absorbed by the green of the layer, and will only pass through the orange and violet; the sensitised plate will only, therefore, be affected behind these, and will be unaffected by the green grains. Green and violet rays will act in the same manner. Beneath a green light the layer will appear to be coloured red; with yellow light it will look blue, &c. Thus a negative can be obtained by development coloured in the complementary tones of the original, which will in turn give the exact colouration of the object desired, by photographing the negative on prepared plates in the same way, and thus securing complementary colours once more, which are, in fact, those required. The preparation of the plates is extremely difficult, the powder used being so fine that it will require from eight to nine thousand microscopic grains to cover a square millimetre, while the greatest care must be taken that one must not lie on another. However, it is believed that shortly this can be simplified. In taking a photograph the plates are exposed to daylight, but by the back, the lens being covered by a yellow screen which will correct the excess of activity in violet and blue rays. With very quick lenses the pose need not be longer in sunshine than the fifth of a second. The invention seems to offer no extraordinary difficulties for amateurs, and will doubtless soon be popular.

#### SONS OF THE ISLES.

THERE is a spell woven by restless seas,  
A secret charm that haunts our Island air,  
Holding our hearts and following everywhere  
The wandering children of the Orcades;  
And still when sleep the prisoned spirit frees,  
What dim, void wastes, what strange, dark seas we dare,  
Till, where the dear green Isles shine low and fair,  
We moor in dreams beside familiar quays.

Sons of the Isles! though ye may roam afar,  
Still on your lips the salt sea-spray is stinging,  
Still in your hearts the winds of youth are singing;  
Though in heavens grown familiar to your eyes  
The Southern Cross is gleaming, for old skies  
Your hearts are fain, and for the Northern Star.

D. J. ROBERTSON.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

